Behould the Man whose Words & Workes were One,
Whose Life & Labours have few Equalls knowne,
Whose sacred-Layes his Browes with Bayes have bound,
And, Him, his Ages Poet-Laureat crowned,
Whom Envy (scarce) could hate; Whom All admired,
Who liv'd beloved and a Saint expired.

Robt Ch

Vidit cuncta quæ fecerat et erant valde bona. gen. 1.31.

יהוה

D. IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ FR. ET HIBERNIÆ REGI SACRVM.

DU BARTAS

HIS

Diuine WEEKES And WORKES

with

A Compleate Collectiõ of all the other most delight full WORKES Translated and written by ye famous Philomusus.

IOSVAH SYLVESTER Gent:

LONDON printed by Robert Young with Addition. 1641.

ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

REGI.

Iacobus Stuart:

Justa Scrutabo.

Iames Stuart:

A just Master.

Or A just Master *have I labour'd long;*
To A just Master *have I vow'd my best;*
By A just Master *should I take no wrong;*
With A just Master *would my life be blest.*
In A just Master *are all Vertues met;*
From A just Master *flowes aboundant grace;*
But, A just Master *is so hard to get,*
That A just Master *seems of Phœnix race;*
Yet, A just Master *have I found in fine.*
Of A just Master, *if you question This,*
Whom A just Master *I so just define;*
My Liege JAMES STUART A just Master is.
And A just Master *could my Worke deserve,*
Such A just Master *would I justly serve.*

Voy Sire Saluste.

AU TRES-PUISSANT, TRES-PRUDENT, ET TRES-AUGUSTE

Iaques (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la Grand Britaign, de France, & d'Ireland : Defenseur de la *Foy unique Catholique, Apostolique, &* CHRISTIENE.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *language*)
Qui, cognissant loyall ton Royall *Heritage*
En ces beaux *Liz Dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Comme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subjects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds sacrez te fait son sainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternel tesmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de tous *Roys*.
VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE, ou (pour le moins) son ombre;
Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ses *Traicts*, plus divins,
Qui, ores trop noyrcis par mon pinceau trop sombre,
S'esclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.
Donques d'un *œil benin* & d'un accueil *Auguste*
Recoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALUSTE.

Anagrammatisme
de JOSUA SYLVESTER:

de vostre Majesté
Tres humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l'istessa sua Majestà serenisma.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Muse Inglése,
L'immura si del Braccio crystallino,
Ch' il piu divin del Canto *suo divino*
Poco s' intende fuòr del suo Paèze :
Pero (*Signor*) *Come già la* Francéze
T' à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino ;
Di-là, l' ITALICA *al Peregrino*
Anche far à l' alte tue Lodi intèse.
Siche, la Sèna, *el* Pàdo *prestaranno*
Lor Chori *sacri*, *per Cantàr l' immenza*
Alma Virtù, Valòr, Pietà, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO (*gran* SALOMOM Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (*vdita qual' e quanta*)
Rapir' il Mondo in maravigilia santa.

L' istesso Osservantissimo
J. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France and Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EUROPE'S greatest Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing
Beneath BOOTES, many thousand miles:
Upon whose Head, Honour and Fortune smiles:
About whose brows, clusters of crowns do spring:
Whose Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH *en-stiles:*
Whose Wisedome's *Fame*
Ore all the World doth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
Whole and sole Soveraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSUS, and Pierian State:
And with their crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld;
Thrice three Pens Sunne-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treasurer
BARTAS, the Great: Ingross'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT ensew'd;
Our WOE-full loss so JOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee smile, amid our sighes wee sung:
So suddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th' ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in sweet FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDARS
A new Bird hath breath,

In whom the BEAUTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Ashes of the sacred URNE
Of Our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH).
A new true PHŒNIX *lively flourisheth,*
Whom greater glories then the First adorne.
So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presume I on,
JAMES, thou just Heire of *Englands joyfull* UNION.

JAMES, Thou just Heir of *Englands joyfull* UNION,
UNITING now too This long sever'd ILE
(Sever'd for strangers, from it selfe the while)
Under one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loves may never bee dis-union,
Throughout-all Kingdoms in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In whom was never guile)

CLIO.

To RULE thy Subjects
In his GOSPEL'S Union.
So, on thy Seat thy Seede shall ever Flourish
To SION's Comfort, and th' eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme and Error:
So shall one TRUTH *thy people train and nourish*
In meeke Obedience of Th' Almightie's Pleasure,
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To sacred Thee (dread Soveraigne) dearest JAMES,
While sad-glad ENGLAND *yeelds Her Diadems,*
To bee dispos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleasure:
While Peers & states expose their pomp & treasure
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
With ROYALL *Presents,*
And rare-precious Gemmes;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy measure.
Here (gracious Lord) low prostrate I present you
The richest Jewell my poore FATE affords,
(A sacrifice, that long-long since I meant you)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in my words:*
With him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Unto Your ROYALL Hands I humbly Sacre
These Weeks (*the works of the worlds glorious Maker*)
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art
(Though through my rudenes here mis-tun'd in part).
For, to whom meeter should this Muse betake her,
Than to YOUR *Highnesse,*
Whom (*as chiefe Partaker*)

MELPOMENE.

All MUSES Crowne
For Principall Deserts?
To whom should sacred Art and learned Pietie
In Higheſt Notes of Heav'nly Muſicke Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deïtie,
But to a Learned and Religious KING?
To whom but You ſhould Holy *Faith* commend-her,
Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faiths* Defender?

Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faiths* Defender;
No Selfe—preſuming of my Wit's perfection
(*In what is mine of this Divine Confection*)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Reſt, the Beſt I have to render
For Loyall Witneſſe of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To Your High Protection;

CALLIOPE.

Which MORE it needs,
The more it ſelfe is ſlender.
But, for mine AUTHOR, in his ſacred-furie,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(*Though here His luſtre too-too-much obſcure-I*):
For His ſake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Majeſties Severitie)
Sith from this Errour of my bold Temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns & your benignity:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may provoke (with more divine Dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Posterity

TERPSICHORE.

This NOBLEST Worke,
After a Self's Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweet Rayes of your Royall Favour
May ſhine ſo warm on theſe wilde fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte, & ſavour,
And Ripen faire the Reſt that are behinde:
The rather, if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muſe of late,
Where (Turtle-like) groaning ſad tunes ſhee ſate:
But (O!) curſt ENVIE did untimely lop
The Firſt: the Next, bruiz'd with his fall, did drop:
The Third remains, grow'n a great arm of State:
Moſt WORTHIE So,
But ſo pra----occupate

EUTERPE.

With others MUSES,
That OURS hath no ſcope.
Wherefore for ſuccour in her wearie flight
Hardly purſu'd by that ſharp Vulture, WANT,
She's fain my Liege (with your good leave) to light
Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR Plant:
Where, if you daign Her Reſt from *Fortune's* wrong,
Shee ſhall more ſweetely End her ſolemne Song.

Shee ſhall more ſweetely End Her ſolemne Song
(If Heav'n grant Life, and You give leave to doe-it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Parts onto it
Which more preciſely to your Prayſe belong
(Wherein expreſly, with a Thankfull Tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's ſelf applies him,
Yeelds YOU His Laurels,
And doth all agnize him

ERATO.

Rapt with the Wonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, ſweeteſt neer his lateſt breath)
Which, of his glorie their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas! after their Father's death)
As Epilogue, ſhall PAY our gratefull Vowes
Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes.

Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON
(Greater then that great Tree of BABYLON*)*
No marvaile if our TURTLE ſeek to Houſe;
Sith CESAR's Eagles that ſo ſtrongly Route:
Th'old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(And not THESE alone,

POLYMNIA.

But every Bird and Beaſt)
With HUMBLE vowes,
Seeks rooſt or reſt under your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath the Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd you,
And build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So STUARTS ay ſhall ſtand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:
Cheering the milde; checking the wilde with power:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, and VERTUE's Recompence:
Long Leve King JAMES
In all MAGNIFICENCE:

URANIA.

And (full of DAYES)
When (in his Bliss-full Bowr)
Heav'ns King shal crown thee with th'immortal flowr,
Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince
HENRY (*our Hope*) *to crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at home, abroade a* CONQUEROR;
So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,
Our Sunne did set, and yet no Night ensew'd.

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most loyall Subject

AND

Humble Servant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE ORDER OF THE BOOKES, OR TRACTS OF THIS VOLUME.

The First VVeeke containeth Seven Dayes.

The
- 1. *Day.*
- 2. *Day.*
- 3. *Day.*
- 4. *Day.*

The
- 5. *Day.*
- 6. *Day.*
- 7. *Day.*

The Second VVeek likewise Seven Dayes: whereof three were never finished.

ADAM, 1. Day.
- *Eden.*
- The *Imposture.*
- The *Furies.*
- The *Handy-Crafts.*

NOAH, 2. Day.
- The *Arke.*
- *Babylon.*
- The *Colonies.*
- The *Columnes.*

ABRAHAM, 3. Day.
- The *Vocation.*
- The *Fathers.*
- The *Law.*
- The *Captains.*

DAVID, 4. Day.
- The *Tropheis.*
- The *Magnificence.*
- The *Schisme.*
- The *Decay.*

Urania.
The *Triumph of Faith.*
The *Quadrains of Pibrac.*
The *Miraculous Peace of France.*
A *Paradox against Liberty.*
Judith.
Little Bartas.
The *Map of Man.*
The *Maidens blush*, or *Joseph.*
Panaretus.
Job Triumphant.
Bethulia's Rescue.
A *Hymn of Almes.*
Memorials of Mortality.
St. *Lewis the King.*
The *Tropheis of Henry the Great.*
The *Battell of Turie.*
All is not Gold that glisters.
New Jerusalem.

Selfe-Civill-Warre.
A *Cup of Consolation in Christian conflict.*
Tobacco battered.
Lacrymæ Lacrymarum.
An Elegie upon Sir *William Sidneys death.*
Honours Farewell.
An Elegie upon the death of Doctour Hils Wife.
A Briefe Catechisme.
Spectacles.
Mottoes.
The Wood-mans Beare.
A *Preparation to the Resurrection.*
A *Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries.*
Severall Poems of the same Authors.
Lastly, *Seven Letanies upon the severall Petitions of the Lords Prayer, not formerly extant, are now added.*

CEs Temps laurizez, du *Laurier* mesme honeur;
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* se lit;
Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir* & d'*Esprit*;
Ne sont que du BARTAS un ombre *exterieur*.
Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus: Mais de sa propre Plume
Il s'est peint le *Dedans*, dans son divin *Volume*.

These laureat Temples which the Laurel *grace*;
These Honest *Lines, these Signes of* VVit *and* Art;
This Map of Vertues, *in a* Muse-*full Face*;
Are but a blush of BARTAS outward *part*.
The Pencil could no more: but his owne Pen
Limns him, with-in, *the Miracle of Men*.

SACRUM MEMORIÆ
Ornatissimi Pientissimique ipsius Amici, Magistri *Josuæ Sylvester*; Qui in Oppido Middleburgensi, vicesimo octavo die Septembris,

Anno Dom. 1618. *Annoq; Ætatis suæ* 55.
Fatis Concessit.

HIS LIFE, &c.

IN *Verse* to personate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill;
The *veine* and *straine* of *Maro's* learned Quill,
Or some, with sweet *Urania* best-acquainted.

Yet, sith ev'n all, whose *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick *Strains*)
To sound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this so *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to see
All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou wast no Lordly great *Cosmopolite*;
Yet, much renowned by thy vertuous *Fame*:
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Christian-Israelite*.

Thy *Wisedome*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did
Yet words & works shone, *all*, w^th *grace's* beam: (stream:
Thy *Poetry*; *sobriety*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Josua*.
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Famlie:
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie (may.
And worldly Cares; which most men, most dis-

No *Temporizer*; yet, the *Court* frequenting:
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Ages crimes:
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes*:
Thine *Israels*-Sins (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Crœsus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well; and well it might:
Then *Piety*, what Riches better? more?

Adorned with the *Gift* of *Gods* good *Spirit*: His lan-
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues*; French, Spanish, guages.
Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few such: (Dutch,
But, for thy Native-English, of most Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero* (rare)
(With Figures, Tropes; Words, Phrases, sweetly
Of Eloquence thou mad'st so little spare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to overflow.

Witnesse *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-peece* His
Of *Poetry*) to past and future Times: Works.
By whose mellifluous, sugred, sacred *Rymes*,
Thou got'st more fame, then *Jason* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I justly may averre)
The radiant Sun-shine is so fair, so trim.
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;
Admired *Silver-Tongued Sylvester*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harvest-Swathes are such,
As (almost) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-scattered *leaves*,
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation.
Their pleasing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,
Still-pleasant-grave: Here, Morall; There, Divine.
Right *Poet-Laureat Thou* wert of our Nation.

This

This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Praise*,
And trim thy Temples with ne'er-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live Eternall.

What should I say? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, then man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House* of *Store*;
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

His death.

A blessed Death a holy Life ensues,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well exprest:
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death*; all-blest:
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content:
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, it gave,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps a Grave*;
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

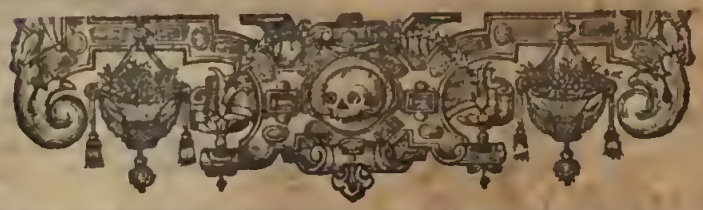
But, *Thou* wert wise; who to *thy Selfe* built'st
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endlesse Date: (One
A reall royall-one; which (spite of Hate)
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy step-Dame Countrey cast thee off;
(Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.)
Yet here accept a Mite of Love from Mee;
(Thy meanest Brother) This Mean Epitaph:

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of JOSUAH SYLVESTER, DU BARTAS Peer;
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.



THE

The Printer to the Reader.

THe Name of *Josuah Sylvester* is garland enough to hang before This doore; a name worthily deare to the present Age, to Posteritie. I doe not therefore goe about to apologize for this VVorke, or to commend it; it shall speake for it selfe, louder then either others friendship, or envie. I onely advertise my Reader, that since the death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who ever survive in their living monuments) I have carefully fetcht together all the dispersed Issue of that divine VVit; as those which are well worthie to live (like Brethren) together under one faire roofe, that may both challenge time, and outweare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his in offensive youth, which himselfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulnesse; it is so much the more glory to that worthy Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull strains, (some whereof, lately come to hand, and not formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious Ditties. Let the present and future times injoy so profitable and pleasing a work; and at once honour the Author, and thank the Editor.

ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OUR APOLLO)
WORLD'S wonder
SYDNEY,
That rare more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENUS
First to LIMNE beganne,
With Such a PENCILL
As no PENNE dares follow:
How then should I, in wit & art so shallow,
Attempt the *task* which yet none other can?
Far bee the thought, that mine unlearned hand
His heav'nly Labour should so much unhallow:
Yet, lest (that Holy-RELIQUE being shrin'd
In some high-Place, close lockt from common light)
My Countrey-men should bee debarr'd the sight
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE,
THIS have I muddled, as my MUSE was able.

INDIGNIS.

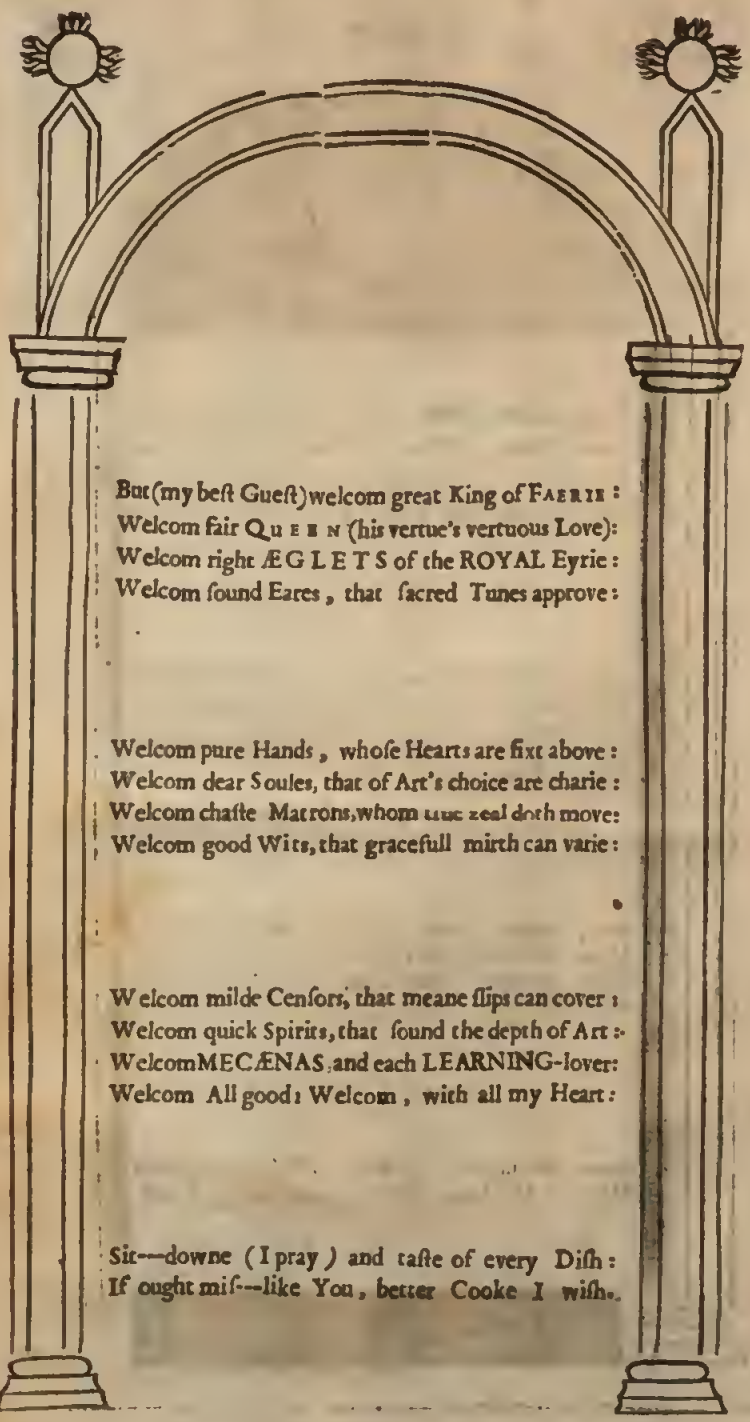
Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hissing *Atheists*, Hellish Misse-Creants:
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beauties glance:
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales up-tane:

Hence Green-sick Wits, that rellish nought but bane.
Hence dead-live Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance:
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance:
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane:

Hence prying *Critiks*, carping past your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts that have no true Discerning:
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill:
Hence all at-once, that lack (or love not) LEARNING:

Hence All un-holy, from the *Worlds Birth* Feast:
URANIA's Grace brooks no unworthy Guest.

OPTIMIS.



But (my best Guest) welcom great King of FAERIE:
Welcom fair QUEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcom sound Eares, that sacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure Hands, whose Hearts are fixt above:
Welcom dear Soules, that of Art's choice are charie:
Welcom chaste Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:
Welcom good Wits, that gracefull mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Censors, that meane slips can cover:
Welcom quick Spirits, that sound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS, and each LEARNING-lover:
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit---downe (I pray) and taste of every Dish:
If ought mis---like You, better Cooke I wish.

Intimo
JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
HEXASTICON.

UT prodesse suis possit, Salustius *offert*
Gallis, *quod nobis* Josua *noster opus:*
Ille ergo eximiis hoc uno nomine dignus
Laudibus; at duplici nititur hic merito:
Quem simul Authoris famæ, charæque videmus
Communi Patriæ consuluisse bono

Jo. Bo. Miles.

Ad Iosuam
SYLVESTERUM,
G. SALUSTII
Genuinum Interpretem.

EAre agè, divini cultissima lingua Salusti;
(SYLVESTER) Clarii *ceu fuit ille* Dei;
Elyzii *qua parte Jugi convenerat, & te*
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?
An mage, corporeâ Herois *compage soluta,*
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?
Credo equidem; & Samii *rata Dogmata sunt* Senis; *unde,*
Non Translata mihi, sed genuina canis.
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,
Interpres dubitet tûne vel ille fiet.

Car. Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

JOSUA SYLVESTER,
AMAGRAM.
Vere Os Salustii.

OS tu SYLVESTER nostro cur Ore vocaris?
An quòd in ORE feras Mel? quod in Aure Mel-os?
An quòd BARTASI faciem dum pingis & ORA,
ORA tui pariter quelibet ora colit?
Nempe licet duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Silvas & salebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, dux Salaminius olim
Dixit, Inest libris Osq; vigo q; tuis.
Ergo Os esto aliis, mihi Suadæ LINGUA videris;
Musis & Phœbo charus OCELLUS eris.

Ad Gallum
DE BARTASIO JAM
Toto Anglicè donato.

QUòd Gallus factus modò sit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:
Silvester vester, noster Bartasius, ambo
Laude quidem gemina digni, ut & ambo pari.

IN DETRACTORES
Ad Authorem.

TAceat malevolum Os malé strepeitis Zoili;
Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam septies faustam canis
Te Septimana septies faustum facit
Quæ vis, nec ulla deleat Josuam Dies.
Nempe ORE fari Vera si licet meo,
Os ipse VERE diceris SALUSTII;
Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurio is ORIS, ἀϑεῶν Theon
Os non carere dentibus sciat tuum.

E. L. Oxon.

In Duo
POETARUM LUMINA,
BARTAM & SYLVESTRUM,
Carmen Asclepiadeum, Gliconicum, decol. Distroph.

SE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,
Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,
Musarumve potens pater,
Pulsans plectra sonantia.
Sylvestere, meam tu superas lyram,
Et linguam modulum dum rudis obstrepit:
Vatem commeruit decus
Illustrem ingenii tui.
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum
Digne, vel Veneris rosæ
Vultum purpureæ parem:
Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis
Sacra progenies satis;
Non vos æquiparem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præstat: noster amat sui
Ponti vincere Naïadas:
Ambo sic proprias viribus ingeni
Divas ruricolas ponticolas simul
Vicistis, trivii meum
Vicistis miserum melos.
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipsos cœlicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ Vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis novos.

G. B. Cantabrig.

Epigram

TO MASTER JOSUA SYLVESTER.

IF to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both Thee, thy Work and Merit raise:
But, as it is (the Childe of Ignorance,
And utter stranger to all ayre of France,)
How can I speake of thy great paines, but erre,
Since they can onely judge, that can confer?
Behold! the reverend shade of BARTA'S *stands*
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the World I publish, for him, This;
BARTAS doth wish thy *English* now were His.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As His will now be the Translation *thought,*
Thine the Originall; *and* France *shall boast,*
No more, those mayden glories shee hath lost.

BEN. JOHNSON.

In praise of the Translator.

IF divine BARTAS *(from whose blessed Braines*
Such Works of grace, or gracefull workes did stream)
Were so admir'd for Wits *celestiall* Strains
As made their Vertues Seat, the high'st Extream;
Then JOSUAH, *the* Sun *of thy bright praise*
Shall fixed stand in Arts *faire* Firmament
Till Dissolution *date* Times *Nights, and Dayes,*
Sith right thy Lines *are made to* BARTAS *Bent,*
Whose Compasse *circumscribes (in spacious words)*
The Universall *in particulars;*
And thine the same, in other tearms, affords:
So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars:
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,
They are (like God) eternall, sith Divine.

JOHN DAVIES,
OF HEREFORD.

To Master
JOSUAH SYLVESTER,
OF HIS BARTAS
Metaphrased.

Dare confesse, Of Muses more then Nine,
Nor list, nor can I envie none, but thine.
Shee, drencht alone in Sion's *sacred Spring,*
Her Makers praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
And reacheth neerest th' Angels notes above;
Nor lists to sing or Tales, or Wars, or Love.
One while I finde her, in her nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen spheares of Heaven bright:
Thence, straight shee glides, before I be aware,
Through the three Regions of the liquid Ayre:
Thence, rushing downe, through Nature's *Closet-dore,*
Shee ransacks all her Grandame's secret store;
And, diving to the darknesse of the Deepe,
Sees there what Wealth the Waves in Prison keepe:
And, what shee sees above, below, between,
Shee showes and sings to others eares and eyne.
'Tis true; thy Muse anothers steps doth presse:
The more's her paine; nor is her praise the lesse.
Freedome gives scope, unto the roving thought,
Which, by restraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feete unfettred, walken far, or fast;
Which pent with chaines, mote want their wonted haste?
Thou follow'st Bartasses *diviner streine;*
And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.
BARTAS *was some French Angel, girt with Bayes:*
And thou a BARTAS *art, in English Layes.*
Whether is more? Mee seems (the sooth to say'n)
One BARTAS *speakes in Tongues, in Nations, twain.*

JOS. HALL.

TO MY GOOD FRIEND, M. SYLVESTER,

In honour of this sacred VVORKE.

THus to adventure forth, and re-conway
The best of treasures from a forrain Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey;
And that without injustice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER *hast wrought,*
And here enricht vs with th' immortall store
Of others sacred lines; which from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame devout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

To Master JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

THe glorious Salust, *morall, true-divine,*
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n *his subject, and the* Earth *his stage,*
The Arts *his Actors, and the* Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whose Worlds *blest* Birth, *and blessed* Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for every line;
Hath here obtain'd a true Interpreter.
Whom fame, nor gaine, but love to Heav'n and us,
Mov'd to un-French *his learned Labours thus.*
Thus loves, thus lives all-loved SYLVESTER,
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this taske prefer thine onely Pen.

G. GAY-WOOD.

Dilectissimo
JOS. SYLVESTRI.

GAllica visa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec ulla
Illi vel similis, vel mihi major erat:
Credideram magni nullo sermone referri
BARTASI ingenium posse, vel eloquium:
Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britannia solem,
Ingenii tenebras abstulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et si successu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulceisque Camœnas!
Queis tanto Vati contigit esse pares.
Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum destituatur opus,
Sic pia Sicælides aspirunt Numina Musæ:
Sic faveat cœptis doctis Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit & ipsa suum.

Jo: Maildeus Germanus.

Amicissimo
JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
G. SALUSTII
D. BARTASII INTERPRETI,
Encomium.

QUod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine vasta
Æquora sulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:
Et quod lustratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in sylvis dum manifestat iter:
Hoc dat præstanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis
Cognitio sanctæ queis placet Historiæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis JOSUA noster,
Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Musa tua est BARTAS dulcissima: Musa videtur
Ipsi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior esse mihi.

Si. Ca. Gen.

Flexanimo
SALUSTII DU BARTAS
Interpreti, *Jos. Silvestri*, Carmen Encomiasticon.

OFt have I seene sweete fancie-pleasing faces
Consort themselves with swart mis-shapen features,
To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,
By the defect of such deformed creatures;
As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, English Bartas, *though thy beauties, here*
Excell so far the glory of the rest,
That France *and* England *both must hold the deare,*
Sith both their glories thou hast here exprest
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much)
Let not thy fairest Heav'n-aspiring Muse
Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:
For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more. E.G.

IN COMMENDATION OF DU
Bartas, and his Translator, Mr. JOSUAH SYLVESTER,

A SONNET.

WHile nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,
And while faire Phœbus *dives in western deepe;*
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:
But, when Aurora's *windowes open wide,*
That Sol's *clear rayes those sable clouds may banish,*
Then suddenly those petty lights doe vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistring pride:
So, while du Bartas *and our* Sylvester
(The glorious lights of England, *and of* France)
Have hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:
But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,
Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away. R.H.

IN COMMENDATION
OF THIS
VVORTHY VVORKE.

Oole that I was, I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muses* had their graces sow'n
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and sweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good seems best, where better is unknown).
While thus I dream'd, my busie phantasie
Bade mee awake, open mine eyes, and see

How SALUST'S English *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail: and how the *Sheaves*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doe *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-shaken *Leaves*:
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath hee out-gone those that the rest out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie's* vip'rous seed
Gnaw forth the breast which bred and fed the same;
Rest safe (Sound truth from feare is ever freed,)
Malice may bark, but shall not bite thy Name:
JOSUA, thy Name with BARTAS name shall live.
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Arras*, spunne
Of *Golden* threeds, be seen of *English* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are undone.
But Shee, more subtle, then religious-wise,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, swoln as Toad (though customed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what Peace hath Shee
With *Vertue*? None: Therefore defie her frown.
'Gainst greater force growes greater victorie,
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it springs; *Vertue*, despightfully
Used, doth use the more to fructifie:

And so doe Thou, untill thy *Mausole* rare
Doe fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumsie fist may dare
To meddle with thy Pencill and thy Plat.
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Then Wife her Spouse, or Father feares his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti Lucrum.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET, TO HIS FRIEND MASTER JOS. SYLVESTER.

JOSUAS SILVESTER

IF profit, mixt with pleasure, merit praise,
Or Works divine be 'fore profane preferr'd:
Shall not this heav'nly Work the Workers raise,
Unto the Clouds on Columnes selfly-rear'd?
And (though his Earth be low in Earth interr'd)
Shall not DU BARTAS *(Poets pride and glorie)*
In after Ages bee with wonder heard,
Lively recording th' UNIVERSALL *Storie?*
Undoubtedly Hee shall: and so shalt Thou,
Eare-charming Eccho *of his sacred Voyce:*
Sweete SYLVESTER, *how happy was thy choyce,*
To taske Thee thus, and thus to quit thee now?
End as thou hast begunne; and then by right
Rare Muses NON-SUCH, *shall thy Worke behight.*

R. N. Gent.

TO THE SAME.

HAd golden Homer, *and great* Maro *kept*
In envious silence their admired measures,
A thousand Worthies *worthy deeds had slept:*
They, reft of praise; and we of learned Pleasures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable Treasures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Divine DU BARTAS, *hid his heavenly ceasures,*
Singing the mighty World's *immortall storie?*
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, *and to* Phaer! *but, yet much more*
To thee (deare SYLVESTER*) for thus unfolding*
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Grave, learned, deep, delightfull, and divine.

R. N.

DU BARTAS HIS FIRST WEEKE: OR, BIRTH OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN,

In SEVEN DAYES the glorious VVorke of The CREATION is divinely handled;

In the
- 1 Day, The CHAOS.
- 2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
- 3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
- 4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON. &c.
- 5 Day, The FISHES and FOWLES.
- 6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
- 7 Day, The SABBATH.

Acceptam refero.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD's Aide implor'd: the summe of all propos'd:
World *not eternall, nor by* Chance *compos'd:*
But of meere Nothing *God it essence gave:*
It had Beginning: *and an* End *shall have:*
Curst Atheist quipt: the Heathen Clerkes control'd:
Doom's *glorious day:* Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold.*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Alternate changes of the Day *and* Night:
The birth of Angels; *some for* Pride *dejected:*
The rest persist in Grace, *and guard th' Elected.*

The Poet implores the gracious assistance of the true God of Heaven, Earth, Aire, and Sea, that he may hoisely the more he best makes in hand.

THOU glorious Guide of Heav'ns star-glittring (motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou Earth's dread Shaker (at whose only Word,
Th' *Eôlian* Scouts are quickly still'd and stirr'd)
Lift up my Soule, my drowsie Spirits refine:
With learned Art enrich this Work of mine.
O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth
Unto our seed the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:
Grant (gratious God) that I record in Verse
The rarest Beauties of this UNIVERSE:
And grant, therein Thy power I may discern;
That, teaching others, I my selfe may learne.

The Time-Poet humbly and devoutly implores some inlightening by his Creator to be so excellent a Labour, and with all the aid of the All-sufficient God.

And also grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whose mighty voyce speaks in the midst of Thunders;
Causing the Rocks to rock, and Hils to teare;
Calling the things that Are not, as they Were;
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak;
Teaching dumb Infants thy dread Praise to speak;
Inspiring Wisdome into those that want,
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant.)
Grant me good Lord (as thou hast giv'n me Hearts
To undertake so excellent a Parts)
Grant me such Judgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correspondent to that Excellence,
That in some measure, I may seem t' inherit
(Elisha-*like*) *my deare* Elias *spirit.*

CLEAR FIRE for ever hath not Aire imbrac'd,
Nor Aire for aye inviron'd Waters vaste,
Nor Waters alwaies wrap'd the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once of nought begin.
Once *All* was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerst importune)
With jarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Invisible, immortall, infinite.

The World was not from everlasting.

Th' immutable divine Decree, which shall
Cause the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same,
But in the instant when Time first became.
I mean a Time confused: for, the course
Of yeeres, of months, of weeks, of dayes, of hours,
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons is confin'd
By th' ordred Dance unto the Stars assign'd.

Neither made by chance; but created together with Time by the almighty wisdome of God.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
All Majestie, all-self-Omnipotent,
Invisible, impassive, excellent,

God was before the world was.

Pure,

Pure, wise, just, good, God reign'd alone (at rest)
Himselfe alone, selfs Palace, Host, and Guest.
Thou scoffing Atheist, that inquirest what
Th' Almighty did before he framed that:
What weighty work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun,
(Sith so deep Wisdome and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloth & negligence).
Know (bold Blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous guilt
Of those ungodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisdome infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weavers and Potters passe,
And live without their severall works a space?
And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator,
Th' All-prudent, *BE E*, without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himselfe esteem,
Never less sole then when he sole doth seem! (folly!)
And could not GOD (O Heav'ns! what frantick
Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy?
Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* averr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear?* (measure,
And should the LORD, whose Wealth exceeds all
Should he be poor without this worldly Treasure?
God never seeks out of himself for ought;
He begs of none, he buyes or borrows nought;
But aye, from th' *Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,
He powreth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.
Ere *Eurus* blew, ere Moon did wex or wane,
Ere Sea had fish, ere Earth had grasse or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glories Mysteries:
His Power, his Justice, and his Providence,
His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th' holy Object of his heav'nly thought,
Upon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also, that he meditated.
The Worlds *Idea*, ere it was created:
Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit
Were with him aye, equall in Might and Merit.
For, *sans* Beginning, Seed, and Mother tender,
This great Worlds Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisdome, and Word eternall,
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternall. (ded,
Out of these Two, their common Power procee-
Their Spirit, their Love: in Essence undivided;
Only distinct in Persons, whose Divinitie,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, soft, my *Muse*, lanch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Caphareus* Rock,
Where many a Ship hath suff'red wofull wrack,
While they have fondly vent'red forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.
Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,
But 'longst the shore with sails of *Faith* must coast,
Their Star the Bible, Steer-man th' holy Ghost.
How many fine Wits have the World abus'd,
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;
And scorning of the loyall Virgins Thred,
Have them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheets of either Testament
'Tis hard to finde an higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discusse,
More usefull, known; unknown, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight,
So deep discourse my Sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my Mouth my fainting words be mute.
This TRINITYE (which rather I adore
In humblenesse, then busily explore)
In th' infinite of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appears ingrav'n on ev'ry part,
The Builders beauty, greatnesse, wealth and art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnesse, that consounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.
Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n;
And, with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n
Beyond the World's wals, let those Eagles flie,
And gaze upon the Sun of Majestie:
Let other-some (whose fainting Spirits do droop)
Down to the ground their meditations stoop,
And so contemplate on these Workmanships,
That th' Authors praise they in Themselves eclipse.
My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,
Divinely-humane, keeps the middle Region:
Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume,
Heav'ns glowing flame should melt her waxen
Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag, (plume;
Loaden with Mists her moistned wings should lag.
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glasse) Gods glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this Universall Globe.
For, if the Sun's bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fix'dly gaze against his light;
Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God's glorious Eyes?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which bear his Image round about!
God, of himself, incapable to sense,
In's Works, reveals him t' our intelligence:
Therein, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell,
Our palates taste his vertues that excell:
He shews him to our eyes, talks to our ears,
In th' ord'red motions of the spangled Sphears.
The World's a School, where (in a general story)
God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule
Ascends by steps above the arched Pole:
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on every side)
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may passe-o're (at ease),
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundlesse Seas.
The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth
Not fair *Latona's* quiv'red Darling deer; (cleer,
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Above the Heav'ns, to ravish dullest minds.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect
A fair Character, void of all defect.

But,

He confoundeth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

What God did before he created the World.

Of 3. Persons in one only Essence of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

Of the holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one only and the same God.

How to thinke and speak of God.

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselves and others in their speculations & wanting to be wise, became fools.

God the Father, Son, and holy Ghost created of nothing the World's goodly Frame.

Leaving curious speculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Works.

God makes himself (as it were) visible in his Works.

Sundry disparagements, showing what man Christian should make in considering the Works of God in this mighty World.

But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In stead of learning, learn to play the fools:
We gaze but on the Babies, and the cover,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-over;
And never farther for our Lesson look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
That, by His wisdome, God the World conducts.

Although the world displeases unfaverably even to the most rude the Beauty and power of God: Yet onely the true Christians can rightly perceive it.

To read This Book, we need not understand
Each strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turks Characters nor *Hebrew* points to seek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antarticks* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fell; the Childe
Scarce sev'n years old, the bleared aged eye,
Though voyd of Art, read here indifferently.
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, above the highest height:
He comprehends th' Arch-mover of all Motions,
And reads (though rüning) all these needfull notions.
Therefore by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,
These sacred *Pandects* I desire to read.
And (God the better to behold) behold
Th' Orb from his Birth, in 's Ages manifold.

God making to Esay our predestination, long ere any one of the world, of nothing, made all the World.

Th' admired Author's Fancie fixed not
On some fantastick fore-conceited Plot:
Much less did he an elder World erect,
By form whereof, he might his Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some stately Palace, yet he doe commence
His Royall Work, makes choise of such a Court
Where cost and cunning equally consort:
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All answerable to his queint device;
From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Frise* and *Cornish*,
And other Places other Pecces furnish;
And so, selecting every where the best,
Doth thirty Models in one House digest.

Nothing, but *Nothing* had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this City:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, & Sea, did frame,
He fought not far, he sweat not for the same:
As *Sol*, without descending from the Sky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted bravery;
Withouten travaile causeth th' Earth to bear,
And (far off) makes the World young every year.

A fit Simile to that purpose.

The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,
The Work and Project of this Architect,
March all at once: all to his pleasure ranges,
Who *Alwaies One*, his purpose never changes.

Of nothing, God created the matter, wherewith afterward he gave the Forme and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receive
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceive
That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes first provision of all matter meet,
(As Timber, Iron, Canvase, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all 's ready; then appointeth, which
Wch peece for planks, wch plank shall line the waste,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir shall make a Mast;
As Art and Use directeth, heedfully,
His hand, his tool, his judgement, and his eye:
So God, before This Frame he fashioned,
I wote not what great *Word* he uttered
From's sacred mouth; which summon'd in a Mass
Whatsever now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainefull trade,
Findes all his stuff to 's hand already made;
Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,
Without the help of others Wit or Art.

What this new created Chaos was, before God gave it form, figure, place, and situation.

That first World (yet) was a most formless *Form*,
A confus'd heap a *Chaos* most deform,
A Gulf of Gulfs, a body ill compact,
An ugly medley, where all difference lackt:
Where th' Elements lay jumbled all together,
Where hot and cold were jarring each with either;
The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie;
The hard with soft the base against the high;
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawl did last,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water in the Earth did hide.
For yet th' immortall, mighty Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marshal, unto each his quarter
Had not assigned: the Celestiall Arks
Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth revived,
No scaly shoals yet in the Waters dived:
Nor any Birds with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.

Genes 2.2.

All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in such a World spy forth
The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth;
Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,
Th' Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.
Briefly, suppose an Earth, poor naked, vaine,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
A Heav'n un-hangd, un-turning, un-transparent,
Un-garnished, un-gilt with Stars apparent;
So maiest thou ghess what Heav'n & Earth was that,
Where, in confusion, reigned such debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base title most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet. (ter,

The Chaos how to be considered.

This was not then the World: 'twas but the Mat-
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;
Or rather, the *Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like
The shape-less burthen in the Mothers womb,
Which yet in time doth into fashion come:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And every member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it self it thrives,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arrives.

A Simile.

But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull heap of undigested stuff
Had doubtless never come to shape or proof,
Had not th' Almighty with his quickning breath
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.

The dreadfull Darknesse of the *Memphytists*,
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)

Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies :
So that (in fine) this furious debate,
Even in the birth, this Ball had ruinate,
Save that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some secret Mastick of his sacred Power,
To glew together, and to govern faire
The Heav'n, and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;
Who joyntly justling, in their rude Disorder,
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.

The Spirit of God, by an inestimable mean, minister, and (as it were trouding) warmed the shapelesse Matter.

As a good wit, that, on th' immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraves a Work Divine
Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uses
To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses:
So did Gods Spirit delight it selfe a space
To move it selfe upon the floting *Masse* :
No other care th' Almightie's mind possest
(If care can enter in his sacred brest.)
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood
(Some of her own, some of adoptive bloud)
Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white bals, doth live birds beget :
Even in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood upon this Gulf; with care paternall
Quickning the parts, inspiring power in each,
From so foule Lees, so faire a World to fetch.
For't's nought but all, in't selfe including All;
An im-beginning, midlesse, endlesse Ball.
'Tis nothing but a world, whose superfice
Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

That there is but one World, confuting the Error of Leucippus and his Disciples, by two reasons.

Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadful aw)
Upon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th' eternall *Law*,
Had not assur'd us that Gods sacred Power
In *six Daies* built this Universall Bower;
Reason it selfe doth over-throw the grounds
Of those new Worlds that fond *Leucippus* founds:
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could ( ) clip,
Still th' upper World's water and earth would slip
Into the lower ; and so in conclusion,
All would returne into the Old Confusion.

O Rabbins.

Besides, we must imagine emptie distance
Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their cour-
By th' inter-justling of each others forces : (ses,
But, all things are so fast together fixt
With so firme bonds, that there's no void betwixt.
Thence comes it, that a Cask peire't to be spent,
Though full, yet runs not till we give it vent.
Thence is't that Bellowes, while the snout is stopt,
So hardly heave, and hardly can be op't.
Thence is't that water doth not freeze in Winter,
Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter.
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,
Let fall no liquor at their five-like nose.
And thence it is, that the pure silver source,
In leaden Pipes running a captive course,
Contrary to it's nature, spouteth high :
To all, so odious is Vacuitie.

Conclusion of some other Errors of such as make Matter and the Heavens eternall.

God then, not only framed Nature one,
But also set it limitation
Of Forme and Time : exempting ever solely
From quantitie his own self's Essence holy.
How can we call the Heavn's unmeasured,
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured?
How can we count this Universe immortall,
Sith many-wayes the parts prove hourely mortall?
Sith his Comencement proves his Consummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration ?
Let bold *Greek* Sages faine the Firmament
To be compos'd of a fift Element :
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnesse,
End and beginning to th'Heav'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue, that Deaths lawes alone
Reach but the Bodies unto *Cynthia's* Throne :
The sandy grounds of their *Sophistick* brawling
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.

A fearfull description of the end of the World.

One day the Rocks from top to toe shall quiver,
The Mountaines melt and all in sunder shiver :
The Heav'ns shall rent for feare; the lowly Fields,
Puft up, shall swell to huge and mightie Hils :
Rivers shall dry : or if in any Flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be bloud :
The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar :
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it should be noon :
With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face,
The Stars shall fall, and all away shall passe :
Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall come,
Noise, Storms, and Darknesse shall usurp the roome.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Justice*, venging Wrath
(Which here already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vast Ocean all.

Against Judaisall Astrologers, therpretend to point the very time thereof.

Alas ! how faithlesse and how modest-lesse
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th' yeer, the month, & day, which evermore
'Gainst years, months, daies, shall dã-up *Saturns* dore!
(At thought wherof, even now, my heart doth ake,
My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)
You have mis-cast in your *Arithmetick*,
Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly ye seek
In nights black darknesse for the secret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of kings.
'Tis he, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time,
And holds the weights of that appointed Chime:
He in his hand the sacred book doth bear
Of that close-clasped finall *Calendar*;
Where, in *Red letters* (now with us frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed ;
That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,
That 't will be seen, before foreseen of most.
Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend
(Though yet he seem in feeble flesh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie :
Millions of Angels shall about him flie :
Mercie and *Justice*, marching cheek by jeule,
Shall his Divine *Triumphant Chariot* roule ; (bout,
Whose wheels shall shine with Lightning round a-
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Those that were load'd with proud marble tombs,
Those that were swallow'd in wild Monsters wombs,
Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes
Of ruddy Flames have burned all to ashes,
Awaked all, shall rise, and all revest
The flesh and bones that they at first possest.
All shall appear, and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Judge without exception)

The

The finall Sentence(sounding joy and terror)
Of ever-lasting Happiness or horror.
Some shall his *Justice*,some his *Mercy* taste;
Some call'd to joy, some into torment cast,
When from the Goats he shall his Sheepe dissever;
These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curst* in Hell for ever.
O thou that once(scorn'd as the vilest drudge)
Didst bear the doom of an *Italian* Judge,(summon,
Daign(deerest Lord)when the last Trump shall
To this *Grand Sessions*,all the world in common;
Daign in that Day to undertake my matter:
And,as my Judge,so be my Mediator.

Having spoken of the Creation of the Matter, he declareth here and when Forme God gave unto it, ending at the Depict his admirable worke.

Th' eternall Spring of Power and Providence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not unlike the Bear, which bringeth-forth
In th' end of thirty dayes a shapelesse birth;
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck,and finally doth bring
To a perfect Beast that first deformed thing.
For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the low hee parted,
And by it selfe,hot unto hot he sorted;
Hard unto hard,cold unto cold he sent;
Moist unto moist,as was expedient.
And so in *Six dayes* form'd, ingeniously,
All things contain'd in th' UNIVERSITIE.

Wherefore God employed five Days in creating the World.

Not but he could have,in a moment,made
This flowry Mansion where Mankind doth trade;
Speed heav'ns blu curtens & those lamps have burnisht;
Earth,aire,and sea; with beasts, birds,fish,have fur-
But,working with such Art so many dayes,(nisht;
A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,
Yet man was made yet:he declares to us,
How kinde,how carefull,and how gracious,
He would be to us being made, to whom
By thousand promises of things to-come
(Under the Broad Seal of his deere Sons bloud)
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.

How man should imitate God in his worke.

By his Example he doth also shew-us,
We should not heedless-hastily bestow us
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-vises, *Making sober speed*
In dearest business, and observe by proof,
That, *What is well done, is done soon enough.*

The first matter, received from the Chaos, was Light.

O Father of the Light! of Wisedom fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confused Mountain
What should(what could)issue,before the *Light*?
Without which,Beauty were no beauty hight.
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun,
To make them seen,had never shewn his splendor:
In vain,in vain,had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Ephesian Temple*,and high *Pharian Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Trophies of wealth & power)
In vain had they been builded every one,
By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Cresiphon*;
Had all been wrapt-up from all humane sight,
In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
Then light somnes? to th' end the Worlds bright
Careering daily once about the Sky, (Eye,
May shine therein; and that in every part
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.

Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light.

Whether Gods spirit moving upon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters(which yet covered All)
Thence fore'd the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* justing furiously
Under hot *Cancer*,make 2.clouds to clash, (flash:)
Whence th'aire at midnight flames with lightning
Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
From Fiery Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vast confused Crowd
For twice six-houres he spread a shining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned,that in time
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime:
Whether that God made,then,those goodly beams
Which gild the World,but not as now it seems:
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled
Upon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about,gave light in order
To th' unplac'd Climates of that deep disorder;
As now the Sun,circling about the Ball
(The Light's bright Chariot)doth inlighten All.

Gen. 1. 3.

No sooner said he, *Be there light*,but lo
The form-less Lump to perfect Form 'gan grow,
And,all illustred with Lights radiant shine,
Doft mourning weeds,and deckt it passing fine.

Of th' excellent use and commodiste of Light.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright,sacred and excelling;
Sorrow & Care,Darknes,& Dread repelling: (ror,
Thou World's great Taper,Wicked mens just Ter-
Mother of Truth, true Beauties only Mirror,
Gods eldest Daughter: O!how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O!how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
Doth judge thee so: and sith his Majestie
(Thy glorious Maker)in his sacred layes
Can doe noe lesse than sing thy modest praise.

Why God ordained the Night and day alternately to succeed each other.

But yet, because all Pleasures wax unpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That have not felt Wars irksome bitternes;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, Contraries each other best descry.)
Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day should night succeed.

The commodities that the Night bringeth us

The Night, to temper daies exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire,and makes our Earth to sprout.
The Night is she that all our travailes easeth,
Buries our cares,and all our griefes appeaseth.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darknes hushing every thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.
Sweet Night,without Thee,without Thee(alas!)
Our life were loathsome; even a Hell to passe:
For,outward paines and inward passion still,
With thousand Deaths,would soule & body thrill.
O Night,thou pullest the proud Mask away (Play,
Wherewith vaine Actors in this World's great
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poore and rich,the Prisoner and the Judge,
The foule and faire,the Master and the Drudge,

The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;
Or, sivelting at the Furnace, sineth bright
Our soules dire sulphur; resteth yet at night.
He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
His laden barge alongst a Rivers side, (quite;
And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him
Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
Scorched all day in his owne scalding sweat,
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deere Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Sisters sacred Minions,
While silent Night under her sable pinions (tread
Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

Before he concludes the first Day, he commends of Angels.

Even Now I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'ns glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.

The time of their Creation not certainly resolved.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you, Angels,
Under the name of Heav'n, or of the light: (bright,
Whether you were, after, in th' instant borne
With those bright spangles that the heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you derive your high Descent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill stifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;
Especially, where curious search, perchance,
Is not so safe as humble ignorance;)
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Essence, such
As from his owne differ'd not very much.

Some of them are fallen, revolting from God, and are call'd here Hell, therefore called Evill Angels, Wicked Spirits and Devils.

But even as those, whom Princes favours oft
Above the rest have rais'd and set aloft,
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
Attempt Rebellion, and doe practise Treason;
And so, at length, are justly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown:
Even so some Legions of those lofty Spirits
(Envying the glory of their Makers merits)
Conspir'd together, strove against the streame,
T' usurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
But He, whose hands doe never Lightnings lack
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurl'd them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:
For, where God is not, every where is Hell.
This cursed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of us, at least, have this advantage got,
That by experience they can truely tell
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:
For, by a proud leap they have ta'en the measure,
When head-long thence they tumbled in displea-
These fiends are so far-off from bettring thē (sure.
By this hard Judgement, that still more extreme,
The more their plague, the more their pride increa-
The more their rage: as Lizards cut in peeces, (ses,
Threat with more malice, tho with lesser might,
And even in dying shew their living spight.

The insolent and malicious attempts of Satan and his Followers against God and his Church.

For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n
Th' Apostate Prince of Darkenesse still hath striv'n,
Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their story,
T' undo his Church, to under-mine his Glory;
To reave this world's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.
But finding still the Majestie divine
Too strongly fenc'd for him to under-mine;
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
Force-less to batter the Celestiall wall;
Too weak to hurt the head, he hacks the members:
The Tree too hard, the branches he dismembers.
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Forresters,
Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,
To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fearfull Wildernes:
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practise nought but wile.

The divers baits of the Devill to entrap mankinde.

With wanton glance of Beauties burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Avarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate. (witches
With curious Skill-pride, and vaine dreames, hee
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
Yea *Faith* it selfe, and *Zeale*, be sometimes Angles,
Wherwith this Juggler heav'n-bent souls intangles:
Much like the greene Worm, that in spring devours
The buds and leaves of choicest Fruits and Flowers:
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.

Their Oracles.

Who but (alas!) would have bin gull'd yer-whiles
With night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?
To hear stones speak, to see strange wooden Mira-
And golden gods to utter wondrous Oracles? (cles,
To see him play the Prophet, and inspire
So many *Sybils* with a sacred fire?
To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Tombe, 1 Sam. 28. 14, 15.
To tell his King Calamities to-come?
T' inflame the Flamine of *Iove Ammon* so
With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe
Future events, and sometimes truely tell
The blinded World what afterwards befell?
To counterfeit the wondrous Works of God;
His Rod turne Serpent, and his Serpent Rod? Their false Miracles. Exod. 7. 10. 22. & 8. 7.
To change the pure streams of th' *Egyptian* Flood
From clearest water into crimsin blood?
To rain-down frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the stubborne King?
For, as he is a spirit, unseen he sees
The plots of Princes, and their policies;
Unfelt, he feeles the depth of their desires;
Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires:
And, as us'd daily unto such effects,
Such feats and fashions, judges of th' effects. Their wiles
Besides, to circumvent the quickest sprighted,
To blind the eyes even of the clearest sighted;
And to enwrap the wisest in his snares,
He oft foretels what he himselfe prepares.

For,

Wherefore these effects are so strange and wonderfull.

For, if a Wise-man (though Mans dayes be don
As soon almost as they be here begun;
And his dull Flesh be of too slow a kinde
T' ensue the nimble Motions of his minde)
By th'onely power of Plants and Minerals
Can work a thousand super-naturals:
Who but will think, much more these Spirits can
Work strange effects, exceeding sense of Man?
Sith, being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,
And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

God permitteth them at his pleasure.

Not that they have the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T'abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize o're body and o're minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leave, one minute of an houre
They cannot range. It was by his permission
The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march against that Foe with force,
Which should his body from his soule divorce.
Arm'd with Gods sacred Pass-port, he did try
Just humble *Iob's* renowned Constancie:
He reaves him all his Cattell, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Servants slayes:
To loss of goods he adds his Childrens loss,
And heaps upon him bitter cross on cross.

1 Kin. 22. 35.

Job 1. 13. &c.

Why the Lord sometimes lets loose those wicked Spirits.

For th' only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall
Of firmest *Faith*; sometimes with Errors violl
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight,
Lets loose these *Furies*: who with fell despight
Drive still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)
Their damned drifts in *Adam* first commenced.

Of the good Angels serving to the glory of God, and the good of his Church, both in generall and particular.

But as these Rebels (maugre all that will)
T' assist the Good, be forc'd t'assault the Ill:
Th' unspotted Spirits that never dist intend
To mount too high, nor yet too low descend,
With willing speed they every moment go
Whither the breath of divine grace doth blow:
Their aimes had never other limitation
Then God's owne glory, and his Saints salvation.
Law-less Desire ne'er enters in their breast,
Th'Almightie's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:
Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning, (ning.
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mour-
Ambitious Man's greedy Desire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
These never thirst for greater Dignities;
Travail's their ease, their bliss in service lies.
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,
Or bow'd his head, or given some other token,
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Ministery of Angels shall be seen,
But these quick Postes, with ready expedition,
Fly to accomplish their divine Commission.

Gen. 16. 17. &c.

One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,
And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.

Rend. 24. 29. & 31. &c.

Another guideth *Isaac's* mighty Hosts;
Another, *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.
Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight.

Tob. 11. 7. 11. & 12. 16. & 15. Luke 1. 26.

In *Nazareth*, another rapt with joy,
Tels that a Virgin shall bring-forth a Boy;
That *Mary* shall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spouse, & Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull womb shall hold
Him, that in him doth all the World infold.
Some in the Desart tendred consolations, (tations.
While Jesus strove with Sathans strong Témp-

Mat. 4. 11.

Luke 22. 43.

One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,
Cheers-up his feares in that great enterprise,
To take that bloudy Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.
Another certifies his Resurrection

Mat. 28. 9.

Unto the Women, whose faith's imperfection
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Grave were bound,
Untill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.
Another, past all hope, doth pre-averr
The birth of *Iohn*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger.

Luke 1. 13.

One, trusty Serjant for divine Decrees,

Act. 12. 1.

The *Iewes* Apostle from close prison frees:
One, in few houres, a fearfull slaughter made
Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had;

Exod. 12. 29

Exempting Those upon whose doore-posts stood
A sacred token of Lambs tender bloud.
Another mowes-down in a moments space,

2 Kin. 19. 35.

Before *Ierusalem* (Gods chosen place)
Senacherib's proud over-daring Hoast;
That threatned heav'n, & 'gainst the earth did boast;
In his blasphemous Braves, comparing ev'n
His Idol-gods, unto the God of Heav'n.
His troops, victorious in the East before,
Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore
The only God; so that, without their leave,
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Wals could leave.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poysing the danger of these sad events,
(His Subjects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,
His Childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,
The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,
And's Royall Selfe with thousand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer void
Of sacred use, Gods Servants all destroid)
Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Ashes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury
On those proud *Pagan* Enemies of *Iury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the fire securely snorted hard,
From Heav'n th'Almighty looking sternly down
(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)
A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,
Whose two-hand Sword, at every veny, sent,
Not through a single Souldiers feeble bones,
But keenly slyces through whole Troops at once;
And hews broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now 'gan they fly; but all too slow to shun
A flying Sword that follow'd every one.
A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm
That in one Night had done so dismall harm:
As we perceive a Winde-mils sails to go;
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.
Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismist
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Mist,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain
An hundred foure score and five thousand slain,

Exceeding

Exceeding joyfull, 'gan to ponder ſtricter,
To ſee ſuch conqueſt and not know the Victor.
O ſacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Eleft, you Purſuivants prepar'd
To execute the Counſels of the Higheſt;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nigheſt;
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns ſwift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your celeſtiall Flight;
But that I feare (here having ta'en in hand
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the firſt too faſt
I cut away, and make too-haſty haſte:
For, Travailers, that burn in brave deſire
To ſee ſtrange Countries, manners and attire,
Make haſte enough, if only the *Firſt Day*
From their owne Sill they ſet but on their way.

So Morne and Evening the Firſt Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

The Argument.

Lewd Poets *checkt* : *Our* Poets *chaste Intents* :
Heav'ns Curtain *spread* : *th' all forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, use and Domination,
Content, excesse, continuance, situation :
Aire's *triple* Regions ; *and their* Temper's *change* :
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *strange*;
Th' effects, the use (apply'd to Conscience:)
Mans Reason non-plust *in some* Accidents:
Of Prodigies : *of th'* Elementall Flame :
Heav'ns ten fold Orbs : Waters *above the same.*

A just reproofe of wanton and lascivious Poets of our Time.

THose learned Spirits, whose wits applied (wrong,
With wanton Charms of their inchanting song,
Make of an old, foule, frantick *Hecuba*,
A wondrous fresh, faire, wittie *Helena* :
Of lewd *Faustina* (that loose Empereſſe)
A chaste *Lucretia*, loathing wantonnesse :
Of a blinde Bow-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Master;
On thankleſſe furrowes of a fruitleſſe sand
Their seed and labour lose, with heedleſſe hand;
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott
What fame of Fame that seems them to besott)
Resemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain. (sure)
But (though, than time, we have no deerer Trea-
Leſſe should I wail their misse-expence of leasure,
If their sweet *Muse*, with too-well spoken Spell
Drew not their Readers with themselves to Hell.
For, under th' hony of their learned Works
A hatefull draught of deadly poyson lurks :
Whereof (alas) Young spirits quaffe so deep,
That, drunk with Love, their Reason fals asleep;
And such a habit their fond Fancie gets,
That their ill stomack still loves evill meats.

The danger of their fondness.

Th' inchanting force of their sweet Eloquence
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,
Aye (child-like) sliding, in a foolish strife,
On th' Icie down-Hils of this slippery Life.
The songs their *Phœbus* doth so sweet inspire,
Are even the Bellowes whence they blow the fire
Of raging Lust (before) whose wanton flashes
A tender breſt rak't-up in shamefac't ashes.
Therefore, for my part, I have vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n ;
To write, to the' honour of my Maker dread,
Verse that a Virgin without blush may read.

Our Poets modest purpose.

Cleare Source of Learning, soule of th'Universe,
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuse mine humble Verse
To sing thy Praises) make my Pen distill
Celestiall *Nectar* , and this Volume fill
With th' *Amaltheas* Horn; that it may have
Some correspondence to a Theam so grave:
Rid thou my passage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers : shine upon *This Day*;
That guided safely by thy sacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yer night. (profound,

Against be-lieve upon God, for ad-mirance in the description of the second daies Work.

THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height
Th' infinite finite, that great moundleſſe Mound,
I meane

Which is, the Firmament mentioned by Moses in the 2. Chap. of Gen. v. 6, 7, 8. Comprehending the Heavens and all the Elementary Regions. Of the foure Elements, Rarefie themselves: whereof all things subsist in our sense, are composed.

I meane that *Chaos*, that self-jarring Mass,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was;
Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements. (ters)
Now th' Elements, twin-twins (2. sons, 2. daugh-
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters
Are not *compounded*: but, of them is all
Compounded first, that in our sense can fall:
Whether their qualities, in every portion
Of every thing, infuse them with proportion:
Whether in all, their substance they confound,
And so but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glass, before our eyne,
We see the Water intermix with Wine:
Or, in our Stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to convert to bloud.
This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire
Doth in his Flame toward's native Heav'n aspire,
His Aire in smoak; in ashes fals his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Even such a War our bodie's peace maintains:
For, in our flesh, our Bodie's Earth remains;
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess;
And, last, our Water in our humours rests.
Nay, there 's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of these not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparent (and I needs must grant)
That aye some one is most predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Mass of Blood,
The *Sanguine* Aire commands: the clutted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* showes,
The pale thin humour, that on th' out-side flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy scum,
Bubbling above, hath Fiery *Cholers* room.

Divers Similitudes.

Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment:
But, by turns reigning, each his Subjects draws
After his Lore: for, still *New Lords New Lawes*;
As *sans* respect how Rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obeys, by turn,
In chart'red Towns; which seem, in little space,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face;
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,
So *Princes manners do transform the Subjects*):
So th' Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moist; and dry doth bring;
By 's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength:
So that it doth Grapes sharp-green juice transfer
To Must, Must t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

A vicissitude of the Elements predominance.

As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,
Subjects his owne selfs-Greatness to his Law,
He rul'eth fearless: and his Kingdoms flourish
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be ever
Unjustly drawn, if he be fated never
With Subjects blood; needs must his Rage (at last)
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Orer the rest hath modest Government;
While, in proportion (though unequall yet)
With Soveraign Humours Subject Humours fit,
The Bodie's sound; and in the very face
Reteins the Form of beauty and of grace:

Excellent Similitudes shewing the contrarietie of disordinancies of the Proportions or excesse of every of the Elements.

But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wisht, all People underneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher so
All th' Empires Subjects at one onely blow)
It, tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,
It ruines soon the Province it possest;
Where soon appears, through his proud usurpation,
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

Excesse of Moisture.

So, too-much Moist, which (unconcoct within)
The Liver spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,
Puffs up the Patient, stops the pipes and pores
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the doores
Of his short breath; and slowly-swiftly curst,
In midst of Water makes him ever thirst:
Nor gives Man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Drought.

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which seeming pain-less, yet much pain doth cause,
Robbing the nerves of might, of joy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moisture every part
(Much like a Candle fed with it own humour,
By little and little it own selfs consumer)
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Heat.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Fever,
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furrs our Palate ever;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantastickly with various pencil vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or moe
Then ever Nature, Art, or Chance could show:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Cold.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece
The Head of Age, his flesh diminishes,
Withers his face, hollows his rheumy eyes,
And makes himselfe even his own selfe despise;
While through his marrow every-where it enters,
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of the conceit of the Philosophers maintaining, that whatsoever is now matter formed, hath still his substance from the *Matter* primo: and whatsoever dissolving resolves into the same, changing onely form: and also resolving you can say Erroneous.

Yet think not that this *Too-too-Much* remises
Ought into nought: it but the Form disguises
In hundred fashions, and the Substances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All, that dissolves, resolves into the same.
Since first the Lord of nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of nought; & nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, chãge but their formal cloth-
Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide; (ing:
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now

For, if of Nothing any thing could spring, (side.
Th'earth without seed should wheat & barley bring:
Pure Maiden-wombs desired Babes should bear:
All things, at all times, should grow every where,
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:
Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks should be:
And breaking Natures set and sacred use,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.

If of themselves things took their thriving, then
Slow growing Babes should instantly be Men:

Then

Then in the Forrest should huge boughes be seen
Borne with the bodies of unplanted Treen;
Then should the sucking Elephant support
Upon his shoulders a well-manned Fort;
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battell, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall;
All, that is felt or seen within this *All*,
Still losing somwhat of it selfe, at length
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall strength
Could altogether Substances destroy,
Things then should vanish ev'n as soon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;
And what, when *Trent* or *Avon* over-flow,
They reave one field, they on the next bestow:
Love-burning Heav'n many sweet Dews doth drop
In his deer Spouses faire and fruitfull lap;
Which after she restores, straining those showrs
Through the hid pores of pleasant plants & flowrs.

By an apt Simbolizing, he shewes the continuance of Change of the World, in the matter & forme thereof, according to Gods pleasure to such durgs, that the matter remaines, though it receive infinite Formes.

Whoso hath seen, how one warm lump of Wax
(Without increasing or decreasing) takes
A hundred figures; well may judge of all
Th' incessant Changes of this neather Ball.
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, un-self-changing, takes all kind of stamp:
The Form 's the Seal; Heav'ns gracious Emperour
(The living God) 's the great *Lord Chancellour*;
Who, at his pleasure, setting day and night
His great *Broad Seals*, and *Privie Signets* right
Upon the Masse so vast and variable,
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.
Here's nothing constant; nothing still doth stay;
For, Birth and Death have still successive sway.
Here one thing springs not till another die:
Onely the Matter lives immortally,
(Th' Almighties Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,
All like it selfe, all in it selfe contained, (ned)
Which by Times Flight hath neither lost nor gai-
Change-lesse in Essence; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtill race
Of roving *Polypes*; who (to rob more)
Transform them hourly on the waving shore:

Sundry Similies to shew our purpose.

Much like the *French* (*or like our selves, their Apes*)
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes:
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the Manners of each other Nation;
And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change
Fantastick Fashions of their garments strange;
Or like a *Lais*, whose inconstant Love
Doth every day a thousand times remove;
Who's scarce unfolded from one Youths embraces;
Yet in her thought another shee embraces;
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her still another new Desire:
Because the Matter, wounded deep in Heart
With various Love (yet, on the selfe-same part,
Incapable, in the same time, at once
To take all figures) by successions,
Form after Form receives: so that one face
Anothers faces features doth deface.

The chiefe motive of this Change of Formes in the matter.

Now the chiefe Motive of these Accidents
Is the dire discord of our Elements;
Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother
By turns, and turn them one into another,
Like Ice and Water that beget each other;
And still the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.

Reigns.

But each of these having two qualities,
(One bearing Rule, another that Obeyes)
Those, whose effects doe wholly contradict,
Longer and stronger strive in their Conflict,
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moist Water turns not,
The cold-dry Earth to hot-moist Aire returns not,
Returns not eas'ly: for (still opposite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize,
Because in one part they do symbolize;
And so in combat they have lesse to doo;
For, *'t 's easier far to conquer one then two.*
Sith then the knot of sacred Marriage,
Which joyns the Elements, from age to age,
Brings forth the Worlds Babes: fith their Enmities,
With fell divorce, kill whatsoever dies:
And fith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is so imbellished,
[As six sweet Notes, curiously varied
In skilfull Musick, make an hundred kindes
Of Heav'nly sounds, that ravish hardest mindes;
And with Division (of a choice device)
The Hearers soules out at their ears intice:
Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus transpos'd,
This world of Words is variously compos'd;
And of these Words, in divers order sow'n,
This sacred *Volume* that you read, is grow'n
(Through gracious succour of th' *Eternall Deity*)
Rich in Discourse, with infinite Variety]
It was not cause-lesse, that so carefully
God did divide their common Seign'ory;
Assigning each a fit confined Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.

Of the Situation of the Elements, & of the effects thereof, compared to the Notes of Musick, and to the Letters of the Alphabet.

Whoso (sometime) hath seen rich Ingots tride,
When fore'd by fire, their treasures they divide,
(How fair and softly Gold to Gold doth passe,
Silver seeks Silver, Brasse consorts with Brasse;
And the whole Lump, of parts unequall, severs
It self apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May understand, how, when the Mouth *Divine*
Op'ned (to each his proper place t'assigne)
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water slid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.

A Simile lively representing the separation of the Elements.

Earth, as the Lees, and heavie drosse of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottome fall:
Contrariwise, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aspire
Unto the top; and by his nature, light
No lesse then hot, mounted in sparks upright:
As, when wee see *Aurora* passing gay,
With Opals paint the Cieling of *Cathay*,
Sad Flouds do fume; & the celestial Tapors, (vapors.
Through Earth's thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their

Situation of the Earth and Fire.

But, lest the Fire (which all the rest embraces)
Being too neer, should burn the Earth to ashes;
As chosen Umpires, the great All-Creator
Between these Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For, one suffiz'd not their stern strife to end.
Water, as Cousin, did the Earth befriend:

Of Aire and Water placed between the Earth and Fire.

Aire,

Aire, for his Kinsman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, uniting their divided zeals,
Took up the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubtlesse else had discreated All.
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water under it,
Not casually, but so disposed fit
By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanship;
And, in this Store-house of his Wonders treasure,
Observ'd in all things number, weight and measure.

Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.

For, had the Water next the Fire been plac'd,
Fire, seeming then more wrongd & more disgrac'd,
Would suddenly have left his Adversary,
And set upon the Umpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers
The many members of the World together,
Are such, as none but only He can break them,
Who at the first did (of meer nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth, with her one hand doth hold;
With th' other th' Aire: The Aire as moist & warm,
Holds Fire with th' one, Water with th' other arm:
As Country-Maidens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,
And lusty dancing of a lively Round
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes sound;
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast
(By means of those between) unto the last.

The disposing & combining of the Elements. A similitude.

For, sith 't is so, that the dry Element
Not only yeelds her own Babes nourishment,
But with the milk of her aboundant brests
Doth also feed th' Air's nimble winged guests,
And also all th' innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Briny Regions,
(So that th' Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all
That run, or flee, or swim, or slide, or crawll)
'T was meet, it should be it selfe's Counterpoize,
To stand still firm against the roaring noise
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blasts
Of parching *South*, and pinching *Boreas*.
'T was meet, her sad slow body to digest
Farther from Heav'n then any of the rest:
Lest, of Heav'ns Course th' Eternall swift Careers,
Rushing against her with their whirling Spheers,
Should her transport as swift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.

Why the Earth is the lowest, and over-ouled with the other three Elements, wherein it is the centre.

And sith on th' other side th' harmonious Course
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th' immortall source
Of earthly life: and sith all alterations
(Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations
In all the World, God could not place so fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes
On Fire, and Aire, and Water, divers wayes;
Dispersing, so, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through these various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all unite their severall force in her;
As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut
His turning passage in the dirt doth cut,
The distant Spoaks neerer and neeren gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.

Simile.

As the bright Sun shines through the smoothest
The turning Planets influence doth passe (Glasse,

Simile.

Without impeachment through the glistring Tent
Of the traducing Fiery Element,
Th' Air's triple Regions, the transparent Water;
But not the firm Base of this faire Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call those Trines
(Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines;
For, never Sun, not Moon, nor Stars injoy
The love of these, but only by the way,
As passing by: whereas incessantly
The lusty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull seed, which lends All life,
With-childes, each moment, his own lawfull wife;
And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature
So divers, decks this beautifull Theater.

The Water between the Earth and Aire.

The Water, lighter then the Earthy Masse,
Heavier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better so, with a moist cold, to temper
Th' ones over-drinesse, th' other's hot distemper.

Leaving the Earth and Sea till the next Book, he comes to treat of the Aire.

But, my sweet Muse, whither so fast away?
Soft, soft, my Darling: draw not dry *To-day*
Castalian Springs; defer the Cirque and Seat,
The power and praise of Sea and Earth as yet:
Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;
But, till *To-morrow*, leave the entet-blinning
Of rocky Mounts, and rowling Waves so wide.
For, even *To-morrow* will the Lord divide,
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
These yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn
With Woods, & Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.
'T is time, my Love, 't is time, mine only Care,
To hie us hence, and mount us in the Aire:
'T is time (or never) now, my dearest Minion,
To imp strong farcels in thy sacred pinion;
That lightly born upon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I my course may take:
Come, come, my Joy, lend mee thy Lilly shoulder;
That thereon raised, I may reach the bolder
(Before the rest of my deere Country-men,
Of better wit, but worse-applyed pen.)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long have hidden from my longing eyes.

The Aire distinguished into 3 Regions.

Th' *Aire* (hoste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball,
That stormy Tempests tosse and play withall,
Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,
Th' unsetled Kingdome of swift *Æolus*, (gives
Great Ware-house of the Windes, whose trafficke
Motion of life to ev'ry thing that lives)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Have fitly parted it into three Stages.

The High.

Whereof, because the highest still is driv'n
With violence of the *First-moving* Heav'n,
From East to West, and from the West returning,
To th' honor'd Cradle of the rosiall Morning,
And also seated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the Learned, very hot is thought.

The Low.

That which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and somtimes temperate;
Warm-temp'red showrs it sendeth in the *Spring*:
In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying:
In *Winter* time, continuall cold and chill:
In *Summer* season, hot and soultry still:
For then the fields scorched with flames, reflect
The sparkling rayes of thousand Stars aspect;

And

And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whose arrows bright
Our Globy Grandame serves for But and White.
But now, because the Middle Region's set
Far from the Fiery sielings flagrant heat,
And also from the warm reverberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in divers fashion;
That Circle shivers with eternall colde.
For, into Hail how should the Water molde,
Even when the Summer hath gi t *Ceres* Gowne,
Except those Climes with Yeesickles were sowne?
So soon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Tirus*,
With *Cancer*, or thirst-panting *Leo* inns,
The mid-most Aire redoub'eth all his Frosts;
Being besieged by two mighty Hoasts
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his cold force than ever,
Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,
T' incounter them with his united Power,
Which then dispersed, hath far greater power:
As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turkes* outragious war,
March in disorder, and become (dispersit)
As many Scuadrons as were Souldiers yerst;
So that sometimes th'untrained Multitude
With bats and bows hath beat them and subdu'd:
But, if they once perceive, or understand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder (under;
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade*
They soon unite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themselves; their courage growes apace;
Their heart's on fire; and circumcised Powrs,
By their approach, double the strength of ours.
'Tis (doubt-less) this * *Antiperistasis*
(Bear with the word, I hold it not amiss
T' adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
When Reason and Necessity induce;
As namely, where our native Phrase doth want
A Word so force-full and significant)
Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason
Hotter in Winter then in Summer season:
'Tis it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*,
Too-often kit by th'husband of *Oreithya*,
To bring forth people, whose stiff hungry breast
(Winter or Summer) can more meat digest,
Then those lean starve'lings w th the Sun doth brod
Upon the horsands of the *Libyan* soil:
And that our selves, happily seated faire,
Whose spungy 'ungs draw lweet & wholesom Aire,
Hide in our stomacks a more lively heat,
While bi-front *Janus* frosty frowns do threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leaving swarthy *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on us.
Th' Almightie's hand did this partition form;
To th'end that Mist, Comets, and Wind, and Storm,
Dew, drizling Showrs, Hail, slippery Yee, & Snow,
In the three Regions of the Aire may grow:
Whereof some, pointed th' Earth to fertilize,
Others to punish our impieties,
Might daily greave in hardest hearts the love
And fear of him, who reignes in Heav'n above.
For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th'emptiness, or of it selfe, attracts
In Cupping-glasses, through the scorched skin
Behinde the Poll, superfluous humours thin,

Which fuming from the braine did thence descend
Upon the sight, and much the same offend:
So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair
Doth every day gild either *Hemisphear*,
Two sorts of Vapors by his hear exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:
Th' one somwhat hot, but heavie, moist, and thick;
Th' other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
Make the world divers to it selfe appear.
Now, if a Vapour be so thin, that it
Cannot to water be transformed fit,
And that with cold-lym'd wings, it hover neer
The flowry mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowsie Mist
Upon the Fields doth for a time persist.
And if this Vapour fair and softly fly,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Dew; in *January*, Yee.
But, if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th'eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humor by the Cold is prest
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West
Upon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandames lap again:
Whether some boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Jouttling the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Doe break their brittle sides, & make them shatter
In drizling showrs their swift distilling water:
As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps;
Both being broken, suddenly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop
In shady Forests from their shaggy top, (do whirl
When through their green boughs, whiffing winds
With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl;
Or, whether th' upper Clouds moist heaviness
Doth, with his weight, an under Cloud oppress,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doe gush:
As the more * usters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time upon the hurdles back;
At's pierced bottom the more fuming liquor
Runs in the scummy Fat, and fals the thicker. (am;
Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose-
Nought's seen but Showrs: the heav'ns sad sable bo-
Seems all in tears to melt; & Earths green bed (som
With thinking Frogs is sometimes covered:
Either because the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it self both moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Whence all things here are made: or else for that
The active Windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,
Sometimes in th'aire some fruitfull dust do heap:
Whence these new-formed ugly creatures leap:
As on the edges of some standing Lake
W th neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy slime, it selfe transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-unmade; round about the Flood,
Half-dead, half-living; half a frog, half-mud.

Of Snow.

Sometimes it happens, that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold,
In silver Flakes, a heav'nly Wool to fall;
Then, Fields seem grass-less, Forests leaf-less all,
The world's all white; and, through the heaps of (Snow,
The highest Stag can scarce his armor show.

Of Haile.

Somtimes befals, that when by secret pow'r,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping show'r,
Th' excessive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies-it all in bals of Icy-stone:
Whose violent storms somtimes (alas!) do proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of some vapours, or exhalations wheeling in the Low and Middle Regions of the Aire, and where of thewinds are engendred.

If heav'ns bright torches, from earth's kidneys, sup
Som somwhat dry and heatfull Vapours up,
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would suddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire:
But scarce so soon their fuming creft hath raught,
Or touch't the coldness of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall enemy
In Garrison keeps there continually;
When down again towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the weight which they have drawn from (her
But in the instant, to their aid arrives
Another new heat, which their heart revives,
Re-arms their hand, and, having staied their flight,
Better resolv'd, brings them again to fight.
Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,
More bravely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th' upper hand (with honor) getting,
Another-while disgracefully retreating,
Out lower Aire they tosse in sundry sort,
As weak or strong their matter doth comport.
This lasts not long; because the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold
In these assaults; to end this sudden brall, (fall;
Th' one stops their mounting, th' other slayes their
So that this vapour, never resting stound,
Stands never still, but makes his motion round,
Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though these blustring spirits seem alwaies
By the same spirit, & of like vapor grow'n; (blow'n
Yet, from their birth-place, take they, diversly,
A divers name and divers quality.

Of the Winds, whereof there are four principall, compared to the four Seasons, the four Complexions, the four Humours, and the four Ages of man: and ordained to the four corners of the World: And called East, West, North and South.

Feeling the foure Windes, that with divers blast,
From the foure corners of the World doe halte;
In their effects I finde foure Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy:
That, which dries-up wilde *Affrick* with his wing,
Resembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring:
That, which blows moistly from the *Western* stage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavie Age: (ly,
That, which coms shiv'ring from cold Climats sole-
Earth, wither'd Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men have long ere this found-out
More than these 4. winds, *East*, *West*, *North*, & *South*:
Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,
Upon their Compass two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:
But wheresoever their quick course they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on these Four depend. (sweep
One while, with whisking broom they brush and

Divers effects of the Winds.

The Cloudy Curtains of Heav'ns stages steep:
Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground,
Late, by *Electra* and her Sisters, drown'd:
Anon, refresh they, with a temp'rate blowing,
The soultry Aire; under the Dog-starr glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In Cods the Poulse, the Corn within the Ear:
Anon, from North to South, from East to West,
With ceas-less wings, they drive a ship addrest:
And somtimes whirling, on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.

Divers effects of hot exhalations.

If th' Exhalation hot and oyly prove;
And yet (as feeble) giveth place above
To th' Airie Regions ever-lasting Frost,
Incessantly th' apt tinding fume is tost
Till it inflame; then like a Squib it falls,
Or fire-wing'd shaft or sulph'ry Powder balls.
But if this kinde of Exhalation towr
Above the Walls of Winters icy bowr,

Of Comets.

'T inflameth also; and anon becoms
A new strange Star, presaging wofull doms:
And for this Fier hath more fewell in 't
Then had the first, 'tis not so quickly spent:
Whether the Heav'ns incessant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation,
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt
On a sticks end (and seemed quite extinct)
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:
Or whether th' upper Fire do fire the same;
As lighted Candles doe th' unlight inflame.
According as the Vapour's thick or rare,

Of other fiery impressions in the Regions of the Aire.

Ev'n or unev'n, long or large, round or square,
Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles:
At sight whereof, th' amazed Vulgar trembles.
Here, in the night appears a flaming Spire;
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Here, a bright Comet; there, a burning Beam;
Here, flying Launces; there, a fiery Stream:
Here seems a horned Goat, environ'd round
With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound;
These, with long bloudy haire, a blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:
To all Estates, inevitable losses: (sons:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plow-men, hap-less Sea-
To Sailors, Stormes: to Cities, civill Treasons.
But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks

A lively description of thunder and lightning.

The World's wall shakes, & his foundation shrinks:
It seems even now that horrid *Persephone*,
Loosing *Meger'*, *Alect'*, and *Tysiphone*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and us.
'Tis held, I know, that when a Vapour moist

How they are engendred.

As well from fresh as from salt water's hoist
In the same instant with hot Exhalations,
In th' Airy Regions secondary stations;
The fiery Fume, besieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,
Strengthens

Strengthen his strength; & with redoubled Vollies
Of joyned Heat, on the Cold Leaguer sallies.

A Simile.

Like as a Lion, very late exil'd
From 's native Forrests, spet-at, and revil'd,
Mock'd, mov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill,
In 's narrow Cloister ramping wildely, still,
Runs to and fro; and furious, lesse doth long
For liberty, then to revenge his wrong:
Thus Fire, desirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it self refrain;
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It rouls, & roars, & round-round-round it rumbles,
Till (having rent the lower side in sunder)
With sulph'ry flash, it have shot-down his thunder:
Though willing to unite, in these alarms,
To 's Brothers forces, his own fainting arms;
And th' hottest Circle of the World to gain,
To issue up-ward, oft it strives in vaine:
But 't is there fronted with a Trench so large,
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about
With his hot skirmish; yet still, still the stout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;
So that (despairing) with a furious rush
(Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with blushing infamy.

Thunder.

Then th' Ocean boyls for fear: the Fish do deem
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:
The Earth doth shake: the Shepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:
Th'affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Pluto's* self looks pale: (Thunder
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)
Sends forth those flashes which so blear our sight:

Simile.

As wakefull Students, in the Winters night
Against the steel, glancing with stony knocks,
Strike sudden sparks into their Tinder-box.

Admirable effects of Lightning.

Moreover, Lightning of a fume is fram'd;
Through 'ts selfs hot-drinesse, evermore inflam'd:
Whose powr (past credit) without razing skin,
Can bruise to powder all our bones within;
Can melt the Gold that greedy Misers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burn the boord:
Can breake the blade, and never singe the sheath:
Can scorch an Infant in the womb to death,
And never blemish, in one sort or other,
Flesh, bone, or sinew of th' amazed Mother:
Consume the shooes, and never hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.
My younger eyes have often seen a Dame,
To whom the flash of Heav'ns fantastick flame
Did else no harm, save (in a moments space)
With windy Rasor shave a secret place.

Of Crowns and Circles about the Sun, Moon, and other Planets.

Shall I omit an hundred Prodigies,
Oft seen in fore-head of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a fiery Circle doth appear,
Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear
Of Sun, and Moon, and other Stars aspect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct; (it,
When, not of force to thrust their raies through-out
In a round Crown they cast them round about it:
Like as (almost) a burning candle, put
Into a Closet, with the door close shut;
Not able through the boords to send his light,
Out at the edges round about shines bright.

Simile.

But in 's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct upon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance
(A wat'rish Cloud, which cannot easily
Hold any longer her moist Tympany)

Of the Rain-bow, and how it is made.

On the moist Cloud he limns his lightsome front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints upon 't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended over us:
For, th' adverse Cloud, which first receiveth thus
Apollo's rayes, the same direct repells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells
Her various colours: Like as when the Sun
At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A bole of water, his bright beams aspect
With trembling lustre it doth far reflect
'Gainst the high fieling of the lightsome Hall,
With stately Fret-work over-crusted all.

Simile.

On th' other side, if the Cloud side-long sit,
And not beneath, or justly opposite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms,
With strong aspect, double or treble Forms
Upon the same. The Vulgar's then affright
To see at once three Chariots of the light;
And, in the Welkin, on Nights gloomy Throne,
To see at once more shining Moons then one.

How it comes to pass, that somtimes appeare divers Suns & Moons at once.

But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore do ye strive
With reach of Sense, Gods wonders to retrive?
What proud desire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you god-lesse, all Gods works to sift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan)
Of all that moves under Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But, not so round as can all scruple stop:
And though he could, yet should we evermore,
Praising these tools, extoll his fingers more
Who works with them, and many waies doth give
To deadest things (instantly) soules, to live.

A check to mans pride, in strving to yeld a reason in Nature of all these accidents.

Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder,
The voice that brings Swains up, and *Cæsars* under:
By that Towr-tearing stroak I understand
Th'undaunted strength of the Divine right-hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I see th' Almightie's glorious Eies:
When I perceive it rain-down timely showrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of plenty pours:
When from the Clouds excessive Water spins,
Me thinks God weeps for our unwept-for sins:
And when in Heav'n I see the Rain-bow bent,
I hold it for a pledge and argument,
That never more shall Universall Floods
Presume to mount over the tops of Woods,
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucasus* do ride:
But, above all, my pierced soule inclines, (Signes;
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious
When Natures order doth reverse and change,
Prepost'rously into disorder strange.

True Philosophy for Christians, to apply all to their consciences for amendment of life.

Let all the Wits that ever suck'd the brest
Of sacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be prest,
And let him tell me (if at least he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)

All the learned in the world must not out of the Schools of Nature give reason

for many things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

A sound and certain reason of the Cream,
The Wooll & Flesh that from the Clouds did stream:
Let him declare what cause could erst beget,
Amid the Aire, those drizzling showrs of Wheat,
Which in *Carmthia* twice were seen to shed;
Whereof that people made them store of Bread.

The true cause of such Prodigies.

God, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes delights
From top to toe to alter Nature's Rites;
That his *strange* Works, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of some misery.
The drops of fire which weeping Heav'n did showr
Upon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime
Which *Euphrates* fats with his fruitfull slime;
Presag'd, that *Parthians* should the next yeer tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.

Examples drawne out of the History of the Romans, Jewes, Turks and French, both Ecclesiastical & prophane.

The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Sussex*,
Almans, and *Cymbrians*, hewing all in peeces;
'Gainst *Epicures* profane assertions, show
That 't is not Fortune guides this World below.
Thou that beheld'st from heav'n, with triple flashes,
Cursed *Olympus* smitten all to ashes,
For blasphemies 'gainst th' ONE-Eternall-THREE;
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITIE?
Dar'st thou profane, spet in the face of God,
Who for Blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?
Jewes (no more *Jewes*, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrigons*) (long
Say what you thought; What thought you when so
A flaming sword over your Temple hung;
But that the Lord would, with a mighty arme,
The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe
On you and yours? that what the Plague did leave,
Th' insatiate gorge of Famine should bereave?
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?
That sucking Infants, crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers should unkindly eat?
And that (ere long) the share and coulter should
Rub off their rust upon your Roofs of gold?
And all because you (cursed) crucifi'd
The Lord of life, who for our ransome dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flow:
Th' huge fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did
Into *Liguria*; and the bloody Crosses (throw
Seen on mens garments, seem'd with open voices
To cry aloud, that the *Turks* swarming hoast
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.

The Poet fervently searcheth his Countrymen for not making use of strange & extraordinary tokens of Gods manifest displeasure.

O Frantick *France!* why dost not Thou make use
Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze
(Ev'n night by night) on that prodigious blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long streaming Star,
Which threatens earth with Famine, Plague & War
(Th' Almighty 's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherewith he strikes us in his greatest ire)?
But what (alas!) can Heav'ns bare threatnings urge?
Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourly scourge
Thy sense-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
One single sigh from thy obdurate brest? (eatest,
Thou drink'st, thine own blood, thine own flesh thou
In what most harms thee, thy delight is greatest.

O sense-lesse Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death despise your Remedy!
Like froward Jades, that for no striking stur,
But wax more restif still the more we spur:
The more your woúds, more your securenes grows,
Eat with afflictions, as an Asse with blows:
And as the sledge hardens with stroaks the steel;
So, the more beaten, still the lesse ye feel.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast Thou forgot*
Thy visitation as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen Signes, *and thou hast felt the rod*
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoke:*
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds then those,
The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
And, last of all the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Christ's Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grievous* Dearths, *which*
Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst. (erst)

Upon this consideration the Translator sharply reproves England, and to stirre her from her profane security, his prudent tender-hart examples of his owne troubles, dangers, and others terrible chastisements.

But Thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen, dost sit;*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull,*
(That, sottish dulnesse; this, a sin most hatefull:)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand he hath more blessed Thine,
Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee)?
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.

Why the Jewes fell.

ENGLAND, *beware*: Like punishment, like sin.
But, O! what boots, or what avails my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
Dread-lesse of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whose sensés all, all over-growne with fat,
Have left no doore for fear to enter at?
Yet once again (dear Country) must I call:
ENGLAND, *prevent; Fall, to repent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
Heav'ns irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sins Deluge, *which all over-flowes.*
Thine uncontroll'd, bold, open Atheism:
Close Idol-service: *cloaked* Hypocrisin:
Common Blaspheming *of Gods Name in* Oaths:
Usuall profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards *choak'd with fleeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and Affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idlenesse, repining *at their portion:*
Thy Drunken Surfets; *and* Excesse *in* Diet:
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huff'd, puff'd, painted, curl'd purl'd, wanton Pride,
(The Baud to Lust, *and to all sins beside)*
These are thy sins: These are the Signes *of Rome,*
To ev'ry State *that doth the same pursue:*
Such, *cost the* Jewes *and* Asians *Desolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were* the holy Nation.

Happy

Happy who take by others dangers warning :
All that is writ, is written for our learning ;
So preach thy Prophets : But, Who heeds their cry ?
Or who beleeves ? *then much lesse hope have I.*
Wherefore (deer Bartas) *having warned them ;*
From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.
As our All-welcome SOVERAIGN *(England's solace,*
Heav'n's care, Earth's comfort) in his stately Palace,
Hath next his Person, Princes of his Realms
Next him in Blood, extrakt from Royall Stems ;
Next those, the Nobles ; next, the Magistrates
That serve him truely in their severall States ;
As more or lesse their divers Dignitie
Comes neer the greatnesse of his Majestie :
So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element,
Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament :
And then the rest, according as of kin,
To th' Azure Sphears, or th' Erring Fires they bin.
Yet some (more crediting their eyes, then reason)
From 's proper place this Essence doe disseyson ;
And vainly strive (after their Fancies sway)
To cut the World's best Element away ;
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heatfull *Fire,*
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Souldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
The source of Motion ; briefly, what not is 't ?
Apt for all, acting all ; whose arms embrace,
Under Heav'n's arms, this Universall Masse.
For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and us, it would by night be seen ;
Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we passe)
We see least Glow-worms glitter in the grasse :
Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Tent*
Perceive the bright eyes of the Firmament ?
Sith here the soundest and the sharpest eye
Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.
O hard beleeving Wits ! If *Zephirus*
And *Austers* sighes were never felt of us,
You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball
And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all :
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, then th' hot bright *Flamer* now.
Now, ev'n as far as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lamps, and ev'ry Taper els
Wherewith we use to lengthen th' After-noon
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon ;
So far in purenesse th' *Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our use wee frame.
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Grosse, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight :
But, that above (for, being neither blent
With fumie-mixture of grosse nourishment,
Nor toss'd with winds, but far from us) comes neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.
But, of what substance shall I, after-thee
(O matchlesse Master) make Heav'ns Canopie ?
Uncertain, here my resolutions rock
And waver, like th' inconstant Weather-Cock ;
Which, on a Towr turning with ev'ry blast,
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.
Learned *Lycaeus*, now a-while, I walk-in :
Then th' *Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.
Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,
I doe deprive the Heav'ns of Element,
And mixture too ; and think, th' Omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence :
Sith of the Elements, two still erect
Their motion up ; two ever down direct :
But the Heav'ns course, not wandring up nor down,
Continually turns only roundly round.
The Elements have no eternall race,
But settle aye in their assigned place :
But th' azure Circle, without taking breath,
His certain course for ever gallopeth ; (weights,
It keepes one pace, and mov'd with weight-lesse
It never takes fresh horse, nor never baits.
Things that consist of th' Elements uniting,
Are ever toss'd with an intestine fighting ; (sing,
Whence springs, in time, their life and their decea-
Their divers change, their waxing and decreasing :
So that, of all that is, or may be seen
With mortall eyes, under Nights horned Queen,
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,
Hardly the half of half an hours space.
But the Heav'ns feel not Fates impartiall rigour :
Yeers add not to their stature nor their vigour :
Use wears them not ; but their green-ever Age
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.
Then suddenly, turn'd studious *Platonist,*
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist : (rent,
Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps appa-
Their bodies fast ; Aire makes them all transparent ;
Fire makes their restlesse circles pure and cleer,
Hot, light some, light, and quick in their career :
And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims
Of th' enter-kissing turning Globes extreams,
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)
Which else would set all th' Elements a-burning.
Not, that I do compare or match the Matter
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,
To those grosse Elements which here below
Our hand and eye doth touch, and see, and know :
'T's all fair, all pure ; a sacred harmony
Those bodies bindes in end-lesse Unity :
That Air's not flitting, not that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating ;
Nor one to other ought offensive neither :
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.
See, see the rage of humane Arrogance :
See how far dares man's erring Ignorance,
That with unbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that upper Loft)
Dares, without proofe, or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what Timber God his Palace builded.
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Then with mine error draw my Reader wry ;
Till a Saint *Paul* do re-descend from Heav'n,
Or till my selfe (this sinfull robe bereav'n,
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrim Soule, and ever it depresses)
Shall see the Beauties of that Blessed Place :
If (then) I ought shall see, save Gods bright Face.
But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th'old Heathen Schools about the Heavens number.
One holds but one ; making the World's Eyes shine
Through the thin-thicknesse of that Chrystall line,
(As through the Ocean's cleer and liquid Flood
The slippery Fishes up and down do scud).

Smile.

Having sufficiently discoursed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.

Against such as deny the Fire to be an Element.

Their reasons.

1

2

Answers.

Difference between the Elementary Fire & ours.

Here, for conclusion of this second booke, he commeth to discourse of the Heavens, and first concludeth of their Matter and Element.

According to the opinion of the Philosophers.

Their motion.

Heaven not subject to alteration, as are the Elements.

What use of Elements in the Heavens.

Difference between the Elements, whereof the Heavens are composed, and those inferiour Elements.

Detesting the presumption of those curious Wits searching those secrets, he draws himself within the bounds of Christian Sobriety.

Divers opinions of the number of the Heavens.

Another, judging certain by his eye,
And, seeing Sev'n bright Lamps mov'd diversly,
Turn this and that way: and, on th' other side,
That all the rest of the Heav'ns twinkling pride
Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orbe, perceiving
A triple cadence, and withall conceiving
That but one naturall course one body goes,
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)
Th' Empyreall Palace, where th' eternall Treasures
Of *Nectar* flow, where everlasting Pleasures
Are heaped-up, where an immortall *May*
In blisse-full Beauties flourisheth for ay,
Where life still lives, where God his * Sises holds
Environ'd round with Seraphins and Souls (Flight
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious
Erst mounted Earth above the Heavens bright.
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
So high a Song and Subject to assume.

O fair, five-double Round, Sloth's Foe apparent,
Life of the World, Daies, Months, & Yeers-town Pa-
Thine own selfs modell, never shifting place, (rent;
And yet thy pure wings with so swift a pace
Fly over us, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:
Infinite-finite: free from growth and grief,
Discord and death; dance-lover; to be brief,
Still like thy self, all thine own in thee all,
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this low Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-lesse all dost bound,
And claspest all, under, or in thy Round;
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse
Thy various Dances in this very Verse,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
For, notwithstanding yet another Day
I feare some Critick will not stick to say,
My babbling Muse did faile with ev'ry gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

But know, what e'r thou be, that here I gather
Justly so many of Gods Works together,
Because by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament,
(Which round *This Day* th' Eternall Finger pent
Between the lower Waters and the highet)
I mean, the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th'uppet Fire,
Which separate the Ocean's waters salt,
From those which God pout'd o't th' Ethereal vault.

Yet have I not so little seen and sought
The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefest thought,
But that I know how subtly greatest Clerks
Presume to argue in their learned Works,
T' o'r-whelme these Floods, this Crystall to deface,
And try this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.

But, as the beauty of a modest Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n,
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor set-it out
With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without;
Is more praise-worthy then the wanton glance,
Th' affected gate, th' alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and Painting,
Whence Courtizans refresh their beauties fainting:

So do I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem
(Though plaine and rurall it doth rather seem,
Then school'd *Athenian*; and Divinity,
For only varnish, have but Verity)
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burnish their erroneous vanity.

I'll rather give a thousand times the lie
To mine owne Reason, then but once defie
The sacred voice of th' everlasting Spirit,
Which doth so often and so loud avert-it,
That God, above the shining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent:
Whether that pure, super-celestiall Water,
With our inferiour have no likely nature:
Whether, turn'd Vapour, it hath round enbow'd
Heav'ns highest Stage in a transparent Cloud:
Or, whether (as they say) a Crystall Case
Do round about the Heav'nly Orb embrace.

But, with conjectures, wherefore strive I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discusse?
I see not why Mans reason should withstand,
Or not beleeve, that He, whose pow'rfull hand
Bay'd-up the *Red-sea* with a double Wall,
That *Israels* Hoast might scape *Ægyptian* thrall,
Could prop as sure so many waves on high
Above the Heav'ns Star-spangled Canopy.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each hour
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the least weight's foundation)?
See wee not also, that this Sea below,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
Remains still round; and maugre all the furly
Æolian Slaves, and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)
Never so little past her limits leap?
Why then beleeve we not, that upper Sphear
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?

Uncircumcised! O hard hearts! At least
Let's think that God those Waters doth digest
In that steep place: for, if that Nature here
Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
Of liquid substance; let's beleeve it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns & Natur's Father:)
Let us much more, much more let 's poiz & pondet
Th' Almightie's Works, & at his Wisdom wonder:
Let us observe, and boldly-weigh it well,
That this proud Palace where we rule & dwel (since,
(Though built with matchlesse Art) had fall'n long
Had 't not been fiel'd-round with moist Elements.
For, like as (in Mans *Little-world*) the Brain
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with its moistfull coldnesse so
Th' excessive heat of other parts below:
Th' eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
To inter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *great-world's* torches,
This-Day spread Water over heav'ns bright Arches.

These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas below,
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho. (ded
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* buil-
A holy Vessell, where his House was shielded:
Where, by direction of the King of kings,
He sav'd a seed-pair of all living things.

No

* Abisses.

He flappeth at the contemplation and praise of the Heavens: Which how considerable as distinguished into five stages or Heavens.

The summe of what hath been handled in this booke, and what is to be understood by the Firmament which Moses describeth in Genesis.

Against those that think there are no Waters above the Firmament. Which by confutech by divers Reasons.

Similie.

1. The word of God to be preferred before his works of nature.

2. Gods Word mentioneth waters before the firmament.

Genesis 1. Psalm 104. 3. Psal. 148. 4.

3. The Power of God ought to be of greater authority with us than nature.

4. The consistence of the Waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compasseth the Earth.

5. Divers effects contrary and admirable in Nature.

Taking occasion by his figures drawn, shewes, his reason of the Heavens.

No sooner shipp'd, but instantly the Lord
Down to th' *Æolean* dungeon him bestirr'd;
There muzzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,
And let loose *Auster*, and his low ring race,
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing;
Upon their beard for ev'ry hair a Spring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks mish'd all in Rivers out; (der,
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asun-
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain & thunder.
Brooks, lakes, & floods, rivers & foaming Torrents
Suddenly swell; and their confused Currents,
Losing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at random with their spoils to Sea. (her,
Th' earth shakes for fear, & sweating doth consume
And in her veins leaves not a drop of humor.
And thou thy selfe, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)
All thy large Sluces, thy vast Seas to shed
In sudden spouts on thy proud Sisters head;
Whose aw-lesse, law-lesse, shame-lesse life abhor'd,
Only delighted to despight the Lord. (no shore:
Th' Earth shrinks and sinks; now th' Ocean hath
Now Rivers run to serve the Sea no more;
Themselves are Sea: the many sundry Streams,
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it self
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,
Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water
With th' other Waves about this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, muses
(Under the Sea) to see so many houses.
The *Indian* Manat, and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where erst the bearded Goar
Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin sends
O'r th' highest branches of the hugest Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hare, or Horse,
Or Hare, or Gray-hound, their swift speedy course;
For, seeking land, the more they strain & breath the,
The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoise, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enjoy a double house ere-while,
Must be content with only Water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks do row
Upon the Waters, side by side, suspectlesse.
The Glead & Swallow, labouring long (effect-less)
'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Pearch) and with the rest do drown.
And, for mankinde, imagine some get up
To some high Mountains over-hanging top;
Some to a Towr, some to a Cedar-tree.
Whence round about a World of deaths they see:
But wheresoever their pale fears aspire
For hope of safety, Th' Ocean surgeth higher;
And still-still mounting as they still do mount,
When they cease mounting, doth them soon sur-
One therefore ventures on a Plank to row, (mount.
One in a Chest, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives
How 's bed and breath the Flood at once bereaves;
Another, lab'ring with his feet and hands,
A-while the fury of the Flood withstands,
(Which by his side hath newly drown'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,
He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length:
All, all must dye then. But * th' *imperiall Maids*,
Who wont to use so sundry tools for aids,
In execution of their fatall slaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely, the while, the sacred Ship did float
On the proud shoulders of that boundlesse-Moat,
Though Mast-less, Oar-less, and from Harbour far;
For, God was both her Steers-man and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Universall Flood (good
Wasted the World; which then the Lord thought
To re-erect, in his Compassion great,
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,
But instantly wave into wave did sink
With sudden speed, all Rivers 'gan to shrink;
T' Ocean retires him to his wonted prison;
The Woods are seen; the Mountain tops are risen
Out of their slimy bed: the Fields increase
And spread apace; so fast the Waters cease.
And, briefly th' only thundring hand of God
Now earth to heav'n, heav'n unto earth re-show'd;
That he again *Panchaian* Fumes might see
Sacred on Altars to his Majesty.
Lord sith 't hath pleas'd thee likewise, in our Age,
To save thy Ship from Tyrants stormy rage,
Increase *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on Thee, the Rock,

So Morne and Even the Second Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Sever'd apart: Bounds of the Oceans rage.
T'imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb and Flow:
Rare Streams and Fountaines of strange operation:
Earth's firmenesse, greatnesse, goodnesse: sharpe taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice:
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Metals, Gemms of price:
Right vse of Gold: the Load-stones rare effects:
The Country-life preferr'd in all respects.

MY sacred Muse, that lately soared high,
Among the glistring Circles of the Sky,
(Whose various dance, which the first Mover drives
Harmoniously, this Universe revives)
Commanding all the Winds and sulph'ry Storms,
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom discours'd upon a Theme so grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowly by the *Ground*,
Shee seems constrain'd to keep a lowly sound;
Or if, sometimes, she somewhat raise her voice,
The sound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noyse.
O King of grassie, and of glassie Plains,
Whose pow'rful breath (at thy dread wil) constrains
The deep Foundations of the Hils to shake,
And Seas salt billows 'gainst Heav'ns vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learned Numbers teach me sing the Natures
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;
And with a flowring stile the Flowrs to limn,
Whose colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.
All those steep Mountains, whose high horned tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Under first Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth, as a dull Pond abid,
Untill th' All-Monarch's bounteous Majesty
(Willing t'enseoff man this Worlds Empery)
Commanding *Neptune* straight to marshall forth
His Floods a-part, and to unfold the Earth;
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T'have all the World, for one whole day, possest.
As when the muffled Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With unseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups up it selfe, in hollow sponges sinks,
And 's ample arms in straiter Channell shrinks:
Ev'n so the Sea, to 't self it self betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And suddenly, in smaller Cask did run
Her Waters, that from ev'ry side did run:
Whether th' imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer humor, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Chrystal Spheres that he hath spread so round:
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide

God in this third Day gathers together the Waters, & separates them from the Earth.

By an apt comparison he shewth how the Water withdrew from off the Earth.

Th'

Th' Earth's hollow pores it pleas'd him to conveigh
Deep under ground some Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,
That cov'red all (as with a cloudy Robe)
He them impris'ned in those bounds of brasse,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not passe
Withour his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her envious rage,
For-ever fenc'd our Flowry-mantled Stage:
So that we often see those rowling Hils, (Fields,
With roaring noyse threatning the neighbour
Through their own spite to split upon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.
For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waves, sith, at his Servants call,
His dreadfull voice (to save his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erythrean* Deep?
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compelled *Jordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purld?
Lo, thus the weighty Water did ere-while
With winding turns make all this World an Ile.
For, like as moulten Lead being poured forth
Upon a levell plat of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs here direct, there crookedly doth go;
Here doth divide it selfe, there meets again;
And the hot Riv'ler of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a Worm,
Almost (in th' instant) ev'ry form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; some in fashion round,
Som square, som cross, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Some triangles, som large, som lesser size
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
To give the World more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-branch'd * retorti-
Divide the World in three unequall portions. (ons,
And, though each of these Arms (how large soe-
To the great Ocean seems a little River: ver)
Each makes an hundred sundry Seas besides
(Not sundry 'n Waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindly, by their secret Veins,
The thirsty thicknesse of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serve for fences
Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T' abridge long Journies; and with aid of Winde
Within a Month to visit either *Inde*.
But, th' Earth not only th' Oceans debter is
For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanais*,
Nile (*Ægypts* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th' other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous Brother,
That lends his name unto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amazonian* River (liver):
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts coole their
Our silver Medway (*which doth deep indent*
The Flowry Meadowes of My native KENT;
Still sadly weeping (*under* Pensherst *Walls*)
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's *bleeding* Funeralls)
Our Thames & Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent *and* Hum-
And many moe, too infinite to number. (ber,
Of him she also holds her silver Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repayes
Th' humour she borrows by two sundry wayes.
For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat
Above that Miter can no further get,
It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And, cleer as Crystall, in the glasse doth hop;
The purest humour in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
Returns to Water; and descends again,
By sundry wayes, unto his Mother Main.
For, the dry Earth, having these Waters (first)
Through the wide sieve of her void entrails sierst;
Giving more room, at length from rocky moutains
She, night & day pours forth 1000 fountains: (*rents*;
These fountaines make fresh brooks, with murm'ring cur-
These murm'ring Brooks, the swift & violent Tor-
These violent torrents, mighty Rivers; these, (rents;
These Rivers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soon as *Titan*, having run his Ring,
To th' ycie Climates bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side; it foams, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hils it gushes,
Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone,
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; joint-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater Stream:
And he that robs them, shortly doth deliver
Himselfe and his into a larger River;
And that, at length, however great and large,
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th' Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Match'd with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;
The Sun (as erst I said) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the fur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much still of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire, and welling Earth pours in.
But, as the sweltring heat, and shiv'ring cold,
Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-sick do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell disorder:
The Sea hath * fits, alternate course she keeps,
From Deep to Shore, and from the Shore to Deeps.
Whether

Of the hedging & bed of the Sea.

The Sea kept within her bounds by the Almighty power of God.

Exod. 14. 21. Josh. 3. 16. Psalm. 7. 21. Exod. 17. 6.

A Sonnet shewing the winding turns of the Sea above the Earth.

*Windings

The ground the Sea distinguished into sundry members, with commodiues & use thereof.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Rivers in the World.

Fountaines, Springs & Rivers welling out of the Earth.

A Sonnet shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, and then poured into the Sea.

How the Fountaines come to break forth of the earth.

The increasing of Brooks and Rivers, and of their falling into the Sea.

Why the Sea receiveth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

*Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea: & sundry reasons thereof.

Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean (on,
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double moti-
By means whereof, it never resteth stound,
But (as a turning Whirli-gig goes round)
Whirls of it selfe, and good-while after takes
Strength of the strength which the first motion
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call, (makes:
Be but a piece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods, entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Against the Rocks) repulsed with disdain,
Be thence compelled to turn back again:
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with changefull laws
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause:
As on our Shore, we see the Sea to rise
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our Skies.
And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward
The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again. (*Spam*,
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown
Begins to shine on th' other *Horizon*,
It flows again: and then again it falls
When she doth light th' other *Meridionals*.
We see moreover, that th' *Atlantick* Seas
Doe Flow far farther than the *Genoese*,
Or both the *Bosphor's*; and that *Lakes*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:
Because (they say) the silver fronted Star,
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)
Pours with less pow'r her plenteous influence
Upon these straight and narrow streamed Fennes.
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds:
Even as in Summer, her great brothers Ey,
When Winds be silent, doth more eas'ly dry
Wide spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hils.
If we perceive not in the *Deep*, so well
As by the Shore, when it doth shrinke and swell;
Our sprightfull Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,
Whose out-side seems more then the midst to trem-
Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty (ble.
Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrite*.
For, *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,
And supping up still (with his thirsty Rayes)
All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,
In *Theris* large Cels leaveth nought behind,
Save liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
Through thousand Seas hath carried me away,
In feare t' have drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.
Therefore a-shore; and on the tender Lee-
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's see
The Soverain vertues of their severall Waters,
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears. (light,
Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus* Torch is
Is cold as Yce; and (opposite) all night
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a seething pot.
They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*,
And such another, call'd *Eurimenus*;

Convert the boughs the barke, the leaves, and all,
To very stone that in their Waters fall.
O! Should I blanch the *Jewes* religious River,
Which every *Sabbath* dries his Channell over;
Keeping his Waves from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay?
If neere unto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
Som sport-full Jig som wanton Shepheard sing,
The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Black-red, and white: And, neer the crimsin Deep,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimsin Sheep:
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellers do you daily bring
The Oyle and Wine that you abound with, so?
O Earth! Do these within thine entrals grow?
What? be there Vines & Orchards under ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?
What should I of th' *Illrian* Fountain tell?
What shall I say of the *Dodonian* Well?
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire; (mire?)
Th' other doth quench (Who but will this ad-
A burning Torch; and when the same is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables
I should enroll most of these admirables;
Save for the reverence of th' unstained credit
Of many a Witnes where I yerst have read it:
And saving that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Far hence on Forein unfrequented Coast,
I'le onely chuse som five or six at most,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few;
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n
Whereto our Elders * *Happy* name had giv'n)
The Savage people never drinke the streams
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire; their gushing spring
A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring:
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed
A most sweet liquor; and (like as the Vine
Untimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her Wine,
In pearled tears) incessantly distills
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,
Through all the Iland: for, all hither hy;
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.
In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange:
Th' one flowes with Wax; the other stream doth
All into Iron; yet with scalding steam (change
In thousand bubbles belcheth up her stream.
In golden *Peru*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount,
A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount.
What more remains? That *New-found World* be-
Toward the West many a fair River guides: (sides,
Whose floating Waters (knowing th' use aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night,
Better then men) run, swiftly, all the Day;
But rest all Night, and stir not any way.

Great

Emile.

Proof of the third cause: whether the swelling and ebbing of the Moon, causeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.

Why the tide is not so well perceived in Sea as by the Shore.

The cause of the Ebbing of the Sea.

Of waters spring and from the Sea.

Wonderfull effects of Hella Fountains.

A curious search of the admirable effects of certaine Waters.

* Insula Fortunata

Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Envie I should be suspect,
Envie of thy renown and sacred glory,
If my ungratefull Rimes should blanch the Story
Of Streams, distilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thousand Griefs we mortals here endure,
Old in the April of our age therewith,
Whose rigour strives to *ante*-date our death.

Of Barbs & Medicinable Waters.

Now, as my happy *Gascony* excels,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound;
Where strangers flock from every part around.
The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,
Th' ulcerous, gouty, deaf, and decrepit,
From East and West arriving, fetch from hence.
Their ready help with small or no expence.
Witnes *Ancossa*, *Caudrets*, *Aiguescald*,
Barege, *Baigners*; *Baiguers*, the pride of all,
The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise
Of all those Mountaines mounting to the Skies,
Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Ballard, meane I not)
On faire *Pirene* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who
By noble deeds do worthily averr
Their true discent from such an Ancester.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gasconye.

On th' one side, Hils hoar'd with eternall Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe inclose:
The other side is sweetly compast-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praise of the *Penejan* Vale:
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;
Th'even-slated Roofs reflect with glistering blew.
To keep the pavement ever cleane and sweet,
A Crystall River runs through every Street,
Whose Silver stream, as cold as Yee, doth slide
But little off the *Physick* Waters side;
Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a jot
To intermix his cold with th' others hot.

But all these wonders, that adorn my Verse,
Yet come not neer unto the wondrous *Lers*:
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage, (rage)
(With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate
Because his reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Comprin'd in that he could not comprehend:
What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain, (tain
Which springs at *Bilestar*, neere the famous Moun-
Of *Foix*? whose floods, bathing *Maserian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*.
As oft as *Phebus* (in a complete Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shewes his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook (for 4 whole months) doth
Four-times-six-times, & Ebbs as oft as low: (Flow,
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list;
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist:
Whose foaming stream strives proudly to compare
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician!* (are.
Clock-less, so just to measure *Time's* partition.

Of the most wonderfull Properties of Bandfans.

And little LAMBES-BOURN, *though thou match not*
Nor had'st the Honour of DUBARTAS *Verse*; (Lers,
If mine *have any*, Thou *most needs partake*
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owners *sake*;
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so neerly touch*,
That Yeerely *for them thou dost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke*;
Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER's Donnington:
But (*while the rest are full unto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit *of need-less Subsidie*,
To Cranum the Kennet's *Want-left Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent, and springs be stand:
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine of late*)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaze still the too-greazy Swine:
Neither for fame, nor forme (*when others doo*)
To give a Morsel, or a mite or two;
But severally, *and of a selfe-motion*,
When others mist, to give the most devotion.

Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:
For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,
Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list,
God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her breast
Op'ning to the Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it:
For, the World's Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Just the just midd'st of the Worlds Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd aright
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-level'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th' one, or th' other side:
Th' *Antipodes*, or wee, at once should take
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack*:
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And settled Seasons would be then uncertain.

The interposed ing of the Earth and Sea, and of the combination thereof, sing, and reasons of the inconveniences that would follow, if they were separated.

This also serveth for probation found,
That th' Earth and Waters mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on every side
The Day and Night successively to slide.
Yea, though *Vespusio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, brave *Italian* Trine, *Sland*,
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake*, *Candish*, *and Cumber-*
Most valiant Earle, *most worthy High Command*,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had never brought the *North-Poles* Parallels
Under the *South*; and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* under us found out.
Nay, never could they th' *Articke* Pole have lost,
Nor found th' *Antarticke*, if in every craft
Seas liquid Glass round-bow'd not every where,
With sifted Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

The Mass of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Sphear.

But perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, Staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so-long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball
From falling out, and over-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the World's Center tendeth still by nature;

How to conceive the reason that the Sea does not flow out over levell, but rising round and bowed about the Earth

And

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain still round?
Or may 't not be, because the surly Banks
Keep Waters captive in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttrest (as it were)
With thousand Rocks dispersed here and there?
Or rather, Lord, is 't not Thine onely Powr
That bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr?

The second part of the third Week containing of the Elements of Earth and Sea of the Elements thereof.

Doubtless (great God) 'tis doubtless thine owne
Wheron this Mansion of *Mankind* doth stand; (hand
For, though it hang in th' Aire, swim in the Water,
Though every way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though for ay
It selfes Foundations with swift motions play,
It rests un-moveable, that th' Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

Earth is the Mother, Nurse, and Hostesse of Mankinde.

The Earth receives man when he first is born:
Th' Earth nurses him; and when he is forlorn
Of th' other Elements, & Nature loaths-him, (him.
Th' Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloaths-
Oft hath the Aire with Tempest set-upon-us.
Oft hath the Water with her Floods undon-us,
Oft hath the Fire (th' upper as well as ours)
With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements, (Towrs:
Unto Mankind is kind with our offence:
Onely the Earth did never jot displace
From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace.

Of Earthquakes, and of the opening of the Earth.

Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd sometimes
With wicked peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes (which (as imprisoned deep)
In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep. (ble?)
Fear chils our hearts (what heart can feare dissem-
When steeples flagger, & huge mountains tremble
With wind-less wind, and yawning Hell devours
Sometimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.

The Globe of the Earth and Sea, is no bigger in comparison of the greatness of Heaven.

Sith then, the Earth's & Water's blended Ball
Is center, heart, and navell of this All;
And sith (in reason) that which is included,
Must needs be less then that which doth include it;
Tis question-less, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.

Sith by the Doctrines of Astronomers, the least Starre in the firmament is 18. times bigger than all the Earth.

Let any judge, whether this lower Ball
(Whose endless greatness we admire so, all)
Seem not a point compar'd with th' upper Sphear
Whose turning turns the rest in their Career;
Sith the least Star that we perceive to shine,
Above dispersed in th' Arches crystalline
(If, at the least, Star-Clarks be credit worth),
Is eighteene times bigger then all the Earth:
Whence, if we but subtract what is possest
(From North to South, & from the East to West)
Under the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, Indian, and *American*;
And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And also what the two *intemperate Zones*
Doe make unfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in respect):
Lo here, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largest scope
Glory can give to your ambitious hope.

By consideration whereof, the Poet takes occasion to exclaim against the Ambition, Bribery, Usury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Corruptions of Mankind.

O Princes (subjects unto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloudy Carkases!
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Justice*, on your sacred Seat!
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race!
You strict Extorters, that the poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leave your Off-spring rich (of others good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood)
You City-Vipers, that (incestious) joyn
Use upon use, begetting Coyn of Coyn!
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjur'd Hypocrites,
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights
'T intich your selves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud possessions!
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your dearest Friends!
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With cursed hands, remove your neighbours bound,
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors have set)
What gaine you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his subjection;
Lo here the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
A needles point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess);
Or if then Nothing any thing be less. (can,

God having discovered the Earth, commaunds it to bring forth every green thing herbs, flowrs, and trees.

When God, whose words more in a moment
Then in an Age the proudest strength of Man,
Had severed the Floods, levell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and Emboss't the Hils;
Change, change (quoth he) O fair & firmest Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy sad brows, and starely garnish them
With a rich fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freshest colours on thy sallow cheek.
And let from henceforth thy abundant breasts
Not onely Nurse thy own Wombs native guests,
But frankly furnish with fit nourishments
The future folk of th' other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,
May all seem jealous of thy praise and port.

Of trees growing in Mountains and in Valleys.

No sooner spoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Distilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
Th' ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* sprout,
And th' Airy Mountains mantle round about:
The Mast-full *Oke*, the use-full *Ash*, the *Holm*,
Coat-changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, shady *Elm*,
Through Hill & Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
With slice-Sea *Aldars*, and green *Osiers* small,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
And many trees beside, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to serve for Shade.

Of Fruits-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks,
Gods powerfull providence in open marks.

The sent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Medlelar*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damson* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olive*, ayding appetite,
Spread every-where a most delightfull spring,
And every-where a very *Eden* bring.

Of the obs-

Here, the fine *Pepper*, as in clusters hung:
There *Cinamon*, and other *Spices*, sprung.
Here, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains; (Reed
There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious
Whence *Sugar* sirrops in abundance bleed; (whence
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from
Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankinsence*.

Of the Vines, and the excellent use of Wine temperately taken

There, th' amorous *Vine* call's in a thousand sorts
(With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the rest
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:
Whose sacred liquor, temperately ta'en,
Revives the spirits, and purifies the brain,
Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,
Purgeth gross bloud, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the stomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the Wit and doth the bladder cleanse,
Opens obstructions, excrements expels,
And easeth us of many Languors els. (state

He prosecuteth an obmutition, and discoveth that noble worthiness doing more fill, the Earth yeilded so many to yeeld and magnifie her Maker. Similes.

And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly
Our Parents barr'd us) th' Earth degenerate
From her first beauty, bearing still upon her
Eternall Scarrs of her fond Lords dishonour:
Though, with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,
Though she becom less fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;
Who, with the Babes of her own body born,
Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.

Of Flowers.

Never mine eyes in pleasant Springs behold
The Azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Roses* stammell,
The *Lillie's* snowe, and *Pansey's* various ammell;
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then fresh *Aurora's* rosie cheeks display,
When in the East she Ushers a fair day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which, bended in the Sky,
Boades fruitfull dews when as the Fields be dry.

Here (deer S. Bartas) *give thy Servant leave*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weave,*
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine immortalizing Pen:
But, from thy sight, when Sein *did swell with bloud,*
Is sunk, perhaps, under the Crimson Flood
(When Beldam Medices, Valois, *and* Guise,
Stain'd Hymens *Robe with* Heathen *cruelties)*
Because the Sun, to show so vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.

An addition by the Translator of this rare contriving Lotos.

For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo *sinks, in silver* Euphrates
The Lotos *drives, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever true to Titans *radiant Flame,*
That (Rise he, Fall he) it is Still the same.

Temper in all

A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *upon her;*
Sacred Eliza, *that ensu'd no lest*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousnesse;
Whose lively lamp (what ever did beside-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For in her Fathers and her Brothers Dayes,
Fair rose this Rose *with truth's new-springing rayes:*
And when again the Gospels *glorious Light*
Set in her Sisters superstitious Night,
She sunk withall under afflictions streams
(As sinks my Lotos *with* Sols *setting beams):*
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(Mangre the Deluge *that* Romes *Dragon spet,*
With sprightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain *conspiring jointly t' over-throwe her)*
Her Maiden *Flower flourisht above the Water;*
For, still Heav'ns Sun cherisht his loving Daughter:
Bel fiord' Honor, ch' in Mare'l Mondo ammira,
Al sole sacro, ch' Ei Ben T' Alza E Gira
(So, my deer Wiat, *honouring* Still the same,
In-soul'd an Impress *with her* Anagram):
And last for guerdon of her constant Love,
Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.

Rhyndella Regina Anagram. Ei ben t' alza e gira.

So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings
Another Flower (or rather Phenix) springs;
Another like (or rather Still the same)
No lest in love with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,
Th' honour of England, *and the Royall bloud,*
Long happy Monarch may King James *persist;*
And after him, His; Still the same *in Christ.* (ours

Of divers Herbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.

God, not content t' have given these Plants of
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flowrs,
Infused Physick in their leaves and Mores,
To cure our sicknes, and to salve our sores:
Else doubt-less (Death assaults so many waies)
Scarce could we live a quarter of our Dayes;
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and fals,
One Feast would serve our Birth and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.

Similes.

Good Lord how many gasping soules have scap't
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Grave hath
Who, even about to touch the *Stygian* strand, (gap't;
Have yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-less *Apollo's* beardy [1] Son did once
With juyce of Hearbs rejoyn the scattered bones
Of the chaste [2] Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferred Death before incestious sport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Jason's* sake,
The frozen limbs of *Æson* youthfull make.
O sacred Simples that our life sustain,
And when it flies us, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your Liquor, inly ta'en,
That oft defends us from so many a bane;
But even your savour, yea your neighbour-hood,
For some Diseases is exceeding good;

[1] Æsculapius.
[2] Hippolytus.

Working

Working so rare effects, that onely such
As feel, or see them, can beleeve so much.
Blew *Succ'rie*, hanged on the naked neck,
Dispels the Dimnes that our sight doth check.
Swines-bread, so used, doth not onely speed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If over it a Child-great Woman stride,
Instant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite,
The poysonie Serpents that unpeople quite
Cyrenan Desarts, never danger them
That weare about them th' * *Artemisian* Stem.
About an Infants neck hang *Peone*,
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming bowls of *Bacchus* in excess,
Trouble thy brains with storms of giddiness,
Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th' inchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandishments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Pestilence,
Infect not those that in their mouthes have ta'en
Angelica, that happy counter-baen,
Sent down from Heav'n by some celestiall scout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.
So *Pimpernell*, held in the Patients hand,
The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand:
And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handeled,
Dies th' handlers urine into perfect red.
O wondrous *Wood!* which touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find
Your vertues working in fraile humane kind;
But you can force the fiercest Animals,
The fellest Fiends, the firmest Minerals;
Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie
Have not bely'd the Haggs of *Thessalie*)
Onely the touch of *Chaule-pard* * *Aconite*,
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:
As (opposite) *Helleborus* doth make
His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.
With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beset,
Lift up their heads, and fall to hiss and spet,
With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft up with rage, to't by the ears they goe.
Baen against baen, plague against plague they
Charging each other with so fierce a force (throwe;
(For friends turn'd foes have lightly least remorse)
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poysoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,
But onely th' end of their detested life.
As *Betonie* breakes friendships ancient bands,
So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands:
For, being fastned to proud Coursers collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.
The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,
Consume their spleen. The like effect there is
In *Finger-Fern*; which, being given to Swine,
It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth chooses the same so right
Of all their Tripes to serve it's appetite.
And Horse, that, feeding on the grassie Hils,
Tread upon * *Moon-wort* with their hollow heels;

The vertue of Succ'rie.
Of Swines-bread.
* Mugwort.
Peonie.
Saffron.
Angelica.
Pimpernell an Herbe.
Madder.
Of Aconite.
Of Helleborus.
Betonie.
Willo-wort.
Tamarice.
Finger-Fern.
* Moon-wort.

Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Master musing where there shooes become.
O *Moon-wort!* tell us where thou hid'st the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou unshoo'st them with?
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't
That can thy subtile secret strength resist,
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoe
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst undoe?
But, I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian* * *Dittany*;
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.
Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine
That every where, in every Turfe we find
Such multitude of other Plants to spring,
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seasons ta'en,
To one is Physick, to another baen:
Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.
Th' Hearb * *Sagapen* serves the slowe Asse for meat;
But, kils the Ox, if of the same he eat.
So branched * *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit;
But, death to man, if he but taste of it.
And * *Oleander* unto beasts is poyson;
But, unto man a speciall counter-poyson.
What ranker poyson, what more deadly baen
Then * *Aconite*, can there be toucht or ta'en?
And yet his juice best cures the burning bit
Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Disdainfull poyson! noble combatant!
That scorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might!
For, if he finde our bodies fore-possest
With other poyson, then he lets us rest;
And with his Rivall enters secret Duell,
One to one, strong to strong, cruell to cruell;
Still fighting fierce, and never over-give
Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
And, to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Rush through the Woods, or clamber up the Hils,
I finde God every-where: Thence all depend,
He giveth frankly what we thankly spend.
Here for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains,
With long Mustachoes, wave upon the Plains;
Here thousand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes:
In *Serean* Forrests hang in silken Globes:
Here shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner use)
The fine white bals of *Bombace* do produce:
Here th' azure-flowred Flax is finely spun
For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Here fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
Doth furnish us with Canvass, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds assisting either,
We may acquaint the East and West together,
And dry-foot dance on *Neptunes* Watry Front,
And, in adventure, lead whole Town's upon't.
Here of one grain of * *Maiz*, a Reed doth spring,
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;
Which (after) th' *Indians* parch, & pun, and knead,
And thereof make them a most wholesome bread.

Dittanium Candie.
Great variety in colour and form of Plants, and strange contrariety of all 3, according to the order that they work upon.
* Tragagant.
* Hemlock.
* Rosebay.
* Wolfsbane.
Of Grain, like Cotton-Wool for Bombace, Flax & Hemp, which the Earth produces.
* Indian-wheat.

Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty
Still, still rebounds and ecchoes over all: (Ball,
That, that alone, yearly the World revives;
Through that alone, all springs, all lives, all thrives:
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain;
But being covered by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid awhile under the folded Furrow,
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts forth
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;
Enriching shortly with his springing Crop, (hope:
The ground with green, the Husbandman with
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out
(In Harvest) hath a stand of Pikes about,
And chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods inclose-it;
Lest heat, wet, wind, should rosie, or rot, or lose-it;
And lest the straw should not sustaine the eare,
With knotty joynts 'tis sheathed here and there.
Pardon me (Reader) if thy ravisht Eyes
Have seen *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,
In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens,
Sith th' *Ile* of *Zebut's* admirable Tree (Plains;
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
The which alone, far richer Wonders yeelds
Then all our groves, meads, orchards gardens, fields,
What? wouldst thou drink? the wounded leaves drop
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dress the tender rine, (wine.
Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weave it well,
It shall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.
Long'st thou for Butter? bite the poulpy part,
And never better came to any Mart.
Needest thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And passing oyle it soon becometh so.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then sun it well, and it will sharpely bite.
Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,
And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his name with praise,
Had done enough, if he had made no more
But this one Plant so full of wondrous store: (tiety)
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds sa-
Could not be fair, without so great variety.
But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treasures glistring every where
(As glorious usthrifts, crost with Parents Curse,
Wear golden Garments, but an empty Purse:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Disease, full of Deceipt and Sin:
Or stately Toombs, exterauly gilt and garnisht;
With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht)
But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewit-
Within the deep folds of her fruitful lap, (ches).
So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap,
That th' hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhaust with labour or device.
For, they be more then there be Stars in Heav'n,
Or stormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n,
Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beasts upon a thousand Hils,
Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,
Or scattered Leaves in Winter in the Woods.
Slat, Jet, and *Marble* shall escape my pen,
I over-pass the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brune-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pouder their provision,
I'le onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,
Dye't with *Vermillion*, deck't with *Copperas*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,
Tin, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy*:
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Crystall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Castidone*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opall*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,
The sky-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethists*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames resists.
I know, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)
No more a Mother but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas!) unto our loss she bears (eares:
Blood-shedding *Steel*, and *Gold*, the ground of
As if these Metalls, and not Man's amiss,
Had made Sin mount unto the height it is.
But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts unto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well apply
For houshold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Countrey (when it cals)
From forrain dangers, and intestine brals:
But, with the same the wicked never mell,
But to do-service to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,
To break a House, or to doe something worse;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoile his Countrey, murder Innocents.
Even so, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich Wrong, and cast poore Innocence:
So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,
Misi-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.
For, as a Cask, through want of use grow'n fusty,
Makes with his stink the best *Greek* Malmsey musty:
So God's best gifts usurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyson turn through their contagions.
But, shall I baulk th' admired *Adamant*? (dant.
Whose dead-live power, my Reasons power doth
Renowned *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the same aloofe attracts;
Attracts it strangely with unclasping crooks,
With unknow'n cords, with unconceived hooks,
With unseen hands, with undiscerned arms,
With hidden force, with sacred secret charms,
Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Mistress*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiss;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosome
Never to part (except we, love-less, loose-em)
With

An exact description of the growing of wheat and other like kinds of grains.

Of the Indian Cocos a most admirable fruit.

Of the riches made by our wishes, the Reprobate

Of Minerals.

Of precious stones.

The abuse of things, makes them good or evill: helpfull or hurtfull to Mankind.

Of the rare vertue of the Load-stone.

With so firme zeale and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone.
And though somtime some Make-bate come be-
Still burns their fitt flame; 'tis so surely fixt: (twixt,
And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,
With mutuall skips, they shew their love by signes.
(As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,
Parley in silence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceive, or censure in what sort
One Loadstone-touched Ann'let doth transport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or five hang dangling one in other?
Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:
Sith Reason-scanners have resolved all,
That heavie things, hang'd in the Aire must fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks
In *Roman* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*, (him
Whose jealous Wife, weening to home-revoake-
With a love potion, did with poyson choak-him;
Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.
But say *(Lucretius)* what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Star* stil the Needle draw's
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this
And still-green *Laurel* shall be still thy Lot: (knot,
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confess,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.
W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
As *(Signior Flavio)* to thy witty tryall,
For first inventing of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th' use of the Needle, turning in the same)
Divine device! O admirable Frame!
Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right: (Lamp
Whereby w' are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, &
To search all corners of the watery Camp:
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns have whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is: and in the *Card* descries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-sighted sp'rits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rymes, though subject to defect;
If in this Volume, as you ever-read it
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, here proved yet by no man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common:
Think, yet, to some the Load-stones use is new;
And seems as strange, as we have try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw such
To credit more than what they see or touch.
Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall,
Or in her bosome: but her own selfs worth
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
I call to witness all those weak diseased,
Whose bodies oft have by th' effects been eased
Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* soil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.
All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits & Flowrs;
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrod'red with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about emboss't,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the Worlds strong fixed Foot,
Heav'ns chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse.
Of the Worlds Soverain: of thy liberall purse,
W'are all maintained: match-less Emperess,
To doe thee service, with all readiness,
The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches:
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyrs* blasts, & *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, & fountains.
O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes:
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
Study of Hearbs, and *Countrey-lifes* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is penned by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passed their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Atralus*, *Philometor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Prator*;
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman*
Great *Scipio*, *sated* wth fain'd curtsy-capping, (lands.
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the teadious gaping
Of golden beggars: and that Emperour,
Of Slave turn'd King; of King turn'd Labourer;
In countrey Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, serving *Ceres*, tils with his owne Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Envie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Avarice: (sups
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrosia*, deadly *Arsenick*:
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass):
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass*:
Milk, Cheese, & Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Atturneys, that with both hands draw;

Of the excellence of the Mariners Compasse.

Of wonderfull Earth.

The Earth Encomium.

Concordatorie of the Country life.

Free from envie, ambition, and avarice and consequently from the devilish practice of Machiavel, or Polecrate.

Not vexed with counterfeit wrestlings of wrangling Lawyers.

Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fained chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes: (*rowt*,
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-mor-*
With Natures Musick do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading shipwrack, nor in danger of Pirates.

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Winds do blow)
With sudden Tempest is not over-whirld,
To seek his sad death in another World:
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his own smoak; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters, with his silver Current,
His Native Medowes: and that very Earth
Shall give him Buriall, which first gave him Birth.

Not distrested in body through delicious Idlenesse.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold Rush, not drowsie *Poppy*-seed;
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should have said);
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Bever,
Frenging the round Skirts of his winding River,
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drowsy by sickness to an untimely Death.

Drum, Fife, & Trumpet, with their loud a-larms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms;
Nor deer respect of some great *Generall*,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The Crested Cock sings *Hunts is up* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearl'd with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not choked with contagious or corrupted Aire.

Never gross Aire, poyson'd in stinking Streets,
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets;
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack gives:
And Death, dread Serjant of th' eternall Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge. (not:

Not (Chameleon-like) changing with every object, the colour of his conditions.

His wretched years in Princes Courts he spends
His thralled will on Great mens wils depends not:
He, changing Master, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce;
With mercenary lies he doth not chant,
Praising an Emmet for an Elephant;
Sardanapalus (drown'd in soft excess)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;
Thersites foul, for *Venus* lovely Love;
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Dove;

Not fawning Sycophant, nor lifting the Tyrant of Government.

Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alcestes* praise:
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.

Neither praise with Fear, nor plot with Fraud.

No sallow Fear doth day or night afflict him:
Unto no Fraud doth night or day addict him;
Or if he muse on guile, 't is but to get
Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuft
With sumptuous silks (pinked, and pounc'd, & puft)
With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue,
And all the glory of old *Eves* proud Issue?
What though his seeble Cofers be not cramd
With Misers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warm wrapped in his owne-grow'n Woolls;
Of unbought Wines his Cellar's ever full; (flocks,
His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with
His Barns with fodder, with sweet streams his
For, here I sing the happy Rusticks weal, (Rocks.
Whose handsome house seems as a Common-weal:
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;
The pined Fisher, or poor-Dairy Renter,
That lives of Whay, for forfeiting Indenture;
Who scarce have bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.

Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Country* end.
Let me deserve of my deer EAGLE-Brood
For Windsor-*Forrest, walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond, my Sea*; Lambs-bourn, *my Thames*;
Lambourn, *my* London; Kennet's *silver streams*,
My fruitfull Nile; *my Singers and Musicians*,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowly Hill;
Where, without lee, I may se sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.

Or, if the new North-Star, *my Soveraign* JAMES,
(The secret vertue of whose sacred beams
Attracts th' attentive service of all such
Whose mindes did ever Vertue's Load-stone *touch)*
Shall ever daign t' receive mine humble Fare
T' approach the Presence *of his Royall State*:
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall drive or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles,
Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly;
In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy:
Let me true Honour, *not the false delight*;
And play the Preacher, *not the* Parasite.

So Morne and Evening the third Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n *(Each in a severall Tent)*;
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed;
That they (as Beasts) do eat and drink, refuted.
Heav'ns *(not the* Earth*) with rapid* motion *roide*:
The famous Stars *observ'd in either* Pole;
Heav'ns floaping Belt: *the* Twelve *celestiall* Signes
Where Sol the Seasons *of the* Year *confines*:
Dayes *glorious* Prince: Nights *glomy* Patroness:
His Light *and Might*: *Her constant* Change-fulness.

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling upon the God of Heaven, one Part prayeth to be lift up to the Heavens that he may discourse (as he might) of the Stars, fixed and wandring.

PUre Spirit that rapt'st above the firmest Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,
Who, smiting *Jordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerst divide the Waters with the stroke:
O! take me up; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, see th'azure Heav'ns *To-day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Joule
With *Phœbus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Drive on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That, having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horses,
Their course, their light, their labor, & their forces,
My Muse may sing in sacred Eloquence,
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:
And, with the Load-stone of my conquering Verse,
Above the Poles attract the most perverse.
And you fair learned Soules, you Spirits divine,
To whom the Heav'ns so nimble quils assigne,
As well to Mount, as skilfully to limn
The various motion of their Tapers trim;
Lend me your hand; lift me above *Parnassus*;
With your loud *Trebles* help my lowly *Bassus*.
For sure, besides that your Wit-gracing Skill
Beats in it selfe, it self's rich guerdon still:
Our Nephews, free from sacrilegious brauls,
Where Horrour swims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day sing that your deer song did merit
Better Heav'n-hap, and better time to hear-it.
And though (alas!) my now new-rising Name
Can hope here-after none, or little Fame:
The time that most part of our better Wits
Mis-spent in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words;
I meane to spend in publishing the Story
Of Gods great Works, to his immortall glory.
My rimes begot in pain & born in pleasure, (sure):
Thirst not for Fame (the Heathens hope's chief trea-
'T shall me suffice, that our deer *France* do breed
(In happy season) some more learned seed,
That may record, with more divine dexterity
Then I have done, these wonders to Posterity.
Much less may these abortive Brats of Mine
Expect respect (but in respect of Thine):

Yet

Yet sith the Heav'ns have thus enteakt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes)*
To shadow Thine; and to my Countrey render
Some small reflection of thy radiant splendor;
It is enough, if here-by I incite
Some happier spirit to doe thy Muse more right;
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great Du BARTAS *trace.*

More reliming his conclusion predecessors that wrote of the Creation.

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,
Who at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well:
But rather, as a work-man never weary,
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection,
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

In the fourth day God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (viz.) the Sun & the Moone, together with the other five Planets.

Having therefore the Worlds wide Curten spred
About the circuit of the fruitfull bed;
Where (to fill all with her unnumbred Kin)
Kind Natures selfe each moment lyeth-in:
To make the same for ever admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;
He th' Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistring-sparks.

Of their Course, Force, &c. Force, and Substance.

I know, those Tapers, twinkling in the Sky,
Do turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can never (rightly) reach, to seeing (ing:
Their course and force, & much-much less their be-
But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth move,
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heav'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht Heav'ns heling with those torches bright:
Or else divided it, and pressing close
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

Opinion of the Greeks touching the matter of the Stars.

But, if thy wits thirst, rather seek these things,
In *Greeksh* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water;
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droves
That haunt the Hils & Dales, & Downs & Groves:
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns & Stars, of one same substance bright;
To th' end these Lamps dispersed in the Skies,
Might, with their Orb, it with them sympathize.

Similie.

And as (with us) under the oaked bark
The knurry knot with branching veines, we marke
To be of substance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So those gilt studs in th' upper story driv'n,
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

Their Substance is of Fire.

When I observe their Light and Heat yblent,
(Meer accidents of th' upper Element)
I think them Fire: but not such Fire as lasts
No longer then the fuell that it wastes:
For then, I think all the Elements too-little
To furnish them onely with one dayes vict'all.

Refutation of such as have thought that the stars were living creatures that did eat and drinke.

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,
Whose busie-idle stile so stifly urges,
The Heav'ns bright Cresset to be living Creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry Fodder-eaters;
Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star,
But naturall, certain, and regular;
Whereas, Beasts motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, uncertain, divers, voluntary.
I see not how so many golden Posts
Should scud so swift about Heav'ns Azure coasts,
But that the Heav'ns must ope and shut som-times,
Subject to passions, which our earthly climes
Alter, and tosse the Sea, and th' Aire estrange
From it selfs temper with exceeding change.
I see not how, in those round blazing beams,
One should imagin any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I see how th' Earth, and Sea should feed
So many Stars whose greatness doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Divines say troth)
The greatness of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith here our Cattle, in a month will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.
These Torches then range not at randome, o're
The light some thickness of an unfirm Floor:
As here belowe, diversly moving them,
The painted Birds between two Aires do swim;
But, rather fixed unto turning Spheares,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:

Similie.

As Car-nails fastned in a wheele (without
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about.

A Comparison.

As the Ague-sick, upon his shivering pallet,
Delayes his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights
In things unsavory to sound appetites:
Even so, some brain-sicks live there now-adayes,
That lose themselves still in contrary wayes;
Prepostrous Wits that cannot row at ease,
On the Smooth Channell of our common Seas.
And such are those (in my conceit at least)
Those Clarks that think (think how absurd a jest)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turne at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th' Earth it self, this Massie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once every twice-twelve hours:
And we resemble Land-bred Novices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at first lanching from the shore, suppose
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.

Opinion of Copernicus confuted.

So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill,
Equally distant should continue still.
So, never should an arrow, shot upright,
In the same place upon the shooter light;
But would doe (rather) as (at Sea) a stone
Aboord a Ship upward uprightly thrown;
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood
A-stern the Ship, if so the Winde be good.
So, should the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Western Marches towards *Mornings* light;
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime;
And bullets thundred from the canons throat (note)
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders
Should seem recoil: fithens the quick career,
That our round Earth should dayly gallop here,
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift) (drift.
Birds, Bullets, Windes; their wings, their force, their
Arm'd with these Reasons, 't were superfluous
T' assaile the Reasons of *Copernicus*;

Who,

Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,
Unto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one onely Ball.
But sithence here, nor time, nor place doth sute,
His *Paradox* at length to prosecute;
I will proceed, grounding my next discourse
On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their constant *course*.
I oft admire greatness of mighty Hils,
And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And countless number of the Ocean sand,
And secret force of sacred Adamant: (course)
But much-much more (the more I marke their
Stars glistring greatness, beauty, number, force.
Even as a Peacock, prickt with loves desire,
To woo his Mistress, strouting stately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings, and Starry-golden tail;
With rattling pinions wheeling still about,
The more to set his beauteous beauty out:
The Firmament (as seeling like above)
Displayes his pomp; pranceth about his Love,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks
Set with gilt Spangles, sow'n with glistring sparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light.
T'inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers grace,
To take the sweet fruit of his kind embrace.
He that to number all the Stars would seek,
Had need invent some new Arithmetick;
And who, to cast that reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand:
Yet have our wise and learned Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Houses* to divide the Skies.
Of those are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gave Nature for her New-years-gift
(When making All, his voyce Almighty most,
Gave so fair Lawes unto Heav'ns shining Hoast)
To weare ir biaz, buckled over-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling Waste, to girt-her.
This glorious *Baldrick* of a golden tindge,
Imboss't with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'ns, biaz-wise, environs day and night.
For, from the Period, where the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall balancing.
Ninety degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence just as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th' Years Portall, the like difference.
Nephelian crook-horn, with brass cornets crownd,
Thou butt'st bravely 'gainst the *New-years* bound;
And richly clad in thy fair golden Fleece; (Meese.
Doest hold the *First house* of *Heav'ns* spacious
Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, left that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely sling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.
The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and
God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet, (feet,
Contend in course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,
With his eight Owtes through the Heav'ns azure
To bring us yearly in his starry shell, (loft;
Many long dayes the shaggie Earth to swele.
Almost with like pace leaps the *Lion* out,
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.
The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'ns azure Globe
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching, in her left hand brings
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand, wings.
After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,
Equall divider of the Day and Night: (fastens
In whose Gold Beam, with three gold rings there
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Basens.
The spiteful *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* addrest,
With two bright Lamps covers his loathsom brest;
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,
Would spet his venom over every thing;
But that the brave *Half-horse Phylerian* Scout,
Galloping swift the Heav'nly Belt about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feath'red arrow,
To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough.
And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is so attentive to his onely chase,
That, dread-less of his dart, Heav'ns shining *Kid*
Comes jumping light, just at his heels unspid.
Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,
After the *Goat*, a silver stream pours-out;
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire
Rivers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whose cleer Channell mought at pleasure swim
Those two bright *Fishes* that do follow him;
But that the Torrent slides so swift away,
That it out-runs them ever, even as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them pursues;
And by renewing yearly, all renues.
* Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artick* side,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* divide;
After the *Waterman* comes, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*
Of th' hatefull *Snakes* (whether we call the same
By *Æsculapius* or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, loving man;
Joves stately *Eagle*, and the silver *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Cassiopeia* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tresses*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath'd *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Beale*,
The *Centaure Wolf*, the *Censer* and the *Fowle*,
(The twice-foul *Raven*) the *Southern fish* & *Crown*,
Through heav'ns bright arches brandish up & down.
Thus on *This-Day* working th' *eighth* azure tent,
With Art-less Art, divinely excellent;
Th' Almighties finger fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion:
But in the rest (under that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, unto the severall * Seav'n;
Left,

Leaving to dispute further upon the former Paradox, he proceedeth to his discourse, and by a lively comparison represenseth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens above the Earth.

Stands.

The number of the Stars makes both the Poles inaccessible.

And why the ancient Astronomers observed 48.

Of the Signes in the Zodiacke.

The Zodiacke.

Aries in Mid-March begins the Spring.

Taurus in Mid-April.

Gemini in Mid-May.

Cancer in Mid-June begins the Summer.

Leo in Mid-July.

Virgo in Mid-August.

Libra in Mid-September begins Autumne.

Scorpio in Mid-October.

Sagittarius in Mid-November.

Capricornus in Mid-December begins Winter.

Aquarius in Mid-January.

Pisces in Mid-February.

The names of the principall Stars of the North Pole.

The names of the Stars of the South Pole.

The fixed Stars are in the eighth Heaven.

* And the Lower Planets under the earth in his proper Spheres.

Left, of those Lamps the number-passing number
Should mort all eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should never, in the clearest night,
Stars divers course see or discern aright.

Why the Planets visible out, and the fixed Stars all not like.

And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers:
But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander under them,
Through various passage, never shake a beam.
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the firmament
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
To th' Earth and Sea, we do more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced;
But th' undermost by th' upper be imbraced,
And more or less their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:
As in an Egge, the shell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.

The firmament much farther from the Earth than the Spheres of the Planets.

Similes.

Two similes representing the motions of the eight inferiour heavens, through the first turning of the ninth, which is the *Primum Mobile*.

Now, as the Winde, puffing upon a Hill
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the sails of five ling clout,
The sails do swing the winged shaft about,
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns:
Or like as also in a Clock well tended,
Just counter-poize, justly thereon suspended,
Makes the great wheel go round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one.
The trembling watch, & th' Iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelve equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty hours,
Surveying all this various house of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth move:
Whose radiant glances gild the World above,
And drives them every day (wch swiftness strange is)
From *Gange* to *Tagus*: and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.

Each of the eight Planets so transported by the *Primum Mobile*, hath also his proper oblique and distinct course each from other.

But, th' under-Orbs, as grudging to be still
So straightly subject to anothers will,
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure
After one pipe to dance one onely measure;
They from-ward turn, and traverting aside,
Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide:
So that they all (although it seem not so)
Forward and backward in one instant go,
Both up and down, and with contrary paces,
At once they poste to two contrary places:

The same explained by a proper Simile.

Like as my selfe, in my lost Merchant-years
(A lost, alas, that in these times appears)
Wafting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason *brought to* Greece)
While tow'rd the Sea, our (then Swan-pearer) Thames,
Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams,
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walk'ng in compass of that narrow Coop,
Mangre the most that Winde and Tide could doe,
Have gone at once tow'rds LEE *and* LONDON *too.*

Why some of the Planets have a lower course and shorter compass than other some.

But now, the neerer any of these Light,
Approach *th' Empireall Palace* wals in height,
The more their circuit, & more dayes they spend,
Yer they return unto their Journeys end.

The reason of the retrogradation of the Planets.

It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty,
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
Spends in his Voyage nigh seaven thousand year.

Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.

Of the seventh, which is the Sphere of Saturn.

Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Jupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father tickle-bear:
And while thou dost with thy more milde aspect,
His froward beams distastrous frownes correct,
Thy tinnê chariot, shod with burning bosses, (crosses.
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six twa months

Of the sixth which is the Sphere of Jupiter.

Brave-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis'-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away;
But in the road of his eternall race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod;
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tresses,
Yer his steel wheels have done their business.

Of the fifth which is the Sphere of Mars.

Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honor-giver,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,
Thou in three hundred threescore daies and five,
Dost to the Period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' year,
And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.

Of the fourth which is the Sphere of Sol.

Fai-dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the World with-childe
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing and delight,
Smiles, witty wiles, youth, love, and beauty bright,
With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)
Of light some Day opens and shuts the port;
For, hardly dare her silver Doves go far
From bright *Apollo's* glory beaming Car.

Of the fifth which is the Sphere of Venus.

Not much unlike, so, *Mercury* the witty,
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or City:
Smooth Orator swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,
Fortunate Merchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;
To end his course takes neer a twelve-months lea-
For all the while, his nimble winged heels (sure:
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheels.

Of the second which is the Sphere of Mercury.

And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,
Regent of humors, parting Months aright,
Chaste Empereſs, to one *Endymion* constant;
Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant;
(Unlike our Loves, whose hearts dissemble soonest)
Twelve times a year through all the *Zodiack* runnest.

Of the first which is the Sphere of Luna. The lowest Planet next the Earth.

Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,
Should still stand-still, as in a sloathfull slumber,
Then should some places (always in one plight)
Have always Day, and some have always Night:
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,
Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast: (would
Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of distance or of dance,
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,
Th' inconstant parts of this low Worlds contents
Should never feel so sundry accidents,

Of the secretary of divers motions of the Heavens.

As

As the conjunction of celestiall Features
Incessantly pours upon mortall Creatures.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect,
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar vertue of its own;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:
But shine in vain, and have no charge precise,
But to be walking in Heav'ns Galleries,
And through that *Palace* up and down to clamber,
As *golden Gals about a* PRINCES CHAMBER.
Sense-less is he, who (withour blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparent lies:
And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learned Disputations:
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though Heav'ns effects we most apparent see
In number more then Heav'nly Torches bee.
I nill alledge the Seasons alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not urge, that never at noon-dayes
His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes
But some great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell,
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foule infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Here pouring down Woes universall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.
I'l over-pass how Sea doth Ebb and Flowe,
As th' Horned Queen doth either shrink or grow;
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in bones abound.
The blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the moisture
And lushious mear in Crevish, Crab and Oyster:
That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* have her Corners shut,
Are never lasting, for the Builders turn,
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while She is filling, (ling.
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thru-
So that, this Lamp alone approves, what powrs,
Heav'ns Tapers have ev'n on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy, which while this flesh wear-
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry. (ry,
I'l onely say, that sith the hot aspect
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand unseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-up the Hils,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposite) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright glistring *Orion*, and the weeping *Hyades*,
Never (almost) look down on our aboad,
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad;
With cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt Azure Front
Of firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark upon't
But poureth down-ward some apparent change,
Towards to Storing of the Worlds great Grange;
We may conjecture what hid powr is given
T'infuse among us from the other Seaven,
From each of those which, for their vertue rare,
Th' Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.
Not that (as *Stoicks*) I intend to tye,
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*,
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinies* hard Diamantine Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, & Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:
And that therefore (the rather) we below
Should study all, their Course and Force to know:
To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents Fall)
T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall,
Ever since first fond Womans blind ambition, (*sion*:
Breaking made *Adam* break Heav'ns *High-Commis-*
We might unpuff our Heart, and bend our knee,
T' appease with sighs Gods wrathfull Majestie;
Beseeching him to turn away the storms (Arms,
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth and dreadfull
Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects,
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:
To give us Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivity
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativity:
To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleshes fell Concupiscence,
To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.
Latonian Twins, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,
And let me see you in your native burning:
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light
As you your selves run, in alternate Ring,
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.
Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively source,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Universe, (Verse
Heav'ns richest Gemm: O teach me where my
May but begin thy Praise. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover
Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring higher over,
Fain of a Milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They come with us to pass the Summer time:
No sooner he begins one shoal to summ,
But more and more, still greater shoals do come,
Swarm upon Swarm, that with their count-less
Break of his purpose, & his sense incumber. (number
Dayes glorious Eye! Even as a mighty King,
About his Countrey stately Progressing, (*Knights*,
Is compast round with *Dukes*, *Earles*, *Lords*, and
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)
Esquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde;
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;

And

And there is nought in all his Royall Muster,
But to his Greatnes addeth grace and lustre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt ay,
Which onely lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,
Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Besides the Hoasts of th' upper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay, thou giveſt onely Light.
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
Within the Middle of the body, beares (on
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion-
Supplyeth spirits to all, and every portion:
Even so (O Sun) thy golden Chariot marches
Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches
Which fiel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.

The Sun is in Heaven as the heart in man body.

Praising thy Heat, which subtilly doth pierce
The solid thicknes of our Universe,
Which in th' Earths kidnyes *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn;
I do digres, to praise that light of thine,
Which if it should but one Day ceaſe to shine,
Th' unpurged Aire to Water would resolve,
And Water would the mountain tops involve.

His notable effects upon the Earth.

Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,
Whose greatnes doth so oft Earth's greatnes paſs,
And with still running the Celestiall Ring,
Is seen and felt of every living thing;
But that fantastickly I change my Theam
To sing the swiftnes of thy tyer-les Teem;
To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Wave
Thou seem'ſt (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who from his Chamber early issuing out
In rich array, with rareſt Gems about;
With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,
With golden tresses, and attractive grace,
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his presence earnestly did long,
Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Wonderful comparison betweene the Sun and the Bride-groom.

Then, as a Prince that feeles his noble heart,
Wounded with *Lovers* pure *Honor*-winged dart,
(*As* HARDY LELIUS *that great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA'S *Right*
(Yearly that Day that her deer raign began)
Most bravely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his glistring Mazer
A stately plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runneſt so swift we scarce conceive thy Pace.

The same is applied in an honourable profession of our Lord Jesus against the Jesuits, and in his young years to the glory of Arms and Chivalrie.

When I record how fitly thou doſt guide (pride,
Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Coursers
That as they paſs, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper,
(For, if thou gallopt'ſt in the neather Room
Like *Phaeton*, thou would'ſt the World consume:
Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,
For want of heat then every thing would dy)
In the same instant I am preſt to sing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloth, Sleep & Night,
Snowes, Fogs, & Fancies, take their sudden Flight.

Th' art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
Where (*as full vessels have the lesser sound*)
Plenty of matter makes the speaker Mute;
As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.
Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare
And match-les Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Some one or two shall my chaste sober *Muse*
For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse.
I'l boldly sing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of those weak Princes Flatt'ry works upon;
(*No second* EDWARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second,*
Un-kinged both, as Rule-unworthy reckon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions* paſt proportion,
Pill all their Subjects with extream extortion;
And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding pity!)
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving onely that, to mean Lieutenants
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as unto Tenants:
For, once a day, each Countrey under Heav'n
Thou bidſt *Good-Morrow*, & thou bidſt *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-seeing Eye, as *Censor*, views
The rites and fashions, Fish and Foule douse,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Ephesian* Mone.

Of the most continuall and daily course.

But true it is, to th' end a fruit full lew
May every Climat in his time renew,
And that all men may nearer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams;
Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the same Portall mounts not every morning:
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'ſt every day, thy Coursers Stable shift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greeneſt pride,
Raigns here, else-where *Autumn* as long may bide;
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winters Yce may other Countries gripe.

Of his Oblique or Bias-course, made of the better inclination: and of the commodities of all Climates in the World.

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule
From higheſt *Zenith* toward *Northern Pole*,
To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twins*,
But that the mealie Mountains (late unseen)
Change their white garments into lustly green;
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with grass, with leaves the naked
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buss his *Flora*, (Woods,
Swift-winged Singers to salute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid* through this Universe, (pierce.
With pleasing wounds, all Creatures hearts to

A pleasant and lively description of the Spring season of the yeare.

The Spring.

When, backward bent, *Phlegon*, thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid* doth feed;
Th' Earth cracks with heat, & Summer crowns his
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair is: (*Ceres*
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crooked Rasor shaves the tufted Plain;
And the good Husband, that due season takes,
Within a month his year's Provision makes. (fly

Summer.

When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth
Toward the *Craft-Stars* in th' *Antarctick* Sky,
To bee three months, up-rising and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,
Th' Earth, by degrees, her lovely beauty bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Offar basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumnus* tooth.

Harvest.

(Her

(Her health-less spouse) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the juice of *Bacchus* clusters out.
And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem
For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*
(While we in vaine revoke thee with our wishes)
In stead of Flowrs, chill shivering Winter dresses
With Yce sickles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:
About her brows a Periwig of Snow,
Her white Freeze Mantle fring'd with Yce below,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth she march *Orythia's* love to meet;
Who, with his brittled, hoary, beangle-beard,
Comming to kisse her, makes her lips afear'd;
Where-ar, he sighes a breath so cold and keen,
That all the Waters Crystallized been;
While in a fury with his boystrous wings
Against the *Scythian* snowie Rocks he flings,
All lusks in sloath: and till these Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* must us both befriend.
O second honour of the Lamps supernall,
Sure Calendar of Festivals eternall,
Seas Soveraintes, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queen: What shall I say beside?
What shall I say of thy inconstant brow,
Which makes my brain waver, I wot not how?
But, if by th' eye, a mans intelligence
May gheis of things distant so far from hence,
I think thy body round as any Ball,
Whose superfice (nigh equall over all)
As a pure Glass, now up, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun.
For, as a Husbands Nobl'nes doth lustre
A mean-born Wife: so doth the glorious lustre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that selfly hath no light.
Yet 'tis not alwayes after one self sort:
For, far thy Cart doth swifter thee transport,
Then doth thy Brothers; diversly thou shin'st,
As more or lesse thou from his sight declin'st.
Therefore each Month, when *Hymen* (blest) above
In both your bodies kindles ardent love,
And that the State-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of desire, shines down direct upon thee:
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball
(After it's Nature) is observed all,
But, him aside thou hast no-sooner got,
But on thy side a silver file we note,
A half-bent Bowe; which swels the lesse thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach;
And fils his Circle. When th' Imperiall Star
Beholds thee just in one Diameter,
Then by degrees thy *Full* face fals away
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display;
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lovers arms, (charms.
Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasures
Thus dost thou *Wex* and *Wane*, thee oft renuing;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing
(As subject to thee) thy selfs transmutation,
Feel th' unfelt force of secret alteration.
Not, but that *Phebus* alwaies with his shine,
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine;
But 't seems not so; because we see but here
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear:
Tho wexing us-ward, heav'n-ward thou dost wane;
And waning us-ward, Heav'n-ward growst again.
Yet, it befals, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull,
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,
From living eyes, thy broad, round glittring Ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are sief'd,
Covered with shadow of a rusty shield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Eclipsick* line,
And th' Earth between; thou losest, for a space,
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:
But, to revenge thee on the Earth for this
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiss,
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou dost inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and us, toward the later end;
And then (because his splendor cannot pass
Or pierce the thickness of thy gloomy mass)
The Sun, as subject to Deaths pangs us sees-nor,
But *seems* all Light-less, though indeed he is not.
Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;
For, thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but us, bereave of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy shadow, that the Sun obscures:
East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
West-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:
Thine, at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
His, in thy *Wane*; when beauty most declines:
Thine's generall, tow'rd Heav'n and Earth together;
His but to Earth, nor to all places neither.
For, th' hideous Cloud, that cover'd so long since
With nights black vail th'eyes of the Starry-Prince
(When as he saw, for our foul sinfull slips,
The match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moores*,
That sweating toyl on *Guinnés* wealthy shores:
Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noyse for ever deaf doth make:
Those that surveying mighty * *Cassagale*,
Within the circuit of her spacious Wall,
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;
And pass, in all her goodly crossing wayes
And stately streets, fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,
Twelve thousand Bridges, and twelve thousand
Those, that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase (Towrs:
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Crystal) slice about at ease;
Were witnes all of his strange grief, and gheist,
That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.
Moreover *Cynthia* in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the Compass of her Circle round;
And being so far off, she could not make
(By Natures course) the Sun to be so black;
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her own had giv'n.
In brief, mine eye, confounded with such spectacles,
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles. (nour
What could'st thou doe less, then thy selfe disho-
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear
A mourning Robe on th' hatefull *Hemi-sphear*?

Winter

Of the Moon and her circumstances

Of her roundness and brightness by reason of the Sun.

Shadow

Of her waxing and waning, where she is in her full quarter, & where the moon is and remaineth in her full.

Of the cause of the diverse aspects of the Moon

Of the cause of the Eclipse of the Sun

Different between the Eclipses of the Sun, and of the Moon.

Of the obscure Eclipse, or rather darkness, by the light of the Sun on the day that our Saviour Christ suffered on the Crosse, of a long recommendation. Matth. 27. 45. Mar. 15. 33. Luke. 23. 44.

* Quinsay.

Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun
A sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun?
And (pierc't with sorrow for such injuries)
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?
So, from the South to North, to make apparent
The God revok't his Serjeant Death's sad warrant
'Gainst *Ezechias*; and that he would give
The godly King fifteen years more to live:
Transgressing Heav'ns eternall ordinance; (prance:
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path did'st
And, as desirous of another nap
In thy Vermilion sweet *Aurora's* Lap, (Horse
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:
Dials went false, and Forests (gloomy black)
Wondred to see their mighty shades go back.
So, when th'incensed Heav'ns did fight so fell,
Under the Standard of deer *Israel*,
Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites*,
Among a million of swift Flashing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, upon their Armies proud (der,
(That such as scaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thun-
Victorious swords might after hew in-sunder)
Conjur'd by *Josuah*, thy brave steeds stood still,
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd
In mid'st of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:
Left th' Infidels in their disordred Flight,
Should save themselves under the wings of Night.
Those, that then liv'd under the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide so long his lovely face away,
Thought never-more to have re-seen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;
And in twelve Hours the Dials shew'd but one.

Of the going back of the Sun in the time of Ezechias. 2. King. 20. 11. Esay 38. 8.

Of the Sun standing still in the time of Josuah. Josuah 10.

So Morne and Evening the Fourth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fish *in the Sea*, Fowls *in the Aire abound*:
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found*:
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens*,
Whose constant Friendship *far exceedeth Mens*:
Arions *strange escape*: *The* Fowls *attend*
On th' onely Phœnix, *to her end-less end*:
Their kinds, *their* customes, *and their* Plumes *variety*;
Some presidents of Prudence, *some of* Piety:
The gratefull Eagle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Mistress, the fair Sestian *Dame.*

After a particuall mention he makes unto and opportunity to discourse of this day of the creation of Fishes and of Fowles.

Aethiopian Lamps conducting divers wales,
About the World, succeessive Nights and Dayes;
Parents of winged Time, haste, haste your Cars:
And passing swiftly both opposed Bars
Of *East*, and *West*, by your returning Ray,
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Ye *Fish* that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrick shine,
If you would see the Waters waving brine
Abound with Fishes, pray *Hyperion*
T' abandon soon his liquid Mansion,
If he expect in his prefixt Career,
To hoast with you a Month in every yeer.

To which purpose especially he calleth on the true God.

And thou, eternall Father, at whose wink
The wrathfull Ocean's swelling pride doth sink,
And stubborn storms of bellowing Winds be dumb,
Their wide mouths stope, & their wild pinions num;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whose hooks can draw
A man alive from the Whales monstrous maw,
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,
That through the vast Seas I may safely float:
Or rather teach me dive, that I may view
Deep under water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with spoyls, extoll thy mighty hand. (studs,

The first part of this Booke treateth of the Commandement of the Lord, the Fishes began to move in the Waters.

IN VAIN had God stor'd Heav'n with glistring
The plain with grain, the mountain tops with woods,
Sever'd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not soon peopled this large Theatre
With living Creatures: therefore he began
(This-Day) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In standing *Pools*, and in the straggling *Rivers*
(Whose folding Chanell fertill Champain severs)
So many *Fishes* of so many features,
That in the Waters one may see all Creatures,
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The Seas are stored with perfect signes and presidents of Gods glorious power, then heaven and earth and of the strange Fishes that live therein.

Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions,
Pinks, Gilliflowers, Mushroms, and many millions
Of other Plants, (more rare & strange then these)
As very Fishes living in the Seas:
And also Rams, Calfs, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,

Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer:
Whereof, examples (but a few years since)
Were shew'n the *Norway's*, and *Polonian* Prince.
You divine Wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deep *Invention* of rare Works hath come,
Took you not pattern of your Chiefest Tools
Out of the lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?
Which, partly in the Waves, part on the edges
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged Sedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, percers, needles, mallets, pipes & yoaks, (mers,
Ow'rs, sails, & swords, saws, wedges, razors, ram-
Plumes, cornets, knives, wheels, vices, horns & ham-
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panope*, (mers.
Palamon, *Triton*, and *Lucothoe*,
Kept publike Roules, there is the *Calamary*;
Who, ready, Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth carry.

Who God ordained to nurse sorts of strange Fishes.

As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) here
A sweet *Adonis*, a foul *Satyre* there:
Here a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigmé* Elf:
Sometimes, no less husying his skilfull selfe
Upon some ugly Monster (seldom seen,)
Then on the Picture of faire *Beautus Queen*:
Even so the Lord, that, in his work's varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie;
And that we might discern, by different features,
The various kinds of the vast Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty frame, he every kind
With divers and peculiar Signet sign'd.

Examples. The Poule-Cuttle-Cuttle-Crab-Sea-Hare-Oyster.

Some have their heads groveling betwixt their feet
(As th' inky *Cuttles*, and the *Many-feet*):
Some in their breast (as *Crabs*): some head-less are,
Foot-less, and finnless (as the banefull *Hare*,
And heat full *Oyster*) in a heap confus'd,
Their parts unparted, in themselves diffus'd.
The *Tyrian* Merchant, or the *Portuguze*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:

The Tortoise.

But of one *Tortoise*, when he list to float,
Th' *Arabian* Fisher-man can make a boat:
And one such Shell him in the stead doth stand
Of Hulk at Sea, and of an House on land.
Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
Wherewith huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly?

The Tunny.

Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet
Th' *Euan* Monarchs never danted Fleet,
And beard, more bravely, his victorious Powrs
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius* that three Battels lost?
When on the Surges I perceive, from far,
Th' *Orks*, *Whirl-pools Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*,

Divers kinds of Whales.

Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss.
Out fear-less Saylers, in far voyages
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses)

Of their monstrous shape and huge proportion.

On th' *Indian* shore, have somtime noted some
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres room:
And in the *South-Seas* they have also seen
Some like high-topped and huge armed Treen;
And other-some, whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spoakes, that
Much like the winged & wide spreading sails (were,
Of any Wind-mill, turn'd with merry gales.
But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not onely cast them in so sundry moldes;

Of the divers qualities of Fishes.

But gave them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
Int' admiration; that men, evermore,
Prailing his Works, might praise their Maker more.
Some love fresh Waters, some the salt desire,
Some from the Sea use yearly to retire
To the next Rivers, at their own contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting:
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt;
For Winter th' one, th' other for Summers heat.
As Citizens, in some intestine braul,

Similie. Describing the custome of compleat Sea-Fishes, frequenting the Fresh Waters in some seasons of the year.

Long cooped up within their Castle wall;
So soon as Peace is made, and Siege remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;
And tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Chevins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-star'd,
In the Spring season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take;
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,
Their pleasant lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countrey's tender love wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th' irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:

Comparison.

Like English Gallants, that in Youth do go
To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, *and* Po;
Where though their Sense be dandled, dayes and nights,
In sweetest choice of changeable Delights,
They never can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly home their hearts and eyes recoyl,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Native Eire.
One (like a Pirat) onely lives of prizes,

The Pirates lodging.

That in the Deep he desperately surprizes:
Another haunts the shore, to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another hating theeving,
Eats nought at all, of liquor onely living:
For, the salt humor of his Element
Serves him, alone, for perfect nourishment. (torrents,
Some love the clear streams of swift tumbling
Which through the rocks straining their struggling
Break banks & Bridges; and do never stop, (currents
Till thirsty Summer come to drink them up:
Some almost alwaies pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools, and never brook the flood
Of Chrystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the Worlds Peers prefer
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:
And some againe (of a far differing humour)
Hold Rest so deer, that but the onely rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurst.
O watry Citizens, what Umpeer bounded
Your liquid Livings? O! what Monarch mounded
With

Of the providence of God in their diverse and notable manner of living; affording many lessons to mankinde.

With walls your City? what severest Law
Keeps your huge armies in so certain aw,
That you encroch not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)
Men daily practise, joining Land to Land,
House unto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insatiable)
World unto World, if they could work it possible.
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,
Or for your seeds securer propagation,
Doe somtimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learned *Chalde* (skild in fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth show?
What Heralds Trumpet summons you to go? (ons
What Guide conducteth, Day & Night, your Legi-
Through path-less paths in unacquainted Regions?
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star,
Measures your course in your adventures farre?
Surely the same that made you first of Nought,
Who in your Nature some *Idèas* wrought
Of Good and Evill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.

Strange nature of the fish *Sargus*.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wives every day, in the deep streams; but (strange)
As if the honey of Sea-loves delights
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;

Of Cantharus.

Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*,
Who, ever faithfull to his dearest Spouse
In Nuptiall-Duties spending all his life,
Loves never other then his onely wife.

Of the Mullet.

But, for her Love, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher have surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

Simile.

As yerst those famous, loving *Thracian Dames*
That leapt alive into the funeralls flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gone,
Those loyall Wives hated to live alone.

The Urano-scope.

O! who can here sufficiently admire
That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
Still toward Heav'n; as if beneath the skies
He found no object worthy of his eyes.
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth fill
Out of the clov'n pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms about it creep and crawl:
Th' *Urano-scope*, so, bid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like unto a little Worm (at sight)
Where-at, eft-soons, many small Fishes bite:
Which, there-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwaies self-armed with hook, line, and bait.

The Oyster.

The subtle * *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oyster-flesh* would gain,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,
Lest else (before that he have had his prey)
The *Oyster* closing, clip his limbs away,
And (where he thought t' have joy'd his victories)
Himselfe become unto his prize a prize.

The Torpedo.

The *Cramp-Fish*, knowing that she harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sensless Winter,
Be-numming all that dare too-neer her venter:
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Yce
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That she not onely stayes them in the Deep,
But shuns their sense, and luls them fast asleep;
And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed,
Whose frozen limbs (still living) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that, when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
When they be prickt, & plunge, & strive, & struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the book doe tangle:
But, wily clasping close the Fishing Line,
Suddenly spews into the Silver brine
Her secret-spreading, sudden speeding bane;
Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who, with-all
Benumm'd and senseless, suddenly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:
Become like one that (as in bed be lies)

Simile.

Seems in his sleep to see some gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his Wife for ayd, his friends his folks,
But his stuft stomack his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold;
But sleep and feare his feeble hands do hold:
Then would he run away; but as he strives,
He feels his feet fetter'd with heavie Gyves,

The Scolopendra.

But, if the *Scolopendra* have suckt-in
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:
For, instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his office, or his wonted room.

The Amia. The Sea-Fox.

The thriving *Amia* (neer *Abides* breeding)
And subtle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-love exceeding)
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwi-
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair, (ning;
Above the hook they it in sunder shear;
So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lifts up a bare line robb'd of bait and book.

The Barbels.

But timorous *Barbles* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they have unhooked it:
And all the baits the Fisher can devise
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies.

The Cuttle.

Even so, almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Well-neer insnared yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her selfe within the Net,
And no way left, but one from thence to get,
She suddenly a certaine Ink doth spew,
Which dyes the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,
She through the clouds of the black Waters night
Might scape with honour the black streams of *Styx*,
Whereof already, almost lost, she licks.

Simile.

And, as a Prisoner, (of some great transgression,
Convict by witness and his own confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;

Spies every corner, and pries round about
To finde some weak place where he may get out:
The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the wideſt ſpace doth ſpy,
And thruſting in his tail, makes th' Oſiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth ſo eſcape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus beſted,
He lends his tail to the impriſoned;
That thereby holding faſt with gentle jaw,
Him from his durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captivate)
He ſee him hooked on the biting bait,
Haſting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth ſnaps-off the hairy twine.
You ſtony hearts, within whoſe ſtubborn Center
Could never touch of ſacred friendſhip enter,
Look on theſe Seas my Songs have calmed thus:
Here's many a *Damon*, many a *Theſeus*.
The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blaſt
Begins to threat, themſelves together caſt
In heaps like bals, and heating mutually,
Live; that alone, of the keen cold would dye.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelves a prey
Expos'd in every Water-Rovers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold (hold
Combine themſelves, that their joynt ſtrength doth
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-theeves ſallies;
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.
As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppreſt
With her ſelfs-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Star-board and Lar-board, with ſo quick Careers
As a ſmall Fregat, or ſwift Pinnaſ ſteers;
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,
Either of *Friſeland*, or of *German* breed,
Can never manage half ſo readily,
As *Spaniſh* Jennet, or light *Barbarie*:
So the huge *Whale* hath not ſo nimble motion,
As ſmaller Fiſhes that frequent the Ocean;
But ſometimes rudely 'gainſt a Rock he bruſhes,
Or in ſome roaring ſtraight he blindly ruſhes,
And ſcarce could live a Twelve-month to an end,
But for the little *Muſculus* (his friend)
A little Fiſh, that ſwimming ſtill before,
Directs him ſafe from Rock, from Shelf and Shore:
Much like a Childe that loving leads about
His aged Father when his eyes be out;
Still waſting him through every way ſo right,
That reſt of eyes he ſeems not reft of ſight.
Waves-mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample ſpace,
A firmer League of friendſhip is not ſeen
Then is the *Pearl-Fiſh* and the *Prawn* between;
Both have but one repaſt, both but one Palace,
But one delight, death, ſorrow, and one ſolace:
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindneſs, with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fiſh* gaping wide doth gliſter,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright ſilver luſtre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a ſigne doth make-her
That inſtantly her ſhining ſhell ſhe'll cloſe
(Becauſe the prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, ſhe ev'nly ſhareth-out
The prey betwixt her, and her faithfull ſcout.
And ſo the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull ſenſe, when repaſt it takes.
But O! what ſtile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Urchin*) your dexterity
In Sailers Art, for ſafeneſs and celerity!
If *Jaffa* Merchants, now Comburgers ſeem
With *Portugals*, and *Portugals* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born under other Sky,
Seem born in ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundry way-leſs wayes addreſt:
If (to be brief) this World's rich compaſs round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choyce) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-fleece*,
Or *Belus* Son, firſt builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Windes ſtorms, & the Waters ſtowrs;
What e're he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sailing too.
Here would I ceaſe ſave that this hum'rous ſong
The *Hermit-Fiſh* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a defence
'Gainſt Weathers rigour and Warr's inſolence,
Firſt dearly buyes (for, What good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare VVorkmanſhip:
But, without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone,
Or hiring men to build his Manſion,
Or borrowing Houſe, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth ſafe: for, finding on the ſhore
Some handſome ſhell, whoſe Native Lord, of late
VVas diſpoſſeſſed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes poſſeſſion
Of th' empty Harbour by the free conceſſion
Of natures Law; who *Goods that owner want*
Alwaies allots to the firſt Occupant.
In this new Caſe, or in this Cradle (rather)
He ſpends his Youth: then, growing both together
In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell,
VVherein at Sea his later dayes to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious
In numbring *Neptunes* buſie Burgers thus?
If in his works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soveraigne, bring but onely forth
One little *Fiſh*, whoſe admirable Story
Sufficeth ſole to ſhew his might and glory.
Let all the VVinds in one VVinde gather them,
And (ſeconded with *Neptunes* ſtrongeſt ſtream)
Let all at once blow all their ſtiffeſt gales.
A-ſtern a Galley under all her ſails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by five luſty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempeſt-beaten Veſſels ſtern,
Stayes her ſtone-ſtill, while all her ſtout Conſorts
Saile thence at pleaſure to their wiſhed Ports.
Then looſe they all the ſheats, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Veſſell bougeth not a foot:
No more then if three fadome under ground,
A ſcore of Anchors held her faſtly bound:

No

The Golden-eye or Gold-head.

Sundry inſtructions that Fishes give to man.

The Sparlings.

Simile.

Another.

Of the Whale and his friend Muſculus.

Simile.

Strange League betweene the Pearl-fish and the Prawne.

Alla betweene the Sponge and his Spy. The Galley-Fish. The ſafe-Fish. Boat-Crab. Sea-Urchin.

The Sea-Hermit.

The ſtrange and ſecret property of the Remora or Stop-ship.

No more then doth an Oak that in the Wood
Hath thousand tempests (thousand times) with-
Spreading as many massie roots belowe, (stood,
As mighty Arms above the ground do growe.
O *Stop-Ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy selfe alone against so many foes.
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide.
Whence thou resisteth Sayls, Ow'rs, Wind, & Tide.
How'on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A Ship, whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy secret force
That frustrates Engins, and all force doth Force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o'te,
And ev'n already set one foot a-shore;
When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,
'Gan mine oblivion moodily mis-thank.
Peace, Princely Swimmer, sacred *Fish* content thee;
For, for thy praise, th'end of this Song I meant thee.
Brave Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,
Who living, ever liv'st (for, never sleep,
Deaths lively Image, in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody, (ply
Thou up and down through the moyst World dost
Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou lovest so,
That lacking that, thy life thou dost forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore,
Which safely brought th' *Amiclaan* Harp a-shore.

Arion, matchless for his Musicks skill,
Among the *Latines* having gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceding fain
To re-salute his learned *Greece* again;
Unwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ship,
VVho, loath to let so good a booty slip,
Soon weighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail;
And VVinds conspiring with a prosperous gale,
His winged Fregat made so speedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quicly out of sight;
And all, save Skies, and Seas, on every side;
VVhere th' onely Compass is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Falser then Seas, and fiercer then the VVinde)
Fall straight to strip him rifling (at their Pleasure)
In every corner to find out his Treasure;
And, having found it, all with one accord
Hoist th' Owner up, to heave him over-boord.
VVho, weeping, said O *Nereus* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That under-foot all worldly wealth they throw.)
No (brave Triumphers over VVinde and VVave,
VVho in both VVorlds your habitation have,
VVho both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue: (view)
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Unto a person deer unto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Syrens*, for your sake,
Be ever mute when you your voyage make,
And *Tritons* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage,
VVhen (justly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaine)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voyce,
My dolefull fingers to comfort their noise:
That so the Sea-Nymphs (rapt in admiration
Of my divine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corpt to shore, with weeping showrs
May dew the same; and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and give us both together
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th' inchanting sinnewes of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, and the *Congers* row
Friendly together, and their native hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobsters* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps* prone to theft, and guile.
But among all the Fishes that did throng
To dance the measures of his mournefull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,
Seem'd to invite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had assayd
To heave him o're; yet twice himselfe he staied:
And now the third time strove they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast:
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphins* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Oceans azure Surges slid;
So, that far-off (his charge so cheered him)
One would have thought him rather fly, then swim:
Yet fears he every Shelfe and every Surge
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender-charge)
And, floaping swiftly overthwart those Seas
(Not for his owne but for his Riders ease)
Makes double haste to finde some happy strand,
Where his sweet *Phebus* he may safely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
Payes his fleet Pylot his delight full Fare.
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;
O thou Almighty! who mankinde to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
And yet didst save from th' universall Doom,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to come
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise?
Looke down (O Lord) from thy superhall rayes;
Look, look (alas!) upon a wretched man;
Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:
O! be my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-less Boat, and bit-less Horse I ride;
So that, escaping Winds and Waters wrath,
I once again may tread my native path:
And hence-forth, here with solemn vowes I sacre
Unto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great favours high Memoriall,
My Heart and Art, my Voyce, Hand, Harp, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The cloudy Welkin waxed clear again,
And all the Windes did sodainly convert
Their mouthes to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)
Stormes with himselfe, for having made such haste,
And

Aphin

The strange adventure of Arion, saved by a Dolphin.

And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,
I' have joy'd the while his Musicks excellence.
But. 'fore his owne delight, preferring far
Th' unhoped safety of the Minstrell rare,
Sets him ashore, & (which most strange may seem)
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.
But now (deere *Muse*) with *Jonas* let us hie
From the Whales belly; and from jeopardy
Of stormfull Seas, of wrackfull Rocks and Sand,
Come, come (my Darling) let us haste to Land.
While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I sing of *Fishes* (that their Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowles* are from my fancie fled,
And their high prayses quite out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muse almost
The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath lost.
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your shadows (as ye pass)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty and your due concerns.
But first I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes
The sense-less senses of those drowsie Sots,
Whose eye-lids laden with a weight of Lead
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rimes are read.
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
Among the Waters silent Colonies;
How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
Through Heav'n, & Earth, & Ocean doth redound?
The Heav'nly Phœnix first began to frame
The Earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus* circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such form, such feathers, & such Fate he gave-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown, a crest
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)
A golden doun about her dainty neck,
Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and train of feathers (mixed fine)
Of orient Azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her here
Her life again, which never shall expire
Untill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, having passed under divers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;
Worn-out with years; wishing her endless end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend,
Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
To rise again more beautifull and brave.
Perched, therefore, upon a branch of palm,
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard Myrrh, and Balm;
By break of Day she builds (in narrow room)
Her Urn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting
Some flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)
To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders
(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders);
The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;
The shivering *Coach-man*, with his Ycy Snowe
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:

Auster presumes not *Libyan* shores to pass
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Cave:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T' her living Death a helping hand doth lend:
And, stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted
Her Funerals, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himself, glancing his golden eyes
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies:
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
Th' immortall *Phœnix*, both her flesh and plumes.
But instantly out of her ashes springs
A VVorm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,
Just like the first (rather the same indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfly seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she loseth, there her life she wins:
End-less by 't End, eternall by her Tomb;
VVhile, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom'
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)
Her own selfs Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, & Sire:
Teaching us all, in *Adam* here to dy,
That we in Christ may live eternally.
The *Phœnix*, cutting th' unfrequented Aire,
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair
Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,
VVith divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.
The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bow,
VVhen (Use, and Art, and Strength confedered)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear
Her round-Front Palace in a place secure,
VVhose plot may serve in rarest Arch'tecture:
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,
Her wings with VVater, and with Earth her claws,
VVhereof she Morter makes and there-with-all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle VVall.
The pretty *Lark*, climbing the VVelkin clear,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Dear*;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu, deer Deer adieu.*
The *Spink*, the *Linet*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.
But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small,
So many Tunes, whose Harmony excels
Our Voyce, our Violls, and all Musick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, cleer.
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rarest voices with her self to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last,
That she hath conned all the Winter past:

The

The broad part of the Book, treating of Fowles.

Of the admirable and rarely Phœnix.

Her description.

Her life.

Her death.

Her resurrection.

The best application.

Birds that follow the Phœnix, and their motions.

The Swallow.

The Lark.

The Linet. The Finch.

The Nightingale.

The first replyes, and descants there-upon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling Quavers; And so (turn by turn)
Alternatly they sing away the Morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a delicious song
She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred yong:
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistress Rules aright.

Divers other delicate, and gentle Birds.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chastest *Turtle-Dove*, (love,)
The grizel *Quoist*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes Boords)
And the greene *Parrat*, fainer of our Words,
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply
A Rudders place, the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle *Tercell*,
Th' *Ospray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble sarcell,
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almost)
At once discovering many an unknow'n Coast.
In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the glittring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, back sable, sanguin breast, (prest
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons alwayes
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:
With these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he puls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With these, he guards against an Army bold
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men upon his right should rove,
Or theevish hands usurp his *Treasor-trove*.

Desolation of Arts for her unreasonable and dangerous desire.

O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl)
For this dire bane of our seduced soule:
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants to ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard, (her
That hence-forth hopeless, man's frail mind may rest
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
While under ground we live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;
And maugre Winds and Waters enmity,
We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds descry:
For which (alas!) the Brother sels his Brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell we hence?
Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,
We sell our selves, our very soules, and all.

Neer these, the *Crow* his greedy wings displayes,
The long-liv'd *Rav'n*, th' *infamous Bird* that layes
His Bastard Egges within the nests of other,
To have them hatcht by an unkindely Mother:
The *Skrich-Owle*, us'd in falling Towres to lodge,
Th' unlucky *Night-Rav'n*, and thou lasie *Madge*
That, fearing light, still seekest where to hide
The hate and scorn of all the Birds' beside.

Night-Fowles and Ominous Birds.

But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns arose?
'Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doe haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:
The silver *Swan*, that dying singeth best,
And the *Kings-Fisher*; which so builds her nest,
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season, (Reason)
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of
Cannot devise, with all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raise or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly sleeps;
For, *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.
The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Merchant resolutely ventures,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Lauga*, skimming (as it were)
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, she feeds upon his heart.

Water Fowls.

Strange admirable Birds.

NEW-SPAIN's *Cucnio*, in his forhead brings
Two burning Lamps, two underneath his wings;
Whose shining Rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' imbroiderer's hand in royall Works to light:
Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
The Usurer to count his glittring treasures:
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.

But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange & wondrous (birds) *Manu-*
(Wondrous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky, *(ques*
Saw ever wonder swim, or go, or fly) (breeds them:
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that
Food-less they live; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them:
Wing-less they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till, with their flight, their unknow'n lives-date

Vvith so called Birds of Paradise.

The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*, (ends.
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Praise-worthy Payre; with pure examples yeeld
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe:
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth & tender breeding,
Not onely brooding under her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor onely bearing them upon her back (they lack;
Through th' empty Aire when their owne wings
But also sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with hearie Gyves of Eld.

Charitable Birds.

The

The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Unto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by some fell Serpent slain,
She rents her breft, and doth upon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recovering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a captive; and on shamefull Tree (save-us,
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by's wounds to
And salve the wounds th'old Serpent firstly gave-us:
And so became of meer immortall, mortall;
Thereby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Lessons for mankinde, out of the consideration of the nature of divers creatures.

Thus do'st thou print (O Parent of this All)
In every breft of brutest Animall
A kind instinct, which makes them dread no less
Their Childrens danger, then their owne decease;
That so each Kinde may last immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.
So fights a *Lion* not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kils; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes-in, dread-less of spears, and darts, (parts;
Swords, shafts, & staves, though hurt in thousand
And brave-resolved, till his last breath lack,
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captive little-Ones.
So, for their young our *Masty Currs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry
Lucina's throwes, a thousand times doth try:
For, seeing when the subtle Fisher followes them,
Again alive into her womb she swallowes them;
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;
And (thousand lives to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.

The Crane.

I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry:
Y
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y,
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northern Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southern Climates* for a milder Winter;
A front each Band a forward Captain flies,
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage, through the Skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voyce hasten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
Still holding in his claw a stony clod,
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.

Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Untill, by turns the night be turned forth.

The Peacock.

There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave,
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.

The Cock.

Close by his side stands the couragious *Cock*,
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,
Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise;
And when *Sol* setteth then to roost he hies.

The Estridge.

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Estridge*, striving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude,
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd),
Whose greedy stomack steely gads digests;
Whose crisped train adorns triumphant crests.

Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches,
Blush not (my book) nor think it thee dismatches,
To bear about upon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, *Butterflies*, *Gnats*, *Bees*, and all the rabbles
Of other *Insects* (endless to rehearse)

Of Insects, or the Creatures whose of the wisedome of their Maker shewes admirably.

Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse:
Sith these are also his wise Workmanships
Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:
And sith in These he shows us every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatsoever other Monster haunts
In Storm-less Seas, raising a storm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.
For, if old times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmots*; and *Mermecides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, so small
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all,
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no use, were but inventions vain)
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,
Which doth within so narrow space dispence

Of Wasps.

So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart,
So loud a voyce, so prudent Wit and Art.

Of Bees.

For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whose eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth pace,
Sees here no Citie, that in Rites and Laws
(For Equitie) neer to their Justice draws:
Not * That which flying from the furious *Hun*,
In th' *Adrian* Sea another World begun.

* Venice.

Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,
That, durst I loose the Reins of my desires,
I gladly could digress from my designe,
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:
But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare
To counterfeit th' Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durst finish that fair Piece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Love's* wanton Queen;
Shall I presume *Hymettus* Mount to climbe,
And sing the *Bees* praise in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

* The silk-worm.

Yet may I not that little * *Worm* pass-by,
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:

Two

Two births, a deaths, here Nature hath assign'd-her,
Leaving a Post-hume (dead-live) seed behind-her,
Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaves
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to those slender sleaves
(On ovall clews) of soft, smooth, *Silken* flakes,
Which more for us, then for her self, she makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The sacred loyns of Princes heretofore:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse,
Hath so profan'd th' old honourable use,
That Shifters now, who scarce have bread to eat,
Disdain plain *Silk*, un'less it be beset
With one of those deer Metals, whose desire
Burns greedy soules with an immortall fire.
Though last, not least; brave *Eagle* no contempt
Made me so long thy story hence exempt;
(Nor LESS-EX *told shall thy true vertues be,*
For th' Eyrie's sake that owes my Muse and me;
Where Jov's *and* Juno's *stately Birds be billing,*
Their Azure Field with fairest Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin grailed* Or *between).*
WIT CHeftie RICHess, *to* THem *all I wish*
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown *of Blis.)*
For, well I know, thou holdest (worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon*, or the *Cockatrice*
Among the banefull Creeping Companies:
The noble *Lion* among savage beasts;
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dying guests.
I know thy course; I know, thy constant sight
Can fixly gaze against Heav'ns greatest Light.
But, as the Phœnix on my Front doth glister,
Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre.
On *Thracian* shore, of the same stormy stream
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Sister (and not far from thence
Where love-blind *Heros* hap-less diligence,
In stead of Loves lamp, lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft *Leanders* naked limbs to land)
There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*, but more chaste by much:
For, her steel breast still blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.
One day, this Damsell through a Forrest thick
Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)
Unto a steep Rocks thorny-thrummed top
(Where, one (almost) would fear to clamber up)
Two tender *Eaglets* in a nest espies,
Which 'gainst the Sun fate trying of their eyes;
Whose callow backs and bodies round about
With soft short quils began to bristle out;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.
Of these two *Fowls* the fairest up she takes
Into her bosome, and great haste she makes.
Down from the Rock, and shivering yet for fear
Trips home as fast as her light feet can bear:
Even as a wolf, that hunting for a prey,
And having stoln (at last) some Lamb away;
Flyes with down-hanging head, and feareth back
Whether the Mastife doo pursue his track.
In time, this *Eagle* was so throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry to her Mistress hand
At the first call 't would come; and fawn upon-her,
And bill and bow, in signe of love and honour:
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird: stroaking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce
It wantonly doth cherish and rejoyce:
And (pretty-fondling) she doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our single joyes,
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Fowl* and *Fairest* both alike;
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick;
So that, to note their passions, one would gather
That *Lachesis* spun both their lives together.
But oft the *Eagle*, striving with her Fit,
Would fly abroad to seek some dainty bit
For her deer Mistress: and, with nimble wing,
Some *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,
From those fair Irory, Virgin-fingers soft,
During her nonage, yet she durst assay
To cleave the sky, and for her selfe to prey.
The Fever now with spitefull fits had spent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life resign'd to cruell death her right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.
The fearfull Hare durst now frequent the Down;
And round about the Wals of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,
Dread-less of th' *Eagle* that so well they knew:
For she (alas!) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still-sadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:
For, O! how should she live sith Fatall knife
Hath cut the thread of her lives dearest life? (vers,
O're the deer Corps somtimes her wings she ho-
Somtimes the dead breast with her breast she covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes she kisses the cold lips and face;
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so,
That her strange moan augments the parents wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run
Past the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* son,
Since the fair Virgin past the fatall Ferrey
Where (lastly) Mortals leave their burthens weary;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-less, Rest and Repast for bears:
So much (alas!) she seemeth to contend,
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.
But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to wreak;
With ire and anguish both at once enraged,
Unnaturally her proper breast she gaged,
And tears her bowels, storming bitterly
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, loe the while, about the lightsome door
Of th' hap-less house, a mournfull troop that bore
Black on their back and Tapers in their fists,
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their brests;
Who, taking up the sacred Load (at last)
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embrac't;

A strange and notable story of one here and derived an Eagle.

With

With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With solemn pace: The silly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails;
Honouring, with convoy, two sad Funerals.
No sooner had the the Ceremonies Flame
Embrac't the body of her tender Dame;
But suddenly, distilling all with blood,
Down souft the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamens*, with his sacred wand,
A hundred times to beat her from her stand:
For, to the midst still of the *Pile* she plies;
And, singing sweet her Ladies Obsequies,
There burns her selfe, and blendeth, happily,
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.
O happy Pair! upon your sable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* ever showring come;
May sweetest Myrtles ever shade your Herse,
And evermore live you within my Verse.

So Morne and Evening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SIXTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inviting all, which through this World, aspire
Unto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire;
Here, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beasts of the Earth, Cattell, and creeping things;
Their hurt and help to us: The strange events
Between Androdus, *and the Forrest Prince.*
The little-world(*Commander of the greater*)
Why formed last: his admirable feature:
His Heav'n born Soule; her wondrous operation:
His dearest Rib: All Creatures generation.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) (wend
Toward th' happy City, where withouten end
True joyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Where Deaths pale horrors never do resort:
If you will see the fair Amphitheaters,
Th' Arke, Arsenels, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Colosses, Cirques Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly dispersed in your passages;
Come, come with me: for, there's not any part
In this great Frame where shineth any Art,
But I will show 't you. Are you weary, since?
What 'tyr'd so soon? Why will you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth so far (war)
On *Neptun's* back (through Windes and Waters
Rowe, yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whose shores already my glad eyes discover?
Almighty Father guide, their guide along,
And pour upon my faint influent tongue
The sweetest hony of th' *Hyanthian* Fount,
Which freshly purleth from the Muses Mount,
With the sweet charm of my victorious Verse;
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make (all the while) Beasts, laying fury by,
To come with Homage to my Harmony. (build,
OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst
To haunt the Hils, the Forrest, and the Field,
I see (as Vice-Roy of their Brutish Band)
The *Elephant* the Vant-guard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towred back, where many Souldiers ward;
Or else his Prudence, wherewithall he seems
T' obscure the wits of human-kinde somtimes:
As studious Scholar, he self-ruminetb
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoureth,
Adores the Moon (moved with strange desire.
He feels the sweet flames of the *Idalian* fire,
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dye.
Yea (if the *Grecians* doe not mis-recite)
With 't crooked trumpet he doth somtimes write.
But, his huge strength, or subtile Wit, cannot
Defend him from the fly *Rhinoceros*:
Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yet the lists he enter)

Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his armed snout:
Then buckling close, doth not (ar randon) hack
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemies back;
But under's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe
For th' *Elephant*, up a thick Tree doth goe;
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Ca, sle in his way:
Who, once approaching straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
With's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His stinging knots unable to untie)
Hastes to some Tree, or to some Rock, whereon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,
The fell imbraces of whose dismall clasp
Have almost brought him to his latest gasp.
Then suddenly, the *Dragon* slips his hold
From th' *Elephant*, and sliding down, doth fold
About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,
That stocked there he now can stir no further;
While th' *Elephant* (but to no purpose) strives
With's winding Trunk t' undoe his wounding gyves,
His furious foe thrusts, in his nose, his nose;
Then head and all; and there-withall doth close
His breathing passage: but, his victory
He joyes not long; for his huge Enemy
Falling down dead, doth with his weighty Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall:
Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue
In their own brests their furious blades t' embrew,
While pittie-less hurried with blinded zeal,
In their own blood they bath their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux*, S. *Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their particidiall bloody swords encounter;
Making their Countrey (as a Tragick Tomb)
T' enter th' Earth's terror in their hap-less womb.
Or, like our own (late) YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,
Which did the womb of their own Dam devour,
And spoil'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
When (WHITE *and* RED) ROSE *against* ROSE, *they stood,*
Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood:
While Wakefield, Barnet, *and* S. Alban's *streets*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:
Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;
Sub; by them both, was but their own undone.
Neer th' *Elephant*, comes th' horned * *Hirable*,
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,
The lazy-paced (yet laborious) *Asse*,
The quick, proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready lightness moving:
This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound,
Corvet, pase, manage, turn, & trot the Round: (him;
That, followes loose behind the Groom that keeps-
This kneeleth down the whilehis Master leaps-him:
This runs on Corn-Eats, & ne'r bends their quils;
That on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.
In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,
Th' oblivious *Conney*, and the brouzing *Goat*,
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-fleeced *Sheep*,
The light-foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Summer in some spacious stream!
One swimts before another on his chine,
Nigh half-upright, doth with his brest incline;
On that, another; and so all do ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can leade no more,
He that was hindmost comes and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common State;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others shoulders his sweet-bitter charge.
But, of all Beasts, none lleadeth Man so much
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purveyor, that, with perfect smell,
Provides great Princes many a dainty mess;
A friend till death, a helper in distress,
Dread of the Wolf, Fear of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.
There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise,
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the Winde will
He shifts the portall of his little Grange. (change,
There's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,
The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:
The sweat-sweet *Civit*, deerly fetcht from far
For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.
There, the wise *Bever*, who, pursu'd by foes,
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes,
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontick* Heath
Doe more desire that ransom, then his death.
There the rough *Hedg-Hog*; who, to shun his thrall,
Shrinks up himselfe as round as any Ball;
And fastning his slowe feet under his chin,
On's thistly brittles rowles him quickly in. (strange
But th' eye of Heav'n beholdeth nought more
Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change
Receives the colour that each object gives,
And (food-less else) of th' Aire alonely lives.
My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest
Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes oppreist;
My haire doth stare, my bones for fear do quake,
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:
And, round about Deaths Image (gastly-grim)
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.
O! who is he that would not be astound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round,
With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery,
Have vow'd against us end-less Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides* selfe would dread,
Although the first drad *Python* conquered,
And th' other vanquisht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.
What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,
From *Nile's* fell Rover could deliver them,
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land & Water
'Gainst men and Fishes subject to his slaughter?
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone
Set-on a Roman Army; whereupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* wals have rent?
What

His combat with the Dragon.

The true Image of a vile War.

Similie.

Similie.

* Alias Giraffa, Antelope, an Indian Sheep, or a wilde Sheep. The Hirable. Camell. Bull. Asse. Horse.

The Hare.

The Conney. Goat. Swine. Sheep. Deere.

Dog.

Squirrill.

Weazell. Fox. Monkey. Civit Cat.

Bever or Beaver.

Hedg-hog.

Chameleon.

Crocodile. Venomous, and other, free to man.

The Crocodile.

Dragon.

What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty,
'Gainst th' angry *Aspick* could assure them safety?
Who (faithfull Husband) over Hill and Plain
Pursues the man that his dear Pheer hath slain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,
And, in an instant, venge him of his wrong.
What shield of *Ajax* could avoid their death
By th' *Basilisk*, whose pestilentiall breath
Doth pierce him Marble, and whose banefull eye
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dye?
Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear
This rich round Mansion (glorious every where)
Alas! why didst thou on *This-Day* create
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate
Our thorny life? O! were thou pleas'd to form
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Cerastes*; th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Dryna* (full of odious stink);
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst);
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?
Pardon, good God; pardon me; t' was our pride,
Not Thou that troubled our first happy ride.
And, in the Childehood of the World, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena*; her double banefull sting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:
The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoke their self-obedient neck;
As now the ready *Horse* is at command
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his own will perform,
But his that rules him with a steddy arm.
Yea, av forgetfull of so foule offence,
Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdome, whence
He might subdue, and to his service stoop
The stubborn'st heads of all the savage troop.
Of all the creatures through the Welkin gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,
Th' harmed some with Poyson, some with Paws,
Some with sharp Antlers, some with griping Claws,
Some with keen Tushes, some with crooked Beaks,
Some with thick Cuirets, some with scaly Necks;
But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gavst him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which mits and dots, except it subject finde
Worthy it's worth, whereon it self to grinde;
And (as it were) with envious armies great,
Be round about besieged and beset.
For, what boot *Milo's* brawny Shoulders broad,
And sinnewie Arms, if but a common load
He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Olive boughs,
Parsley, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,
Except some other *Milo*, entring Lists,
Courageously his boasted strength resiste?
In deepest perils shineth Wisdomes prime: (clime;
Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to
Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,
If bloody Danger doe not wait upon her.
O gracious Father! th' hast not onely lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherewith these foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife
Serpents with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes
Which, unprovoked, felly them oppose.
Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:
Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)
Unnaturally devour his proper brood:
Whereof, one scaping from the Parents hunger,
With's death doth vengence on his brethrens wron-
Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might, (ger:
Murder the *Serpent* with the mudering sight:
Who so surpriz'd, striving in wrathfull manner,
Dying himself, kils with his baen his Baner.
Thou mak'st th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs*
To rid of Poysons *Nile's* manured shore; (adore)
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
So much by strength as subtle stratagem.
As he that (urg'd with deep indignity)
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie,
Premeditates his posture and his play,
And arms himself so compleat every way
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaohs* Rat, yet he begin the fray
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleaving Clay
Upon his coat he wraps an earthen Cake,
Which, afterward, the Sun's hot beams doe bake:
Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approcheth,
And in his throat his crooked tooth he brocheth;
While th' other boot-less strives to pierce & prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:
Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)
Alone to match the scaly *Crocodile*;
Hee, with the *Wren*, his ruine doth conspire.
The *Wren*, who seeing (prest with sleeps desire)
Nile's poys'ny Pirate press the slimy shore,
Suddenly comes, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles,
Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes
Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then, like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly,
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth flie,
And feeds upon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Nile's* fat margents scarce could furnish diet.
Nay, more, good Lord th' hast taught Mankind a Reason
To draw Life out of Death, & Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Balance balancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Unto mans life, we shall perceive, the first
By many grains to over-weigh the worst.
From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safty:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Savages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former fears again.
Already howls the waste-full *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
The Cat-fac'd *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Foaming with fury, doe besiege me hard:

Aspick.

Basilisk.

God hath given us wisdome to avoid and vanquish them.

Scorpion.

God hath given us wisdome to avoid and vanquish them.

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

The Weazell against the Basilisk.

The Ichneumon against the Aspick.

The Ichneumon & the Wren against the Crocodile.

God hath taught us to make great use of them.

Pierce and unsatiable beasts.

The Wolf. Boar. Bear.

Ounce.

Tigre. Leopard.

Then th' *Unicorn*, th' *Hyæna* tearing-tombs,
Swift *Mantichor*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms:
Of which last three, each hath, (as here they stand)
Man's voice, Man's visage, Man-like foot and hand.
I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb
Shee doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

Illustration. Hyæna. Mantichor, a kinde of Hyæna. Cephus, a kind of Ape in Mathey Chronicle.

But O'what Monster's this that bids me battell,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle,
Who string-less shoots so many arrowes out,
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Brittled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his aid still new supplies to bring?
O fortunate Shaft-never-wanting Bow-man!
Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never missest (or but very narrow)
Th' intended mark of thy selfs-kindred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollo*'s quiver,
Nor bow-strings fetcht from *Carian Alebund*,
Brazell from *Peru*, but hast all at hand
Of thine own growth; for in thy Hide doe growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver, and thy Bow.

The Porcupine.

But (Courage now.) Here coms the valiant Beast,
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
Who, bravely minded, is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes:
To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull;
To benefactours never found ingratefull.

The Lion King of Beasts.

I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall,
Who, to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master that (for lucre) us'd him
Not, as a Man; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)
Fled through the desart, and, with travell tir'd,
At length into a mossie cave retir'd:
But there, no sooner 'gan the drowzy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch;
But, comming swift into the cave, he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thiet, to shamefull execution sent
By *Justice*, for his faults just punishment,
Feeling his eyes clout, and his elbows cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yet his death, he looks so certainly
Without delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slave, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,
But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,
Pale, cold and sense-less, in a deadly swown.
At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pity rather)
In his new Hoast, who with milde looks and meek
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A festring thorn for a long time had been. (nigher,
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slave draw
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the bryer;
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th' hot impostume run upon the ground.

A memorable History of a Lion, who (knowledging the kindnesse he had received of Andro) dealt kind unto Slave.

Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
Through hill & dale, to cheer his new-come Guest,
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,
Soon leaves his lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;
And once more wanders through the wilderness,
Whither his froward Fortune would address,
Untill (re-ta'en) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle unto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloodily torn with greedy Lions paws.
Fell *Cannibal*! Flint-hearted *Polyphem*!
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
Why from thine own hand hast thou let him gon,
To bears and Lions to be giv'n for prey,
Thy self more fell, a thousand-fold then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions, and *Pannonian* Bears,
Be not so cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall subjects; making recreations
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp taxations.
'Bove all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld;
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights
Had conquer'd hundreds of those guilty wights,
Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain
To scape by combat their deserved pain.
That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet,
This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet;
And beeing entred in the bloody List,
The Lion rowz'd and ruffler-up his Crest,
Shortens his body sharpens his grim eye,
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:
Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train,
Sometimes his sides, sometimes the dusty plain,
He whets his rage and strongly rampeth on
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethe*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows; not for his life, but soule.
After the Beast had marcht some twenty pace,
He sodain stops: and, viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with joy)
That this was he that eased his annoy:
Wherefore, converting from his hatefull wildeness
From pride to pitie, and from rage to mildeness,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slave, thus knowing, and thus being known,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front, now hoary growne,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *A good turn as need,*
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed.

Hope on, assure.

THER's under Sun (as *Delphos* God did show)
No better knowledge then *Our selfe to Know*:
There is no Theam more plentifull to scan,
Then is the glorious goodly frame of MAN:
For, in man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitome*
Or little Map; which here my Muse doth try
By the grand Patern to exemplifie.

The second part of the first book: Wherein is discoursed at large of the excellence of Man.

A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks convert,

Seel

And of the wonders of God's wisdome, appearing both in his Body and Soule.

Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Raise the proud Turrets of his Battlement,
And (to be briefe) in every part of it
Beauty to Use, Use unto Beauty fit,
To th' end the Sktich-Owl, & Night-Raven should
In those fair walls their habitations hold;
But rather, for some wise and wealthy Prince
Able to judge of his arts excellence:
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,

The world made for Man.

For the rude guests of Aire, and Woods, & Water;
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey
The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or cast his eyes up to those twinkling Eyes
That with disordered order gild the Skies)
Can every-where admire with due respect
Th' admired Art of such an Architect.
Now of all Creatures which his Word did make,

Man was created last and why.

MAN was the last that living breath did take:
Not that he was the least; or that God durst
Not undertake so noble a Work at first:
Rather, because he should have made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign.

For comparison.

A wise man never brings his bidden Guest
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
Garnisht with Lights, and Tables, neatly spred,
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnished:
So our great God, who (bounteous) ever keeps
Here open Court, and th' ever-bound-less Deeps
Of sweetest *Nettar* on us still distills
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills;
Would not our Grandsire to his Board invite,
Yet he with Arras his fair house had dight,
And, under starry State-Clothes plac't his plates
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.
All th' admirable Creatures made before,

All other creatures, compared in respect of Man, made to the Image of God, (as it were) great preparations, not all at once, but by degrees, first his Body, and then his reasonable Soule.

Which Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doe adorn,
Are but Essays, compat'd in every part,
To this divinest Master-Piece of Art.
Therefore the supreme peer-less Architect,
When (of meer nothing) he did first erect
Heav'n, Earth, & Aire, & Seas; at once his Thought,
His Word, and Deed, all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate
As if he would a Councell hold, he citeth
His sacred Power, his Prudence he invieth,
Summons his Love, his Justice he adjourns,
Calleth his Goodness, and his Grace returns,
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Some excellence unto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with 's onely Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion, (stow
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should be-
Upon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm below.

Gen. 1. 26.

When th' other things God fashion'd in their kind,
The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd,
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand
His very self he seemed to command.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but when in Man he meant
Immortall limbs immortall life to place,
He seem'd to pause, as in a weighty case:
And so at sundry moments finished
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.
Admired Artist, Architect divine,

Invocation.

Perfect and peer-less in all Works of thine,
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,
That grave Spectators, in his face may spie
Apparent marks of thy Divinity.
Almighty Father, as of watery matter

Man's body created of the dust of the Earth

It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.
Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempered'st it, that of the very same
Dead shape-less lump didst *Adams* body frame:
Yet, not his Face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th' Azure Skyes,
Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes; (look
That through their nerves, his better part might
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.
Also thou plantedst th' Intellectuall Pow'r

His Head the seat of understanding.

In th' highest stage of all this stately Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were)
Might Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloth, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still strive to gaine
The goldest Scepter from their Soverain.
Th' Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell

The Eyes full of infinite admiration.

In noblest place of all this Cittadell,
To spie far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At unawares the sacred Animall.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to have it self excell'd,
Them not transpierging, left our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes doe
Yet see small circuit of the Welkin bright, (see.
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:
And left so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face,
These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks lively tur-
With sodain glance set coldest harts a-burning; (ning,
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twins,
These *Cupids* quivers have so tender skinns, (ses)
Through which (as through a pair of shining glas-
Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes,
That they would soon be quenched and put-out
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about,
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix
The Front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed:
And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall

The Brows and Eye-lids.

From Rain & Hail, & other Storms that fall; (hairs
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears.
Who fain would see how much a human Face
A comely Nose doth beautifie and grace;

Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Nose
For 's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes.
The Nose. The Nose, no less for use then beauty makes:
For, as a Conduit, it both gives and takes
Our living breath: it's as a Pipe put-up,
Whereby the moist Brain's spongy boan doth sup
Sweet smelling fumes: it serveth as a Gutter
To void the Excrements of grossest matter;
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin
Evaporate those that are light and thin: (smoak,
As through black Chimneyes flies the bitter
Which, but so vented, would the Houshold choak.
And, sith that Time doth with his secret file
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;
And whatsoever here begins and ends,
Wears every houre, and its self-substance spends;
The Mouth. Th' Almighty made the Mouth to recompence
The Stomacks pension, and the times expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots retume
Sap for the sap, that hourely they consume)
And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way,
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,
The watchfull Eye might true distinction make
Twixt Herbs & Weeds, betwixt an Eel & Snake;
The Tongue And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last)
Censure their goodness by their savory taste.
The Teeth. Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale (small
The open Throat: which (Quern-like) grinding
Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send it (it.
(Our Master-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-
But lest the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;
With wondrous Art, over that Mill, do meet
The Lips. Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet.
Of the excellent use and end of Speech. O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst (perst,
Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks dis-
With Acorns fed, with Fels of Feathers clad
(When neither Traffick, Love, nor Law they had)
Themselves uniting, built them Towns, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O Mouth! by thee, the rudest Wits have learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the Wise discern'd:
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits
Heroik flames affecting glorious merits:
By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes:
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-less Treason
Strives to dis-throne and to dis-sceptre Reason:
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation:
By thee, we calm th' Almighties indignation,
When faithfull sighs from our soules Centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Majesty:
By thee, we warble to the King of kings; (Strings,
Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)
The hollow Belly of the Instrument;
Our Soule 's the sweet Musician, that playes
So divine lessons and so Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,
Joves forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.
The Ears. But O! what member hath more marvails in't,
Then th' Ears round-winding double labyrinth?
The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers
Of divine treatures, when our gracious Lord
Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word.
And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailling their hollow entries to a-sloap, (ders,
That, while the voyce about those windings wan-
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Mean-*
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life, *(ders;*
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or, as a noyse extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Rivers; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double;
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Piercing direct the Organs of this Sense,
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazy holes
Conveigh the voyce more softly to our Soules.
As th' Ouse, *that crooking in and out doth run*
From Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntingdon,
By Royall Amptill; *rusheth not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trout-famous Drift*
From Marleborow *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermaston,
Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) *at* Reading.
But will my Hands in handling th' human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids unto *Nature*,
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our Hearts,
Minde's Ministers the Clarks of quick conceites,
And bodies Victuallers, to provide it meats?
Will you the Knees and Elbowes springs omit,
Which serve th' whole body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bow, according as the String,
Is stiff or slack, the Shafts doth farther fling,
Our Nerves and Gristles diversly dispence,
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might, & Sense:
Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong,
The Beams & Rafters, whose firm Joynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker cals)
Support the Fabrick of these Fleshly Wals?
Can you conceal the Feets rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature?
But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To see th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twin Brains division:
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense,
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence
Our Sinewes flow: whom Natures providence,
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,
Whose hardnesse else might hap to bruise or harm-
A Register, where (with a secret touch) (her:
The studious daily some-rare Knowledge couch?
O! how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise & fall,
Making its powrs of *Vital, Animal!*
Even as the Blood and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Sundry Similes comprising the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Ears.

Another comparison to that purpose.

The Hands.

Joynts. The Knees and Armes.

The Sinewes, Gristles and Bones.

The Penis.

Shall

Of the Hearts.

Shall I the Hearts un-equall sides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally sustaine? (bides
Whereof, th' one 's fill'd with blood, in th' other
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:
Whose rest-less panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witness health; or, if that take repulse.
And shift the dance and wonted pase it went,
It shews that Nature's wrong'd by Accident.

Of the Lungs.

Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light
Our inward heat doe temper day and night;
Like Summer gales, waving with gentle puffs,
The smiling Meadows green and gaudy tuffs:
Light, spongy Fans, that ever take and give
Th' ætheriall Aire, whereby we breath and live:
Bellows, whose blasts (breathing by certain pawses)
A pleasant sound through our speech-organs causes?

Of the Stomach.

Or, shall I rip the Stomacks hollowness,
That ready Cook concocting every Mess,
Which in short time it cunningly converts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the same doth faithfully deliver
Into the *Port-vein* passing to the Liver,

Of the Liver.

Who turns it soon to blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vein*,
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:

As apt Similitude.

Much like a Fountain, whose divided Water
It selfe dispersing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes some fair Garden with her winding crooks
For, as these brooks, thus branching round about,
Make here the Pink, there th' Aconite to sprout;
Here the sweet Plum-tree, the sharp Mulbery there;
Here the low Vine, and there the lofty Pear;
Here the hard Almond, there the tender Fig; (Spikes
Here bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling

Of the Blood and Nourishment.

Even so the Blood (bred of good nourishment)
By divers Pipes to all the body sent,
Turns here to Bones there changes into Nerves;
Here is made Marrow, there for Muscles serves;
Here skin becoms, there crooking veins, here flesh,
To make our Limbs more forceful and more fresh.

But, now me list no neerer view to take
Of th' inward parts, which God did secret make,
Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame:
That work were fitter for those men of Fame,
Those skilfull sons of *Æsculapius*,
Hippocrates, or deep *Herophilus*;
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Wit
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T sufficeth me in some sort to express;
By this Essay, the sacred mightiness,
Not of *Japhetus* witty-fained Son,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I have sung in part.

Of the quality of the Soule.

Now, this more peer-less learned Imager,
Life to his lovely Picture to conferr,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence:
But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring
Of his Divineness some small Riverling;
It selfe dispersing into every Pipe
Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.

Of his effects and influence.

Not, that his own Selfs-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
Unto his work; but, without Selfs expence,
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his powr so spred his Rayes thereon,
That, even as yet, appears a portion
Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light
Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.

Whence it is procreated.

This *Adam*'s spirit did from that Spirit derive
Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive
Of Gods Self-substance any part at all;

Divers Similitudes.

As in the Course of Nature doth befall,
That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig
There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig.
In brief, it's but a breath. Now, though the Breath
Out of our Stomacks concave issueth;
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought;
Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught,
And to retaine the puret qualities
Of th' inward place whence it derived is.
Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire

Of the excellence of man's Soule.

His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.
Yet wot I well, that as the Eye perceives
All but it self, even so our Soule conceives
All save her own selfs-Essence; but, the end
Of her own greatness cannot comprehend.

How the eye sees but selfe.

Yet as a sound Eye, voyd of vicious matter,
Sees (in a sort) it self in Glass or Water:
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glass)
Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face. (blasts

Three fit comparisons to that purpose.

The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountains from the watry World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, sighing on the field,
Enamels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts on her richest Lyvory:
Th' accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent
From th' Ivory ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely voyd,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smell (the powrs)
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flowrs.

The Soule, not onely vitall, but also divine and immortall.

Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight
Be not subjected; yet her motion light
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs do give,
We have more Soule then to suffice to live;
A Soule divine, pure, sacred, admirable,
Immortall, endless, simple, unpalpable.

The Seat of the Soule.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in every part:
Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca!* where, where could'st thou enroule
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)
Which at first hearing thou could'st back reherse?

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table shut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?
In what deep vessell did th' Embassader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracle

Deluded

Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cisterns did he pour those Treasures
Of learned Store, which after (for his use)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memory is th' Eyes true Register,
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasurer,
Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents
Whats'ever, subject unto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And tait'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past Events, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becoms more sage,
More happily to lead our latter age.

Of the quick sensitive and solid motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heaven and Earth.

And though our Soule live as imprison'd here
In our frail Flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; yet at one flight she flies
From *Calpe* t' *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,
With cheerful spring above the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire, & there she learns to know
Th' Originals of Winde, and Hail, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Stars, and Storms,
Of Rain, and Yce, and strange Exhaled Forms.
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Spheare,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:
With sure account, and certain Compasses,
She counts their Stars, she metes their distances
And differing pases; and, as if she found
No Subject fair enough in all this Round,
She mounts above the Worlds extremest Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Justice*, and his smiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Port
And sacred Pomp of the Celestial Court.

Of heavenly exercises, pleasures, marvailes and more than human wonders of which the World Wise.

What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with desire of Fames eternall merit?
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,
From *Island* to the *Maures* hot Continent;
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behold,
But Pen, or Pencill, Graving-tool, or Mould
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our eye
The Counterfeit from the True thing descry.

Of Carving and Painting.

The brazen Mare, that famous *Myron* cast,
Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't:
The lively picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd so rarely fine,
That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths desire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loves, as *Venus* selfe had here;
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can,
Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.

The Castle conclusions of the Mathematicks: Winde-Archers Bow.

But th' Art of Man, not onely can compack
Features and Forms that life and motion lack;
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Dove, that soar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights
And counterpoize of sundry little weights.

The Eagle and the Fly, of Friends Mecanicrypt, or Engine Mechanick.

Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learned *Germane's* late admir'd invention)
Which mounting from his fist that framed her,
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And having met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close unto the Castle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hang'd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Lond-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Grac't not so much, as onely This Device.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth then meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,
From under's hand an Iron Fly flew out;
Which having flowne a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings return'd unto her Master,
And (as judicious) on his arme she plac't her.
O divine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, & chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.

Astronomy.

Yea, you your selves, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Although no stop your rest-less Dance disturbs,
Nor stayes your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men that are but men in shape.

The King of Persia his Heaven of Glass.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content well-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:
To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like braving *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Gyants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hills*;
But, without moving from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that thereupon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence again advance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Save Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince. (mould

Admirable Dials and Clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Strasbourg.

But, who would think, that mort all hands could
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses
With constant windings, tho cótrary waies, (should,
Mark the true mounds of Years, & Months, & Daies?
Yet't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by grave Witness hundred times aver'd,
That, that profound *Bruneus*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fir'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who, hugest Vessels that did ever pass
The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From Shore to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:
Framed a *Spheare*, where every *Wandring Light*
Of lower Heav'ns and th' upper *Tapers* bright,

The Regiment of Archimedes, & his Sphere.

Whose

Whose glittering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselves) with ruled motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingratelyy)
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)
Unto *Bizantium* to the greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go:
And though th' one Sphear did alwaies slowly slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide:
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n.
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*,
His shining Houses, never did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing off her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.

The Mystery of Silver sent by the Emperor Ferdinando to Sultan the great Turke.

O complete Creature! who the starry Sphears
Canst make to move, who bove the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:
This curious Lust to imitate the best
And fairest Works of the A'mightiest,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high descent; and that his sacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit
(The Spring of life) did in thy limms inspire it.
For, as his beauties are past all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair.
As hee's immortall, and is never idle:
Thy Soule's immortall, and can brook no bridle
Of sloath, to curb her busie intellect:
He ponders all; thou poiest each effect,
And thy mature and settled Sapience
Hath some alliance with his Providence:
He works by Reason; thou by Rule: He 's glory
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:
He 's great High-Priest; thou his great Vicar here:
He's Soverain Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

Of man's resemblance to his Maker, which is God.

For, soon as ever he had framed thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;
Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,
And come before thee of their own accord:
And gave thee power (as Master) to impose
Fit sense-full Names unto the Hoast that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds.
O too-too happy! had that fall of thine
Not cancell'd so the Character divine.

Other ordinations of the rarenesse of Man, ordained Lord of the World.

But sith our Soules now-sin-obscured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our flesh so bright;
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,
When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?
The Soule here lodg'd is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysome smels;
In an old house, open to winde and weather;
Never in health, not half an houre together:
Or (almost) like a Spider, who consu'm'd
In her Webs centre, shak't with every winde;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.

Wherein consideration Man is miserable.

Further comparisons.

You that have seen within this ample Table,
Among so many Modules admirable,
Th' admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Come, come and see the Womans ravishing features:
Without whom (here) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike, (like:
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,
Of heart, of love, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to seem less liberall
To Man, then else to every Animall;
For perfect patern of a holy Love,
To *Adam* halfe another halfe he gave,
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)
With kindest bonds the sacred Marriage.

Of the Creation of Woman, made for man, and without whom man life were miserable.

Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Some-cure-less Limb; before in ure he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, takes off th' infected part:
So, God empal'd our Grandsires lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Sick'd-up his sparkling eyes with iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethe* Sands;
In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that, he had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Tresse, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lilie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Sonnet.

Now, after this profound and pleasing Trance,
No sooner *Adams* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he 'gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh. (One.

Their mariage.

Source of all joyes! sweet *Her-Shee*-Coupled-
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.

Their Epithalamy, or wedding Song.

O blessed Bond! O happy Marriage!
Which dost the match' twixt Christ and us presage!
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Heart!
O holy knot in *Eden* instituted
(Not in this Earth with blood & wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scene of Hell
To cursed Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)!
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun
To publish proofs of his dead powr *Divine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did, with his presence, sanctifie and honour!

By

The Propriety of Marriage.

By thy deer favour, after our Decease,
We leave-behinde our living Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children live eternally.
By thee, we quench the wild and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphitis* shot inspires:
And taught (by thee) a love more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mel more sweet, the Gall less bitter,
Which here (by turns) heap up our humane Life
Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and strife.

Propagation by the sixing of Seeds.

This done, the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaste embraces to replenish Fair (dures,
Th' unpeopled World; that, while the World endu-
Here might succeed their living Portraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before;
On th' irefull Droves that in the Desarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, & fruitfull-spawning legions
That live within the liquid Crystall Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendred;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men; and Nature with a change-less Course,
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors:

Unnatural conjunctions produce monstrous Births.

Tho since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt them)
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of either's riches doth partake:
So, oft two Creatures of a divers kinde,
Against the common course through All assign'd,
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,
But (bastard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.

Of things engendred with out kind or dissimilitude of Seeds.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to give
And to infuse the Vertue Generative,
Made (by his Wisedome) many Creatures breed
Of live-less bodies, without *Venus* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander
With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire, though glowing ne'r so much:
So, of the Fire in burning furnace springs
The Fly *Pyraustu* with the flaming Wings;
Without the Fire, it dyes; within it, joyes;
Living in that, which Each thing else destroyes.
So, slow *Boötes* underneath him sees,
In th' yele *Iles*, those Goslings hatche of Trees;
Whose fruitfull leaves, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.
So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation strange!
'T was first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Mushrom, now a flying Gull.

So Morne and Evening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

The Argument.

In sacred Rest, *upon* This sacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious works *survay:*
His onely Powr *and* Providence *persever*
T' uphold, maintain, and rule the World *for ever:*
Maugre Mens *malice and* Hels *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his childrens good:
Sabbaths *right use; From all* VVorlds-VVorks *to cease;*
To pray (*not play*) *and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Instructions *drawn from dead and living things,*
And for our selves; for all Estates; for Kings.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set a-work, in all and every part,
Invention, Judgment, Nature, Use and Art;
And hath at length (t' immortallize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the same;
Forgets his pains; and, in'ly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
First, in a Mead he marks a frisking Lamb,
Which seems, though dumb, to bleat unto the Dam,
Then he observes a Wood, seeming to wave:
Then th' hollow bosom of some hideous Cave:
Here a high way, and there a narrow Path:
Here Pines, there Oaks torn by tempestuous wrath:
Here from a craggy Rocks steep-hanging boss
(Thrumm'd half with Ivie, half with crisped Moss)
A silver Brook in broken streams doth gush,
And head-long down the horned Cliff doth rush;
Then, winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)
A skillfull Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an Oak hard by;
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry;
Down sals the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dyes.
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings
The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings.
Here, on a green, two Striplings, stripped light,
Run for a prize with laboursom delight;
A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all do goe)
They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout
Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.
Here, six pyed Oxen, under painfull yoak,
Rip up the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.
Here in the shade, a pretty Shepherdess
Drives softly home her bleating happiness:
Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,
A man would think some Sonnets she begins,
Heer runs a River, there springs forth a Fountain,
Here vales a Valley, there ascends a mountain,
Here smokes a Castle, there a City fumes,
And here a Ship upon the Ocean looms.

In

God's first six days, and rest in his works.

In brief, so ev'ry Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Work the Work-mans selfe is rapt,
Unable to look off; for looking still,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill:
So th' Architect (whose glorious Workmanships
My cloudy Muse doth but too-much eclipse)
Having with pain-less pain, and care-less care,
In these *Six-Dayes* finisht the Table fair
And infinite of th' *Universall Ball*,
Resteth *This-Day*, t' admire himselfe in All:
And for a season eying nothing else,
Joyes in his Work, sith all his Work excels
(If my dull flutting, frozen eloquence
May dare conjecture of his high intents).

A brief recapitulation of the Creation of the World, and a Description of the works of Man: God's Glory, God's Love, God's Wisdom, and his Goodnesse.

One while, he sees how th' ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;
And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Abundant vapours (for our benefit);
And yet it swels not for those tribute-streams,
Nor yet it shrinks not for those boyling beams.
There sees he th' Ocean-peoples plenteous broods,
And shifting Courses of the Ebbs and Floods;
Which with incon'stant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth sway:
Anon upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Laced about with sna'king silver brooks.
Now, he delights to see foure Brethrens strife
Cause the Worlds peace, & keep the World in life:
Anon, to see the whirling Spheares go roule
In rest-less Dances about either Pole;
Whereby, their Cresses (carried divers wayes)
Now visit us, anon th' *Antipodes*.
It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flames,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:
How th' Airs glib-gliding firmnes body bears
Such store of Fowls Hail-storms, & Floods of tears:
How th' heavie Water, prone st to descend,
'Twixt Aire and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earth's prop-less massie Ball
Stands steddy still, just in the midst of All.
Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sents
Of Balm and Basill, Myrrh and Frankincense,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Savory, Cinnamon,
Pink, Violet, Rose, and Clove-Carnation.
Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody
Of winged consorts curious Harmony:
For, though each Bird, guided with art-less Art,
After his kinde, observe a song a-part,
Yet the sore burden of their severall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious prayse.
In brief, th' Almightie's *eye*, and *nose*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *see*, *scent*, or *hear*
But *shewes* his greatnes, *savours* of his grace,
And *sounds* his glory over every place.
But above all, Mans many beauteous features
Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures:
Man's his own Minion; Man's his sacred Type:
And for Man's sake, he loves his Workmanship.
Not that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and never looks abroad,
That crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice;
Blinde to our service, deaf unto our sighs;
A Pagan Idol, voyd of powr and piety,
A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deity.

Of the providence of God.

For though (alas!) sometimes I cannot shun,
But some profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive (ceive)
(Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules re-
In God, Care, Counsell, Justice, Mercy, Might,
To punish wrongs and patronize their right:
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightiest)
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.

Epicure & his followers, denying the Gods, confuted by sundry reasons.

Fond *Epicure*, thou rather sleept'st, thy self,
When thou did'st forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf
For Life's pure fount: or vainly fraudulent
(Not shunning th' *Atheists* sin, but punishment)
Imagined'st a God so perfect-less,
In Works defying, whom thy words profess.
(God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)
In proud Theatre, him to recreate
With curious Objects of his eares and eyes
(Without disposing of the Comedies)
Content t' have made (by his great Word) to move
So many radiant Stars as shine above;
And on each thing with his own hand to draw
The sacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, bosoming his hand to let them slide,
With reins at will, whither that Law shall guide;
Like one that having lately fore't some Lake,
Through some new Channell a new Course to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to those effects,
But lets the stream run where his Ditch directs.

Similis.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,
Nor Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.
He prov'd his Powr, by *Making* All of nought:
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought:
His Care, by *Ending* it in Six Dayes space:
His Love, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race:
His Providence (maugre Times wastefull rages)
Preserving it so many Years and Ages.

1. God powerfull, good, and wise, doth, divine glory, ruling & governing the World.

For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own greatnes ruin'd his proper Fall?
How often had this World decaeit, except
Gods mighty arms had it upheld and kept?
God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinew,
That quickens, moves, and makes this Frame conti-
God's the main spring, that maketh every way (nue.
All the small wheels of this great Engin play. (ders
God's the strong *Atlas*, whose unshrinking shoul-
Have bin and are Heav'ns heavie Globes upholders.

2. In him, and through him, all things live, and move, and have their being.

God makes the fountains run continually,
The Dayes and Nights succeed incessantly:
The Seasons in their Season he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
God makes th' earth fruitfull, & he makes the earth's
Large loynes not yet faint for so many births.
God makes the Sun & Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heat themselves inflameth not;
And that their sparkling beams prevent not so,
With wofull flames, the *Last* great *Day* of wo:
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West:
Heav'ns constant course, his healt doth never break:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command;
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fan'd
In all these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With secret touch of his eternall Powr.

3. All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and powr working continually.

God

God is the Judge, who keeps continuall Sessions,
In every place to punish all Transgressions;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,
Sans Fear, or Favour; Hate, or partiall Zeal;
Pronounceth Judgments that are past appeal.
Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witness too,
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doe:
He sounds the deepest of the doublest heart,
Searcheth the Reines, and fifteth every part:
He sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye
(Yet it be thought) doth every Thought descry:
His sentence given, never returns in vain;
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serve him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions
That soar above the bright Star-spangled Regions,
Are ever prest, his powrfull Ministers:
And (lastly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,
Stands ready still to finish his command.

God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpose aptly manage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for just punishment,
He arms our sins us Sinners to torment:
And, to prevent th' ungodly's plot, somtime
He makes his foes, will-nill-they) fight for him.

Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide
Unbridledly with so uncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Events, so many,
Somtimes Gods Judgments are scarce seen of any:
Rather it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.
Yet art thou ever just (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Judgments depth descry:
My Wit's too shallow for the least Designe
Of thy drad Counsails, sacred, and divine:
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess,
Too deep for us, without thy Spirit's address.
Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)
Unjust to us, and past our reason quite,
Thou mak'st us (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)
To have been done with equity and reason. (ther,

So, suff'ring th' *Hebrew* Tribes to sell their bro-
Thy eternall Justice thou didst seem to smoother.
But *Joseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood
Dry Heav'ns defects endevours to make good)
Learn'd, that his envious brethrens trecherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there provide Relieſe and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to come.

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Repro-
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate, (bate,
With flood and flame: because there lived then
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst unjust: but when thou savedst *Lot*
From Fire, from Water, *Noah* and his Boat,
'T was plainly seen, thy Justice stands propitious
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,
That sees not *Pharaoh* as a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned heart
Smoothed the passage for their soon-depart,
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his glory finde the larger field.

Who sees not also, that th' unruld Decree
Of a proud Judge, and *Judas* trecherie,
The Peoples fury and the Prelates gall,
Serv'd all as Organs to repair the Fall
Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide?

Th' Almighties Care, doth diversly disperse
Ore all the parts of all this Universe:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For, aye he watcheth for his Children eboice,
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce:
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'ns Theater;
For them he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, & Water.
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,
Handles their hands, & speaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

But here, what heare I? Faithless, God-less men,
I marvell not, that you impugn my pen:
But (O!) it grieves me, and I am amaz'd, (blaz'd,
That those, whose faith, like glistring Stars hath
Even in our darkest nights, should so object
Against a Doctrine of so sweet effect;
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see
Th' ungodly-most in most Prosperity,
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold & Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priviledged by the Heav'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:
In Earth, lest rest then *Euripus* they finde,
Gods heavie Rods still hanging them behinde:
Them, shame and blame, trouble and loss pursues;
As shadows bodies, and as night the dews.

Peace, peace deer friends: I hope to cancell quite
This profane thought from your unsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought
A powr-less Judge) here plagueth many a fault;
And many a fault leaves here unpunished,
That men may also his last Judgment dread.

On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Jeves* high Court conway.
O! see you not, how that a Father grave,
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slave,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rise reprove;
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for love?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of some great Prince, or person honourable,
Gives oftest to that Horse the teaching Spur,
Which he finds fittest for the Use of War.
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand
To institute the flowr of all a Land,
Gives longest Lessons unto those, where Heav'n
The ablest Wits and aptest Wils hath giv'n.
And a wise Chieftain never trusts the weight
Of th' execution of a brave exploit,

But unto those whom he most honoureth,
For often proof of their firm force and faith:
Such sends he first t' assault his eager foes:
Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes:
Such he commands naked to scale a Fort,
And with small number to re-gain a Port.
God beats his Dear, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw devout sighs from calamity,
And by the touch to try their Constancie,
T' awake their sloath, their mindes to exercise
To travell cheer'ly for th' immortall Prize.
A good Physician, that Arts excellence
Can help with practise and experience,
Applies discreetly all his *Recipes*,
Unto the nature of each sell-disease;
Cuting this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with strict Diet, th' other with a Lotion,
And somtime cutteth off a Leg or Arm,
So (sharply-sweet) to save the whole from harm:
Even so the Lord (according to th' ill humours
That vex his most-Saints with soul-tainting tumors)
Sends somtimes Evill, somtimes lingring Languor,
Somtimes Dishonour, somtimes pining Hunger,
Somtimes long Law-suits, somtimes loss of good,
Somtimes a Childs death, or a Widow-hood:
But ay he holdeth, for the Good of his,
In one hand Rods; in th' other Remedies.
The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:
The Rust doth fret the blade hangd up at rest:
The Moath doth eat the garment in the Chest:
The standing Water stinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no vertue but in action.
All that is fair'st in the world, we finde
Subject to travell. So, with storms and winde
Th' Aire still is soft: the Fire and Water tend,
This still to mount; that, ever to descend:
The Spirit is spright-less if it want di course,
Heav'n's no more heav'n if it once cease his Course.
The valiant Knight is known by many scars:
But he that steals home wound-less from the Wars,
Is held a Coward voyd of Valours proof,
That for Deaths fear hath fled, or fought a-loof.
The Lord therefore, to give Humanity
Rare Presidents of dauntless Constancy,
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels,
Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours down more evils on their hap-less head,
Then yerst *Pandora's* odious Box did shed;
Yet strengthning stil their harts with sich a plaister,
That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Ma-
But, wrongly I these evils Evill call: (ster.
Sole Vice is ill; sole Vertue good: and all
Besides the same, is selfly, simply, bad
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.
Let envious Fortune all her forces wage
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage
Can never change his godly resolution,
Though heav'n it self should threaten his confusion.
A constant Man is like the Sea, whose brest
Lies ever open unto every guest;
Yet all the Waters that the drinks, cannot
Make her to change her qualities a jot:

All afflictions profitable to the faithful.

They are necessary to cure the diseases of the Soule.

Without them Gods Children decline.

The Crosse an honour to the godly.

God will be glorified in the constant sufferings of his Servants.

There is nothing [illegible] but Grace: and vertue [illegible] perfection [illegible] people.

True constancy [illegible] by two comparisons.

Or like a good sound stomack, not soon eatting
For a light surfeit, or a small distasting;
But, that, untroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.
Though then, the Lords deep Wisdom, to this day,
Work in the Worlds uncertain-certain sway:
Yet must we credit, that his hand compos'd
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*;
By his example, giving us behest
On the Seventh Day for evermore to Rest.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of stone, or Steel, or Brass *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Mass,
Thinner then Water, Brittler then the Glass;
He knows, our life is by nought sooner spent,
Then having still our minds and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for some few years, will yeeld
The richer crop when it again is till'd:
A River, stopped by a sluce a space,
Runs (after) rougher, and a swifter pase:
A Bow, a-while unbent, will after cast
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:
A Souldier, that a season still hath lain,
Coms with more fury to the Field again:
Even so, this Body, when (to gather breath)
One Day in Sev'n *at Rest* it sojourneth;
It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer
Fals the next morrow to his first Career.
But the chief End this Precept aymes at, is
To quench in us the coals of Covetize;
That, while we rest from all profaner Arts,
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:
That we, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:
Following good Archers guise, who shut one eye,
That they the better may their mark espy.
For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to dance, to mask, and play,
To slug in sloath, and languish in delights,
And loose the Reines to raging appetites,
To turn Gods Feasts to filthy *Lupercals*,
To frantick *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*,
To dazle eyes with Prides vaine-glorious spendor,
To serve strange gods, or our ambition tender;
As th' irreligion of loose Times hath since
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaster innocence.
God would, that men should in a certain place
Thu-Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear:
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scriptures marrow from the bones unfould,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our minds;
Doubtless, the Doctrin *preacht* doth deeper pierce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On us and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest.

God resting on the seventh day, and blessing it: teacheth us that in resting one day of the Week, we should principally employ it in his service: That we should cease from our worldly and wicked works, to give place to his grace, and to suffer his Spirit to worke all in us by the influence of his holy word.

Similes.

Against profaners of the Sabbath.

We ought on the Lords day attend his service, and meditate on the revealing Rest, and on the works of God.

The profiting of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches, on our Sabbath day.

Solemnizing

Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee assur'd to speed;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.

The Corporall Rest, a figure of the Spirituall.

He would, this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings:
Th' one but a Day endures; th' others Date
Eternity shall not Exterminate:
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include:
This stands in freedome, that in servitude:
With cloudy cares th' ones muffled up som-whiles;
The others face is full of pleasing smiles:
For never grief, nor fear o fany Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubilé*, Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-less Rest of Rests;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealons,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,
Gods faithfull Servants: and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep.

Meditations on the Sabbath of God, especially on the day of Rest.

He would this Day our Soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly (cares) should read
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-less Bounty, Power, and Providence;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Exhortations to that Meditation, with the ends and profits thereof.

Come (Reader) sit, come sit the downe bymee;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:
Hear this dumb Doctor: study in this Book,
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,
And thereby learne uprightly how to live:
For every part doth speciall Lessons give,
Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element. (call,

The planets teach us to follow the will of God.

Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) *wandring*
Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Course of the *First Moving* Sphear?
This teacheth thee, that though thine owne Desires
Be opposite to what Heav'ns will requires,
Thou must still strive to follow (all thy Dayes)
God (the first Mover) in his holy wayes. (witches,

The Moon teacheth that vanitie, pride, change, that we have not considered.

Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride be-
For Bodies Beauties. or Minds (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whose splendor frō her brother springs,
May, by Example, make thee veil thy wings:
For thou, no less then the pale Queene of Nights,
Borrow'st all goodness from the Prince of Lights.

The Elements, fire and earth, where our happy souls, and where our miserie consists.

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth descend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure;
Ours here below, sad, smoakie, and obscure:
So, while thy Soule doth with the heav'ns converse
It's sure and safe from every thought perverse;
And though thou won heer in this world of sin,
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angels bin:
But if thy mind be alwaies fixed all
On the foul dung-hill of this darksome vale,
It will partake in the contagious smels
Of th' unclean house wherein it droops and dwels.

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doe tosse thee to and fro:
Remember, th' Air corrupteth soon, except
With sundry winds it oft be sifting'd and swept.

The Aire, that calumnies are prosecuted for us

The Sea, that we ought for no respect to transgresse the Law of God.

The Sea
Sometimes downto Hel is driv'n
And sometimes heaves a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherein the Lord her boistrous armes hath linkt;
Instructeth thee, that neither tyrants rage,
Ambitious winds, nor golden vassallage
Of Avarice, nor any love, nor feare, (hair.
From Gods Command should make the shrink a

The Earth that we should be constant.

The Earth, which never all at once doth move
Through her rich Orb received, from above,
No firmer base her burthen to sustent
Then slippery props of softest Element;
By her example doth propose to thee
A needfull Lesson of true constancy.

The Ears of Corn, that we should be humble.

Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily som Vertue doth propound.
O let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant:
And, looking on the fields when *Autumn* shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still, the fuller of the flowry grain,
Bow downe the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.

The Palm-tree, that we should be chaste.

Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes)
Dares spot the Spouse-bed with unlawful kisses,
Blush, (at the least) at Palm-Trees loyalty,
Which never bears unless her Male be by.

Cinnamon, teacheth diligence and prudence.

Thou, thou that prancest after Honours prize
(While by the way thy strength and stomach dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon,
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-less
Approach the plant, much less the fruit possess.

The Sun & the Marigold direct us unto Christ the Sun of righteousnesse

Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold;
And not consider, that wee must no less
Follow in life the Sun of righteousness?

Lime is water, teacheth us to shew our vertue in extremity.

O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow breast
Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.
For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water,
And swell and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter;
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was
Under the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:
He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast)
Yeelds his hearts Kingdome to the Holy-Ghost;
And, for brave Service under Christ his Banner,
Lookes to bee crown'd with his chief Champions
Must in affliction wake his zeal, which oft (Honor,
In calmer time sleepes too securely soft.

The Diamond resisteth contrary things.

And, opposite, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth stourly both withstand:
So the true Christian should, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire:
Or, if fell Rigour with some ruth-less smart
A little shake the sinnowes of his heart,
He must be like the richest Minerall,
Whose Ingots bow, but never breake at all;
Nor in the Furnace suffer any loss
Of weight, but lees; not of the Gold, but dross.

Gold in the furnace, go magnifically & purely.

The Sun-Jewel, in reflection of our neighbours.

The precious stone, that bears the rainbows name,
Receives the bright face of *Sols* burnisht flame;
And by reflection, after, it displayes
On the next object all those pointed rayes:
So, whoso hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the center of his happy Soule,
Receiv'd some splendor of the beames divine,
Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receive his Gold
With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

The Needle in the Mariners Compass shewes that we should indeavoy look on Christ our onely Loadstar.

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the secret powr
Of a true lively Faith, looks every houre
To the bright Lamp which serves for *Cynosure*
To all that sail upon the Sea obscure.

Lessons from living Creatures.

These presidents, from live-less things collected,
Breed good effects in spirits well affected:
But lessons, taken from the things that live,
A livelier touch unto all sorts doe give.

Bees to Subjects and to Princes.

Up, up, yee Princes: Prince and People, rise,
And run to School among the Hony-Flies:
There shall you learn, that an eternall Law
Subjects the Subject under Princes aw:
There shall you learn, that a courageous King
To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.

The Marlin, to the unthankfull.

The *Persian* Prince, that Princely did conclude
So severe laws against Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a live Lark, remits it without harm;
And lest her friend-bird she should after slay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

The Eagle, to parents.

Fathers, if you desire your Children sage
Should by their blessings bless your crooked age;
Train them betimes unto true Vertues Lore
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more);
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his young to follow him about,
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to use their feeble wing,
He leaves them then some Dayes unfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length constraine them fly.
If that prevaile not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings, to stir their fearfull sloth.

The Turtle to unnatural brothers.

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,
Black deadly poyson in his dish doe blend;
O! can you see with un-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Dove? sith, when her husband dyes,
Dyes all her joy: for, never loves she more;
But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore.

Wildgeese, to babblers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:
As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bils do bear
A pebble-stone both day and night; for feare
Lest ravenous Eagles of the North descry
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry.

Dives R. first to oppressed Mothers, that will not suckle their own Children.

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O unkinde!)
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to minde
That many Fishes many times are fain
Receive their seed into their wombs again;
Lucina's sad throes, for the self-same birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth.

Dolphins, to the cruell.

O! why embrace not we with Charity
The living, and the dead with Piety?
Giving these succour, sepulture to those:
Even as the Dolphins do themselves expose,
For their live-fellows, and beneath the Waves
Cover their dead-ones under sandy Graves.

The wilde Kids, to children.

(nignity
You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'ns be-
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-up to dignity,
Doe not forget your Parents: but behold
Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parents old,
With heavie Gyves, Elds trembling Fever stops,
And fetters-fast upon the mountain-tops)
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz
The tendrest tops of all the slendrest boughs;
And sip (self-thirst-less) of the Rivers brink, (drink.
Which in their mouthes they bring them home to

The Spiders, to Man and Wife.

For house-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagyrian* (glory of good Wits):
Nor his, whom, for his bony-steeped stile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attick Muse* yer-while:
Sith th' onely Spider teacheth every one
The Husbands and the Huswifes function.
For, for their food the valiant Male doth roam;
The cunning Female tends her work at home:
Out of her bowels wool and yarn she spitteth,
And all that else her learned labour fitteth:
Her weight's the spindle that doth twist the twine,
Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine,
Still at the Centre she her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds she pins,
And equall distance to their compass leaves:
Then, neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, lest else th' ungentle Winds should tear
Her Cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)
And that the foolish Fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious Net:
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,
But straight the Male doth to the Center make,
That he may conquer more securely there
The humming Creature hampred in his snare.

The Lion, to Kings.

You Kings (that bear the sword of just hostility)
Pursue the Proud and pardon true Humility;
Like noble Lions that do never show
Their strength and stomack on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the stoutest throngs do forrage,
'Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt-less con-

The Emmet and Hedgehog, to the slothfull.

Thou Sluggard if thou list to learn thy part, (rage.
Go learn the Emmets and the Urchins Art;
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes
The Seasons fruits, and thence provision makes,
Each in his lodging laying up a hoord
Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.

Man may finde in herself wherewithal to finde all things.

But, Reader, we resemble one that windes
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To seek far-off for Incense Spice, and Gold;
Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand;
And our own Bodies self-contained motions
Give the most gross a hundred goodly Notions.

You

The head teacheth all persons in authority.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar;
Lest your examples banefull leprosies
Infect your Subjects, Flocks, and Companies;
Beware, your evill make not others like;
For, no Part 's found if once the Head be sick.

The Eyes or Rich Princes and Noblemen.

You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeal,
With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weale:
But, as both Eyes do but one thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good up-hold.

The Teeth, Rich men travell for others.

You that for Others travell day and night,
With much-much labour, and small benefit,
Behold the teeth, which Toll-free grinde the food,
From whence themselves do reap more griefe then good.

The Heart, shadowing the Word

Even as the Heart hath not a Moments rest,
But night and day moves in our panting breast,
That by his beating it may still impart
The lively spirits about to every part:
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwayes study, alwaies work, and wake,
To breath (by Doctrine and good conversation)
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

The Stomack, the Lawes.

And as the Stomack from the wholesom food
Divides the grosser part (which is not good)
They ought from false the truth to separate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

If Bat or Blade do threaten sudden harm
To belly, breast, or leg, or head, or arme, (blow,
With dread-less dread the Hand doth ward the
Taking her self her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then 'mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms
That fill the world with blood and boistrous storms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others.
Whom faith hath made more neer & deer then brothers;
Nor can I see, where under neath the sky
A man may finde a juster Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Estate
Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate.

The Hands, all Christians are in charity.

Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:
Where, one no sooner feels the least offence,
But all the rest have of the same a sense.
The Foot strives not to smell, the Nose to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Be 't vile or honest, honoured or base.

The whole body, the whole Church, is by a bond that every one is given to his owne vocation.

But, soft my Muse: what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired modulet?
If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,
'Tis tedious; how-ever sweet we sing.
Therefore a-shore: Mates, let our Anchor fall:
Here blowes no Winde: here are we welcom all.
Besides, consider and conceive (I pray)
W' have row'd sufficient for a *Sabbath-day*.

The End of the First Week.

DU BARTAS
HIS
SECOND VVEEKE,
DISPOSED
(After the proportion of his First)
Into SEAVEN DAYES:

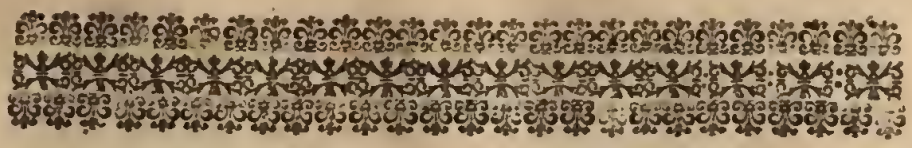
(viz.)

The { I. ADAM,
II. NOAH,
III. ABRAHAM,
IV. DAVID. }

The { V. ZEDECHIAS,
VI. MESSIAS,
VII. Th' ETERNALL SABBATH. }

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our NOBLE POET) hath deprived Us.

Acceptam refero.



*
* *

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES
(By The Grace Of God)
KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND,
TRUE DEFENDER OF
THE TRUE ANCIENT
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLICKE, AND
APOSTOLICK FAITH,
&c.

From

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT, AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG PRINCE, HENRY, *Prince of* WALES.

ANAGR. { Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic strenuus ratus.* }

{ THE TROPHEIS, and MAGNIFICENCE. }

THe gracious Welcome You vouchsaft yer-while
To my grave PIBRAC *(though but meanly clad)*
Makes BARTAS *(now, no Stranger in this* Isle*)*
More bold to come (though suited even as bad)
To kiss Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile*:*
For in our Wants*, our very* Songs *be sad)*
He brings for Present *to so great a* PRINCE*,*
A Princely GLASSE*, made first for* SALOMON*:*
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look-in, as you look upon.
Some Glasses flatter: other some deforme:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELlor of ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton.
1. *Gestat honorem.*
2. *Age mets Honors.*
3. *Honors mett Age.* }

THE LAW.

MOst humbly
Shewes to thy Great Worthinesse
(*Grave* MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAWES)
The Muses *Abject* (*subject of* Distresse)
How long wrong-vext, *in a not*-Need-*less* Cause,
Not at the Kings-Bench, *but the* Penny-less,
By one, I Want (*the son of* Simplenesse);
Unable, more to greaze *the scraping paws*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the jaws*
Of his (dear) *Counsell, Serjeant* Pensiveness;
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,
To Plead *himselfe* (*and shew his* (*little*) Law)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courtesies.
Please it thee therefore an Injunction *grant*,
To stay *the* Suit *between himself and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay
So He and His shall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF SALISBURY, Lord high Treasurer of *England*.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. / *Cauarius celebris:* (vel) Robertus Cecilius. / *Cerebro sic Tullius.* / Robertus Comes Sari. / *Carus est Orbi semo.* }

THE CAPTAINES.

ARmes *yeeld to* Arts: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Ajax *Prize the wise* Ulysses wan:
It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
To sing of CAPTAINES to a Counsail-*man:*
Sith without Counsaile, Courage *is but Rage;*
Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:
In which respect those of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddess *both of* War *and* Wit:
Therefore, to Thee, *whose* Wit *so much hath sted*
(*In* War *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee, *whose* Vertue *hath now triumphed*
Of Cause-less Envie, *and mis-grounded* Hate:
To Thee (Wit's-WORTHIE) *had it not been wrong,*
Not to have sounded my War-WORTHIE's *Song?*

J. S

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, The Earle of *Dorset* (late) Lord high *Treasurer of* ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Sacvillus. / *Vas lucis.* / Comes Dorsetius. / *Esto decor Musis.* / *Sacris Musis cele devotus.* }

THE SCHISME.

NOt *with-out* Error, *and apparent* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muses, *and my* Self (*the most*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Hoast*
Of learned *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song*
To muster Thee; Thee, *that hast lov'd so long*
The sacred Sisters, *and* (*sad-sweetly-most*)
Thy Selfe *hast sung* (*under a fained Ghost*)
The tragick Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng.*
Therefore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muses, *honour'd by the same,*
And to express my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I sacre unto* SACKVIL's *Name,*
No less renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Then for thy Love; *to Other's Labours, show'n.*

I J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

ANAGR. { William Hathert. / With liberall arm. }

THE DECAY.

FAr be the Title of this tragick page
From Thee (rare Module of Heroïk minds)
Whose noble Bountie all the Muses binds
To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage:
And yet, to Thee, and to Thy Patronage
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)
Needs must I Offer these DECAYed lines
(Lyned with Horrors of ISAACIAN rage)
Where-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every-way)
My Care-clogd Muse (still carried down the stream)
In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For Vines, unpropped, on the ground do craul.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The Earle of *Essex*, Earle Marshall of ENGLAND, &c.

EDEN.

GReat Strongbowe's heir, no selfe-conceit doth cause
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
But, knowing this, that your renown alone
(As th' Adamant, and as the Amber drawes:
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I have presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)
To grave your Name (which all Iberia awes)
Here, on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vicious and the vile;
Or stop their lothsom envious tongues, at least.
If I have err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet ungraced Muse.

J. S

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE, EARLE OF ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

FRom th' ARK *of* Hope, *still tossed in distresse*
On th' angry Deluge *of disastrous plight,*
My silly Dove *here takes her second flight,*
To view (great Lord) thy World *of worthinesse:*
Vouchsafe (rare plant of perfect Nobleness*)*
Some branch *of safety, whereon she may light;*
Some Olive leaf, *that may presage me right;*
A safe escape from this wet wilderness.
So, when the Flood *of my deep cares shall* fall,
And I be landed in sweet Comfort's Hill;
First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall:
Then, on thy favours meditating still,
My Zealous Muse *shall dayly strive to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD *Mount-joy*, Earle of Devonshire.

THE IMPOSTURE.

THough in thy Brook *(great* Charles*) there swim a Swan*
Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
The vertuous greatness of thy Noble praise
To higher notes, then my faint Numbers can;
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in silence scan*
Unto himselfe new meditated laies,
To finish up his sad Pharsalian *fraies,*
Lend ear to BARTAS *(now our Country-man)*
For, though his English be not yet so good
(As French-men *hardly doe our tongue attain)*
He hopeth yet to be well understood;
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign
His bashfulness a little to advance,
With the milde favours of your countenance.

J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earle of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THe Mome-*free Passage, that my* Muse *hath found*
Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping censures of this curious Age
(Where high conceited happy Wits abound)
Makes her presume(O Mount-joy, *most Renownd!)*
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Paspport of thy Tutelage,
To salve her still from sullen Envies wound.
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun beholding Eyes
Glance on our Glow-worme's scarce discerned spark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Observe a while our tender-imped Lark.
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, then dross-full Vanity.

J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE COLONIES.

REnowned Scipio, *though thine* Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be preferr'd
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for us;
Yet sith one Pen, how-ever plenteous
(Were it the Mantuan *or* Meonian *Bard)*
Sufficeth not to give Fame's *full Reward*
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer *be;* Thou, *his* Achilles;
Both by Each other Happy: Thou *(here-in)*
T'have such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;
He such a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:
It shall (Great Worthy*) no Dis-Honour be,*
That (English) Bartas *hath Sung (thrice) to thee.*

J. S.

TO THE HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Sir *Peter Young* of Seton, KNIGHT, Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Majesties Privie COUNCELL there,

THE COLUMNS.

OUNG, Ancient Servant of our Soveraign Lord,
Grave Master of thy Masters minor-years;
Whose Prudence and whose Pietie appears
In his Perfection, which doth thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His Royall Trusts approve
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:
Whose Duty and Devotion he endeers
With present favours of his princely Love:
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hopeless cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loves reward;
Where-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we have sung)
Through every Age thou shalt live ever YOUNG. J. S

TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS (Favourer of Vertue, Furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Majestie, to the Emperour of RUSSIA.

JONAS.

O thee, long tost in a fell Storm *of* State;
Cast out, and swallowed *in a Gulfe of* Death,
On false-suspect *of thine unspotted* Faith,
And flying from thy (*heav'n-given*) Charge *of late:*
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Case *to that hee suffereth,*
Though (in effect) thy Cause *far differeth)*
I send my JONAS, *to congratulate*
Thy (happy) Rescue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Where-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)
Thy Loyalty *is more notorious* Loyall,
And worthy th'Honours *which thou now do'st hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppressed*, mount *the more:*
And Spices *bruiz'd, smell* sweeter *then before.* J. S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Mr. *Anthonie Bacone.*

THE FURIES.

BOund by thy Bounty, and mine owne Desire
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
*My proto-*BARTAS *from Self-doomed Fire:*
Having new tuned to du BARTAS *Lyre,*
These tragick mirmurs of his FURIES *fell,*
Which (with the Horrors of an earthly Hell)
The Sin-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine encouragement
My sacred-furie thou didst first inflame
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankfull Love, from Him, whose all is Thine.

J.S.

TO THE SAME MOST HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN, Mr. Anthonie Bacone.

BABYLON.

THy friendly censure of my first ESSAY
(Du Bartas FURIES, *and his* BABYLON)
My faint Endevours hath so cheared on,
That both His WEEKS *are also* Ours *to-day.*
Thy gracious hand, reprieving from decay
My fame-lesse Name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd up my Soule's devotion,
That in my Songs thy Name *shall live for ay.*
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth here again my gratefull Muse *invite*
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to thy Desert:
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

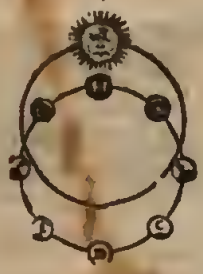
J. S.

ADAM.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTURE,
III. The FURIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



Acceptam refero.

EDEN.

Eden.

THE FIRST PART

Of The

FIRST DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:
The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life, *and* Knowledge-Tree *withall:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His Exercise, and excellent Delights;
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect, whereby
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in description of the creation of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made
Unfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy: (me see,
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleys
Of that sweet Garden, where, through winding val-
IV. lively floods erauld: tell me what mis-deed (leys,
Banisht both *Edens Adam*, and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought us
The balm frō heav'n wch hoped health hath wrought;
Graint me the story of thy Church to sing, (us:
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall Toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doome.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, not no shore;
But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;
Where once arriv'd all dropping wet, I will
Exsoll thy favours and my vows fulfill.

And gracious Guide, whith dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse (Pen
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand touch mine unlearned lips;
Lest, as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams, when it is interpos'd*
'Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.
O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton Ile
From Ovids *heresies, and their un-hallowed spell*
Hereby charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker:
That our mysterious ELPHINE *Oracle:*
Deep, morall, grave, Inventions miracle;

The Translator, considering his own weakness and insufficiency for a work so high and excellent, as all the world hath worthily admired: wooth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at least) he could wear my book, flit up some other spirit to undertake this Task: and also provoke all other good wits to take in hand some holy Argument, and make oh, that himself may be begged fa-

My

My deer sweet DANIEL, *sharp conceipted, brief,*
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that so passionates*
The Heroick sighes of love-sick Potentates:
May change their subject, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Strangers Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, *new Works, new Waies*
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to some City from some Conduit-head
Brings wholsome Water; yet (selfe-wanting sense)
It self receives no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough seasoned But
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,
Retains (long after all the Wine is spent)
Within it selfe the Liquors lively sent:
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets;
Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS *heirs, blush at my elder Story.*

God *(supreme Lord)* committed not alone
T' our Father *Adam*, this inferior Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation
That in the Ocean have their habitation;
Those that in horror of the Desarts lurk;
And those that capering in the Welkin work:
But also chose him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paveth sumptuously
With flowry VER's inameled tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excels,
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber smels;
Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Frees and Corn covers the hils and valleyes;
Sumons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks;
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Here-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads,
With thousand Dies he motleys all the Meades.

Ye Pagan Poets that audiciously
Have sought to dark the ever-Memory (dum
Of Gods great Works; from henceforth still be
Your fabled prayses of *Elysium*;
Which by this goodly module you have wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught:
For, the Almighty made his blissfull bowrs
Better indeed then you have fained yours.

For, should I say that still with smiling face,
Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That fostring milk flow'd up and down the Plain;
That sweet as Roses smelt th'ill savory Rew;
That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew;
That still there dangled on the self same treen
A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green;
That eagrest fruits, and bitterest hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more wholsome food then all the messes,
That now taste-curious wanton Plenty dresses,
Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)
The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,
Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,
More to provoke then hunger to appease.

Or should I say, each morning on the ground
Not common dew, but *Manna* did abound:
That never gutter-gorging durty muds
Defil'd the chrystall of smooth-sliding floods,
Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink
That now in *Caydia* decks *Cerathus* brink:
That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never un-leav'd; but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:
Where thousand sorts of Birds, both night and day,
Did bill and wooe, and hop about, and play:
And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels layes,
Sung *Adams* bliss, and their great Makers praise.
For then, the Crowes, night-Ravens, and Howlets
Was like the Nightingals sweet tuned voice; (noise
And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.

Th' Air's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks, but onely answers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part; and full of curious skill,
They ceasing, sung; they singing, ceased still:
There Musick raign'd, and ever on the plain.
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voyce again.

If there, I say, the Sun (the Seasons Winter)
Made no hot Summer, nor no hoary Winter,
But lovely VER kept still in lively lustre
The fragrant Valleys, smiling Meads, and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink
For Northren Windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field, (yeeld:
That verdure flowrs, those flowres sweet savour
That Day did gladly lend his Sister Night,
For half her Moisture, half his shining Light:
That never hail did Harvest prejudice,
That never frost, nor snow, nor slippery yce
The Fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy showr
Dismounted Mountains: nor no violent showr
Pov'risht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and use:
I think I lye not, rather I confess
My stammering Muses poor unlearnedness.
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 'twas the type of th' upper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.

Yet (over-curious) question not the sire,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine;
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East:
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plenteous, pleasant, happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King,
Was a choice soil through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghon*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tigris* tide.
And that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

Now

Curiously affected, and (as it were) throughly imbrued with the sweet relish of those learned and religious discourses.

Simile.

Simile.

Narration. God, having created and established Man Lord of the creature, lodgeth him in the fair Garden of Eden.

The *Elysian* fields of the Heathen Poets are but dreams.

A large description of the rich beauties of the Garden of Eden, or rather Paradise.

Excellent Gifts of the Earth, and especially of Eden before *Adams* fall.

All Affections excluded far from Eden before Sinne.

Eden principall and most necessary beauty.

Of the place where the Garden of Eden was first.

It was a certaine mortall place, however now adays we can only discerne onelie the circuit, not extent of it.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou find no place that answers now in worth
This beauteous place nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes, those noted floods do flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd.
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth bind.
A certaine place it was(now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again
Our Elders were: whereof the Thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the Gate, an Angel Porter.

It was an allegoricall not mystiall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastick-wise,
A mystike tale of fained Paradise.
('Twas a true Garden, happy Plenties horn.
And seat of graces) lest thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantasticall,
His sin suppos'd his pain Poeticall:
Such Allegories serve for shelter fit
To cutious Idiots of erroneous wit:
And chiefly then when reading Histories,
Seeking the Spirit, they doe the body leese.

It was dis-ment by the generall Flood.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelihood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beauteous place which formost saw
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoyl'd the fair Gardens, made the fat Fields lean,
And chang'd (perchance) the River's channell clean:
And think, that Time, whose slippery wheel doth
In humane causes with inconstant (way. (play
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fords.

Why the Garden of Eden is now hard to find.

For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare
(Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where
'Twas situate, and of the sugred drinkes
Wherewith God fed us in those sacred plenties.

Of the two trees growing in the midst of Adam.

Now of the Trees wherewith th'immortal Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that blissfull Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth, save two sustain'd the mind;
All serv'd for food, save two for seals assign'd.

Why call the tree of life was a Sacrament.

God gave the first, for honourable stile,
The tree of life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th' effect it had, but should have kept,
If man from duty never had mis-stept.
For, as the ayre of those fresh dales and hils
Preserved him from *Epidemick* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarels of the crosse complections;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefes, whose swift-flow posting pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

The vertues of that Tree.

Strong counter-bane! O Sacred plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rimes to sure
Unto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The sweet Simples that our fields present us
Heal but one hurt, and healing too torment us:
And with the torment, lingring our reliefe,
Out bags of Gold voyd, yet our bulks of griefe,
But thy rare fruits hid powr admired most,
Salveth all sores, *sans* pain, delay or cost:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ils away.

O holy peerlesse rich preservative!
Whether wert thou the strange restorative
That suddenly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* younger then his heir?
Or holy *Nectar* that in Heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebe* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare?)
Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or precious *Moly* which *Jove's* Pursuivan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or else *Nepenthe*, enemy to sadnesse,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnesse?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Savemen and Angels every Creature els)?
No. none of these: these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies.
But Thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, then sound thine Excellence.

We cannot say what Tree it was

The Tree of Knowledge, th' other Tree behight:
Not that it selfly had such specall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things know.
'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'en, should to light man reveal
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;
Gods wrath, and love; drad death, and dearest life;
Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evill.

For, God had not deprivd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Then now: blinde Errour had not bleard his eyes
With mists; which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought he knows, save this, that nought he knows.*
That even light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasies
Reave him the skill his un-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

Of the excellence of man before his knowledge before sin.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th' use of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hippocrates*, (excesse,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no
Nor stopt his throat nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy,
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt an hundred years and foure.
Or like the pure Heav'n-promped Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather
Because the Worl'ds Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

How he knew good and evill before sin.

But our now-*knowledge* hath, for tedious train,
A drooping life, and over-racked brain,
A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion,
A restlesse toyl, and Cares self-pining passion.
Knowledge was then even the soules soul for light,
The spirits calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright
To strait-stept feet: cleer knowledg; not confus'd:
Not sowr but sweet: not gotten but infus'd.

Of man knowledge before his Fall.

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-seeing King,
Who never rashly ordereth any thing, (stated)
Thought good, that man (having yet spirit sound-
Should dwel elsewhere, then where he was created;
That

Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden.

That he might know, he did not hold this place
By Natures right, but by meer gift and grace;
That he should never taste fruits un-permitted,
But keep the sacred pledge to him committed,
And dresse that Park, which, God without all tearm,
On these conditions gave him as in Farm.

Of his exercise there.

God would that (void of painfull labour) he
Should live in *Eden*; but not idlely:
For, idlenesse pure Innocence subverts,
Defiles our body and our soule perverts:
Yea sobre I men it makes dilicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that trit travell had no sympathy
With our since-trayels wretched cruelty,
Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde,
Which was a scourge for *Adams* sin assign'd.

Pure contemplation.

For, *Edens* Earth was then so fertill fat,
That he made only sweet Essayes in that,
Of skilfull industry and naked wrought
More for delight, then for the gaine he sought.
In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour lik't, a pain much like the guise
1 Of cunning Dauncers; who, although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip,
From Morne till Even at night again full merry,
Renew their dance of dancing never weary.
2 Or else of Hunters that with happy luck
Rousing betimes some often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds uncouple,
Winde loude their horns, their whoops & halloos
Spur-on & spare not, following their desire, (double,
Themselves un-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.
But, for the end of all their jouity
There's found much tiresnesse, sweat, and vanity.
3 I rather match it to the pleasing pain
Of Angels pure, who ever sloath disdain:
4 Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-lesse ay
About the Welkin posteth night and day.

Adam admirable beauties of the World in generall.

Doubtlesse when *Adam* saw our common aire,
He did admire the Mansion rich and faire
Of his Successors. For frosts keenly cold
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giv'n the Earth her sad Divorces Writ.

But more especially of the Garden of Eden.

But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did dispise:
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Weh, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
Our wealthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world; and gazing greedily,
One while he, Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of buse-buzzing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.

In this Comparison my Author much dawnts the famous City of Paris that I have prefixed to apply it to our famous City of London, that it might be more familiar to my dear Reader.

But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to bear huge Mountaines on her streams:
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence along the Northrene shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.]

For in that Garden man delighted so,
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.
For such excesse his extasie was small:
Not having spirit enough to muse withall,
He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses,
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or saw, more savors, sounds, or dies.

Mappocrite in the last more before his fall.

But, *Adams* best and supreme delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conversation
His soule and body had so many wayes
With God; who lightned *Eden* with his Rayes.
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retein a middle kinde:
And (Umpires) mortall to th' immortall joine;
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.

Of the excesses of the Spirit.

Sometimes by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streames
And glutton vapours over-flow the Brain,
And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or saffron colour'd *Choler*,
In feeble stomacks belch their divers dolor,
And print upon our Understandings Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull Fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirit deceives,
And guilefull visions in our fancy leaves:
Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.
But when no more the soules chiefe faculties,
Are'sperst to serve the body many wayes,
When all self-tuned, free from days disturber,
Through such sweet Transe, she finds a quiet harbor;
Where some in riddles, some more plain exprest,
She sees things future in th' Almighties brest.

Of the excellency of the vision of the spirit, the body being at rest.

And yet far higher is this holy Fit
When (not from flesh, but from flesh eares, acquit)
The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so,
All selfly dies; while that the body though
Lives motion-lesse: for, sanctified wholely,
It takes th' impression of Gods Signet solely;
And in his sacred Crystall Map, doth see
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday,
To it, all one, are all as present ay.
And though it seem not (when the dreams expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright
Like glistring stars, through gloomy shades of night.

Of divine and extraordinary visions and revelations.

But above all, that's the divinest Trance,
When the Souls eye beholds Gods countenance
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales.
As when S. *Paul* on his deer Masters wing
Was rapt alive up to th' eternall things.

And

And he that whilom for the chosen flock,
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.
O sacred flight! sweet rape! loves soverain bliss!
Which very loves deer lips dost make us kiss:
Hymen, of *Manna*, and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doth Heav'n, with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine
Dost purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting us to Heav'n, un-moving hence,
Man (in a trice) in God dooft quintessence:
O! mad'st thou man divine in habitude,
As for a spade; O sweetest solitude,
Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest
Which after death shall make us ever-blest.
Now, I beleeve that in this later guise
Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there
His body saw (or body as ir were)
Gloriously compact with the blessed Legions
That raign above the azure-spangled Regions.
ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manifold
That in this *Eden* thou dost heer behold,
Are all thine, onely enter; (sacred Race)
Come, take possession of this wealthy place,
The Earth's sole glory: take (deer Son) to thee
This Farm's demains. leave the Chief right to me;
And th' onely Rent that of ir I reserve, is
One Trees fair fruit; to shew thy fare and service:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
Ile not exact hard fines (as men shall woont).
For signe of Homage, and for feal of Faith,
Of all the Profits this Possession hath,
I onely ask one Tree; whose fruit I will
For Sacrament shall stand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the rest, I bid thee: but I vow
By th' un-nam'd Name, where-to all knees do bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire
(More fiercely burning then consuming fire)
That of the fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull death, shal plague Thee & thy Seed.
If then, the happy state thou holdst of me,
My holy mildnesse, nor high Majestie,
If faith nor honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy selfe, & thine own Seeds condition.
Most mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I should thee render
For all thy liberall favours far surmounting (ting.
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recoun-
At thy command, I would, with boystrous shock,
Go run my self against the hardest rock:
Or cast me headlong from some Mountain steep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix*, *sister-daughter-wife*:
Obeying thee, I find the things impossible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.
But since thy first Law doth more grace afford
Unto the Subject, then the soverain Lord:
Since (bounteous Prince) on Me and my Descent,
Thou dost impose no other tax, nor rent,
But one sole precept, of most just condition)
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);
And since (good God) of all the fruits in EDEN
There's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Even onely that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eat)
I honour in my soule, and humbly kisse
Thy just Edict (as Author of my blisse):
Which, once transgrest, deserves the rigour rather
Of sharpest Judge, then mildnesse of a Father.
The Firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles shall dive; Whales in the Air shall keep,
Yet I presume, with fingers ends to touch
(Much lesse with lips) the Fruit forbid so much.
Thus, yet in league, wth Heav'n & Earth he lives;
Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty gives:
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures;
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.
Heer, underneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,
Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dresse
In true love-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.
Anon he walketh in a levell lane,
On eyther side beset with shady Plane,
Whose arched boughs, for *Frize* and *Cornich* bear
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:
Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;
Whose leavie twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted wals whereon true fruits do dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With un-graft Trees; in checker round and square:
Whose goodly fruits so on his will do wait,
That plucking one, another's ready straight:
And having tasted all (with due satiety)
Finds all one goodnesse, but in taste variety.
Anon he stalketh with an easy stride,
By some cleer River's lilly paved side, (Gemms,
Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious
And liquid silver all the curling streams:
Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:
And th'art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks self-arched by the eating Current:
Or loving *Palms*, whose lusty Females willing
Their marrow-boyling loves to be fulfilling,
(And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)
Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.
Then in a goodly Garden's alleys smooth,
Where prodig' Nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide Posies divers dyes and order.
Now, far from noyse, he creepeth covertly
Into a Cave of kindly *Porphyry*,
Which, rock-fal'n spouts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with smooth anticks to have seeled fair:
There layd at ease, a cubir from the ground,
Upon a Jasper fring'd with yvie round, (Bever,
Pursled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie
He fals asleep fast by a silent River: (rushing,
Whose captive streams, through crooked pipes still
Make sweeter musick with their gentle gushing,
Then now at *Tivoli*: th' *Hydraulick* Braul
Of rich *Ferraria's* stately Cardinall:
Or *Ctesibes* rare engins, framed there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

Of the ent. ordinary of Man, vilness and revolution.

What man was of vile dust, and bad in Eden.

Man in his perfection of Eden, under a covertaine.

Before the, Man was so humble and tractable to serve of God.

Inscription of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

The Orchard.

The Brook.

The Bridges.

The Alleis, Beds, and Borders.

The Cave.

The pleasant musicke of the Waters.

The Maze.

Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,
False guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,
And right-wrong errors of an end-less Maze:
Not simply fledged with a single border
Of *Rosemary*, cut-out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaurs*, *Whales*, and *half-men-horses*,
And thousand other counterfaited corses;
But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,
Feeding on grass, and th' Airy moysture licking:
Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise;
And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot)
Within the ground they fix a living root,
Which at their navell grows and dyes that day
That they have brouz'd the neighbour-grass away:
O wondrous vertue of God onely good!
The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and blood:
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;
The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go;
The Plant is leaf-less, branch-less, void of fruit;
The Beast is lust-less, sex-less, sire-less, mute:
The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;
Th' admired Beast is sow'n a slender seed.

The wonderfull Plants.

The Bonarets.

Then up and down a Forrest thick he paseth;
Which, selfly op'ning in his presence, 'baseth
Her trembling tresses never-vading spring,
For humble homage to her mighty King:
Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs
Their plumy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs:
Yet envying all the massie *Cerbas* fame,
Sith fifty paces can but clasp the same.

The trees of the Garden of Eden.

The Cedar.

There springs the Shrub 3. foot above the grass,
Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace,
Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears
Root, bark, and fruit, & much-much more the tears.

The Indian.

There lives the *Sea-Oak* in a little shell;
There grows untill'd the ruddy *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermes*, which on each side arms,
With pointed prickles, all his precious arms;
Rich Trees and fruitfull in those Worms of Price.
Which pressed, yeeld a *crimsin*-coloured juice,
Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep *in grain*,
That their own Mothers know them not again.

The Sea-Oak. The Cochenel. The Chermes.

There mounts the *Mels*, which serves in *Mexico*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparel, cord and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaves are fit
For thousand uses of inventive wit.
Somtimes thereon they grave their holy things,
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings:
Somtimes, conjoyned by a cunning hand,
Upon their roofs for rowes of tile they stand:
Somtimes they twine them into equall threds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His upper sap the sting of Serpents cures:
His new-sprung bud, a rare Conserve indures:
His burned stalks, with strong fumosities
Of piercing vapours, purge the *French* disease:
And they extract from liquor of his feet,
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

The wonderfull Mels.

There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetaie*
Is call'd the *Shame-fac't*: for, asham'd of man,
If towards it one do approach too much,
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch;
As if it had a sonle, a sense, a sight,
Subject to shame, feare, sorrow, and despight.

The shamefaced.

And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top
Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doe drop:
I mean the Tree now in *Jutarna* growing,
Whose leaves, dispersst by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing,
Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter;
On Land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water.

A Tree which leaves are transformed to fowle and fish.

But, seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou tread'st the
Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
To which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, less pourtray, least express,
All overwhelm'd in gulfs so bottomless.

A modest excuse of our Poet, unwilling further to search of hidden secrets.

Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.

This fear to faile, shall serve me for a bridle,
Lest (lacking wings and guide) too bustle-idle,
And over-bold, Gods Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place, and search the very time
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should have propagated,
If the fly malice of the Serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn seed, with leprosie of sin.

Or to wonder exprobrably in this question, concerning the Garden of Eden, and man abode there.

If voyd of *Venus*; sith unlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loves imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lyes)
And slack our sinnews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.
Or, whether else as men ingender now,
Sith Spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether their Infant, should have had the powr
We now perceive in fresh youths lusty flowr,
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,
Industrious hands, and hearts couragious;
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear
In Natures gifts, than his then servants were:
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatched bears
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears
(In steed of wings) a bever-supple Down,
Follows her Dam through furrows up and down.
Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eve*
A man of thirty years could never live:
Nor may we judge 'gainst Natures course apparent,
Without the sacred Scriptures speciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'ns dear babe) hath
To countermand our reason and our sight.

Whether

Whether their seed should with their birth have
Deep knowledg, reason, understanding-thought; (brought
Sith now we see the new-fall'n feeble Lamb
Yet stain'd with blood of his distressed Dam,
Knows well the Wolf, at whose fell sight, he shakes
And right the teat of th' unknown Ewe he takes.
And sith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead Image, and no living man.
Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-up their issues inward sight;
Sith the much moysture of an infant brain
Receives so many shapes, that over-lain
New dash the old; and the trim commixation
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' understanding dull, which settle would;
And finds no firm ground for his Anchors hold.
Whether old ADAM should have left the place
Unto his Sons; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the last
Should gloriously from thence to Heav'n have past;
Search whoso list: who list let vaunt in pride
T' have hit the White, and let him (sage) decide
The many other doubts that vainly rise.
For mine own part I will not seem so wise:
I will not waste my travell and my seed
To reap an empty straw, or fruit-less reed.
Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curst head of the Creatures *Chief*,
After that God against him war proclaim'd,
And Satan Princedome of the earth had claim'd:
But none can know precisely, how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:
An unknown Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would misse:
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,
Could scant unwinde the knotty snarled clew
Of double doubts and questions intricate
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.
But this sole point I rest resolved in,
That, seeing Death 's the meer effect of sin,
Man had not dreaded Death 's all-slaying might,
Had he still stood in Innocence upright.
For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,
Seems no more Iron, but flies almost all
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cindats small:
So, the World's Soule should in our soule inspire
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our Sou'e (as form) breath in our corse
Her countless numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautifi'd,
Should (like our death-less Soule) have never dy'd.
Here (wot I well) some wranglers will presume
To say, Small Fire will by degrees consume
Our humour radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of those fruits as yet
Had no agreement with the barmfull spight
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite*;
And notwithstanding that then ADAM's taste
Could well have used all, without all waste,
Yet could they not restore him every day
Unto his body that which did decay;
Because the food cannot (as being strange)
So perfectly in humane substance change:
For it resembleth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life
Is over-cool'd; and so there rests, in fine,
Nought of the strength, savour, or taste of Wine.
Besides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conspiring, undermine at last,
Of our Soules prisons the foundations fast.
I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay
Which th' humours caused in this house of clay;
And stopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Onely the Soules contagious malady
Had force to frustrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To dy or live was in his power and will:
But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,
Ah! dye he may, but not (alas!) not-dye;
As after his new birth, he shall attain
Onely a powr to never-dye again.

FINIS.

The Imposture.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Justice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satans *proud Hate, and Envie to Mankinde:*
His many engines, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the best he many-times beguiles:
Why he assum'd a Body, and began
With Eve, *by Her to undermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drowsie* Conscience:
Gods righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (and theirs): Their Exile: Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who shall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (passing Swallows, & the swiftest things)
Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who shall shew the countenance and gestures
Of *Mercy* and *Justice*? which, fair sacred sisters,
With equall poise, doe ever balance ev'n
Th' unchanging Projects of the King of Heav'n.
Th' one stern of look, the other milde-aspecting:
Th' one pleas'd with teares, the other bloud affecting:
Th' one bears the sword of vengeance un-relenting,
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.
Th' one, from Earthy-*Eden*, *Adam* did dismiss:
Th' other hath rais'd him to a highest Bliss.
Who shall direct my Pen to paint the Story
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-lost glory?
What spell shall charm th' attentive Readers sense?
What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may ravish all this* ILE
With grave-sweet warbles of my sacred stile;
Though *Adams* Doom, in every Sermon common,
And founded on the error of a *woman*,
Weary the Vulgar, and be judg'd a jest
Of the profane zeal-scoffing *Atheist*.
Ah! Thou my God, even Thou (my soule refining
In holy *Faiths* pure Furnace, cleerly shining)
Shalt make my hap far to surmount my hope,
Instruct my spirit, & give my tongue smooth scope:
Thou (bounteous) in my bold attempt shalt grace-(me,
And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me;
And frankly grant, that (soaring neer the sky)
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the least (if heav'n such hap denay)
I may point others, Honours beauteous way.
WHILE *Adam* bathes in these felicities,
Hell's Prince (sly parent of revolt and lies)

He hath recourse to God, the onely giver of all sufficiency and dexterity in good and holy things.

The enemy of God revenge man, and plot such his destruction.

Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his bloud, tyring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:
But above all, *Hate*, *Rude*, and *Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night.
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry clowd
(Though still his brethrens service be allow'd):
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sins infection:
And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
In *Adams* face Gods image all divine,
Which he had lost, and that Man might atchieve
The glorious Blisse his Pride did him deprive;
Grows barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
Spurs-on his coursie, his rage redoubling still.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes)
'Tis that old *Python* wch through hundred throats
Doth proudly hisse, and (past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire;
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:
Dreads th' one as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.

His subtility in executing his designes.

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter
(Meer spirit) assails not *Eve*, but doth attempt her
In fained form: for else, the soule divine
Which rul'd (as Queen) that Little-Worlds designe,
So purely kept her Vow of Chastity,
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy,
Therefore he fleshly doth the flesh assay
(Suborning that) her Mistresse to betray;
A subtle Pandar with more ticing sleights
Then Sea hath Fish or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he had bin in a body.

For had he been of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery substance or aereall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted (red:
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be supplan-
Sith such pure bodies have nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, art'ries, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plac't are properly created
True instruments of sounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his own shape: our crafty foemed him into an Angel of light.

And furthermore, though from his birth h'had had
Heart-charming cunning smoothly to persuade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he, care-lesse, came
Un-masked (like himselfe, in his own name)
In deep distrust man entring suddenly,
Would stop his ears, and his soule presence fly:
As (opposite) taking the shining face
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent
Should think mans fall scarce worthy punishment.

Simile.

Much like (therefore) some theef that doth con-
From travellers both life and goods to reave, (ceive
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way
Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn;
Then in a Cave, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the safety of each place doth doubt;
Till, resolute at last (upon his knee
Taking his levell) from a hollow Tree,
He swiftly send his fire-wing'd messenger,
At his false suit t' arrest the passenger.
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our sorrow,
Thinks now the beauty of an Horse to borrow;
Anon to creep into a Heifers side;
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himselfe to shroud;
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And lest he misse a mischief to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.

His hides him under divers figures.

At last, remembring that of all the broods
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, waters, wilds and woods,
The knotty Serpents spotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflamation: (paws,
And tho they want Dogs teeth, Boars tusks Bears
The Vultures bill, Bulshorns and Gryphins claws;
Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might
To hurt us once, much lesse to kill us quite:
Yet, many times they trecherously betray us,
And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragon skin (slay us;
All bright-bespect; that, speaking so within
That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,
The Mover might with Organ sympathize.

Why he thinks the Serpent.

For, yet the faith-lesse Serpent (as they say)
With horror crawl'd not groveling on the clay,
Nor to Man-kinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull.
But now to censure how this change befell
Our wits come short, our words suffice not well
To utter it: much lesse our feeble Art
Can imitate this sly malitious part. (Fiend

Sundry opinions here upon.

Sometimes me seems (troubling *Eves* spirit) the
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend.
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Aire (as moyst) doe mingle quickly;
The evill Angels slide too easily,
As subtle Spirits int' our fantasie.

1

Sometimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Serpents shape:
Whether that Satan playd the Juggler there,
Who tender eyes with charmed Tapers blear,
Transforming so by subtle vapoury gleams,
Mens heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Divels having bodies light,
Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight,
In shapes or shews, the guilefull have propos'd;
In brief, like th' Aire, whereof they are compos'd.
For as th' Aire, with scatt'red clouds bespred,
Is here and there black, yellow, white, and red,
Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons,
And such to us through glasse transparent clear
From form to form varying it doth appear;
So, these Seducers can grow great or small,
Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall,
As fits the passions they are moved by,
And such our soule receives them from our eye

2

Sometimes, that Satan (onely for this work)
Fain'd him a Serpents shape, wherein to lurk.
For, Nature framing our soules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wise,

3

In

In malice crafty; curious they assemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble,
Whereof a Masse is made, and thereunto
They soon give growth and lively motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty,
Who first of nothing made vaste *Amphitrite*,
The Worlds dull Centre, Heav'ns ay-turning Frame,
And whirling Aire, sole merits that high Name:
Who (onely *Being*) Being gives to all,
And of all things the seeds substantiall
Within their first born-bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Natures hand dispos'd:
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form & stature,
Hastned their growth, or wak'ned learnedly
The forms that formlesse in the Lump didly.
But (to conclude) I think 't was no conceipt,
4 No feined Idoll, nor no juggling sleight,
Nor body borrowed for this uses sake,
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
Yet 'tis a doubt whether the Divell did
5 Governe the Dragon (not there selfly hid)
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally absent, present by effect:
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like;
Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy
(Untoucht) receiving Life and Harmony:
Or, as a Star, which (though far distant) pours,
Upon our heads, hap-lesse or happy showrs.
6 Or, whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,
Holding a place-less place: as our soule dear,
Through the dim Lanthorn of our flesh, shines clear;
And bound-lesse bounds it self in so straight space,
As form in body, not as body in place.
But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument
To charme in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,
Our silly Grandam to her selfs confusion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-lesse Kit;
If famous Dowland *deign to finger it*,
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute
In the grosse handling of a clownish Brute:
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike.
So, Fiery Trunks within *Epyrus* Grove,
Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Jove*,
With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light beleeving Greeks:
So, all incenst, the pale *Engastromath*
(Rul'd by the furious spirit he 's haunted with)
Speaks in his womb; So, well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting up his thought
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue distraught
Strange Oracles; and his sick spirit doth plead
Even of those Arts that he did never read.
O ruth-less murd'rer of immortall Soules!
Alas! to pull us from the happy Poles,
And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceas-lesse frauds and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'st the Lion, when thou dost engage
Blood-thirsty *Nero*'s barbarous heart with rage,
While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world wth the dear blood of Saints.
Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of some false Prophet thou dost belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blasphemies against the King of kings. (vile,
Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures
Some Epicure doth sober mindes defile;
Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,
Strict *Lacedamon* to a soft society.
Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician,
With captious wit and curious language, draws
Seduced hearers; and subverts the laws.
Thou play'st the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right
The face & phrase of some deep Hypocrite; (quick;
True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals but
A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.
Yet this were little, if thy spite audacious
Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,
And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate
Th' Almighties Works, the wariest Wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy subtle baits,
And nimble juggling with a thousand sleights)
Timely returning where I first digrest,
I'le onely here thy first DACRIT digest.
The Dragon then, Mans Fortress to surprise,
Follows some Captains martiall policies.
Who, yet too neer an adverse place he pitch,
The situation marks, and sounds the ditch,
With his eyes levell the steep wall he metes,
Surveyes the flanks, his Camp in order sets;
And then approaching, batters sore the side
Which Art and Nature have least fortifi'd:
So this old Souldier, having marked rife
The first-born payrs yet danger-dread-lesse life;
Mounting his Canons, subtly he assaults
The part he finds in evident defaults;
Namely, poor Woman, wavering, weak, unwise,
Light, credulous news-lover, giv'n to lies.
Eve, Second honour of this Universe!
Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverse,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race
All the fair Fruits these silver Brooks embrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,
And day and night by your own labour drest?
With th'air of these sweet words, the wily Snake
A poysoned air inspired (as it spake)
In *Eves* frail breast; who thus replies: O! know,
What e'er thou be (but thy kinde care doth show
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earth-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit divine, (shine;
Which in the midst of this green ground doth
But, all-good God (alas! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that Tree, on pain to dye.
She ceast; already brooding in her heart
A curious wish, that will her weal subvert.
As a false Lover, that thick snares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,

Conclusion of the former opinion with Antiperistasis.

The Devil by fable and by his subtle wiles of the Devil, putting on divers forms to perchance mankinde.

The Poet relateth his Discourse for resisting the temptation of Eve.

Compassion.

Eve's Original.

Eve's answer.

A false compassion.

When

When she (though little) listning eare affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some assWaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game;
And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parley'ng Citie never long resists:
Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
All guilefull Call t' allure us to his net;
Perceiving *Eve* his flattering glose digest,
He prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest,
Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the breach of his new-battered wall.

No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not, that the care
God hath, Mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
This purest, fairest, rarest Fruits fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eyes; and further, make you seem
(Excelling us) even *equall* Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say: why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, onely great
Through self-aw'd zeal: Put on the glistring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-stall
(As envious Stepdame) thy posterity
The soverain honour of *Divinity*.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who onely yet did heart and eye abandon,
Against the Lord, now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.

A novice Thief (that in a Closet spies
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies)
Pale, fearfull shivering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, up in his cloak it makes,
Scarce finds the door, with faultring foot he flies,
And still looks back for fear of *Hue-and-cries*:
Even so doth *Eve* shew by like fearfull fashions
The doubtfull combat of contending Passions;
She would, she should not; glad, sad; comes and goes:
And long she marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at last she toucheth it,
And (having toucht) tastes the *Forbidden bit*.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or steepy Mountain doth descend too swift,
Stumbling at somwhat, quickly elips some lim
Of some dear kinsman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend
To an untimely, sad, and sudden end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron*.
For, to the wisht Fruits beautifull aspect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances,
Her witty speech, and pretty countenances,
She so prevails, that her blind Lord, at last,
A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.

Now suddenly wide-open feel they might
(Siel'd for their good) both soules and bodies sight;
But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour her:
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow,
To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow
The Trees broad leaves whereof they aprons frame,
From Heav'ns fair eye to hide their filthy shame.

Alas fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *Knowledge* is that you have bought so deer!
In heav'nly things ye are more blinde then Moals,
In earthly, Owls. O! thinke ye (silly soules) (ters
The sight that swiftly through th' Earth's solid cen-
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters,
Cannot transpierce your leaves? or do ye ween,
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing eye?

Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confused sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed Spirits are vext with raving fancies.

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre,
But supernaturall; whose breath divine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie* and to the quick, (prick:
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The Frowning visage of their Judge severe:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.

Adam, quoth God, (with thundring Majesty) (me
Where art thou (wretch!) what dost thou answer
Thy God and Father; from whose hand, the health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:
His rosie cheeks, are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body, drops in ycie dew;
His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of Clouds bedims;
About his ears, a buzzing horror swims;
His fainted knees, with feeblenesse are humble;
His faultring feet doe slide away and stumble;
He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port;
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* rest;
He feels his senses pain'd, his soule oppreft;
A confus'd hoast of violent passions jar;
His flesh and spirit are in continuall war:
And now no more (through conscience of this error)
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault:

O Lord thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made
Me (fearfull) hide me in this covert shade.
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-lesse renegate,
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that? (to run
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?
Hast thou not tasted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warned thee?

O righteous God (quoth * *Adam*) I am free
From this offence: the wife thou gavest me,

For

The Devils reply.

His unlawfull impudently.

The Apologie of Eve.

A comparison.

Another comparison lively comparing the Fall of Man, by the provocation of his wife.

The effects of sinne disobedience.

The extraordinary presence of God, awakes their sense forthwith and begins to strange them.

Deliription and the horrible affrights of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

Adams answer.

God urgeth the cause of his dejection and fear.

* Adams reply, smoothing himselfe, and covertly imputing his Guilt to God.

For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat the deadly meat with her. (Bride,
And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc'd thy Guide?
Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did intice
My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.
Mark here, how He, who fears not who reform
His high Decrees, not subject unto form,
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need
T' examine proof or witness of the deed:
Who for sustayning of unequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercurial*;
Yet Sentence pass doth publikely convent,
Confront, and hear with ear indifferent
Th' Offenders sad: then with just indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.
Ah, cursed Serpent, which my fingers made.
To serve Mankinde: th' hast made thy selfe a blade
Wherewith vain Man and his inveigled Wife
(Self-parricides) have reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all Creatures still.
Groveling in dust, on dust thou ay shalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Womans seed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.
Rebell to Mee, unto thy Kindred curst,
False to thy Husband, to thy Selfe the worst:
Hope not, thy fruit so easily to bring-forth
As now thou slay'st it: henceforth every Birth
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;
Each art'rie, sinew, musele, joynt and vein,
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thoughtfull languishings,
With change of colours, swouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all future Mothers:
Under his yoak, thy Husband thee shall have,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slave.
And thou disloyall, which hast hearkned more
T'a wanton fondling, then my sacred lore,
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow;
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:
Ne'er shalt thou send into thy branchie veines
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.
For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect;
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfly yeelds,
Seed-less, and Art-less, over all thy fields,
With thorns and burs shall brittle up her breast.
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,
Till ruth-less Death, by his extreamest pain,
Thy dust-born body turn to dust again.
Here I conceive, that flesh & bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wran-
Who did our Parents with *Free-will* indue, (gle,
Though he fore-saw, that that would bee the clew
Shoud lead their steps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thousand times a-day:
Now all that hee fore-sees, besals: and further,
He all events by his free-powr doth order.
Man taxeth God of too-unjust severity,
For plaguing *Adams* sin in his posterity:
So that th' old yeers renewed generations
Cannot assuage his venging indignations,

Which have no other ground to prosecute,
But the mis-eating of a certain fruit.
O dusty wormling! dar'st thou strive & stand (mad
W^th Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) de-
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the potter make
His clay, such fashion as him list to take? (thet)
And shall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Fa-
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The supreme King, who (Judge of greatest Kings)
By Number, Weight and Measure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Justice, Patron strong,
Law's life, Right's rule; will he do any wrong?
Man, holdest thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,
But free t' obey his sacred goodness still?
Freely to follow him, and do his hest,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Busiris* prest?
God arms thee wth discourse: but thou (O wretch!)
By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost
Killing thy selfe, and in thy loyns thy line. (catch;
O baneful Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'ns pure flowrs thou turnest into poyson:
Thy sense reaves sense: thy reason robs thy reason.
For, thou complainest of Gods grace, whose Still
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill,
Three unexpected goods; praise for his Name;
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless shame:
Sith, but for sin, *Justice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,
CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell,
Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell;
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence. (doubt:
Then, might'st thou die; now death thou dost not
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:
In Earth thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:
Then, thou didst hear Gods word, it now thou seest:
Then pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,
As seems to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight:
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins
Were one in other linked fast, as Twins:
Ingratitude Pride, Treason, Gluttony,
Too-curious Skill-thirst, Envie, Felony,
Too-light, too-late Belief, were the sweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.
What wou'dst thou (Father) say unto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet liv'st)
All thy possessions in the Earth thou giv'st:
And yet th' ungratefull, grace-less, insolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By Gods own hand made with great majesty,
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command
The rich abundance of the World doth stand;
Not slave to sense but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it still a-right:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion;
But Gods Disciple and his dearest Minion:
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayst thou ghess, what whip, what rope, what
What fire, were fit to punish *Adams* lack. (rack,
Then.

Answer to the second question.

1 Then, sith Mans sin by little and little runs
End-lesse, through every Age from Sires to Sons;
And still the farther this foule sin-spring flowes,
It still more muddy and more filthy growes,
Thou ought'st not marvail, if (even yet) his seed
Feel the just wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen sting of concupiscence
Cannot, yet birth, his fell effect commence;
The unborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,
Is sorrow's servant, and Sin's servile groom,
As a frail More from the first Mass extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellions fact.
Sound off-spring comes not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiled stinking sink doth yeeld
More durt then water to the neighbour field.

2 Simile. While nights black mutiner hoodeth up the skies,
The silly blind-man misseth not his eyes;
But when the day summons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face:
So man, that liveth in the wombs obscurity,
Knowes not, nor maketh known his lusts impurity;
Which, for 'tis sown in a too-plenteous ground,
Takes root already in the Caves profound
Of his infected Heart: with 's birth, it pears,
And growes in strength, as he doth grow in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thousand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

3 Simile. Thou seest, no Wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor Barley, from the madding Morrell spring:
The bleating Lambs brave Lions do not breed:
The leprous Parents raise a leprous seed:
Even so our Grand-sire, living Innocent,
Had stockt the whole World with a Saint-descent:
But suffering sin in EDEN him invade,
His Sons, the Sons of Sin and Wrath he made.

4 Simile. For, God did seem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the first Man so much, as all mans race;
And after reave again those gifts divine,
Not him so much, as in himself his line.
For, if an odious Traitour that conspires,
Against a Prince, or to his State aspires,
Feel not alone the laws extremity;
But his Sons Sons (although somtimes they be
Honest and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-less scarr'd with an eternall shame:
May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* issue punish *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them under Deaths command,
And sear their brows with everlasting brand
Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst)
Have graft worse slips then *Adam* set at first?

Conclusion of the question, and examine of God's Decree against Adam and Eve; They are driven out of Eden.

Mans seed then justly, by succession,
Beats the hard penance of his high transgression:
And *Adam* here, from *Eden* banished,
As first offender is first punished.

Simile. Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accursed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, avoid the place,
This beauteous Place, pride of this Universe,
A house unworthy Masters so perverse.

Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of strongs,
And just revenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)
Were witnesses to all the wofull plants,
The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards *(chiefly brave in word)*
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, Englands *Marshall-Earle*
(Then Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle)*
They were expulst from Cad'z, *their dearest pleasure,*
Losing their Town, their Honour, and their Treasure:
Wo worth (said they) wo worth our Kings ambition;
Wo worth our Clergue, and their Inquisition:
He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;
They burne for Conscience but their thirst is Gold:
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravado's
Of Typhon-*like invincible* ARMADO'S;
Which, like the vaunting Monster-man of Gath,
Have starr'd against us little Davids *wrath:*
Wo worth our sins: wo worth our selves, and all
Accursed causes of our sudden fall.

The earthly Eden shut up for ever from Mankinde.

Those well may ghess the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers gushing down the eyes
Of our first *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-less) by the hand of Heav'n;
For, the Almighty set before the doore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving sword, whose body shined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night;
A body meerly *Metaphysicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE unicall,
Th' *Act-simple-pure*, the onely-beeing BEEING)
Approacheth matter; ne'ertheles, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made
So meerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,
His joyned quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doe*.

FINIS.

THE

The Furies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World's transform'd *from what it was at first:*
For Adams *sin, all creatures else accurst:*
Their Harmony distuned by His jar:
Yet all againe consent, to make him war;
As, th' Elements, and above all, the Earth:
Three ghastly FURIES, Sickness, War, *and* Dearth,
Agen'rall Muster *of the Bodies* Griefs:
The Soules Diseases, *under sundry Chiefs:*
Both full of Horror, but the later most;
Where vgly Vice *in* Vertues *Mask doth boast.*

THis's not the World. O whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing and renewing Nights,
Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights;
This Sea I sail, this troubled Aire I sip,
Are not *The First-weekes* glorious Workmanship:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimmed in so various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,
Of that first World the Miserable Grave. (strange,
All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (justly
Judge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous-
Change & new-mould me, let thy hand assist, (chãge
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist;
Make me thine organ, give my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Prosperity.
And, Bounteous giver of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift,
That in each strain my rude unready tongue
Be level Echo of his learned Song.
And henceforth, let our holy Musick ravish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lavish
(Of charming Sin the deep inchanting Syrens,
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That touche with terror of thine indignation,
Presented in this woefull Alteration,
Wee all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.
But, yet we farther passe, our slender Bark
Must here strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these straights; He hails us threatfully,
Star-board our helm; Come underneath his Lee.
Ho whence your Bark? *of Zeal-land:* whither bound?
For Vertues Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You should not pass; save that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign us then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this FURIOUS *Bay;*

Or,

His hath changed and disfigured the face of the World.

Invocation.

* The Translator here humbly vows both himself to the Kings Majesty, as he many years since (for his Princely encouragement) dedicated his VVEEKES, the VIRGINIA, and some other pieces of his ARTEMIS.

Or, in this Channell, fith we are to learn,
Vouchsafe to togh us as your Royall Stern.

YET THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did seem an Instrument
True-strung, well tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill
The Almighties praise, who play'd upon it still.
While Man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the
And live-lesse creatures seemed all to strive (live
To nurse this league; and, loving zealously,
These too dear Heads, embraced mutually:
In sweet accord, the base with high rejoyce,
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist;
And innocent *Astrea* did combine
All with the mastick of a love divine.

For, th' hidden love that now a-dayes doth hold
The Steel and Load-stone, *Hydragyre* and Gold,
Th' Amber and Straw; that lodgeth in the shell
Pearle-fish and *Sharpling*; and unites so well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Rush*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-bush*,
Is but a spark or shadow of that Love
Which at the first in every thing did move,
When as th' Earth's *Muses* with harmonious sound
To Heav'n sweet *Musick* humbly did resound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings
Of this large Lute, o'er-reached, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yels so hideously,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils
To raise again th' old *Chaos* and ick brails.

Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his frost, and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,
And hoars her head with Snowes, & (jealous) dashes
Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes:

On th'other side, the fallen, envious Earth
From blackest Cels of her foule breast sends forth
A thousand foggy fumes, which every-where
With cloudy mists Heav'n's crystall front besmear.

Since that the Wolf the trembling Sheep pursues,
The crowing Cock, the Lion stout eschews,
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Mastiffe 's mute at the *Hyena's* sight:
Yea (who would think it?) these fell enmities,
Rage in the sense-lest trunks of plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole*; the *Cole-wort Swines-bread*
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*: (dreads,
The *Olive* and the *Oake* participate,
Even to their earth, signes of their Ancient hate,
Which suffers not (O date-lesse discord!) th' one
Live in that ground where th'other first hath
O strange instinct! O deep immortall rage, (grown.
Whose fiery fewd no *Lethé* floud can swage!

So, at the sound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in sunder:
So, that fell Monsters twisted entrails cuts
(By secret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,
Which (after death) in stead of bleating mute,
Are taught to speak upon an Yvory Lute:
And so the Princely Eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls consumes.

The *first-mov'd heav'n* (in't self it self still stirring)
Rapes with his course (quicker then windes swift
All th'other Spheares, & to *Alcides* Spires (whirring)
From *Alexanders* Altars drives their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch here beneath,
Erring, draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot rash,
Against the rock of Heav'n just wrath doth dash
The World's great vessell, sayling yerst at ease,
With gentle gales, good guide on quiet Seas.

For (yet his Fall) which way so e'er he rowl'd,
His wondering eyes God every where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Aire,
He sees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and sumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treasures did unwrap:
Or Chrystall glasse most lively representing
His sacred goodnesse, every where frequenting.

But, since his sin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, grove, field, fountain, stream or stone,
Beast, mountain, valley, sea-gate, shore or haven,
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole scope this round Centre hath,
Is a true store-house of Heav'n's righteous wrath.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerst-subjects 'gainst himselfe insulting:
The tumbling Sea, the Aire with tempests driv'n,
Thorn-brittled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th' Almighties injury.

The Stars conjur'd through envious influence,
By secret hang-men punish his offence: (him:
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-
Th'Air, w[illegible] unlookt-for sudden changes checks-him,
With fogs, & frosts, hails, showes, and sulph'ry thun-
Blasting, & storms, & more prodigious wonders. (ders,

Fire fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited,
Or by mischance in some rich building lighted,
Or from some Mountains burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy stone,
With sparkling fury spreads, and in few hours
The labour of a thousand years devours.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Usurpes his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

The grieved Earth, to ease her (as it seems)
Of such profane accursed weight, sometimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the ayrie tops
Of prince-proud towrs, in her black womb she
And in despight of him abhord and hatefull (wraps.
She many wayes proves barren and ingratefull;
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thistle, & to vaporie Darnel, (Tares,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring
Short Recompence for all our costly cares.

Yet this were little, if she more malicious, (ous:
Fell Stepdame, brought us not Plants more pernici-
As, sable *Henbane*, *Morell*, making mad;
Cold poysoning *Popy*, itching drowsie, sad:
The stifning *Carpese*, th' eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,
Limb-numming belching, and the sinew-shrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)
The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psylly*
(Here called *Flea-wort*) *Colchis* banefull Lilly,
(With

Happy estate of the World, before Sin set forth by a similitude.

The sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a little shadow of the perfect union which was among all creatures before Man fell.

Of the Discord that Sin hath brought among all things.

Sundry notable Antipathies.

The ruine of Man before Sin.

His state after Sin.

All creatures from the highest to the lowest, conspire to Man.

The Heavens with all changes.

All the Elements: Fire, Aire.

Sea.

Earth.

Earth bringeth forth wonders.

Venomous plants.

(With us *Wilde-Saffron*) blistring byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to swell:
Bloud-boyling *Yew*, and costive *Mistletoe*:
With yee-cold *Mandrake*, and a many moe
Such fatall plants; whose fruit, seed, sap, or root,
T' untimely Grave doe bring our heed-lesse foot.
Besides, the knowes, we (brutish) value more,
Then Lives or Honours, her rich glittering Ore;
That *Avarice* our bound-lesse thought still vexes,
Therefore among her wreakfull baits she mixes
Quick-silver, *Lethargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:
So that sometimes for Body, and for Minde,
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.

Pyrites hidden among the Metalls.

What resteth more? The Masters skiltull most,
With gentle gales driv'n to the wished Coast,
Not with lesse labour guide there winged wayns
On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains:
Nor craftie Jugglers, can more eas'ly make
There self-liv'd Puppits (for there lucres sake)
To skip, and scud, and play, and prate, and praunce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:
Then happy we did rule the scaly Legions
That dumb'ly dwell in stormy water-Regions;
Then feathered singers, and the stubborn droves
That haunt the Desarts and the shady Groves:
At every word they trimbled then for aw,
And every wink then serv'd them as a law;
And alwayes bent all duty to'observe-us,
Without command, stood ready still to serve-us.

The creatures now become Tyrants and Traitors to Man, whom Even and servant they were before Sin.

But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,
They (of our slaves) are grown our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea? the drad *Leviathan*
Turns upside-down the boyling Ocean,
And on the suddain sadly doth intoomb
Our floating Cattle in deep *Thetis* womb;
Yerst in the Welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.
Walk we by land? how many loathsome swarms
Of speckled poysons, with pestiferous arms,
In every corner in close Ambush lurk
With secret bands our suddain banes to work?
Besides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf, to death pursue us hard;
And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverains sinfull line.
The huge thicke Forrests have nor bush nor brake
But hides some Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
Rest we at home? the Mally fierce in force,
Th' untamed Bull, the hot courageous Horse,
With teeth, wth horns, & hooffes besiege us round,
As griev'd to see such tyrants tread the ground:
And ther's no Fly so small but now dares bring
Her little wrath against her *quondam* King.

An admirable description of Man's miserable poverty, conserved by humanitie.

What hideous sights? what horror-boading shows?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
O! Am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*? (den
Alecto, sad *Meger*' and *Thesiphon*?
What spels have charm'd ye from your dreadfull
Of darkest Hell? Monsters abhorr'd of men.
O Nights black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* sad,
Stern *Pluto's* Postes what make ye here so mad?
O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Besides your goaring wounds and ghastly horrors?
So soon as God from *Eden Adam* drave,
To live in this Earth (rather in this Grave,
Where raign a thousand deaths) he sommon'd up
With thund'ring call the damned Crew, that sup
Of Sniph'ry *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Come snake-trest Sillers, come ye dismall Elves,
Cease not to curse and cruciate your selves:
Come, leave the horror of your houses pale,
Come, pàtbreak here your foul, black, banefull gall:
Let lack of work no more from hence-forth fear-
Man by his sin a hundred Hels doth rear-you. (you
This eccho made whole Hel to tremble troubled,
The drowsie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And suddainly *Avernus* Gulf did swim
With Rozen, Pitch, and Brimstone to the brim.
And th' ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell,
Hydra's, and *Harpies* 'gan to yawn and yell.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striving for issue with strange mutmurs loud, (der,
Like guns alturns, wth round, round-rumbling thun-
Filling the Air with noyse, the Earth wth wonder:
So the three Sisters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Raise thousand storms, leaving th' infernall stages.

The Fiends with their furniture and tenure, resembling the Horror of Sinne, and the effects of an evill conscience.

Already all rowle-on their steely Cars
On th' ever-shaking nine-fold steely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Cave
They jumble, tumble, rumble, rage and rave.
Then dreafull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beateth (monsterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Cun'e, Bear, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lion, Horse (of strength and stomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hisses, barks and brayes,
He howls, he yels, he bellowes, roars, and neighs:
Such a black Sant, such a confused sound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Having attain'd to our ca'm Hav'n of light,
With swifter course then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,
Who most may torture his detested life. (Death,
Here first comes DEARTH, the lively form of
Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With sharp lean bones piercing her sable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellies seat,
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great:
Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,
Almost all creatures in the World would waste;
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat: For, still her monstrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and sometimes she eates
Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, sometimes (O strangest gluttony!)
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie;
Lessening her selfe, her self so to inlarge:
And, cruell, thus she doth our Grand-sire charge,
And brings besides from *Limbo* to assist-her.
Rage, *Feeblesse* and *Thirst*, her ruth-less sister.

First, The description of Famine with her attends.

Next marcheth WAR, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformity:

Secondly, of Warre and her attends.

Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Blood, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder, (razes:
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *VVrong Impotie*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Discord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacrileage*, *Impunitie*, and *Pride*,
Are still fleetn consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Povertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies bloudy transmigration.

Thirdly, Sickness cruelly described with all her partakers and dependents.

Heer's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously mans wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen, (teen:
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death.
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, hearts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayrs-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.

Innumerable kinds of diseases.

Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, not Frogs belowe,
Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field, in orderly array,
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie;
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

The first Regiment sent to assaile the Head, Mans chief-Fortresse, Sense.

Loe, first a rough and furious Regiment
T' assault the Fort of *Adams* head is sent,
Reasons best Bulwark, and the holy Cell
Wherein the soules most sacred powers dwell.

A King that aims his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the bruite of open warr begin,
Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences;
For, in good Councell *stands the strength of Princes*:
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, sends
Mania and *Phrenzie* to suborne her friends:
Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming)
Within the Soule fantastickly they fain
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimera's* vain,
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexie*, and *Lethargie*,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy
On the same side; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-up the brain and all his brothers;
Making a live-man like a live-less carcasse,
Save that again he scapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose
Their angry darts; this binds, and that doth lose
Mans feeble sinews, shutting up the way
Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

Also-heads of the Sense and endeavours of Reason.

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight
His suddain foe, his ground doth traverse light,
Thrusts, wards, avoids, and best advantage spies,
At last (to daze his Rivals sparkling eyes)
He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimsin streams he makes him strain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to subdue the better
(Whom thousand Gyves al-ready fastly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-less *Ophthalmy*
With scalding bloud to blinde her enemy,
Darting a thousand thrusts; then she is back't
By th' *Amaurosis* and cloudy *Cataraft*,
That (gathering-up gross humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the eye;
This other caseth in an envious caul
The Crystall humour shining in the ball.

This past: in-steps that insolent insulter,
The cruell *Quinsey*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weasand swelling
Among the muscles, through thick bloods congea-
Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe ling;
Of's might and malice to his future-line;
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his undaunted prow's,
When wth his hands (like steely tongs) he strangled
His spightfull stepdams Dragon spotty-spangled;
A proof, presaging the triumphant spoyls
That he atchiev'd by his *Twelve* famous *Toyls*.

The second Regiment assaulting the vitall Parts.

The second Regiment with deadly darts
Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Asthma*, panting, breathing tough,
With humors gross the lifting Lungs doth stuff:
The pining *Phthisik* fils them all with pushes,
Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes:
A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within those spunges kindles cruelly;
The spawling *Empiema*, ruth-less as the rest,
With foule impostumes fils his hollow chest:
The *Pleurisie* stabs him with desperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where scalding bloud doth boyl:
Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)
With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.

The Ague with her train, hot heads, and cruell effects.

Deer *Muse*, my guide; clear truth that nought disse-
Name me that Chapion that wth fury trebles, (bles,
Who arm'd wth blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:
Having sot Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heat*,
Pulse-beating, *Burning*, *Cold-distilling-Sweat*,
Thirst, *Yawning*, *Yelking*, *Casting*, *Shivering*, *Shaking*,
Fantastick *Raving*, and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever*? whose inconstant fury
Transforms her oftner then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*,
And *Second* too; now posting, sometimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidged with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*. (best:

Our Poet, having born himselfe for many years grievously afflicted with the Ague, complaineth bitterly of her rude violence.

Ah treacherous beast! needs must I know thee
For foure whole years thou wert my poor hearts
And to this day in body and in minde (guest,
I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde:
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid:
My memory (which hath been meerly good)
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting floud;

Whereon

Whereon no sooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leaving there no signe:
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,
My former study (almost all) is lost,
And oft in secret have I blushed at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezance*
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunce).
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My numbers still by habite have the Fever;
One-while with heate of heavenly fire ensoul'd;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.

The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.

Now, the third Regiment with stormy stours
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Nat'rall Powers*
Which happily maintain us (duly) both
With needfull food, and with sufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepsie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious dyet)
In straightest stomacks rage with monstrous ryot;
Then on the Liver doth the *Jaundice* fall,
Stopping the passage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then for good blood, scatters all about
Her fiery poyson, yellowing all without;
But the sad *Dropsie* freezeth it extreme,
Till all the blood be turned into fleam.
But see (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The slippery bowels thrill'd with thousand throes;
With prisoned winds the wringling *Colick* pains-the,
The *Iliack* passion with more rigour strains-them;
Streightens their Conduits, & (detested) makes
Mans mouth (alas!) even like a lothsome Jakes.
Then, the *Dysentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed veins.
On th' other side, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Tort'ring the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted sand-heaps strangely stop
The burning urine, strained drop by drop:
As opposite, the *Diabete* by melting
Our bodies substance in our Urine swelting,
Distils us still, as long as any matter
Unto the spout can send supply of water.
Unto those parts, whereby we leave behind-us
Types of our selves in after-times to mind-us,
There fiercely flies defective *Venery*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-lesse *Gonorrhe*
(An impotence for Generations-deed,
And lust-lesse Issue of th' uncosted feed)
Remorse-lesse tyrants, that to spoyle aspire
Babes unconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.

The fourth Regiment hot speech, and defiance with the body-mutinies.

The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours,
Begot of vicious indigested humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedemes*, *Scyrrhus*, *Erisipiles*,
Kings-evils, *Ankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*,
Wens, *Ring-worms*, *Tetters*: these from every part
With thousand pangs brave the besieged heart:
And their b'inde fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
O tyrants! sheath your feeble swords again;
For, Death al-ready thousand-times hath slain
Your Enemy; and yet your envious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure:
And with a dull and ragged instrument
His joynts and skin are saw'd, and torn, and rent.
Me thinks most rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolves* and *Foxes* I resemble you,
Who in a Forrest (finding on the sand
The Lyon dead, that did alive command
The Land about, whose awfull Countenance
Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their live-lesse Prince,
With feeble signes of dastard insolence. (places,

Comparison.

But, with the Griefs that charge our outward
Shall I account the loathsome *Phthiriasis*?

The lousie Disease.

O shamefull Plague! O foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler they Beggers be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin sore,
Their itching backs fit shrugging evermore)
To swarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often shift of shirts, and sheets, and bed;
For, as in springs, stream stream pursueth fresh
Swarm follows swarm, and their too fruitfull flesh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Death's arrest)
Makes of it selfe an execrable feast.
Nor may we think, that *Chaos* confusedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:

Diseases proper to certain Climates and Elements.

For, of her Souldiers, some (as led by reason)
Can make their choyce of *Country*, *Age*, and *Season*.
So *Portugal* hath *Phthisicks* most of all,
Ebor, *Kings-evils*; *Arne*, the *Suddain-fall*:
Savoy, the *Mumps*; *West-India Pox*; and *Nole*,
The *Leprosie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Itch*,
After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,
Or *Countries* manners. So, soft *Child-hood* puling

To some ages of man.

Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Laske through much humidity: *Scalls*;
Through their salt phlegms, their heads are hid with
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloody bals
Of *Menstruall* humour, which (like Must) within
Their bodies boyling button th all their Skin.
To *bloody-Flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Fevers, *Phrenzies*, *Phthisick-pining*.
And feeble *Age* is seldom-times without
Her tedious guests, the *Palsie* and the *Gout*,
Coughes and *Catarrhs*. And so the *Pestilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,

To the seasons of the years.

Are bred with us of an *Autumnall* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Ankler-griefe*,
In *Ver*'s hot-moysture doe molest us chiefe:
The *Diarrhea* and the *Burning-Fever*,
In *Summer-season* doe their fell endeavour:
And *Pleurisies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curled flakes of white celestiall plumes:
Like sluggish Souldiers, keeping Garrison
In th' yce Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.

Some diseases generall.

Some, seeming most in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the first acquiting:
As *Measels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leprosie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthisie-maladie*.

Some hereditary.

And some (alas!) we leave as in succession,
Unto our Children, for a sad possession:
Such are *Kings-evils*, *Dropsie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Blood-boyling *Lepry*, and *Consumption*,
The swelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepsie* sad,
And cruell *Rupture*, paining too-too bad:
For, their hid poysons after-comming hatch
Is fast combin'd unto the Parents sperm.

But O! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,
Those treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,
The *Falling-sickness*, & pale *Swouning-passion*; (pause;
The which, I wot not what strange windes long
I wot not where; I wot not how doth cause.
Or who (alas!) can scape the cruell wile
Of those fell Pangs that *Physicks* pains beguile?
Which being banisht from a body, yet
(Under new names) returne again to it;
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*
Of the wise *Samian*, one it selfe transposes
Into some worse *Grief*; either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or avarice
That doe professe *Apollo's* exercise.
So *Melancholy* turned into *Madnesse*;
Into the *Palsie* deep-affrighted *Sadnesse*:
Th' *Il-habitude* into the *Dropsie* chill;
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*
In briefe, poor *Adam* in this piteous case,
Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chase,
Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,
Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud;
And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eager Hounds;
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his breast, at 's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And last of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.
Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowzie nest,
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,
And pitch their valiant Bands about his Hide;
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,
Himselfe, th' Ayre, th' Earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hils, dales, & roaring rivers)
His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.
For, Man is loaden with ten thousand languors;
All other Creatures onely feele the angors
Of few *Diseases*: as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-sicknesse* doth assail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattell,
Madnesse and *Quincie* bid the Masty battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sicknesse of their kind;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon have ready medicine.
The Ram for Physick takes strong-senting *Rue*,
The Tortois slow, cold *Hemlock* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Jay
Have th' oylie liquor of the sacred *Bay*.
The sickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But we know nothing, till by poaring still
On Books, we get us a Sophistick skill;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still unknowne;
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of those, that (broken with unthankfull toyl)
Seek others Health, and lose their own the-while:
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions, (ons;
While the church-yards swel wth their hurtful poti-
Who (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doe.
I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,
Within whose hearts Gods fear is well discerned;
Who to our bodies can againe unite
Our parting soules, ready to take their flight.
For, these I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death and Disease repelling:
Th' Almighties Agents, Natures Counsellers,
And flowring Youths wise faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it first of Natures silent Schollers;
For, from the *Sea-Horse* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eyes;
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glysters* laxative,
From *Beares*, and *Lions*, *Diets* we derive.
'Gainst th' onely Body, all these Champions stout
Strive; some, within: and other some, without.
Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have striken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and spoyl the Instruments
Wherewith she works such wondrous presidents.
But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Rea-
Opinions issue; which (though selfe unseen) (son:
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.
Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies (eyes;
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubbered
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others leaneness fatting up her selfe,
Joying in mischiefe, feeding but with langour
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger:
And *Jealousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.
The second Captain is excessive Joy;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her: whose sences all possesse
All wished pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting:
The winged Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.
The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Feare*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:
She

Some are known by their Causes, but by their Effects only.

Some by sundry Causes increasing and wasting worse.

Comparison

Another comparison.

An epitome-Harvest of Most malevolent, supported with other Companies fed, dessert fish, and sweet herbs: and that by several Remedies of their own: having also taught Men many Phrases of Physick.

Of foure Principles of the Soule, under them comprehending all the rest.

First, Sorrow defective, with her company.

Secondly, Joy with her Vanities.

Thirdly, Feare and her Followers.

She leads black *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,
And drowsie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed)
Diseased, beggar, starv'd with wilfull need.

Possibly, Desire, a small vassalline Passion, accompanied with others like it as Ambition, Avarice, Anger, and foolish Love.

And thou *Desire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth nor Ocean can content: (lesse,
Whose-lookes are hooks, whose belly's bottom-
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedinesse,
Thou art the Fourth; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'st to field a rough unruly Band:
First, secret-burning, mighty swoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dyes not
Whose hands (transported with fantastick passion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge she venters
Through sell *Charybdis*, and false *Sertes* Nesse;
The more her wealth the more her wretchednesse;
Cruell, respect-lesse, friend-lesse, faith-lesse, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour but much more her self:
Whose foule base fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store:
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.

Then, boyling *Wrath*, stern cruell, swift, and rash,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnash:
Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine;
Who som-times rowles her ghastly-glowing eyn,
And som-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloudy in her Countenance;
Raving and rayling with a hideous sound,
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground;
Bearing *Boccom*, fire and sword to slay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her self, to bane her Enemy;
Disdaining Death, provided others dye:
Like falling Towers o'rturned by the winde,
That break themselves on that they under-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Love*:
(Whom here to paint doth little me behove,
After so many rare Apelleses
As in this Age our Albion nourshes)
And to be short, thou doest to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainst the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or seeming-*Goods* doth finde.

Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky)
These sudden *Passions* past but swiftly by,
The fear were lesse: but, O! too-oft they leave
Keen stings behinde in Soules that they deceive.
From this foule Fountain, all these poysons rise,
Rapes, Treasons, Murders, Incests, Sodomies,
Blasphemung, Bibbing, Theeving, False-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The bitterness of the Passions of the Soule, far more dangerous than is the disease of the body.

Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*
Exceed each *Sicknesse* that our body seises;
Which makes us open war, and by his spight
Gives to the Patient many a wholsome light;
Now by the colour, or the Pulses beating,
Or by some Fit, some sharper dolor threat'ing;
Whereby, the Leach, neer-ghessing at our grief,
Not seldome findes sure means for our relief.
But for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which, onely, them both can and ought detect)
They rest unknown, or rather self-conceal'd;
And foule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.

Besides, we plainly call the *Fever*, *Fever*:
The *Dropsie*, *dropsie*: over-gliding never,
With guile-full flourish of a fained phraze,
The cruell Langours that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick
Rubs her owne sore; with glozing Rhetorick
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reasons* Cautere vain.

And sure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
In sacred *Vertues* spot-lesse mantle near,
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd,
Then when the World the Waters wholly sival-
Ile spare to speak of foulest Sins, that spot (low'd.
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Lest I the Saints chaste tender eare offend,
And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.

The miserable corruption of our Times, worse than all former Ages.

Who bear upon their *French-sick* backs about,
Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden shreads cut-out;
Whose lavish hand, at one *Primero-rest*,
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering feast,
Spend treasures, scrap't by th' *Usury* and *Care*
Of miser-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

All riotous Prodigality (gulled with the name of Liberality

Who, with a Maiden voyce and mincing pase,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted
Base coward-heart, and wanton soft array, (face,
Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray;
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Lust-greedy Goates,
Brothell from bed to bed; whose *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaste *Susans*, and, like hungry Kite,
Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.

Effeminate Coxcombry & luxurious Pride, misrelled Cleanlinesse.

Infinite Lust and Brothelrie, fantasmed Love.

Who, by false bargains, and unlawfull measures,
Robbing the World, have heaped kingly treasures:
Who cheat the simple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are esteemed *Thrifty*.

Extreme Extortion covered The ft.

Who alwayes murder and revenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who never do respect
State, Sex, or *Age*: but in all humane lives
In cold bloud, bath their parricidiall knives;
Are stiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want such valour whose self-cruell hand
Fights for our Foes, our proper life-bloud spils,
Our Cities sacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Sheild*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field;
And let us see the Spiders busie task
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.

Blasphemous Quarrels, brawls Cursings.

Inhuman Murders, neighbell Manhood.

But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirst be such,
If in your brests sad *Europa* boyl so much,
What holds you here? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flock-lesse, treasure-lesse our Towns.
Goe then, may run, renowned *Martialists*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* lists;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering stroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoak:
To *Portugall*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And grave your names on *Lyshon's* gates again.

FINIS.

The Handie-Crafts.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The praise of Peace, *the miserable states*
Of Edens *Exiles : their vn-curious* Cates,
Their simple habit, *silly* habitation :
They finde out Fire : *their formost* Propagation :
Their Childrens trades, *their* offerings; *envious* Cain
His (better) Brother doth vnkindly brain :
With inward horror hurried up and down,
He breaks a Horse, *he builds a homely* Town :
Iron 's *invented, and sweet* Instruments :
Adam *foretels of After-Worlds* events.

The Poet here vnderstanding (also being the Kings) passes about the Queen have returned into France. The heavens show brings peace here.

HEav'ns sacred Imp, fair Goddesse that renew'st
Th' old golden age & brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile :
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile :
Virgin, unseen in *France* this many a year,
O blessed *Peace !* we bid the welcome here.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds, and couch their staves in rest
For fierce incounter ; cast away their spears,
And rapt with joy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Merchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our tradefull waters go :
How the grave *Senate*, with just-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe ; the Laws their ancient vigour.
Lo, how *Oblivions* Seas our strifes do drown :
How wals are built that war had thundred down.
Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm ;
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm :
Behold the bon-fires waving to the skies :
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries
Of old and young ; singing this joyfull Ditty,
Iô, rejoyce, rejoyce through Town and City,
Let all our Aire, re-eccho with the praises
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises
Our ruin'd State : who giveth us a good
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood) :
So that to hear and see these consequences
Of Wonders strange, we scarce beleeve our senses.
O ! let the *King*, let *Monsieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spaine* wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt :
O ! let the honour of their names be kept,

Thanksgiving to God for peace.

Grievous rumour, bruiser of the mariner's thrones.

And

And on brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For having quench't, so soon, so many Fires,
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the Heav'nly ires.
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,
And dammed-up the bifront Fathers gates.
Much more, let us (deer, World-devided land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, Wars bloudy rage hath rent)
To us so long, so happy Peace *hath lent*
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto *(prop of Antichrist)*
Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's *threatning* Israel;
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retreat
For Saints exil'd in persecutions heat.
Much more let us with true-heart-tuned breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(Of martiall Pallas *and our milde* Astræa.
Of grace and wisdome the divine Idea)
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Well-neer nine Lustres hath this kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home plotted dangers,
And bloudy threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowring Scepter;
That (to his glory, and his deer Sons honour)
All happy length of life may wait upon her:
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But wasting (Lord) in some more learned layes,
To sing thy glory, and my Soveraigns praise;
I sing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Proem
Unto so rare and so divine a Poem. (menr,

An instinct so thereof, by the Translator, in honour of our late gracious Soveraign Elizabeth, in whose happy reign God hath given this kingdome so long peace and rich prosperity.

WHO, FULL OF wealth and honours blandish-
Among great Lords his younger years hath spent;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,
Us'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, & Sights,
If in his age, his Princes angry doom
With deep disgrace drive him to live at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly
From his before-un-sorrow-drained-brain
The brackish vapours of a silver rain:
Where Usher-lesse, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *East* and *West* windes enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the low-roofe broken wals
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands, (hands:
With brows the roof, both wals with both his
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day,
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,
And in a dish (for want of Plate or Glasse)
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hippocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders driv'n
For ay from *Eden* (earthly Type of Heav'n)
Lye languishing neer *Tygris* grassie side,
With numbed limbs, and spirits stupefied. (per.
But powrfull NEED (Arts ancient Dame & Kee-
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,
And foaming rivers through the Champain driving:

An Elegant comparison representing the lamentable condition of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple lived Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every-where:
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer.
To get a Plum, somtimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medler for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble (ble,
With thousand scratches doth their skin beseram-
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite
Of th' hungry belly then the tastes delight,
Living from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper th' afternoon they ply'd,
Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or some lesser prey.
Then, raught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely up they hoord,
The best provisions that the Woods affoord.

Great Gaptivity in these kinds of life.

Touching their garments: for the shining wooll
Whence the robe-spinning precious Worms are ful,
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,
For Gems bright lustre, with excessive cost
On rich embroidries by rare Art emboss't;
Somtimes they do the far-spread Gourd unleave,
Sometimes the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their fairest tresses here and there:
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthia's* brother.

The ir Clothing.

Somtimes the *Ivie's* climing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oaks slender twigs entwi-
A many branches in one tissue joyning, (ning,
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimb'le quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride
Dance on the tresses of a noble Bride.
But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And bristly Woods be witnesse of his pains:
Eve, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers
Speights, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Estrich* scatt'red feathers,
And then with wax the smaller plumes she fears,
And sows the greater with long white Horse hairs,
(For they as yet did serve her in the stead
Of Hemp, and Towe and Flax, and Silk and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle faire.
When in the Sun in Pomp all glittering,
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdy Spring.
When (by stoln moments) this she had contriv'd,
Leaping for joy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
'Sayes on her selfe her manly ornament;
And then through path-lesse paths she runs apace,
To meet her Husband comming from the Chase.

The first causes of life.

Sweet-

Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him)
My Love, my Life, my Blisse, my Joy, my Gem,
My soules dear Soule, take in good part (I pre-thee)
This pretty Present that I gladly give the.
Thanks my dear All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kisses he requites her kisse.
Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himselfe doth often view,
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause
So many severall parts to meet in one,
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.

Eve indeavoureth to make a garment for her husband

But, when the Winters keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltick* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Floods,
And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods;
Our Grand-sire, shrinking, gan to shake and shiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons coming (ming)
(Whose freez-clad bodies feele not Winters num-
He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding upon the Down
A sharpe great fish-bone (which long time before
The roaring Flood had cast upon the shore)
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well,
Then cloathes his wife therewith; & of such Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himselfe provides.

Their winter-cloaths.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave,
Were the first buildings that them shelter gave;
But, finding th' one to be too-moist a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose
Sixteen fair Trees that never leaves doe loose,
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected,
As if of purpose Nature them erected;
Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly,
Then entebraid, and binde them curiously;
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,
'T had been true seeling painted-over green.

Their lodging and first building.

After this triall, better yet to fence
Their tender flesh from th' ayrie violence,
Upon the top of their fit-forked stems,
They lay a-crosse bare Oaken boughs for beams
(Such as dispersed in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempests by the stormy winde)
Then these again with leavie boughs they load;
So covering close their sorry cold abode.
And then they ply from th' eaves unto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their mansion round,
All save a hole to th' Eastward situate,
Where straight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(In stead of hinges hanged on a With)
Which with a sleight both shuts and openeth.

A building somewhat more cunning.

Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the winds, that whistle
Amid the Groves, so oft the *Laurell* justle
Against the *Mulberry*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burnes the neighbour Cops.

The invention of fire.

When *Adam* saw a ruddy vapour rise
In glowing streame; astund with feare he flyes,
It follows him, untill a naked Plain
The greedy fury of the flame restraine:
Then back he turns, and comming somwhat nigher
The kindled shrubs, perceiving that the fire
Dries his dank Cloathes, his colour doth refresh,
And un-benums his sinnews and his flesh;
By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes,
And hying home a fire he quickly makes,
And still maintaines it, till the starry *Twins*
Celestiall breath another fire begins.

But Winter being comn again it griev'd him,
T' have lost so fondly what so much reliev'd him,
Trying a thousand wayes, sith now no more
The jutting Trees his damage would restore.

How the first man recovered fire for the use of himselfe and his posterity.

While (else-where musing) one day he sate down
Upon a steep Rocks craggy-forked crown,
A foaming beast come toward him he spies,
Within whose head stood burning coals for eyes;
Then suddenly with boysterous armes he throwes
A knobby flint, that hummeth as he goes; (ding
Hence flies the beast, th'ill-aimed flint-shaft groun-
Against the rock, and on it oft rebounding,
Shivers to cinders, whence there issued
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee;
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So up and down, that from the coldest stone
At every stroke small fiery sparkles shone.
Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay
The which together handsomly they lay.
They take the faling fire which like a Sun
Shines cleer and smoak-lesse in the leaf begun.

Eve, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blows with her mouth: & with her gentle blowing
Stirs up the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.

And now, Man-kind with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to Man;
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted,
Then *Abel* most to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, desirous still at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheese, unwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a flock; that when it came became
For guard and guide should have a Dog and Ram.
Cain, more ambitious, gives but little ease
To's boystrous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copses as not held in price;
Some grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,
A-part he sows them in a better soyl;
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds;
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.

Beginning of Husbandry.

The severall occupations of *Abel* and *Cain*.

By the next Harvest, finding that his pain
On this small plot was not ingrately vain;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without so often weary labouring,
He tames a Heyfer, and on either side,
On either horn a three-fold twist he ty'd
Of Osier twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or tooth of some Rhinoceros.

Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain;
Where (humbly-sacred) th' one with zealous cry
Cleaves bright *Olympus* starry Canopy:

They sacrifice.

With

With fained lips, the other loud-resounded
Heart-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving sounded:
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
The best that either flocks, or fields afford. (tries
Rein-searching God, thought sounding Judge, that
The will and heart more then the work and guise.
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious brother;
Who feeling, deep th' effects of Gods displeasure,
Raves, frets, and fumes, & murmurs out of measure.
What boots it, *Cain*, O wretch! what boots it thee
T' have opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
Of the first mother; and first born the rather
T' have honour'd *Adam* first with name of Father?
Unfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, active, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weak Girl-boy, in mans shape disguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd?
What boots it thee, for others night and day
In painfull toyl to wear thy selfe away:
And (more for others then thine own reliefe)
To have devised of all Arts the chiefe;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling flame and that none over-crow thee,
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe thee.
Ay in his minde this counsail he revolves;
And hundred times to act it he resolves;
And yet as oft relents; stopt worthily
By the pains horror, and sins tyranny.
But, one day drawing with dissembled love
His harm-lesse brother far into a Grove
Upon the verdue of whose Virgin-boughs
Bird had not perch't, nor never Beast did brouz;
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,
That in our Age three men could hardly bouge,
And just upon his tender brothers crown,
With all his might he cruell casts it down.
The murdered face lies printed in the mud,
And loud for vengeance cryes the martyr'd blood:
The batt'red brains fly in the murd'rers face.
The Sun, to shun this tragick sight a-pace,
Turns back his Teem: the amazed fratricide
Doth all the *Furies* scourging whips abide:
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm
A thousand kinds of living deaths doe form:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his own friends, of his own shade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaf, and staring at a Sparrow,
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.
But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews that still multiply
With new increase; who yet their age be rife
Becom great-Grand-sires in their Grand-sires life;
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,
For woods, and floods, and ayr, and soyl excelling.
One fels down Firs another of the same
With crosled Poles a little lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry wals about
(And leaves a breach for passage in and out)
With Turf and Furse: some others yet more gross
Their home'ly Sties in stead of wals inclose:

God regardeth *Abel* and his service, and rejecteth *Cain* and his where-at *Cain* enviously, and finally kills his brother whose blood God revengeth.

By reason of the multiplying of Mankinde, the children of Adam begin to build houses for their commodity and delicate.

Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their silly Cotes they fix:
Som make their roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes
And some with hides, with oase, with boughs, and (bushes.
He that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
For, with keen Coulter having bounded (witty)
The foure-fae't Rampire of his simple City;
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand
And clayie mortar ready there at hand,
Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A stately Tower erecting, on the Port;
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tigre! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of some Peasants trained in thy tillage,
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head?
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Having for ayd all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
Thy pain thou couldst not, less avoid thy fear (veins,
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.
Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,
The first of all th' untamed Courser curbed;
That while about on others feet he run
With dusty speed he might his Deaths-man shun.
Among a hundred brave, light, lusty Horses
(With curious eye marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proof, (hoof.
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty
With Pasterns short, upright (but yet in mean)
Dry sinnewy shanks; strong, flesh-less knees, & lean:
With Hart-like legs, broad brest, & large behinde,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd:
A crested neck bow'd like a halfe bent Bow,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flow;
A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drowned;
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,
As his light foot; a lean, bare bonny face,
Thin joule, and head but of a middle size,
Full, lively-flaming, quickly rowling eyes,
Great foaming mouth, hot fuming nostrill wide,
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head star rifi'd,
Three milky feet, a feather on his brest,
Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he ghest.
This goodly Jennet gently first he wins,
And then to back him actively begins;
Steady and streight he sits, turning his sight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
Begins to snuff and snort, and leap, and fling;
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes
Like some unskilfull Lad that undertakes
To hold some ships helm, while the head-long ryde
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;
Who neer devoured in the jaws of Death,
Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint and out of breath,

Cain thinking to finde some quiet for the remnant of his dominions, begins to fortifie and build a Tower.

Supposeth to secure himselfe by the strength and resistance of a horse which he begins to tame.

The description of a gallant horse.

The manner how to back, to breake, and to make a good horse.

Smile.

A thousand times (with Heav'n erected eyes)
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.
But, fitting fast, lesse hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldens himself and his brave Beast again:
Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot
In full career: and at his courage smiles;
And sitting still to run so many miles.

The ready speed of a fresh horse proceeded to the Rider in a plaine & brief description.

His pase is fair and free; his trot as light
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:
And his brave gallop seems as swift to goe
As *Biscan* Darts, or Shafts from *Rassian* bowe:
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,
Never so speedy spews the thundring shot
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a sommon'd Town)
As this light Horse scuds, if he do but feel
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel:
Shunning himself, his sinewy strength he stretches;
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches, (ground
Born whirl-winde-like: hee makes the trampled
Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound:
And When the fight no more pursue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth away.

Good horse-manship.

The wise-wext Rider, not esteeming best
To take too much now of his lusty Beast,
Restraines his fury: then with learned wand
The triple Corvet makes him understand:
With skilful voyce he gently cheers his pride,
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide:
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly back.

The ostentation, pride & port of a courageous horse, when he is ridden.

But th' angry Steed, rising and reaning proudly,
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,
Cals for the Combat, plunges, leaps and praunces,
Befoams the path, with sparkling eyes he glaunces,
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All side-long jaunts, on eyther side he justles,
And 's waving Crest courageously he bristles,
Making the gazers glad on every side
To give more room unto his portly Pride.

The dexterity of a skilfull Rider.

Cain gently stroaks him, and now fire in seat,
Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him backward bring.
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to manage rightly round;
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim:
And all, so done, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th' one for his Art no little glory gains:
Th' other through practice by degrees attains
Grace in his gallop, in his pase agility,
Lightnesse of head and in his stop facility,
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.

The Use of horses thus discovered,
Each to his worke more cheerly settled.
Each plies his trade, and travels for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tubal* sage.

The invention of yron

While through a Forrest *Tubal* (with his *Yew*
And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue,
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain
An yron River rowls along the Plain:
The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise,
And still perceiving, that this scalding mettle,
Becomming cold, in any shape would settle,
And grow so hard, that with his sharpned side
The firmest substance it would soon divide;
He casts a hundred plots, and yet he parts
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts:
Like as a hound, that (following loose, behinde
His pensive Matter) a quick Hare doth finde;
Leaves whom he loves, upon the sent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry;
And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide
Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide:
A hundred wayes he measures Vale and Hill:
Ears, eyes, nor nose, nor foot, nor tail are still,
Till in her hot Form he have found the prey
That he so long hath sought for every way.

Comparison

For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld:
In two square creases of unequall sises
To turn to yron streamlings he devises;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the dross he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes;
And, adding tongs to these two instruments,
He stores his house with yron implements: (ples,
As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coulters, sta-
Bolts, hinges, hooks nails, whitts, spaoks, & grapple;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he for-
He hatcheth files, & winding vices wormeth, (meth,
He shapeth sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

Calling of the Nill, or Hammer of yron.

Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard minerall.
This, to the Plough-man for great uses serves:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:
This arms our bodies against adverse force:
This cloathes our backs: this rules th' unruly horse:
This makes us dry-shod dance in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;
Fift Element, of Instruments the hast;
The Tool of Tools, & Hand of Handy-Craft. (rude,

The excellent use & commodiousness of yron.

While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops*
Half-naked *Brutes*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,
Hastning the hot work in their founding hands,
No time lost *Jubal*: th' un-full Harmony
Of uneven Hammers, beating diversly,
Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery sonle
Yet birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and fain some Instrument would finde
That in accord those discords might renew,
And th' yron Anvils rattling sound ensew
And iterate the beating Hammers noyse
In milder notes, and with a sweeter voyce.

Invention of Musick

It chanc't, that passing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three dry sinnews on the shell stiff-strained:
This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;

Invention of the Lute and other Instruments.

And

And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
That makes woods hearken & the winds be mute,
The Hils to dance, the Heav'ns to re-trograde,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
His Art, still wexing, sweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinnews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.
But *Adam* guides through paths but seldom-gone,
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred Throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel*'s place)
Staff of his age and glory of his race:
Him he instructeth in the wayes of *Veritie*,
To worship God in spirit and sinceritie:
To honor Parents with a reverent awe,
To train his children in religious law:
To love his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankinde to lend: (swaies
To know Heav'ns course, and how their constant
Divide the year in months, the months in dayes:
What Star brings Winter, what is Summers guide;
What signe foul Weather, what doth fair betide;
What Creature 's kinde, and what is curst to us;
What Plant is wholesome, and what venemous.
No sooner he his lessons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
The more he knows, the more he craves; as fuell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.
While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,
Whose gurgling streams frizado'd on the gravell,
He thus bespake: If that I did not see
The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to mee,
How still you watch me with your carefull ein,
How still your voyce with prudent discipline
My Prentice ear doth nft reverberate;
I should misdoubt to seem importunate;
And should content me to have learned, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things have hot, and what have cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Love my studious heart advances
To ask you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
Shall fill this World: What shall the World betide;
How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
With *Justice* Mace shall govern mortall things?
Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts eternall eye
Things past and present may by means descry;
But not the future, if by speciall grace
It read it not in th' *One-True*'s glorious face.
Thou then, that (on'y) things to come dost know,
Not by Heav'ns course, nor gheste of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,
But by a clear and certaine prescience,
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,
With whom at once the three-fold times do fly,
And but a moment lasts Eternity;

While Cain and his children are lost for the world, Adam & his other Sons [illegible] themselves to piety and justice, and in searching the godly secrets of Nature.

Seth qualifies his father concerning the state of the world from the Beginning to the End.

Adam answers.

O God behold me, that I may behold
Thy Crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes,
Earth-ward eclipst, may shine unto the skies.
Ravish me, Lord, O (my soules life) revive
My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)
Heav'n yer I dy: and make me now (good Lord)
The eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.
With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dancing, foaming, rowling furious-wise
Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes
With ghastly voyce, with visage grizly grim,
Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking & blushing, panting, shreeking, swouning,
With wrathlesse wounds their senselesse members
But as th' Imperial airy peoples Prince, (wounding:
With stately pinions soaring-by from hence, (think
Cleaves through the clouds, & bravely-bold doth
With his firm eye to make the Suns eye wink:
So *Adam*, mounting on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,
Feeds on sweet Æther, cleaves the starry Sphears,
And on Gods face his eyes he fixtly bears:
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.
Then thus began he: Th' ever-trembling field
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry fel'd,
Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The clear cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd
Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde
Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil
The woods that middling stand to part the broil);
The Diapry Mansions, where man-kind doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes*: & the Seav'nth was made
The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth and Air,
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,
Shall stand *Six dayes*; but longer diversly
Then the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.
The *First* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn
The Hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*.
That after God through strange lands leads his
And, past mans reason, credit ing Gods word, (Heard,
His onely Son slayes with a willing sword:
The *Fourth* 's another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Canon takes his silly sling.
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards staff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that sad Princes night
That sees his children murdred in his sight,
And on the banks of fruit full *Euphrates*,
Poor *Juda* led in Captive heavinesse:
Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt*;
Who mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule sins (Still-selfly innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:
The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-day*,
Th' Air shall be mute, the Waters works shall stay:
The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their mea-
The Sun his shine: and in eternall pleasures (sures,
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
Th' eternall *Sabbaths* end-lesse *Festivall*.

The power of Gods spirit in his Prophets: and the difference between Adam, and the distracted frantic mutathers of Satan.

Adam declares to his sonne in how many dayes the world was created.

How many Ages shall endure. 1. Adam 2. Noah. 3. Abraham.

4. David.

5. Ezekiel.

6. Messiah.

7. The [illegible] Sabbath.

Alas!

Confideration of Adam upon the sin wch th should (shall) his posterity, even the end of the 6th World destroyed by the Flood: bemoaning to the remnant of Angels in Gaudis, in the end of the 9 chapter.

Alas! what may I of that race presume
Next th'ireful Flame that shall this Frame consume,
Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me?
Sith those outrageous that began their birth
On th' holy grounsill of sweet *Edens* earth,
And (yet) the sound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witnesse of mine Exile were,
Seem to despight God. Did it not suffize
(O lustfull Soule!) first to *polygamize?*
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to disdain
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou multingrain
In thy *great-Grand-sires Grand-sires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)
The prohibition and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow:
Neither his Pasports sealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Sons:* re-advance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
And troden-down: Invoke th' immortall Powr;
Upon his Altar warm bloud-offrings pour:
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,
And reend again *Truths* neer-extinguisht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly dying wholly,
(Earths ornament) to God he liveth solely.
Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* & *Fasting*:
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (sacred) sees, feels, all enjoyes in God:
How at somtimes mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transform.
Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love
With his rare beauties, not content above
T'have half, but all, and ever; sets the stairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:
Lo, how he climbeth the Supernall Stories.
Adieu, dear *Henoch*: in eternall glories
Dwel there with God: thy body chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts-on immortality:
Thine eyes already (now no longer eyes:
But new bright Stars) do brandish in the skyes:
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:
Thy *Sabbath's* end-lesse: without vail (in fine)
Thou seest God face to face; and neer unite
To th' ONE-TRINE *God*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou dost leave
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
Whose guts are gulfs, incestious all their life.
O strange to be beleev'd! the blessed Race,
The sacred Flock, whom God by speciall grace
Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas!) most shame-lesse
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-lesse,
With lustfull eyes choosing for wanton Spouses
Mens wicked daughters; mingling so the houses
Of *Seth* and *Cain*; preferring foolishly
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.
From these profane, foul, cursed kisses sprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;
Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankinde.
Then, righteous God (tho ever prone to pardon)
Seeing his mildnesse but their malice harden,
Lilt pleade no longer, but resolves the Fall
Of man forth-with, and (for Mans sake) of all:
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding
Along the Aire, or on the Earth abiding.
Heav'ns chrystall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:
With th' other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The spungy Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore
All liquid floods that it had drunk before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars have but boughs to show,
The shores do shrink, the swelling waters grow.
Alas! so many Nephews lose I here
Amid these deeps, that, but for Mountains neer,
Upon the rising of whose ridges lofty,
They lusty climb on every side for safety,
I should be seed-lesse: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows those Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O Children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'ns wrath pursues you to destroy-you:
The stormy Waters strangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas have all one common shore,
(To wit) a sable, water-loaden Sky,
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.
O Son-lesse Father! O too fruitfull hanches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches:
O gulfs unknown! O dungeons deep and black!
O Worlds decay! O Universall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now Earth no more)
O Flesh! O Bloud! Here, sorrow stopt the door
Of his sad voyce; and, almost dead for wo,
The prophetizing spirit for sook him so.

FINIS.

NOAH.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing,

I. The Ark,
II. Babylon,
III. The Colonies,
IV. The Columnes,

Acceptam refert.

The Ark.

THE FIRST PART
Of The
SECOND DAY OF
THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Noah *prepares the* Ark : *and thither brings*
(With him) a Seed-pair of all living things :
His exercise a-ship-board : Atheist Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame ;
And diversly impugns Gods Providence :
Noah *refels his faith-lesse arguments* :
The Flood *surceast : The* Ark *landed* : Blood *forbid* :
The Rain-bow *bent* ; *what is prefigured* :
Wine drowneth Wit : Cham *scoffs the Nakednesse*
Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennesse.

A Preamble, wherein by a modest complaint the Poet stirs up the Readers attention, and makes humble way to the ensuing action of the Work of God.

IF now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :
And if now banisht from the learned Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight ;
Blame these sad Times ingratefull cruelty,
My houshold cares, my healths infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
Lo, they're the clogs that weigh down heavily
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :
My harvest 's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
O gracious God ! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faiths ne'er-dying embers:
Asswage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit :
Comb, gild, and polish, more then ever yet,
This latter issue of my labouring wit :
And let not me be like the winde that proudly
Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly
Against the next hils, over-turns the woods,
With furious tempests tumbles-up the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains
The sparkling flints to roul about the Plains ;
But flying, faints ; and every league it goes,
One nimble feather of his wing doth lose :
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:

Which, toward the sea, the more he flees his source,
W^th growing streams strengthens his gliding course,
Rowls, roars, & foams, raging with rest-less motion,
And proudly scorns the greatenesse of the Ocean.

The ouerflow of the Floud and building of the Ark.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect:
For th' angry Heav'ns (that can without respect
Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th' *Universall state*:
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:
We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought such store of fruits, and grasse, & grain,
If *Lamech*'s Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaste Vessell had not first erected,
Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.

Noah retreates aboard the Ark.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noe passeth not, with tales and idle play,
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:
But as the Summer sweet distilling drops
Upon the medows thirsty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, & doth the Flowrs re-flowr,
All scorcht and burnt with *Auster's* parching powr:
So, the care-charming hony that distils
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.

Cheer ye, my Children: God doth now retire
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his strict *Justice* holy indignation
Hath brought upon this wicked generation;
Arming a season, to destroy Mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the Water and the Winds:
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm Winds and Waters still.

His wrath and mercy follow run by rule
That (like the lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place, and this from age to age,
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage. (sure,
Our gracious God makes scant weight of displea-
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:
Sometimes he strikes us (to especiall ends)
Upon our selves, our children, or our friends;
In soul or body, goods, or else good names,
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat-us;
Nor doth he thrill sooft as he doth threat-us;
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns just-gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did sing.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought in, interpreting his Father, and diuersly impugning the wise and inuiolable providence of God Almighty and all-mercifull: and the humble and religious end of Noah.

But, brutish *Cham*, that, in his brest accurst
The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurst;
Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,
And selfe-usurp the Majesty supernall:
And to himself, by name of *Jupiter*,
On *Africk* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended brows, with stout and stern aspect,
In scornful tearms his Father thus be-checkt:

O! how it grieves me, that these servile terrors
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)
Have ta'en such deep root in your feeble brest!
Why, Father, always selfly thus depreſt?
Will you thus always make your self a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fained Judge?
And will you always forge your self a Censor
That weighs your words, and doth your silence cen-
A sly controuler, that doth count your hairs, (sure?
That in his hand your hearts keys ever bears,
Records your sighs, and all your thoughts descries,
And all your sins present and past espies?
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloody knife
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life?

O! see you not the superstitious heat
Of this blinde zeale doth in your minde beget
A thousand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you still to each extremity,
Faining a God (with thousand storms oppreſt)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beast.

Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others blood, in sudden swoun deceases,
In manly brest a womans heart possesses:
And who (remorse-lesse) lets at any season,
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,
And thunders threats of horror and mis-hap,
Hides a Bears heart under a humane shape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus preroud;
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while; anon, he frets, hee frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.

The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy;
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.

O goodly *Justice*! one or two of us
Have sinn'd, perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the pain, yea even the Innocent
Poor Birds and Beasts incurre the punishment.

No, Father no: (t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,
Nor savage fell, nor sudden passionate,
Nor such as will for some small fault undoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.

All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations
Hath hoorded up) with selfs-weight enter-crusht,
Now all at once upon the earth have rusht:
And th' end-lesse chinayre (which by secret quils
Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hils
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie Crystall turned by the cold)
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in few dayes with raging *Floods* o'r-flown
The top-lesse Cedars of Mount *Lebanon*.

Then, with just grief the godly Father gall'd,
A deep, sad sigh from his hearts Centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham*;
Mine ages sorrow, and my houses shame;
Through self-conceipt contemning th' holy Ghost,
Thy sense is bound, thine understanding lost:
And O I fear (Lord, falsifie my fear)
The heavie hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou (I doubt) shalt be
His furies object, and shalt testifie

Disgrace Noah gives to the blasphemous Cham, and his follower Ashculim.

By

By thine infamous lifes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-leſſe lips ſophiſticate. (CLE
I (God be prais'd) know that the perfect CIR-
Whoſe Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceive aright
Th' Almighty-moſt to be moſt infinite:
That th' onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempeſts of fell paſſions winde:
That moveleſt, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n, and, builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne 's inclos'd in glorious Fire
Paſt our approach: that our faint ſoule doth tire,
Our ſpirit growes ſpright-leſſe, when it ſeeks by
To ſound his infinite Omni-potence. (ſenſe
I ſurely know the Cherubins doe hover
With flaming wings his ſtarry face to cover.
None ſees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But paſſing by, and by the back alone.
To us, his Eſſence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his Wayes, his Name un-utterable;
So that concerning his high Majeſty
Our feeble tongues ſpeak but improperly.
For, if we call him ſtrong, the praiſe is ſmall:
If bleſſed ſpirit, ſo are his Angels all:
If Great of greats, hee 's void of quantity:
If good, faire, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Eſſence* fully excellent,
All is pure ſubſtance, free from accident.
Therefore our voyce; too-faint in ſuch a ſubject
T' enſue our ſoule, and our weak ſoule her object,
Doth alwayes ſtammer; ſo that ever when
'T would make Gods name redoubted among men
(In humane phraze) it cals him pitifull,
Repentant, jealous, fierce, and angerfull.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like us:
His jealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious;
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the beſt that feeble man doth hear,
With vehemence of ſome hot paſſion driv'n;
That, with ripe judgement, doth the King of heav'n.
Shall a Phyſician comfortably-bold,
Fear-leſſe, and tear-leſſe, conſtantly behold
His ſickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulſe, and give him health again?
And ſhall not th' *Ever-ſelfe-reſembling* God
Look down from Heav'n upon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for grief and anguiſh;
Nor cure his creature but himſelfe muſt languiſh?
And ſhall a Judge, ſelf-anger-leſſe, prefer
To ſhamefull death the ſtrange adulterer;
As onely looking fixtly all the time
Not on the ſinner, but the ſinfull crime?
And ſhall not then th' Eternall *Juſticer*
Condemne the Atheiſt and the Murderer,
Without ſelfe-fury? O! ſhall *Juſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoveraign Might
Be chayn'd ſo faſt to mans frail appetite,
That filthy ſin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him ſelfly cruciate?
Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerves not for defence
Of his own *Eſſence* from our violence.

(For in the Heav'ns, above all reach of ours
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towrs);
But, to direct our lives, and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Injury reſtrain.
Th' Almighty paſt not mean, when he ſubverted
Neer all the world from holy paths departed.
For *Adams* Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruit:
Th' other, firſt rich in goodneſſe, afterward
With thoſe baſe Scions, beeing graft, was marr'd:
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſo wicked and inceſtuous luſters:
And then (alas!) what was there to be found
Pure, juſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cain's Line poſſeſt ſin, as an heritage;
Seth's as a dowry got by mariage:
So that (alas!) among all humane-kinde
Thoſe Mongrell kiſſes marr'd the pureſt minde.
And we (even we, that have eſcaped here
This cruell wrack) within our conſcience bear
A thouſand Records of a thouſand things
Convincing us before the King of kings;
Whereof not one (for all our ſelf-affection)
We can defend with any juſt objection.
God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, ſith they liv'd but for mans ſervice ſole,
Man, raz'd for ſin out of the *Living Roule*,
Thoſe wondrous ſouls, and organs excellent,
Their Work-man reft; remain'd impertinent.
Man's onely head of all that draweth breath,
Who lacks a member, yet perſevereth
To live (we ſee): but, members cut away
From their owne head, do by and by decay.
Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth:
For, ſithence man had from his very birth
Rebell'd againſt him; was 't not equity,
That, for his fault, his houſe ſhould utterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſow'n,
That in the ruines (for inſtruction)
We for a time might read and underſtand
The righteous vengeance of Heav'ns wrathfull hand,
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waves
Of ayrie clouds or under-Earthly caves?
If all blew Curtains mixt of ayre and water,
Round over-ſpreading this wide All-Theater,
To ſome one Climate all at once ſhould flie,
One Countrey they might drown undoubtedly:
But our great Galley, having gone ſo far,
So many months, in ſight of either *Star*,
From Pole to Pole through ſundry Climats whurl'd,
Showes that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.
Now *non-pluſt*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for ſuccour to thine Ayrie Damp:
Show, in the concave of what Mountains ſteep
We may imagine Dens ſufficient deep.
For ſo much Air as guſhing out in Fountains, (tains;
Should hide the proud tops of the higheſt Moun-
Sith a whole tun of ayre ſcarce yeelds (in trially
Water enough to fill one little Viall.
And what ſhould then betide thoſe empty ſpaces?
What ſhould ſucceed in the forſaken places

O

Anſwer 1. God is ſuch a nature, immutable, almighty and incomprehenſible.

Anſwer 2. The repentance of the World deſerved extreme puniſhment.

Anſwer 3. We are all generally depraved, all merit to be deſtroyed.

Anſwer 4. The leaſt imperfect puſhes condemnation, even then when they are moſt lively chaſtiſed.

Anſwer 5. God deſtroying the world, doth no wrong to the Temple, if he break, and batter them with their Maſter.

Anſwer 6. A Traytor deſerves to have his hands ſtanded on the ground.

Anſwer 10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a moſt juſt judgement of God.

Anſwer 11. The waters of the Flood ſprung not from natural meteors only, but great and from other than natural Cauſes which cannot produce ſuch effects.

So that man cannot ſpeak of God but after the manner of men.

We know God ſpeaks of God but after the manner of men.

Anſwer 2. The Repentance and the charge which the Scripture queſtionds to God, is far from Error and Defect.

Two contrarieties explaining the ſame.

Anſwer 3. Juſtice being a virtue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

Anſwer 4. God doth not Wrath Offenders

Of th'ayre 's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking
Sith there's no void in th'Al-circûference? (thence)
Whence (wilt thou say) then comes this raging
That over-flows the windy *Rypheau* Wood, (Flood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires? (it, *Cham*,
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from comes
That Wolves, and Panthers wexing meek & tame,
Leaving the horrour of their shady home,
Adjourn'd by Heav'n did in my presence come,
Who holding subject under my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reason is't,
That unmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Come without call? Whence comes it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal and other victuall,
Should serve so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark-holds of his *Ark* is shut?
That here the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell have not broak?
That all this while we doe not joyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selves, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas where all the rest are Grav'd?
In all the compasse of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords and pins,
As wonders strange, and miracles, that ground
Mans wrangling Reason and his Wits confound:
And God, no lesse his mighty power displayd
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.
O sacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;
A-live and dead, let us perceive and prove
Thy wrath on others, on our selves thy love.
Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery.
Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'ns sluices, causing th' ayr (controul'd)
Close-up his Channels, and his Seas with-hold, (he,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'ns fresh fans, quoth
Earths sweeping brooms, O Forrests ennity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers,
My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,
Mine arms, my sinnews, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth in my just-kindled ire
Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire; (der
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull won-
I muster horror, darknesse, clouds and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,
That hils and dales have hidden from the sky.
Th' *Æolian* Crowd obeys his mighty call,
The furly surges of the Waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet doth kneel
A thousand Hils, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)
Sends forth the Crow, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-boord to his great admirall.
Some few dayes after from the window flies
The harm-lesse Dove for new discoveries:
But seeing yet no shore, she (almost tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yet the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode;
To view the World a-fresh she flyes abroad;
And brings aboord (at evening in her bill
An Olive branch with water pearled still.
O happy presage! O deer pledge of love!
O wel-com news! behold the peacefull Dove
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by his sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Covenant,
That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares courageous,
Yet he be false in word or deed to us.
O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Have lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe rejoyce it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortall King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddenly renewing.
Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World 'gan lift
Most of his Iles above the waters drift:
Though wexen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his stinking stall,
Hee'l not a-shore till God be plear'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he understand
Some Oracle to licence him to land. (Cave,
But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his
(Or rather from a foule infectious Grave) (Brides,
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two
And thousand pairs of living things besides,
Unclean and clean: for th' holy *Patriarch*
Had of all kinds inclosed in the *Ark*.
But, here I hear th' ungodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others ear,
With silent murmurs muttering secretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;
Who will believe (but shallow brained Sheep)
That such a Ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear so great a charge?
Sith the proud Horse, the rough skinn'd Elephant,
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-up a Hulk far deeper, longer, broader?
O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Our of this Vessell a vast multitude
Of since-born mongrels, that derive their birth
From monstrous medly of *Venerian* mirth:
Fantastick Mules, and spotted Leopards,
Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,
Since, dayly sprung from strange & mingled loves,
Wherein from time to time in various sort,
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:
If plainer, yet I prove you space by space,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,

Author 12. The confusion of the power of God to subjecting the Creatures to Noah: in sustaining and feeding them so long in the *Ark* (which was as a sepulcher) confounds all the objections of Atheists.

Author 13. The *Ark* full of Miracles, which confounded the wits, and stop the mouths of profane wranglers.

God ceaseth the Flood to cease.

The *Ark* rested on the Mountain *Ararat* in *Armenia*.

What Noah did before he went forth.

The reputation Noah made commendable, even to gentiles: Wherefore, at the first he was chosen up in the *Ark*.

Many objections of the Atheists, concerning the capacity of the *Ark*.

Author.

By

By subtill judgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,
Sith every brace was *Geometricall*:
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who dispute with God, may be content
To take for current, Reasons argument.

An unanswerable answer to all profane objections.

But here t' admite th'Almighties powrfull hand
I rather-love, and silence to command
To Mans discourse: what he hath said, is done:
For, evermore his word and deed are one.
By his sole arm, the *Gallions* Masters saw
Themselves safe rescu'd from deaths yawning jaw;
And offers up to him in zealous wise,
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;
And sends withall above the starry Pole
These winged sighes from a religious soule; (Seas;
World-shaking Father, Winds King, calming-
With milde aspect behold us; Lord appease
Thine Angers tempest, and to safety bring
The planks escapt from this sad Perishing:
And bound for ever in their ancient Caves
These stormy Seas deep World-devouring waves.

Commandements, prohibitions, & Promises of God to Noah and his posterity.

Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny;
Resume your Scepter, and with new beheasts
Bridle again the late revolted Beasts,
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to reign:
Deer Children, use them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abstain, and do not take for meat
Their ruddy soule: and leave (O sacred seed!)
To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then,
I deeply hate all cruell bloody men:
Therefore defile not in your brothers bloud
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood:
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;
And bloud with bloud be venged first or last;
For evermore upon the murderers head
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.

The Rainbow given for a pledge of the promise, that there shall be no more general Flood.

From hence-forth, fear no second *Flood* that shall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I assure ye no; no, no, I sweat to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath untrue?)
Again, I sweat by my thrice sacred *Name*:
And to confirme it in the Clouds I frame (black
This coloured Bow. When then some tempest
Shall threat againe the fearfull World to wrack,
When water-loaden-Heav'ns your Hils shall touch,
When th'air wth midnight shal your noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks up to this Rain-bow cast:
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,
Though hemm'd wth showrs, & though it seem to
(To drown the world) all th' oceans waters up, (sup
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.

Description of the Rainbow.

Noah looks-up, and in the Aire he views
A semi-Circle of an hundred hews: (thrones,
Which, bright ascending toward th' ether-all
Hath a line drawn between two *Orizons*.
For just *Diameter*: an even-bent bow
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth show
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The second green, the third an orient blew;
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) some changeable is seen.
A bow bright-shining in th' Arch-Archers hand,
Whose subtill string seems levell with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over us it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies
Where powrfull Nature shews her freshest Dies.

What it signifieth.

And if you onely blew and red perceive,
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceive,
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,
The *Judgement* past, and *Judgement* yet to come.

Noah falls to Husbandry, & tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.

Then having call'd on God, our second Father
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practise in his youth.
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude
That first his hand in brothers bloud imbru'd,
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harmlesse tillage,
And (wanton) prising lesse the homely village,
With fields and woods, then th' idle Cities shades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seth's* Sons, knowing Nature sobetly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing, with industrious care,
The Flocks and Droves covet'd with wool & hair;
As praise-full gain, and profit void of strife,
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.
So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had scarcely boxed all th' Earths dropsie vapours,
When he that sav'd the stote-seed-World from
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back, (wrack,
And there soon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.

He plants a Vine.

For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warm Suns eye lying open still,
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches (ches:
The crooked Vines choyse scyons, shoots, and bran-
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses:
Cuts, props, and proins; & God his work so blesses,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceed.

He is overtaken with Wine.

Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To see with mud so many roofs o'er-grown,
And him left almost in the World alone;
One-day a little from his strictnesse shrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.

Description of a drunkenness.

His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty flame his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,
Is abrupt, stuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-stuft stomack wrung with wind he feels:
His trembling Tent all topsie turvie wheels:
At last, not able on his legs to stand,
More like a foule Swine then a sober Man,
Oppreft with sleep, he wallowes on the ground
His shame-lesse snorting trunk, so deeply drown'd
In self-oblivion, that he did not hide
Those parts that *Cæsar* covered when he died.

Ev'n

Ev'n as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'r-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres,
And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters
Of some late *Lopez*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:
Or as a young, unskilfull Painter raw,
Doth carelessly the fairest features draw
In any face, and yet too neerly marks,
Th'unpleasing blemish of deformed marks,
As lips too great, or hollownesse of eyes,
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:
Even so th'ungodly Sons of Leasings Father,
With black Oblivions sponge ingratelyſmother
Faire Vertues draughts, and cast despightfully
On the least sins the venom of the eye,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:
Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently view'd
His Fathers shame, and most profanely-lew'd
With scornfull laughter (grace-lesse) thus began
To imfamize the poor old drunken man.

Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This pure controuler that so oft contrould
Us without cause: see how his bed he soyls:
See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls
By 's mouth, and eyes, and nose: and brutely so
To all that come his naked shame doth show.
Ah shame-less beast (both brethren him reprov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with just anger mov'd)
Unnaturall villain, monster pestilent,
Unworthy to behold the firmament;
Where (absent we) thou ought'st have hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more,
Thy Fathers shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief,
Have made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter
Proclaim'st his fault on Infamies Theater.
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)
Their hoary Fathers nakednesse they hide.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man a-
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook (wook,
At strength of wine, & toucht with true repentance,
With Prophet-mouth'gan thus his Sons fore-sentence:

Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)
Thy darling *Canaan* let the pearly Morn,
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Evening* see
Thy neck still yoaked with Captivity.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed
Spread-wide my *Japheth's* fruitfull-swarming seed.

Error, no error, but a wilfull badnesse:
O foule defect! O short, O dangerous madnesse!
That in thy rage, most harm-lesse *Chyus* smother
By his dear friend; *Penthens* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent;
The talk-full, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, wex adulterous;
Th' adulterer, become incestuous:
With thy plagues leaven swelling all our crimes;
Blinde, shame-less, sense-less, quenching oftentimes
The soule within it selfe: and oft defames
The holyest men with execrable blames.
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,
Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,
Lifts-up his lees, and spews with humane vent
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:
So ruin'st thou thine hoast, and foolishly
From his hearts bottom driv'st all secrecie.
But, had'st thou never done (O filthy poyson!)
More mischief here, but thus bereft of reason
This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)
We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

BABY-

Babylon.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Antithesis *of Blest and cursed States,*
Subject to Good and Evill Magistrates:
Nimrod *usurps: His prow's-full Policy,*
To gain himselfe the Goal of Soveraignty:
BABEL *begun: To stop such out-rages,*
There God confounds *the builders* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrew, *First and Best:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (above the rest)*
Th' Arabian, Toscan, Spanish, French, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are honour'd by our Author much.*

A prudent deprecating the Infelicity and happy choice of Commonwealth governed by good and prudent Princes, contrasted the misery of those that live in subjection under Tyrants, and wishes the Peers every holy prosperity as fit instruments to the life & maintenance of Princes.

O Happy people, where Good Princes raigne,
Who tender publike more then private gain!
Who (vertu's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Parasites, and hearken to the wise:
Who (self-commanders) rather sin suppresse
By self-examples, then by rigorousnesse:
Whose inward-humble, outward Majesty
With Subjects love is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,
But know themselves set on a lofty story
For all the World to see and censure too:
So not their lust, but what is just they do.
But, 'tis a hell, in hatefull vassallage,
Under a Tyrant to consume ones age:
A self-shav'n *Demus*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whose cursed Courts with bloud and incest swell:
An Owle that flies the light of Parliaments
And State-assemblies, jealous of the intents
Of private tongues; who (for a passime) sets
His Peers at oddes; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right respects:
Who every day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learned, wise, nor valiant subjects,
But daily crops such vice-upbraiding objects,
Who (worse then Beasts, or savage monsters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin:
Who, though round fenc't with guard of armed
A-many moe he fears, then he affrights: (Knights,
Who taxes strange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.

Print

A Prayer made to the former discourse, and giving warning to that which followeth.

Print (O Heav'ns King!) in our Kings heart a
First, of thy lawes; then of their publick weal: (zeal,
And if our Countries now-*Po*-poysoned phrase,
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes
Leave any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O! cancell it, that they may every where,
In stead of *Babel*, build *Jerusalem*;
That loud my *Muse* may eccho under them.

Nimrod ranniles & usurpes to make himselfe Master of the rest.

YET *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice six years,
He tyranniz'd among his strippling-peers,
Out-stript his equals, and in happy houre,
Layd the foundations of his after-pow'r;
And, bearing reeds for Scepters, first he raigns
In Prentice-Prince some over Sheep-heard-Swains.
Then, knowing well, that whoso ayms (illuster)
At fancied bliss of Empires awfull lustre;
In valiant acts must passe the Vulgar sort,
Or Mask (at least) in lovely Vertues Port;
He spends not night on beds of down or feathers,
Nor day in tents; but hardens to all weathers;
His youthfull limbs; and takes ambitiously
A Rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:
In stead of softlings jests, and jollities,
He joyes in Jousts, and manly exercise;
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling flesh,
Scarce fully slain, luke-warm and bleeding fresh.

Perseverance in Peaceful and laborious exercises of Nimrod growes gracious with the people.

Then with one breath, he strieth to attain
A Mountains top, that over-peers the Plain;
Against the stream to cleave the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-strong floods, that have born down their brid-
Running unrein'd wth swift rebounding sallies, (ges,
A-crosse the rocks within the narrow vallies;
To overtake the dart himselfe did throwe,
And in plain course to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But when five lustres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar Leopard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounse, or Beare,
Him dread-lesse combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high Tropheis of his bloody spoyls.
The people, seeing by his war-like deed
From theeves and robbers every passage freed:
From hideous yels, the Desarts round about;
From fear, their flocks; this monster-master stout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

He shandons his first petty Chiefs, and hunteth other for a more precious Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (snatching Fortune by the tresses)
Strikes the hot steel; sues, sooths, importunes, presses,
Now these, then those, and (hastning his good Hap)
Leaves hunting Beasts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former quests did use
Cals, pit-fals, toyls, sprenges, and baits, and glews:
And (in the end) against the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, & shafts, & swords, their rage to tame:
So, some he wins with promise-full intreats,
With presents some, & some with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Usurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yet that the youthfull pride
Of upstart State, ambitious, boyling sickle,
Did thrust (as now) in others corn his sickle.
In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan devise
To penetrate a thousand cruelties,

Tyrannical rule of Nimrod & his proud enterprise.

Pel-mel subverting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Natures triple sacred Right.
He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his nose
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he lose
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end
Might slip their yoke; he subtle makes them spend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and busies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde. (Grooms:
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim
Leave we these rowling tents, & wandring rooms:
Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet;
A sure *Asylum*, and a safe retrait, (threat:
If th' irefull storm of yet-more Floods should
Let's found a City, and, united there,
Under a King let's lead our lives; for fear
Lest sever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be dispersst o'r all the Regiments,
That in his course the dayes bright Champion-eyes,
Might-lesse our selves to succour, or advise.
But, if the fire of some intestine war,
Or other mischief should divide us far,
Brethren (at least) let's leave memorials (wals.
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring

A compassion, showing lively the estimate of the oppressed of Tyrants, the Rods of Gods right-ground vengeance upon unequally people.

—Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (unespi'd)
Have faln by chance upon a forrest side,
Among dry leaves; a-while in secret shrowds,
Lifting a-loft small, smoaky-waving clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes it blushes,
With angry rage; and rising through the bushes,
Climbs fragrant Hawthorns, thence the Oak, & then
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment,
And never leaves till all neer Woods be brent:
So, this sweet speech (first broacht by certain Mini-
Is soon applauded 'mong the light opinions; (ons)
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the base confused multitude;
Who, longing now to see this Castle rear'd,
Them night and day, in diff'ring crafts bestirr'd.
Some fall to felling with a thousand stroaks
Adventurous Alders, Ashes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forrests, that the Sun might view
Fields that, before his bright rayes never knew.

Lively Description of the people employed in Some great building.

Ha'ye seen a Town expos'd to spoyl & slaughter
(At Victors pleasure) where laments and laughter
Mixedly resound; some carry, some convey,
Some lug, some load; gainst Souldiers seeking Prey
No place is sure, and yet a day be done,
Out at her gate the ransack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) these Carpenters dis-robe
Th' *Assyrian* hils of all their leafie robe,
Strip the steep Mountains of their ghastly shades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick justling meet abroad,
And bending axles groan beneath their Load.
Here, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy slime of chalkie waters gray:
There, busie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,
They dig to Hell; and damned Ghosts again
(Past hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:
Their hammers noyse, through Heav'ns rebounding
Affrights the Fish that in fair *Tygris* swim. (brim,
These

These ruddy walls in height, and compasse grow;
They cast long shadows, and far-off do show; (mise
All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) sur-
Even the first day to touch the very skies. (frowns,
God displeased with the audacious enterprise of Nimrod and his fellows to touch their Designs by confusing their Language.
Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, his by the roots he rakes,
And th' unmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.
See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Wals, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full peece, impregnable! and sure
All my just angers batt'ries to endure.
I swore to them, the fruitfull Earth no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go mann the World; and lo they bide
Self-prisoned here: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell have ta'en them;
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb & rein them;
Who scorns mine arm, & with these braving Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of Ours.
Come, come, let's dash their drift; & sith combin'd
As well in voyce, as bloud, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold,
Incourage-on themselves their worke to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence;
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the Bro-
The Sire, and Son not understand each other. (ther,
Upsurdities of Gods decree.
This said, as soon confusedly did bound (sound,
Through all the worke I wot not what strange
A jangling noyse; not much unlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors;
Some speak between the teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words doe ill dispose,
Some howl, some halloo, some do stut and strain,
Each hath his gibb'rish, and all strive in vain
To finde again their know'n beloved tongue,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle young.
A fit comparison.
Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-colour'd Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-days* door adorn:
And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet
Of painted Singers that in groves do greet.
Their Love-*Bon-jours*, each in his phrase & fashion
From trembling Pearch utteringhis earnest passion;
And so thou mayst conceit what mingle-mangle
Among this people every where did jangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;
One brings him up a hammer: hew this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks;
They beat the first, a stone; the last, an ax:
One would have spikes and him a spade they give:
Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve:
Thus crosly-croft, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breath-lesse all, with their confused yawling,
In boot-lesse labour now begins appawling.
A further comparison showing that there is no remedy, no endeavour, no diligence, no ought that mortalitie can will against God.
In brief, as those, that in some channell deep,
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,
Perceiving once (in thousand streams extending)
The course-chang'd River from the hills descending,
With watry Mountains bearing down their Boy;
As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And here and there for swifter safety run:
These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd
Of Gods just Wrath, all weak and heart-deprived.
Forsake their purpose, and, like frantick fools,
Scatter their stuffe, and rumble down their tools.
Discommodities proceeding from the confusion of Tongues.
O proud revolt! O traiterous felony!
See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee
By this Confusion: Ah! that language sweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendships mattick meet,
Strong curb of anger yerst united, now
In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover,
That calm-rage hearts-chief, quel-pride conjure-lo-
That purest coyn, then current in each coast, (ver:
Now mingled, hath found weight, and colour lost,
'Tis counterfeit: and over every shore
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.
Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Africa*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towrs about, our tongues doe also mound:
For who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's too! doth lose:
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or else we worke by signes.
Un-toyld, un-tutord, sucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men understood;
And (seav'n-years old) in glasse-dast did commence
To draw the round Earths fair circumference;
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,
Where th' *Encyclopedia* her darling crowns,
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.
Now (ever-boys) we wex old while we seek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek;
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Natures secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole
Which Essence gives to all, we tire our minde
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde;
Our letters and our syllables to weigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach us yet to read, and give us (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Justinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Divinest lore*,
Where God appears to whom him right adore.
The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confusion of Languages.
What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech
Of God himself: th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where 'a no point, nor signe,
But hides some rare deep mystery divine;
But since that pride, each people hath a-part
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and over-thwart;
Which dayly chang'd, and loosing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that first language cleer.
A conclusion rising out of the Poesy, that children are naturally apt to learn to speak; not side of themselves to speak without example.
The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with fair *Nylus* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their Languages priority,
Fondly impos'd the censuring authority
To silly Judges, void of judging sense
(Dumb Hammerers to treat of Eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where never noyse should come

Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zaut*, the faint-breath'd children,
Cry often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words (fords.
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth af-
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to rejoyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go. (flocks
Fools which perceiv'd not, that the bleating
W^ch^ powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Jewry*, come,
Come born with us: but every Countries tongue
Is learnt by much use, and frequenting long.
Onely we have peculiar to our race,
Aptnesse to speak; as that same other grace
Which, richly-divers, makes us differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in desarts roar.

Answer to the objection taken from the confused voyce of Beasts.

Now, that buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roar, and sloathfull Asses bray,
Now low, now loud; and by such languages
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions:
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, love, or joy.

To another Objection of the chanting of Birds.

And so I say of all the winged quiers,
Which morrly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for, though they seem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T'have taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-lesse
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day, (still:
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Advantage of Man endued with Reason above the rest of the Creatures.

But onely Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n and Earth, and Fire, and Ayr, and Water,
Of Justice, Temperance, Wisedome, Fortitude,
In choice sweet tearms, that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis-funder;
But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on:
Great *Julius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother,
Th' immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Josephus Scaliger, skilfull in thirteene Languages.

Answer to a third objection touching Parrots resembling Eccho and speaking without speech.

And, as for Jayes, that in their wyerie gail
Can ask for victuals, and unvictual'd rail;
Who, daring us for eloquences meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th' are like that voyce, which (by our voyce begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what:
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiving,
Deaf to themselves: for speech is nothing (sure)
But th' unseen soules resounding portraiture:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yet that rough hunters raign.

The Hebrew tongue the principall.

Now when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,
Even with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy heart:
Better then Greek with her *Synonima's*
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphora's*,
Her apt Conjunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,
And many other much esteemed graces.

Full reason.

When I remember how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeves, or eyes behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation:
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,
Giving a secret twist unto the same:)
Or whether we (even as in grosse) bestowing (ing.
The numbers, which, from one words letters flow-
Unfold a secret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:
As *Egypts* silence sealed-up (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.

Second reason.

Stable.

When I observe, that from the *Indian* Dawning,
Even to our *Irish Ætna's* fiery yawning;
And from hot *Tambur*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian;
Nor ignorant in all the Lawes divine,
But yet retains some terms of *Palestine*;
Whose Elements (how-so disguis'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.

Third reason.

VVhen I consider that Gods ancient VVILL
VVas first enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That never *Urim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue;
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Upon two Tables his eternall Law:
And that (long since) in *Suns* Languages,
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages.

Fourth reason.

And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gave not idle, casuall names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before the event,
Markt in their lives some speciall accident;
And yet, we see that all those words of old
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense do hold.
For *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eva (translated signifieth life:
Cain first begot, *Abel*, as vain, and *Seth*
Put in his place; and he that, underneath
The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest,
In true interpretation, soundeth Rest. (grudge)
To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-ever *Greece* doe
The sacred right of Eldership I judge.

Fifth reason.

All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures! speech of Heav'ns high King,
Mother and Mistresse of all Tongues the Prime;
Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time;
Which hast no word but weight, whose Elements
Flow with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.

Praise of the Hebrew Tongue, Mother and Queene of all Tongues.

O

O sacred *Dodell!* in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames
In brief abridgements; and the names of Birds,
Of Water-guests, and Forrest-haunting Heards,
Are open Books where every man might read
Their natures story; till th' Heav'n-shaker dread,
In his just wrath the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradise to let.

Adam gives Hebrew names to all the Creatures.

For, *Adam* then (in signe of mast'ry) giving
Peculiar names unto all creatures living,
When in a generall muster ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,
He framed them so fit, that learned ears
Bearing the soule the sound, the marvails hears,
Wherewith th' All-forming voyce adorned fair
Th'inhabitants of Sea, and Earth and Ayre.
And, for each body acts, or suffers ought,
Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought:
And then, the more t' enrich his speech, he brings
Small particles, which stand in lieu of strings,
The master members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth joyn)
And serve as plumes, which ever dancing light
Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to vessels:
To marble statues, bases, feet and tressels.

He lighted the language with the comfort Grace of Verbs and Clauses.

This (*Adams* language) pure persisted since,
Till th' yron Age of that cloud climbing Prince;
Resounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-lesse accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it self retir'd
To *Hebers* house: whether, of the conspir'd
Rebels, he were not; but in sober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulsion brought,
With secret sighes he oft his God besought,
So with unwilling hands helping to make;
The wals he wisht deep sunk in *Stygian* Lake;
As wretched Galley-slaves (beating the Seas
With forced oars, fighting against their ease
And liberty) curse in their grieved spright,
Those, for whose sake they labour day and night;
Or whether else Gods liberall hand for ever
(As it were) meeting holy mens indevour,
For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure,
To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure;
While the proud remnant of those scattered Masons
Had falsed it in hundred thousand fashions,
When every one, where fate him called, flew,
Bearing new words into his Countrey new.

The Hebrew Tongue continued from *Adam* to the time of *Nimrod*: from whom it refused to the house of *Heber*, of whom it is called Hebrew.

Simile.

But slipp'ry Time, enviously wasting all,
Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel* builders thunder, bred
On *Tigris* banks, o're all the Earth were spread:
And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave,
The east of them in many Tongues did cleave.

A Sub-division of the Languages first divided.

Each Language alters, either by occasion
Of trade, which (causing mutuall commutation
Of th' Earths and Ocean wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or else, because Fame-thirsting wits, that toyl
In golden teams to trick their gracious stile,
With new-found beauties prauck each circumstance
Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhance
With current freedome: and again restore (yore.
Th' old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of
For, as in Forrests, leaves do fall and spring:
Even so the words, which whilom flourishing,
In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing attire
(Like snow-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture)
Passe now no more; but, banisht from the Court,
Dwell with disgrace among the Country sort:
And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow,
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

Whatsoever procured the Country changes, or cause little some Language.

Simile.

A happy wit, with gratious judgement joyn'd,
May give a pasport to the words new coyn'd
In his owne shop: also adopt the strange:
Ingraft the wilde: enriching, with such change
His powerfull stile; and with such sundry ammell
Painting his phrase, his Prose or Verse enammell.

The liberty of a wittie learned and judicious Writer.

One language hath no law but use: and still
Runs blinde, unbridled, at the Vulgars will.
Anothers course is curiously inclos'd
In lills of Art; of choyce fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toom'b: another warreth bold
With the yeer-spinners. One, unhappy-founded,
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded:
Another 'mong the learned troop doth presse
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fez*.

Excellency of the Hebrew Greek, and Latin Tongues above the rest.

And such are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, because of it we hold the Paten
Of *Three-Eternals* ever sacred Word:
And of his Law, That is the first Record.
The *Greek*, as having cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.
And manly *Roman*, fith the sword undaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

A pleasant introduction in his following Dilucidation, wherein pretyrgly he displayes and bringeth to the principall Languages for gaine with tools or have smelled at each of them.

Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer
Of sacred *Pallas* pleasing labours deer;
Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest;
With an *Ambrosial* deaw mine eyes possest
By peece-meal close; all moving powrs be still;
From my dull-fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink;
And in dark *Lethe* all deep cares I sink:
Yea all my cares, except a zeal to len
A gainfull pleasure to my Countrymen.
For, th' holy lovers-charm, burning for their sake,
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.

The God of Dreams.

Gold-winged *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing
By 's crystall gate (it earlier opening
Then dayes bright door) fantastick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night and day
Still calms and storms, keen cold, & sultry smother,
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other;
But *May* still raigns and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*,
With wanton sighes, makes the green trees to buss.
Whose whispering boughs, in Ovall form, do fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.

Description of the House and Image of a Sybarites and of the principall Languages.

Just in the midst of this enammeld vale
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall;
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands
Of during brasse, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thousand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the heart.

Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from crueltie.
Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyces sound.
Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double row doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by four, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow. (here
Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a green-dry, withr'd-springing wand,
And in his arms the sacred Register
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first
Unto his heirs his writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.
David's the next, who, with the melody
Of voyce-matcht fingers, draws sphears harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blessed soules
Of *Christ* his chāpions (cheer'd wth his sweet songs)
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong* of *strongs*;
And all the Angels glory-winged Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoastes.*
The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.
Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-followed, grave, holy, and eloquent.
Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greek* supports,
Whose Schoole hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient sages; and through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:
Plato, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl*
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth never foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, above the skies:
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.
Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catline*, and (since)
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence (tion)
Yeelds thousand streames, whence (rapt in admira-
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:
Caesar, who knowes as well to write, as war:
The Sinnewie *Salust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tibers* brink,
Who never seems in all his Work to wink;
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and grave;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave:
Still like himselfe; and else, still like to no-man:
Sustain the stately, grave-sweet ancient *Roman*.
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't, (grac't:
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer:
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indite
Heroik numbers, full of life and light;

Short, sharp-conceited, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost here.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound,
Great *Aben-Ros* most subtill, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Avicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen.
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germanizd* the story
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory
Of *Wittemberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.
Guevarra, *Boscan*, and *Granado*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in hony *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,
Ravisht *Osyas*, he might well have claymed
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.
Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude,
Whence th' idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd
(As yet) the rough scales from the upper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-lesse Art
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Querey* first:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:
Or age-worn Image: not so much for show,
As for the reverence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I know not well; yet (at the least)
He seems some skilfull Master with the rest:
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Like *Jaques Amyot*, then like *Vigenere*.
That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All sorts of subject, stile, and Poesie.
And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheisme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaisme*,
With their own Armes: and sacred-grave, & short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons, wing'd with Grace and Art,
Pierce like keen arrowes, every gentle heart.
Our English Tongue three famous Knights sustain;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which former, twain
(*High Chancellors of England*) weaned first
Our infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toys: and rudenesse chasing thence,
To civill knowledge, joyn'd sweet eloquence.
And (world-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *thames*
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-child with Fame) his fame they bear
To *Thetis* lap; and *Thetis* every-where.
But, what new Sun dazles my tender eyes?
What sudden transe rapts me above the skies?
What Princely Port? O! what imperiall grace? (face?
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels
Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Misteris,
That *Great Eliza*, making hers disdain,
For any Man, to change their Maidens raign?
Who while *Erynnys* (weary now of hell) (quell,
With Fire and Sword her neighbour States doth
And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fall, th' universall stage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nourish:
Where reverend *Justice*, and *Religion* flourish.

Who

Who is not onely in her Mother-voyce
Rich in Oration; but with phrases choyse,
So on the sudden can discourse in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuscan*, *Dutch*, and *Spanish* eke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her nativitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting Martialist,
To grace the *Muses* and the *Arts* persist:
And (O!) if ever these rude rymes be blest
But with one glaunce of Nature's onely Best;
Or (luckie) light between those Ivory palms,
Which hold thy State's stern in these happy calms,
View them with milde aspect; and gently read,
That for thy praise, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I spake; O spirits divine and learned,
Whose happy labours have your lands eterned:
O! sith I am not apt (alas!) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble sight*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flights;
At least permit me, prostrate to embrace
Your reverend knees: permit me to inchase
Your radiant crests with Apells *flowry Crown;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive;
While in my Songs your glorious names survive.
Granting my suit, each of them bow'd his head, End of the 5 Vision
The valley vanisht, and the pillars fled:
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.

The Colonies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

To stop Ambition, Strife, and Avarice,
Into Three Parts *the Earth divided is:*
To Sem *the East, to* Cham *the South, the West*
To Japheth *fals; their severall scopes expreſt:*
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World ſupply:
Antiquities uncertain Search, and why:
Assyria *ſceptred first; and first imparts,*
To all the reſt, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Mens divers humours ſtrange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

Being here an intent of the Transmigration of ſo many Nations, ſtaied out of the Tyres of Noah, your Poet deſireth to be addreſſed by ſome ſpecial favour of God.

WHile through the Worlds unhanted wilderneſſe:
I, th'old, firſt Pilots wandring Houſe addreſs:
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*) coaſting every ſtrand
I do diſcover many a *New-found-Land*:
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain
I plant great *Noahs* plenteous Vine again: (me?
What bright-brown cloud ſhall in the day proteſt
What fiery Pillar ſhall by Night direct me
Toward each Peoples primer Reſidence,
Predeſtin'd in the Court of Providence,
Yet our bi-ſexed Parents, free from ſin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O ſacred Lamp that wont'ſt ſo brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the ſpicie *Morning*,
To ſhew th' Almighty Infant's humble Birth;
O'chace the this'e Clouds, drive the darkneſſe forth
Which blindeth me: that mine adventrous Rime,
Circling the World, may ſearch out every Clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage ſhift
From ſide to ſide; yet is my ſpeciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Chriſt*, our King.
As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudeſt raps
Through Forreſts thrill their roaring thunder-claps,
The ſhivering Fowls do ſuddenly forgo
Their neſts and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whiſtling murmur of their whiſking wings;
The griſſell Turtles (ſeldome ſeen alone)
Diſ-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And even the feeble downie feathered Young
Venture to fly, before their quills be ſtrong:

The true, and only deſire of all his endeavours.

A comparison reprefenting the affrights of the affonifhment, with the confuſions of Tempeſts bringing into the Elements.

Even.

Even so, the Builders of that *Babel-wonder*,
Hearing Gods voyce aloud to roar and thunder
In their rude voyces barbarous difference,
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th'Earth voidly-vaft
Each packs a-part, where God would have him plac't.

Why God would not that the sons of Noah should reside in the Plain of Sinar.

For, heav'ns great Monarch (yet the World began)
Having decreed to give the World to man,
Would not the same a nest of theeves should be,
That with the Sword should share his Legacie;
And (brutely mixt) with mongrell stock to store
Our Elements, round, solid, slimy floar;
But rather, fire of Covetize to curb,
Into three Parts he parts this spacious Orb.

The Earth distributed among the Sons of Noah. To Sem the East.

'Twixt *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*: *Sem* the East,
Cham South, and *Japheth* doth obtain the West.
That large rich Countrey, from *Perosite* shores
(Where stately *Ob*, the King of Rivers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent load,
But little lesse then six dayes sayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Ilcs, that bear
Cloves and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*
Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden streams
Of *Bisnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and surge of *Chaldean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight. the sloathfull slimy Fens
Where *Quinzay* stands: *Chorze*, where Buls as big
As Elephants are clad in silken shag,
Is great *Sems* portion. For the Destinies
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)
Assur t' *Assyria* send, that in short time
Chalé and *Rhesen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Nineve* (more famous then the rest)
Above them raise her many-towred Crest:
The sceptred *Elam* chose the *Persian* Hills,
And those fat fields that swift *Araxu* fils;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.

To Cham the South.

Cham became Soveraigne over all those Realms
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne*
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*, (streams,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poysonie matter;
North-ward with narrow *Mid-terranean* Sea,
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Towards where *Titans* Evening splendor sank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verde*, and *Capebiane*:
And tow'rds where *Phœbus* doth each Morning
With *Adel* Ocean and the *Crimsin* Lake. (wake,
And further, all that lyes between the steep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between the *Erythrean* Sea, and *Persian* Sinu,
He (mighty Prince) to 's *Afrik* State doth joyne.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Israel*):
Put peopled *Lybia*: *Mizraim* *Egypt* mann'd
And 's first-born *Chus* the *Æthiopian* strand.

To Japheth the North and West.

Japheth extends from struggling *Hellespont*,
The *Taue* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whose tumbling billows bathe the shores of *Spain*:
And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marsilian*, *Moreau*, and *Thyrrenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Just opposite to *Asia* rich in Spice,
Pride of the World, and second *Paradise*:
And that large Country stretch from *Amana*
To *Tanais* shores, and to the source of *Rha*.

Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they say) sprang all
The war-like Nation scattered over *Gaul*,
And *Germans* too (yerst called *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Mesech*, *Mazatans*:
From *Javan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.

According to the ancient Hebrew Copy of this and the next, the Poet thinks rather to speak uncertainly of things unknown.

Here, if I lift, or lov'd I rover-shooting,
Or would I follow the uncertaine footing
Of false *Berosus* and such fond Deluders,
(Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders)
I could derive the lineall Descents
Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince
Of every Province, in his time and place
(Successively) through-out his ancient Race:
Yea, sing the Worlds so divers populations;
And of least Cities show the first Foundations.
But, never will I so my sayls abandon
To every blast, and rowing so at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star,
Which shines 'bove all the Heav'ns) venture so far
On th' unknown surges of so vast a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers every way:
Having no Pilot, save some brain-sick Writers
Which coyn Kings names, vain fabulous Inditers
Of their own fancies who (affecting glory)
Upon a Flyes foot build a goodly story.

Reasons why the search of such antiquities is so obscure.

Some words allusion is no certain ground
Whereon a lasting Monument to found:
Sith fairest Rivers, Mountains strangely steep,
And largest Seas, never so vast and deep
(Though self-eternall resting still the same)
Through sundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befals not alwayes, that his seed
Who builds a Town, doth in the same succeed;
And (to conclude) sith under Heav'n no Race
Perpetually possesseth any place;
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forrest, or a Hill;
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moves)
Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow shoves;
So doe all Nations justle each the other,
And so one People doth pursue another;
And scarce the second hath a first un-housed,
Before a third him thence again have reused.

Famous examples in this purpose Of the Saxons Romans. Of the Lombards.

So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chac't
From 's native *Albion*, soon the *Gaules* displac't
From *Armorik*; and then victoriously
(After his name) surnam'd that *Britanie*.
So when the *Lombard* had surrendered
Fair, double-named *Isthers* flowry-bed
To scar-fac't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiously
The rest of *Gaules* from wealthy *Insubrie*;
Which after fell in *French-mens* hands again,
VVon by the Sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

Of the Alains, Goths, and Vandals.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandall*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Sevil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* straight; which-afterward they lost
To wise *Justinians* valiant *Roman* Hoast:
And *Romans* since, joyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curled *Moors*, unto th' *Arabian* stoop.

The

The sacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters glistering glorious bright,
The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of elvish *Honour* built on blood and death,
On desolation, rapes and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries,
Un-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through every Climate seek new habitations.
I speak not here of those *Alarbian* Rovers,
Numidian Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,
Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle;
Doe here and there their hairy Tents imbattle:
Like the black swarms of Swallowes swiftly-light,
Which twice a-year cross with their nimble flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea. &(pleas'd with purest ayr)
Seek every Season for a fresh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchast Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter then to build;
And bravely choosing rather War then Peace,
Have over-spread the World by Land and Seas.
Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurst,
On *Rugeland* and *Livonia* seized first.
Then having well reveng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*, the bold Barbarian
Surprisseth *Poland*; thence anon he presses
In *Rhines* fair streams to rinse his Amber tresses;
Thence turning back, he seats him in *Moravia*,
After, at *Buda*; thence he posts to *Pavia*;
There reigns two hundred years: triumphing so,
That royall *Tesin* might compare with *Po*.
Such was the *Goth*, who whilom issuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Vistula*: but th' Air (almost)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coast,
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,
The *Transylvanian* and *Vallachian* Plains.
Thence plyes to *Thracia*: and then (leaving *Greeks*)
Greedy of spoyl, foure times he bravely seeks
To snatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which she o'r all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadaguise*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidumarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaul*: and thence repulst, his Legions
Rest ever since upon the *Spanish* Regions.
Such th' antik *Gaul*: who, roving every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistresse sackt,
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-up cold *Strymons* slymie sloughs:
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclyn'd to fleece)
Spares not to spoyle the greatest Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloy'd with *Europe*) th' *Hellespont* he past,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waste:
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth in thrall:
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.
Most famous Peoples dark Antiquity,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence
It selfe intangles; and blind Ignorance
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, & bogges, and quag-mires lights.

It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coast the same about:
And lightly tun'd unto the golden string,
Of *Amrams* Son, in gravest verse to sing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*, each re-plants
Th' unpeopled World with new inhabitants:
And that again great *Noahs* wandring Boat
The second time o'r all the World did float.
Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight unceast,
From *Babylon* unto the farthest *East*,
Tartarian Choratt silver waves t' essay,
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*;
Japheth to *Spain*; and that profanest *Cham*,
To thirsty Countries *Meder'* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala*, upon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.
For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not over-spread and covered in one yeare
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice,
Each Hive supplying new-corn Colonies (moutains,
(Heav'ns tender Nurselings) to those fragrant
At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather as two fruitfull Elms that spred
Amidst a Cloase with brooks environed,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Those, other still; and still, new-springing shoots
So over-grow the ground, that in few years
The sometimes-mead a great thick Grove appears:
Ev'n so th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout;
Dispersst, at first go seat themselves about
Mesopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in sindry Colonies,
Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled neat her Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Judge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill daies abridge,
There shall no soyl so wilde and savage be,
But shall be shadowed by great *Adams* Tree.
Therfore, those Countries neerest *Tigris* Spring,
In those first ages were most flourishing,
Most spoken-of, first Warriors, first that guide,
And give the law to all the Earth beside.
Babylon (living under th' awfull grace
Of Royall greatnesse) sway'd the Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dorcean* Wall:
Yet *Gauls* had houses, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britons Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.
The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conversation,
Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination.
Knew the Unknown, with eyes of faith they saw.
Th' invisible *Messias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made, (shade,
Had measured heav'n conceiv'd how th'earths thick
Eclipst the silver brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown shadow quencht her brothers light.
The *Memphian* Priests were deep Philosophers,
And curious gazers on the sacred Stars,
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematikes;
Yet any Letter knew the ancient'st *Atticks*.
Proud * *Egypt* glistered all with golden Plate;
Yet the lame *Lemnian* (under *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire invented.

Gauls

Thoughts of such Tyrrhanic passions.

The original of the Lombards.

Of the Goths.

Of the ancient Gauls.

Here affirmeth finally that the three sons of Noah peopled the World, and fill-meth them.

2. Pet compartment to represent the sand.

Why the first monarchy began in *Assyria*.

The Hebrews and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the Greeks knew any thing.

* The Egyptians & Phœnicians had their till of riches, and pomp, and pleasure, before the Greeks or Troians heard what the World meant.

Gaules were not yet; or, were they (at the least)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their
But Mast and Acorns, for the which they gap't (feast,
Under the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durst row about the salt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were dreft,
And pomp and pleasure *Euphrates* posseft.
For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye sling,
About his fall first forms a little ring,
Wherein new Circles one in other growing
(Through the smooth waters gentle-gentle flow-
Still one the other more and more compell (ing)
From the Ponds Centre where the stone first fell;
Till at the last the largest of the Rounds
From side to side 'gainst every bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earth's Centre (which I here suppose
About the place where God did Tongues transpose)
Man (day by day his wit repolishing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to spring,
As he doth spread, and shed in divers shoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round under both the *Poles*.

The first Colonies of Sem in the East.

Forth from *Assyria*, East-ward then they travell
Towards rich *Hyrans* with the golden gravell:
Then people they the *Persian Greatas*;
Then cleer *Coaspes*, which doth humbly kiss
The Wals of *Susa*; then the Valleys fat
Neer *Caucasus*, where yerst th' *Arsaces* sat:
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane seed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they speed.

The second.

The Sons of these (like flowing Waters) spred
O'r all the Country which is bordered
With *Chiesel* River, 'bove *Thocalistan*;
Gadel, and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Balestan*. (store

The third.

Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth
Basinagar, *Nayard* and either shore
Of famous *Ganges*; *Ava Tolomen*,
The Kingdome *Mean*, the Musky *Chowazan*;
And round about the Desart *Op*, where oft
By strange *Phantasma's* Passengers are scoft.

The fourth.

Some ages after, linkt in divers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Cachin, in Aloes; *Mangu*, and the shore
Of *Quinz*' and *Anie* lets them spread no more.

First Colonies of Japhet in the West.

From that first Centre to the West-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,
Seiz-lesse *Armenia*, then, within *Cilicia*,
Possesse the Ports of *Tharsis* and of *Issea*,
And the delicious strange *Corycian* Cave
(Wch warbling sound of Cymbals seems to have)
Ionia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.

The fourth.

Then passing *Sestos* Streights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Nest* they quaft; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third divided into many branches.

On th' other side, *Thrace* subtle *Greece* beswarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Britany*.
On the other side it spreads about *Moldavia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Moravia*,
With *Transilvania*, *Servia*, and *Pannonia*,
The *Prussian* Plains, and over all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Vistula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alnon*, drawing to the North.

First Colonies of Cham, toward the South.

Now turn thee South-ward see, see how *Chaldea*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phenice* and *Judea*,
Cham curled Line, which (over-fertill all)
Between two Seas doth into *Egypt* fall:
Sows all *Cyrenea*, and the famous Coast
Whereon the roaring *Punick* Sea is tost:
Fez, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galata*, *Guzul*, *Adan*,
Termuan Tombut, *Melk*, *Gaga*, *Gogden*:
The sparkling Desarts of sad *Lubya*,
Zeeuze, *Benin*, *Barno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And scalding quick-sands of those thirsty Plains
Where Jesus name (yet) in some reverence raigns;
Where *Prester John* (though part he *Judaize*)
Doth in some sort devoutly *Christianize*. (lyes

Colonies of the North.

But would'st thou know how that long Tract that
Under Heav'ns starry Coach, covered with yce,
And round embraced in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but seldome warms)
Came peopled first? Suppose that passing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing silver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Colchis*, and *Bosphorian* strand:
And then from thence, toward the bright *Leonis*,
That vast Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th' other side
Which (neer her scource) long *Volga* doth divide,
Moscovy Coast, *Permia*, *Livonia*, *Prussia*,
Biarmia, *Scrifinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Russia*.

Moreover, not found World, discovered in our time, Cause prophecies. A double question.

But whence (say you) had that *New-World* this
Wch *Spain* (like *Delos* floating on the Seas) (Guests,
Late digg'd from darknesse of Oblivions Grave,
And it undoing, it new Essence gave?
If long agoe; how should it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Persian*, *Greek*, no *Roman*;
Whose glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O'r all the World, of this had never tyding?
If but of late; how swarm their Cities since
So full of Folk? how passe their Monuments
The *Egyptian Spires*, *Mausolus* stately Tomb,
The Wals and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?

In Answer.

Why! think ye (fond) those people fell from
All-ready-made; as in a Summer Ev'n (Heav'n
After a sweltring Day, some sukry showr
Doth in the Marshes heaps of Tadpols pour,
Wch in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)
Lie crusht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or else, that setting certain slips, that fixt
Their slender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They saw the light of *Phebus* live-ning face;
Having for milk, moyst deaws; for Cradle grasse?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-stools, Turneps, Leeks, & Beets have birth?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerst did sow)
Were bravely born armed from top to toe?
That spacious Coast, now call'd *America*,
Was not so soon peopled as *Africa*;
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-loving Soil,
Which, *Jove* did with his Lemans name en-stile)
And that which from cold *Bosphorus* doth spread
To pearl'd *Aurora's* Saffron-coloured bed.

Because,

Because they lye neerer the dipry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tygris* Swallow-swifter surges,
Whence our amaz'd first Grand-sires faintly fled,
And, like sprung Partridge, every-where did spred;
Except that World, where-under *Castiles* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
T' infinite Treasures, various governments,
Show that long since (although at sundry times)
'T had Colonies (although from sundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempestious weather
Some broken Vessels have inforced thither;
Whether some desperate, dire extremity
Of Plague, War, Famine; or th' Authority
Of some brave *Typhis* (in adventure tost)
Brought weaty Carvels on that *Indian* Coast.
Who maketh doubt but yerst the *Quinzay* fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian* Streights,
And finde as easie and as short a way
From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As usually the *Asian* Ships are wont
To passe to *Greece*, a-crosse the *Hellespont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abila*,
Through *Mostine* stream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolm* and *Quiver*'s spacious Plains (wherin
Bunch backed Calves, with Horse-like manes are seen,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azafia*,
Tova, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Costia*,
Mecelis, *Avacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where floods are froze).
On th' other side, *Xulisco* soyl they mann
(Now new *Gabzia*) *Cusule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a City-*Ile*). (much)
Strange things there see they (that amaze them
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flashes belches up.
Thence, reach they th' *Isthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oncaxama*,
With *Cassamalca*, *Cusco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laveth *Colle* about,
Whose waves be salt within, and fresh without:
And streams of *Cinca*, that, with vertue strange,
To hardest stone soft Mud and Chalk doth change.
Then Seiz they *Chili*, where all Day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the Night doth sleep:
Chanca, the *Patagons*, and all the shore
Where th' Azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.
Left-ward they spred them 'longst the *Darians* side;
Where through th' *Arabian* fields th' *Hue* doth slide,
Neer *Zeun*'s stream, wch toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount emboss't
With Emeralds doth shine; *Cumanean* Coast,
Where noysom vapours (like a dusky night)
Be-dimms their eyes, and doth impaire their sight:
Therefore some troops from *Cumana* they carry
To *Carpana*, *Omagu* and *Pari*:
By *Mazagnon*, all over fell *Brasile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.
Cheese too that *Greeland* yerst did *Picus* store,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;
As *Tonbut*, *Melli*, *Gag* and *Termuan*,
Planted the Plains and shores of *Corcan*.
Yet (surely) thou wilt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition ay so boundlesse is,
That steepest Hils it over-climbs with ease,
And runs (as dry-shod) through the deepest Seas:
And (maugre meagre Thirst) her Carvels Lands
On *Africk*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* sands;
But hardly credit'st that one Family
Out of foure couples should so multiply,
That *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-spring now too straight & small.
If thou set-light by th' everlasting Voyce,
Which now again re-blest the Love-full choyce
Of sacred Wedlocks secret binding band;
Saying, *Increase*, Flourish, and *Fill the Land*:
And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seventy Jewes*, in *Egypt* (in affliction),
VVithin foure-hundred years and half three-score,
Grew to five-hundred-thousand soules and more:
Consider yet, that being fed that while
VVith wholesome Fruits of an un-forced soyl,
And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a sawcie Cook;
VVeigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
VVith bloudy swords when furious neighbours frown;
Nor worn with Travell, nor enfeebled
VVith hatefull sloath; Our Grand-sires flourished
Hundreds of years in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Escuage:
And that *Polygamy* (in those dayes common)
Most Men usurping more then one sole VVoman,
Made then the VVorld so mightily augment
In upright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull loyns of one old Father-stock,
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:
Ev'n as an ear of Corn (if all the yield
Be yearly sow'n still in a fertill Field)
Fils Barns at length; and spreads in spacious Plain
Millions of millions of like ears again.
Or as two Fishes, cast into large Meers
VVith fruitfull Spawn will furnish in few years
A Town with victuall, and serve (furthermore)
Their neighbour VVaters with their Fry to store.
Have not our Dayes a certain Father known,
VVho with the fruit of his own body grown,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And issue-blest (the Crown of Old Desires)
In his own life-time, his own off-spring saw
To wed each other without breach of Law?
So far the branches of his fruitfull Bed
Past all the names of Kinreds-Tree did spred.
'Tis known, that few *Arabian* Families
New planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,
In compasse of three hundred years and lesse;
And *Bugi*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tez*,
Fez, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tonbut*, *Termuan*
VVith hatefull Laws of *Heath'nish Alcoran*.
If this among the *Africans* we see
VVhom cor'rive humour of Melancholy
Doth always tickle with a wanton Lust,
Although lesse powrfull in the *Paphian* Joust,
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed,
Of *Loves-Delight*, enfeebles much their seed:
And

How it was possible that Noah and his three Sons should so multiply.

1. Author.

2

3

Wonders of the New-found World.

Comparison to that purpose.

An example of our dayes.

Another example.

And inly, till they feel a Wintery Fever;
As outwardly; a scorching Summer ever) (proach
Ghesse how much more, those, whose hoar heads ap-
And see the turnings of Heav'ns flaming *Couch*,
Doe multiply; because they seldom venter,
And, but in season, *Venus* lists to enter.
And, the cold; resting (under th' *Artick* Star)
Still Master of the Field in Champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the bodies-Towr:
Wch, there united, gives the much more powr. (*ous*,
Frō thence indeed, *Huns*, *Hercules*, *Franks*, *Bulgari-*
Cyreassyans, *Swevies*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*,
Dutch, *Cimbers*, *Normans*; *Alains*, *Ostrogothes*,
Tigurins, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Visigothes*,
Have swarm'd (like Locusts) round about this Ball,
And spoyl'd the fairest provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doe t' assemble
(In all) two hosts, that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the one, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* rat'd and ruined:
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd so,
That never since could *Affrick* Army show.
O! see how full of wonders strange is Nature:
Sith in each *Climate*, not alone in stature,
Strength, hair and colour, that men differ doe,
But in their humours and their maners too.
Whether that Custome into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range;
Or divers Lawes of divers Kingdoms, vary us:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, carry us.
The northern-man is fair, the southern fool; (scoul:
That's white, his black; that smiles, and this doth
Th' one's blithe & lovlike, th' other dull & froward;
Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:
Th' one's hair is harsh, big, curled; th' others slender;
Th' one loveth labour, th' other books doth tender:
Th' one's hot and moist, the other's hot and dry;
Th' one's voyce is hoarse, the other's cleer and high:
Th' one's plain and honest, th' other all deceipt:
Th' one's rough and rude, th' other handsom, neat:
Th' one giddy-brain'd is turn'd with every wind:
The other (constant) never changeth mind:
Th' one's loose and wanton, the other continent;
Th' one thrift-lesse lavish, th' other provident:
Th' one mide companion, th' other stern & strange
(Like a wilde Wolfe) loves by himselfe to range:
Th' one's pleas'd with plainness, th' other pomp affects:
Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts respects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Between these two, of either guise partake;
And such have longer limbs, but weaker wit,
Then those that neer *Nyles* fertill sides do sit;
And (opposite) more wit and lesser force,
Then those that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* shores.
For in the Cirque of th' Universall City;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on dreams, deep Extasies and Trances,
Who measures Heav'ns eternall-moving Dances,
Whose searching soule can hardly be suffiz'd
With Vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Priest.
The *Northern*-man, whose wit in's Fingers settles,
Who what him list can work in Wood & Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artizans is set.

The North hath exceedingly multiplyed in peoples: the South not so

Wherefore Archer takes occasion to enter into an excellent discourse of Gods wonderous work in the diversity of Nations, qualities & complexions, and manners of so many Nations in the World.

The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, gravely-wise, the room of Magistrate.
Th' one (to be briefe) loves studious *Theory*,
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.
Yet true it is, that since some later lustres,
Minerva, *Themis*, *Hermes* and his *Sisters*
Have let, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Lists, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.
Nay, see we not among our selves, that live
Mingled almost (to whom the Lord doth give
But a small Turf of Earth to dwell-upon)
This wondrous odds in our condition?
We finde the *Alman* in his fight courageous,
But falable; th' *Italian* too-outrageous;
Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay,
The *Spaniard* slow, but subtle to betray;
Th' *Alman* in Counsell cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politick;
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares,
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares;
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave; (brave,
Th' *Italian* proud in tire, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard* and un-fit the *Dutch*; (him,
The *French*-man braves his Foe, th' *Italian* cheers-
The *Alman* spoyls, the *Spaniard* never bears-him;
The *French*-man sings, th' *Italian* seems to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great;
Spaniards like Jugglers jet, th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox;
Dutch Lovers proud, th' *Italian* envious,
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.
Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should over-spread th' Earths universall Face;
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes,
Which seem peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace; and that Heav'ns lights
Might well incline (but not constrain) our spights;
That over all the World, his Saints alwayes
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of praise;
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay resound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*;
And that the treasures which strange soils produce,
Might not seem worth-lesse for the want of use;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,
And vent their Wares about to every Quarter.
For, as in LONDON *(stuft with every sort)*
Here's the Kings Palace, there the Inns of Court:
Here (to the Thames-ward, all-along the STRAND*)*
The stately houses of the Nobles stand:
Here dwell rich Merchants, there Artificers:
Here Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-smiths, Jewellers;
There's a Church-yard furnisht with choyce of books;
Here stand the Shambles, there the Row of Cooks:
Here wons Up-holsters, Haberdashers Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Tailors, Turners:
Here Shoo-makers; there Joyners, Coopers, Coriers:
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Pelters Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS*, that of Dyers:*
This shop with Tapers, that with Women Tires:
For costly Toys, silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Here's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN;
And all's but an Exchange, *where (briefly) no man*
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things common.

Notable difference between the Natures of Europe.

Especially the French, Germans, Italians, and Spaniard.

Cause why the Lord would have Mankinde so dispersed over all the World.

The World compared to a mighty City, where in dwell people of all conditions, continually trafficking together and exchanging their parts under common protection, for benefit of the Publike.

So

So come our Sugars from *Canary* Iles;
From *Candy* Currans; Muskadels and Oyls:
From the *Moluques*, Spices: Balsamum
From *Egypt*: Odours from *Arabia* come:
From *India*, Drugs rich Gemms and Ivorie:
From *Syria*, Mummy: black-red Ebony,
From burning *Chio*: from *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Russia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: from *Spain*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad & Wine:
From *Holland* Hops: Horse, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Countrey (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

And as sometimes that sumptuous *Persian Dame*
(Out of her pride) accustomed to name
One Province for her Robe, her Rail another;
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother;
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain;
This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train:
Even so may Man. For, what wilde Hill so steep?
What so vaste Desart? what so dangerous Deep?
What Sea so wrackfull? or so barren Shore
In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,
But yeelds him Rent; and free from envious spight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

Th' inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse
Of silver Brooks in curled streams doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowry Fleece
Affords us Sithe-work yearly twice or thrice;
The Plains for Corn; the swelling Downs for sheep;
Small Hils for Vines; the Mountains strangely steep
(Those heav'n-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and shops of Sulph'ry Thunder;
Where stormy Tempests have their ugly birth;
Which thou mis-call'st the blemish of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light,
Made them of envy, or of over-sight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forrests, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildest Ships and Houses fair,
To trade the Seas and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew spacious Rivers full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with fresh sweet, fertill mists;
Drive gainefull Mills; and serve for Forts and Lists
To stop the Fury of War's waste-full hand,
And joyne to th' Sea the middle of the Land.
The Wildes & Desarts, which so much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Pastures, that do dayly graze-thee
Millions of Beasts for Tillage, and (besides)
Store thee with Flesh, with Fleeces, & with Hides.
Yea, the vast Sea (which seems but onely good
To drown the World, and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we else might hope
For thrifty pains to reap a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in briny Deeps
To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plenteous Victualler, whose provisions serve
Millions of Cities that else needs must starve
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lye
Gasping for thirst upon the sand, a-dry):
'Tincreaseth Trade, Journeyes abbreviates,
The flitting Clouds it cease-lesse exhalates;

Which, cooling th'aire, and gushing down in rain,
Make *Ceres* Sons, (in fight) to mount amain.

But, shall I still be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be still stern Neptunes *tossed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native smoak,
Dear Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks so fast, that I can row no more:
Help, help (my Mates) make haste unto the shore,
O! we are lost; unless some friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempest-beaten planks.

Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I see*
Wide-stretched out to save and welcome me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age
To snow my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage;*
That fell Brasile *my breath-lesse Corps should shroud,*
Or golden Peru *of my praise be proud,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verse:*
Thou gav'st me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herse.

All hail (dear ALBION*)* Europ's *pearl of price,*
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay brangest forth
Such Chivalry as daunteth all the Earth
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan *warms):*
Such Artizans as doe well neer Eclipse
Fair Natures praise in peer-lesse Workmanships:.
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece, *and* Rome
(At least) have equall'd, if not overcome;
And shine among their (Modern) learned Fellows,
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows;
Or as Apollo *th' other* Planets *passes;*
Or as his Flowr excels the Medow-grasses.

Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shores do seem;
Civill in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy soyl exceeding fat,
Fenc't from the World *(as better worth than That)*
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood and Brasse)
Which never stranger yet had power to passe;
Save when the Heav'ns have, for thy haynous Sin,
By some of thine, with false keyes *let them in.*

About thy borders (O Heav'n-blessed ILE*)*
There never crawls the noysome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd Serpent, *barking in thy sand,*
Measures an Acre of thy flowry Land,
The swift-foot Tiger, *or fierce* Lionesse
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy Wilderness;
Nor ravening Wolves *worry thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for help unto their help-lesse Dams;
Nor subtle Sea-Horse, *with deceitfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.

What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *have never (rowl'd,*
Among their gravell, masty grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains spew no Silver *streams?*
Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forrests hang no silken *Fleeces?*
Nor sacred Incense, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the clusters of thy colder Vines
Distill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muscadines?
Yet are thy Wools, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloth, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europs *Queen,*
Yea Empresse of the World; *Yet not sufficient*
To make thee thankefull to the Cause efficient
Of all thy Blessings: Who besides all this,
Hath (now nine Lustres) lent thee greater blisse;

Maryland of the World: which for the commodity of his life contributes bountifully all manner of mollitiae.

The three rivers (specially delivered in the preamble)

Here (as it were) wearied with so long a voyage, from its bound and boyslesse Ocean (in a pantagrueline of the inestimable Author) the Translator hoping find (more) rest, praies to for the feet of England: with its happy prosperity: protestation of large Comes closing with a zealous prayer for prosperitation of the King, & prosperity of his Kingdoms.

His blessed Word *(the witnesse of his favour)*
To guide thy Sons unto his Son *(their* Saver)
With Peace and Plenty : while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours Countries never breathed scant.
And last not least (so far beyond the scope
Of Christians *Fear, and* Anti-Christians *Hope)*
When all thy Fall *seem'd to Prognosticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State ;
In raysing STUARDS *to thy regall Throne,*
To rule (as David, *and as* Salomon)
With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too too happy ! too too fortunate,
Knew'st thou thy Weal : or were thou not ingrate.
But left (at last) Gods righteous wrath consume-us,
If on his patience still we thus presume-us :
And least (at last) all Blessings had before
Double in Curses to torment-us more :
Dear Mother ENGLAND, *bend thine aged knee,*
And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with mee ;
Off with thy Pomp, *hence with thy* Pleasures *past :*
Thy Mirth be Mourning, *and thy Feast a* FAST :
And let thy Soule, with my sad soule confesse
Our former sins, and foul unthankefulnesse.
Pray we the Father, *through th' adopting* Spirit,
Not measure us according to our merit ;
Nor strictly weigh, as his high Justice *beam,*
Our bold Rebellions, *and our* Pride *extreme :*
But, for his Son (our deer Redeemers) *sake*
His Sacrifice, *for our sins* Ransom, *take ;*
And, looking on us with milde Mercies *Eye,*
Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie ;
That never more, his Fury we incense
To strike (as now) with raging Pestilence.
(Much lesse provoke him by our guilt so far,
To wound us more with Famine *and with* War).

Lord, cease thy wrath : Put up into thy Quiver
This dreadfull shaft : Dear Father, us deliver :
And, under wings of thy Protection, keep
Thy Servant JAMES, *both waking and a-sleep :*
And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing,
Lord give thy judgements to (*our Lord*) the King Psal. 72.
And to his Son, *and let there ay be one*
Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Jacob, *and (advance)*
In Israel *thy (deer) inheritance,*
And (long-long-lived) full of Faith *and* Zeal,
Reform (like Asa) *Church and Common-weal ;*
Raysing poore Vertue, *razing proudest* Vice,
Without respect of Person or of Price ;
That all bold Atheists, *all* Blasphemers, *then,*
All Popish Traitors *may bee weeded clean :*
And, Curst be All that say not, here, Amen.

FINIS.

THE

The Columnes.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Seth 's *Pillars found* : Heber *instructs his Son*
In th' use thereof, and who them first begun ;
Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,
Foure lively Statues *of foure lovely Dames*
(*The* Mathematikes) *furnisht each a-part*
With Equipages of their severall Art :
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geometry :
New Observations in Astronomy :
Musicks *rare force* : Canaan (*the Cursed*) *cause*
Of Hebers *stop* : *and* BARTAS *witty pause*.

Being about to treat of the Mathematicks, our Poet here imploreth a Spirit all ab-stracted to handling so high and difficult a Subject.

IF ever (Lord) the purest of my Soule
In *sacred Rage* were rapt above the *Pole* :
If ever, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learned *France* admir'd,
Father of light, Fountain of learned Art,
Now, now (or never) purge my purest part :
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance
My care-free Powrs in some celestiall Transe :
That (purg'd from passion) thy divine addresse
May guide me through Heav'ns glittering Palaces ;
Where (happily) my dear URANIAS grace,
And her fair Sisters I may all imbrace :
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Spheares,
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)
So ravished, I may at rest contemple
The Starry Arches of thy stately Temple :
Unto this end, that as (at first) from thee
Our Grand-sires learn'd Heav'ns Course & Quality ;
Thou now maist prompt me some more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subject doth belong. (tion

The occasion and ground of this discourse.

AFTER THAT Mens strife-hatching, haut ambi-
Had (as by lot) made this low Worlds partition ;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which upright did stand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean sea,
Seeming great *Neptunes* surly pride to threat ;
Whereon a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
To save from Shipwrack those that sayl by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great ;
But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat :
For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of rusty Tiles, and Slat :

The complete *Circle*; from whose every-place
The *Centre* stands an equi-distant space.
See here the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Prismes*, *Dodechedrons*: (prehends
And there the *Sphear*, which (Worlds Type) com-
In't-selfe; it selfe; having nor midst nor ends:
Arts excellence, praise of his Peers, a wonder
Wherein consists (in diveis sort) a hundred:
Firm *Mobile*, an up-down-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,
Both up and down, forward and back it wends;
And, rapt by other, not it self alone
Moves, but moves others with its motion
(Witnesse the Heav'ns): yea, it doth seem, beside,
When it stands still, to shake on every side,
Because it hath but one small point, where-on
His equall halves are equi-poiz'd upon,
And yet this goodly *Globe*, where we assemble
(Though hung in th'Air) doth never selfly tremble:
For, it's the midst of the Con-centrick Orbs
Whom never Angle nor out-nook disturbs.
All *Solids* else (cast in the Aire) reflect
Un-self-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract
Seems still the same, because it every-where
Is uniform, and differs not a hair.
More-over, as the Buildings *Ambligon*
May more receive then Mansions *Oxigon*
(Because th' *acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too,
Stride not so wide as *obtuse Angles* doe)
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit span
More room then any other *Figure* can.
Th' other are easly broke, because of joynts,
Ends, and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:
But, th' *Orb*'s not subject unto such distresse,
Because 'tis joynt-lesse, point-lesse, corner-lesse.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,
And learn Two Secrets which but few shall finde,
Two busse knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,
Where future Schools shall wander long about,
Beating their brains, their best endevors troubling:
The *Circles* Squareness, and the *Cubes* re-doubling.
Print ever faster in thy faithfull brain,
Then on brasse leaves, these *Problemes* proved plain,
Not by Sophisticke subtle Arguments,
But even by practise and experience:
Un-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World shall fill.
Here-by, the Waters of the lowest Fountains
Shall play the Millers, as the Winds on Mountains:
And grain, so grown'd within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Here-by, a Bullet spewd from Brazen Brest
In fiery fume against a Town distrest,
With roaring powr shall pash the Rocks in sunder,
And with the noise even drown the voice of thunder.
Here-by, the wings of favourable Windes
Shall bear from Western to the Eastern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Tule*'s fattest Floud,
A House (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease
With a short Leaver guide it through the Seas.
Here-by the PRINTER, in one day shall yield
More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did.

Here-by, a Crane shall steed in building more
Then hundred Porters busie pains before:
The *Jacobs-staffe*, to measure heights, and Lands,
Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands.
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* even;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels, turning ay,
In twice-twelve parts shall part the night and day.
Statues of Wood shall speak: and fained Sphears
Show all the wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men rashly mounting through the empty Sky,
With wanton wings shall cross the Seas well-nigh.
And (doubtlesse) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another World where (to his working minde)
To place at pleasure and convenience
His wondrous Engins and rare Instruments,
Even (like a little God) in time he may
To some new place transport this World away.
Because these Two our passage open set,
To bright *Urania's* sacred Cabiner,
Wherein she keeps her sumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Because to climb starry *Parnassus* top
None can, unlesse these Two do help him up.
(For, whoso wants either of these two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'ns glistering Canopies);
The Carver (here) close by *Geometry*
And *Numbring Art* hath plac't *Astronomy*.
A silver Crescent wears she for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows stately bent in milde Majestick wise,
Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle waving at her back,
With two bright Clasps buckled about her neck;
From her right shoulder sloaping over-thwart her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Floutisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each
With glistering Stars imbost and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears
Of that proud Bird which starry Rowels bears.
But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) seems she
With spreading arms, to reach and offer us? (thus
My Son (quoth *Hebor*) that round Figure there,
With crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;
Wherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base
And Lees of all) doth hold the lowest place:
Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart
With Azure Zone; or rather every part
Covers with water winding round about,
Save here and there some Angles peeping out;
For, th' Oceans liquid and sad sliding Waves
Sinking in deepest of Earths hollow Caves,
Seek not (within her vast unequall height)
The Centre of the wideness, but the weight. Seven,
There should be th' Aire, the Fire, and wandring
The Firmament, and the first-moving Heav'n
(Besides th' Empyreall Palace of the *Sainted*)
Each over other, if they could be painted.
But th' Artist, faining in the steed of these,
Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficies,
To guide us to them by more easie Path,
In hollow Globe the same described hath.
'Mid th' amplest *Six*, whose crossing difference
Divides in two the Spheats circumference,

1 The Equinoctiall.

Stands th' *Equinoctiall*, equi-distant all
From those two *Poles* which do support this Ball.
Therefore each Star that underneath it slides
A rest-lesse, long, and weary Journey rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far
Then any other steddy fixed Star
(Which wexeth slow the more it doth advance
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* drives his Load of Light
Under this *Line*, the day and dusky Night
Tread equall steps: for, learned Natures hand
Then measures them a-like in every Land.

2 The Zodiack.

The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,
And his fair Hindges from the World's divides
Twice twelve Degrees; is call'd th' *Zodiack*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' years Revolution: through new *Houses* tanging,
To cause the *Seasons* yeatly four-fold changing.

3 The 2. Colures.

Th' other, which (crossing th' Universall Props,
And those where *Titans* Whirling Chariot sloaps)
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Here *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame
On these cut points: for here he doth not tide
Flarling a-long, but up the Spheare steep side.

4 The 1. Colure.

Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wise:y)

5 The Meridian.

The second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This
Which never in one point of Heav'n persists;
But still pursues our *Zenith*: as the light

6 The Horizon.

Inconstant *Horizon* our shifting sight.

7 and 8. The Tropicks.

For the foure small ones: here the *Tropicks* turn,
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.

9 and 10. The South and North Circles.

And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear.
Here's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:
Which *Circles* crosse not (as you see) at all
The Center-point of th' universall Ball;
But, parting th' Orb into unequall ells,
'Twi 1 th' *Equi-nox* and them, rest *Parallels*.

The Coelestiall Globes.

The other Ball her left hand doth support, (short
Is Heav'ns bright Globe: for, though that Art come
Of Nature far, here may ingenious soules
Admire the stages of Star-seeled *Poles*.

The deepe infinite of the Coelestiall Bodies.

O what delight it is in turning soft
The bright Abbridgement of that upper Loft,
(To seem) to see Heav'ns glorious Hoast to march
In glistering Troops about th' *Æthereall* Arch!
Where, one for arms bears Bow & Shafts: a Sword
A second hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals, another in his Chariot rowles
On th' Azure Brasse of th' ever-radiant Bowles:
This serves a-foot, that (as a Horse-man) rides:
This up, that down; this back, that forward slides:
Their order order-lesse, and Peacefull Braul
With-chil'ds the World; fils Sea and Earth, & All.

Trines.

I never see their glances inter-ject
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aspect,
Now milde, now moody; but me thinks I see
Some frolike Swains amid their dancing glee;
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,
With Jigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Love one smiles with wanton eye;
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Jealousie.

But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th' All-fair, who frams
Nought here below, but 's full of Beauties flames,
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' Azure crystalline
(Where Beauties self, and Love should ever shine)
So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell;
Fellows, more fit for th' ugly Fiends in Hell?

Question.

Surely (saith *Heber*) God's All-prudent pleasure
Makes nothing Artlesse, nor without just measure:
And this the Worlds chief praise of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitely varies.

Answer.

Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'ns shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did unto each, such Shape and Name devise,
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

The reason of the names given to the 12. Signes of the Zodiack.

In form of *Ram* with golden fleece they put (butt;
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Years bounds doth
Because the World (under his temp'rate heat)
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

1. Aries.

Of *Bull* the next: because the Husband-men
With yoaks of slow-pac't smoaking Bullocks then
Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbish their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.

2. Taurus.

Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double grow,
Then Flowrs do flourish, & corn Fields do show.

3. Gemini.

The fourth a *Lobstars* name and frame they made,
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so never stinteth,
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

4. Cancer.

The fifth a *Lion*: for as Lions breath
Is burning hot; so likewise, underneath
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams
Seems sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

5. Leo.

The sixth a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,
Th' Earth loatheth then the Suns Love-glances on
T' inflame her Love: and (recius'd as it were) (her
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

6. Virgo.

Balance the seventh; because it equall weighs
Nights loving-silence, and griefe-guiding Dayes;
And Heat and Cold; and in *Must*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-poiz'd in equi-poizing them.

7. Libra.

Scorpion the next: because his piercing sting
Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.

8. Scorpio.

The ninth an *Archer* both in Shape and Name,
Who day and night follows his fairest game;
And his keen Arrows every-where bestowes
Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet & Snowes.

9. Sagittarius.

The next a *Kid*: because as Kids doe clime
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again up towards us to clamber.

10. Capricornus.

And then, because Heav'n alwayes seems to weep
Under the ensuing *Signes*; on th' Azure steep
Our Parents plac't a *Skinker*: and by him,
Two silver *Fishes* in his floods to swim.

11. Aquarius. 12. Pisces.

But if (my Son) this superficiall glaze
Suffice the not; then may we thus suppose,
That as before th' All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th' eternall Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-mans spirit divinely lie;
And, yet it was, the VWorld was wondrously;

A deeper and more curious reason of the same.

Th

Th' Eternall *Trine-One*, spreading even the Tent
Of th' All enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks
There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.
See here the pattern of a silver Brook
Which in and out on th' Azure stage doth crook,
Here th'Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crow;
Here swims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth row;
Here bounds the Courser, there the Kid doth skip;
Here smoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Aire,
But hath in H'eav'n some like resemblance faire.
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales,
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;
And sacred patterns which to serve all Ages,
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample stages.
Yea surely, durst I (but why should I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n so many slanders out,
Of profane Rapine and detested Rapes,
Of Murder, Incest, and all monstrous Scapes,
Where-with (hereafter) some bold-fahling *Greeks*
Shall foulely stain Heav'ns Rosie-blushing cheeks?)
Here could I showe, that under every *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd some Mystery divine
Of's *holy Citie*; where (as in a glasse)
To see what shall here-after come-to passe;
As publick and authentick Rowles, fore-quoting
Confusedly th' Events most worthy noting,
In his dear *Church* (his Darling and Delight).
O! thou fair *Charior* flaming bravely bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy swift Career
Rape'st up the *Thesbit*; thou do'st alwaies veer
About the *North-Pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble spoaks in th' Ocean, neither slabbling
Thy smoaking Coursers under th' Earth, to bait;
The while *Elisha* earnestly doth wait
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit
His Masters Office, and his mighty Spirit;
That on the starry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celestiall Teem.
Close by him, *David* in his valiant fist
Holds a fierce *Lyons* fiery flaming *Crest*:
Here shines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:
There th' ugly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)
Seav'n (shining) *Stars*. Lo, here the whistling *Lance*,
Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.
Pure Honours Honour, Prayse of Chastity
O fair *Susanna*, I should mourn for thee,
And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament
(With Heav'n-lisr-eyes) thy wofull punishment,
Save that so timely (through Heav'ns providence)
Young *Daniel* saves thy wronged Innocence:
And by a dreadfull radiant splendor, spread (head)
From Times-Child Truth (not from *Medusa's*
Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-soons upon
Their cursed heads there hayls a Storm of stone.
Also, as long as Heav'ns swift Orb shall veer,
A sacred Trophee shall be shining here
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idol fell,
Which the same Prophet shall in *Babel* quell,
Where-to more fit may *Pegasus* compare,
Then to those Coursers; flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *lesse-Asia's* fury
Usurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Jurie*?

Where-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*,
That so well drives the Coach of *Israel*?
Where-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*,
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom sure to meet,
So neer his end sings so exceeding sweet?
Where-to the *Fish* which shineth here so bright,
But to that fish, that cureth *Tobies* sight?
Where-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man,
Who dry-shod guides through Seas *Erythrean*
Old *Jacobs* Fry: And *Jordans* liquid glasse
Makes all his Hoast dry (without boat) to passe?
And furthermore, God hath not onely grav'n
On the brasse Tables of swift-turning Heav'n
His sacred *Mot*; and, in *Trewigle* frame,
His *Thrice-One* Nature stamped on the same:
But also, under that stout *Serpent-slayer*,
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Crosse* abares
Th' eternall hindges of th' infernall Gates:
And, under that fair Sun-fixt-gaying *Fowle*,
The God of Gods dear Minion of his Sou'.
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Love, which visits earthly Climes,
In plumy shape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and starry back (in fine)
No lesse resembles the milde simple *Dove*,
Then crook-bild *Eagle* that commands above.
What shall I say of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-six *Signes* so richly garnish here?
Th' Years Usher, doth the *Paschal* Lamb fore-tell,
The *Bull*, the Calfe, which erring *Israel*
Sets up in *Horeb*, These two fair shining *Twins*
Those striving Brethren *Isaacks* tender Sons:
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls
Backward from Vertue: & (foule Swine-like) fals
In Vices mire: prophanest old (at last)
In soule and body growne a-like un-chaste.
The fifth, that *Lyon*, which the Hair-strong Prince
Tears as a Kid, without Wars Instruments.
The sixt, that *Virgin*, ever-maiden Mother,
Bearing for us, her Father, Spouse, and Brother.
The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,
So justly weighs the *Justice* of his Land.
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* stings
Th' Apostles hand, and yet no blemish brings;
For'tis indifferent, whether we the same,
A spotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Th' *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: the *Goat* (I ghess)
Is *Aarons* Scape-Goat in the wilderness.
The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Messias*:
Who in clear *Jordan* washeth clean the sin
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.
These *Two* bright *Fishes*, those wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous blessing of his powrfull Word)
Feeds with five loaves (upon *Asphaltis* shoar)
Abundantly five thousand Folk and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, & there
Let's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-sphear.
Ah! know'st thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Which shines so brightly by the burning *Steer*?
Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Jordan* leads
His Army dry shod; and (triumphant) treads
On

Canis. Canicula. Lepus.

On *Canaan Curs*, and on th' *Ammorean Hare*,
Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.
See th' ancient *Ship*, which, over windes, & waves
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saves.

Hydra.

Loe, here the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight
Cures in the Desart, those whom Serpents bite.

Corvus.

Here th' happy *Rav'n* that brings *Elias* cates;

Crater. Centaurus.

Here the rich *Cup* where *Joseph* meditates
His grave Predictions: Here that Heav'nly *Knight*,
Who prest appearing armed all in white,

Lupus. Ara.

To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *spear*
So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth tear,
That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long)
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song
Of *Levites* soundeth in his House again;

Corona australis. Piscis australis.

And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean* Race doth gain,
To rule the *Jewes*. Loe, there the happy *Fish*
Which payes *Christs* Tribute (who our Ransom is):

Pelicanus.

And here the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,
The Prophet *Jonas* for three dayes doth rest.

A notable correction of the Poet upon their last Discourse.

But while (my spokes-man, or I rather his)
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*, (bring,
Through path-lesse paths his wandring steps doth
And boldly quavers on a Maiden string;
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he here propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,
Or *Stoick Fate* (th' Almighties hands to chain):
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-come,
Erroneously a *Chaldee*-Wise become;
No, no such thing; but to refresh again
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:
That hither-to having with patience palt
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,
Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, & hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,
Where-on the Heav'ns lavish their plentebus trea-
Where *Zephyr* puffs perfumes, & silver Brooks (sure.
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.
Yet (courteous Readers) who is it can say
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous then our selves in things Divine)
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;
And give to all these glistering *Figures* then
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?

He promeseth to discover the Colleges of Astronomie.

But, seek we now for *Heber*, whose Discourse
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* course:
What *Epicycle* meaneth, and *Con-centrick*,
With *Apogé*, *Perigé*, and *Eccentrick*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)
Saturn, & *Jove*, three Sphears in on retain, (twain.
Smooth *Hermes* five, faire *Cynthia* two-times-
For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flow,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,
Confusion, void; and rupture to remove, (ment,
Which would be caused, through their wander-
In th' Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Have (more then men) presum'd to make within
Th'eternall Wheels where th'erring Tapers been,
Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,
That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base
Are under th' high, the high the low imbrace:
Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,

Sun. Jo.

That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny shell,
That shell in-cas't in a thick thistly fell.

The use of the Astrolabe.

Then takes he th' *Astrolabe*, where-in the Sphear
Is flat reduced: he discovers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycanthat'ts*,
With th' *Azimyths*, and the *Almuda'rats*
(Pardon me, Muse, if ruder phrase defile
This fairest Table, and deface my stile
With Barbarism: For in this Argument,
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).
On th' other side, under a veering *sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandering Light
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he spends some leisure,
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,
A Mountains depth, the distance of a place
A Countries compasse, by Heav'ns ample face:
In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dreid,
Dayes Princely *Planet* dayly billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an Entire *Signe* must wear
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:
Poles Elevation: The *Meridian line*:
And divers hours of Day and Night to finde.
These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks;
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:
Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:
And then presents it to his Noble seed,
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.

Smile.

But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*,
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Jove*, then *Gynnney*, and (inclin'd to change)
Oft shifting house, through both the worlds do range
(Both worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctial Line*):

Astronomy, by whom, & how multiplyed.

So the perfection of this Art divine,
First under th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Comes to the *Chaldees* by Adoption:
Scorning anon, th' old *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaves swift *Tigris* and to *Nile* retires;
And, wexen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-lesse in affects,
It fals in love with subtill *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands a while it selfe commits;
But in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raign,
It doth re-visit the dear *Memphian* Plain:
Yet, thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* try;
From thence to *Rome*: from *Rome* to *Germany*.

The praise of the ancient Astronomers, and the praise of their Doctrine.

O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Upon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love (Guard,
(Great-Queen of Heav'n) abour, whose Bed, for
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: you Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learned soules;
But for your Wrirings, the Starts-Doctrine soon,
Would sink in *Lethe* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and years, & dayes:
'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas

Their

Their prosperous daies,& daies whē death ingraven
On th' angry welkin,warns them keep their haven:
'Tis you that teach, the Plough-man when to sow;
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again;
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs,on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces doe flye:
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)
Possesse the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you demi-gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.
O divine Spirits: for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam;but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty;
For, now I hear my *Phalee* humbly crave
The fourth Maids name:his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Observe (my dearest Son)
Those cloud-lesse brows, those cheeks vermilion,
Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet
Which seem still Dancing:all those Harps & Lutes,
Shawms,Sag-buts,Citrons,Viols, Cornets,Flutes,
Plac't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, sweet, Voyce-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Measurer,the Guide of supplest fingers
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinnew-singers:
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'ry Law, which did accompany
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.
For (as they say) for supr'Intendent there,
The supreame Voyce placed in every Spheat
A *Syren* sweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,
And their rare Quier with th'Angels Quier accord
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappel,richly beautifi'd
With glittering Tapers and all sacred Pride.
Where,as (by Art)one selfly blast breath'd out
From panting bellows, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th' under Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers,
Fils all the Bulk, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voyce,
Flutes sweetest ayre,and *Regals* shrillest noyse:

The delightfulness of Musick.

The Heavens Harmony.

Even so th' all-quickning Spirit of God above
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth move;
So that re-treading their eternall trace,
Th' one bears the Trebble,th' other bears the Base.
But, brimmer far then in the Heavens here
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* below,
Bear aye the *Base*; deep,hollow,sad and slow:
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, *Water* moistly-cold,
The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:
Hot-humid *Blood*, the *Spring*, transparent *Aire*,
The Maze-like *Mean*,that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Summer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,
Th' high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.
And that 't the cause(my Son) why stubborn'st
Are stoopt by *Musick*; as retaining springs(things
Of Number in them: and they feeble live (drive.
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns dance doth
Sweet *Musick* makes the sternest men-at-Arms
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules,and charmes the frantick fits
Of Lunaticks that are bereft their wits:
It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents banefull bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin,& the buzzing swarm
Of Busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charm.
O! what is it that *Musick* cannot do!
Sith all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from th'Empetiall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule,
With divine accents tuning rarely right
Unto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright.
Sith,when the Lord(most moved)threatneth most,
With wrathfull tempest arming all his hoast;
When(angry) stretching his strong sinnewy arms,
Wth bended back he throws down thundry storms;
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.
But while that *Heber* (eloquently)would
Old *Musicks* use and excellence have told;
Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Jordans* fat all course)
Past by the *Pillars*,and brake his Discourse,
And mine withall; for I must rest me here;
My weary Journy makes me faint well-neer:
Needs must I crave new ayde from High,and step
A little back, that I may farther leap.

A fourefold Comfort in the humour,in spirit and elements.

The power of Musick towards all things.

Towards Men.

Towards Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Fishes.

Towards God himselfe.

Conclusion of the Second Day of the Second Week.

The End of the Second Day of the Second Weeke.

ABRAHAM.

THE THIRD DAY OF *THE* SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. The Vocation,
II. The Fathers,
III. The Law,
IV. The Captains.

Acceptum refero.

THE

The Vocation.

THE FIRST PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABRAM *from* Chaldé *is divinely* CALL'D:
How Bleſt *abroad*: *His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thrall'd*
(*In* Sodom's *aid*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Reſcu'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloudy* War:
Melchiſedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Iſmael *great*; *but* GOD confederates
With (*promis'd*) Iſaac, *and his* (CHRIST-*kin*) *Seed*,
Which ſhall in number even the Stars exceed:
Lot *harbors* Angels; *ſav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughters* foule Deſire.

UNtill *this Day* (deer *Muſe*) on every ſide
Within ſtraight lilts thou haſt been boundiſi'd;
Pend in a path ſo narrow every-where,
Thou couldſt not manage: onely here and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that cloſe
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caught'ſt ſome fragrant
Som July-flowr, or ſom ſweet Sops-in-wine, (Roſe,
To make a Chaplet, thy chaſte brows to binde.
But now, behold th' art in the open Plain,
Where thou maiſt lively, like the Horſe of *Spain*
(That having burſt his halter and his hold,
Flings through the field, where lift him uncontrol'd)
Corvet, & turn run, prance, advance, & pride-thee,
As *ſacred fury* of thy *Zeal* ſhall guide-thee. (now
Th'whole world is thine henceforth thy Syth may
The faireſt Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth grow;
And, on the Sea of richeſt *Hiſtories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come huddling in, in heaps before thy view:
So that I fear, leſt (train'd with various ſent)
Thou be at fault in this vaſt Argument;
And leſt the beſt choyce in ſo bound-leſſe Store
Pain thee no leſſe now, then did Want before.
But wot'ſt thou what, my *Muſe* (my dear delight,
My care, my comfort) we will follow right
The modeſt hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely ſpoyl the flowry Spring
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleaſant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters ſeeks
Such rareſt flowrs as beſt her fancie likes:

And here a blew one, there a red she puls,
A yellow here, and there a white she culs,
Then bindes them with her hair, and blessed over
With a chaste kisse, she sends them to her Lover:
We'l over-run the *Annals* of all Ages;
And, choosing-out the chiefest Personages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story,
We'l offer them on th' Altar of Gods glory.
For he (I hope) who, no lesse good then wise,
First stirr'd us up to this great Enterprise,
And gave us heart to take the same in hand,
For Levell, Compasse, Rule and Squire will stand;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought
To *Orient* Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought;
And will not suffer in this precious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Buildets eye may blame;
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be some trace
But of that blindnesse common to our Race;
T' abate my glory, and to give me proofe,
That (mortall) I build but with mortall stuff.

Dedication to the Kings Majesty.

JAMES, richest Gem of *Scots*, & *Scotlands* Praise,
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,
On Heav'n-fain paper, in a golden stile,
Dost happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) under Others names
Sing'st in thy Childehood thine Own future *Fames*:
To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow?
Who through the World hast made me famous (now,
And with a liberall learned hand indu'd
My *Muse* with lustre of a *Royall Sute*;
Before-so ragged, that she blush't well-neer
That her chaste Sisters should so homely see her;
The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,
Usurping (wrong) URANIA's sacred Name.
Through the she 's *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy
Maist thou surmount all those in Excellence, (Prince,
Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-tuled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)
That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may envy thy Praise;
And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*
(*Jesse*'s great Son so holily behaved)
Give place to thy renown and therewithall
Give the his *Zeal* and Heart heroicall,
And all his best (which doth thee best belong)
As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.
THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the who'e Earth universally:
Though shame-less sin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,
Their strength in *Shinaar*; and that Citie great,
Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts,
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line
(Where God his grace yet seemed to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assyrian* ayre,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire;
Forgot the true God; followed (rashly-rude)
The grosse grand Error of the multitude;
Degeneriz'd, decaid, and withered quite:
Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with spight
Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppresse,
With the sowr shadow of their thorny tresse,

Simile.

Till choakt withall, it dies as they doe growe,
And beareth nought but mosse and Misseltoe.
But God, desirous (more for us then him)
In some one stock to save *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Flood*
He sav'd the Worlds seed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites,
To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,
Him graciously to his owne Service draws;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair;
Earths fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aire, so fresh and divers di'd;
Seas foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason:
But, by the motion of his spirit which feeds
In our hearts Centre what his word reveals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnesse, and aver-it
Under our Spirits that 'tis Gods *Holy spirit*.

The calling of Abraham.

The fruits of a true faith, and the theft that wrs.

The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
In idlenesse, but alwayes wakt and wrought,
And ever lively brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true perseverance;
Fruits that (like Load-stones) have a vertue given
(Through *faith*) to draw their father-tree to heav'n,
And guide the soules to God (the spring of life)
Of's kinf-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his dear Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti'es call,
Wend to the strand where *Jordans* course doth
Their own dear Country willingly forsake, (craul,
And (true-religious) lesse account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Then of an end-lesse friend-lesse Banishment.
O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's restorer!
Tears-wiping tame-griefe! Hopes guide, hunting
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality! (horror,
O lively FAITH! through thy admired quality,
How many wonders dost thou work at once,
When from Sin's slumbers thou hast wakt us once,
And made us inly in our spirits conceive
Beauties that never outward eyes perceive!
Alas! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flow?
Here, first I drew this vitall aire, and (pleas'd
With my births news) my mothers throes I ease'd:
Here, from her tender breast (as soft as silk)
My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk:
Here, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Here, my chaste Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and Kin,
My pretty prattling have delighted in:
Here, many a time I wantonly have clung,
And on my fathers wrinkled neck have hung:
Here have I past my Lad-age fair and good:
Here, first the soft Down on my chin did bud:

Now call considerations to have kept the Journey of Abraham.

Here,

Here, I have learn'd Heav'ns Motions, & the nature
And various force of Fire, Ayre, Earth, and Water:
Here, I have show'n the noblest tokens forth
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:
Here, I have spent the best part of mine age:
Here, I possess a plenteous Heritage:
Here, I have got me many friends, and fame,
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain state,
To roam uncertain (like a Runagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That rush down moûtains wth their roaring currẽts,
In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'ns hottest beam
Shall burn without; within me, Thirst extream:
And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear
Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there:
To seek a Country (God knowes where & whither)
Whose unknown name hath yet scarce founded hi-
With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back, (ther?
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guise our selves (like counterfeiting Ape)
To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape?
T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own
In all the World; no, not our Grave-place known?
Is 't possible, I should endure to see
The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me?
O! can I thus my Native soyl forsake?
O! with what words shall I my Farewell take?
Farewell *Chaldea*: dear delights, adieu:
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever: can I thus (alas!)
Rudely unwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold
Then trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfold;
Or then the Vine doth with her crawling spray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay?
Can I expose (with perill of my life)
Th' un-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation
That brutely burns in all abomination?
Besides, what rigour? nay, what paricide?
To hale from *Tigris* shore to *Jordans* side
A weak old-man? a man so weak and old,
He scarce can creep without our help and hold.
Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* sufficeth me.
Who lodge with God can never House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*): (them.
Where God pours down such floods of goods upon
And bounteously bestowes such blessings on them,
That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed
Gods Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,
Pining her Master so long time before (grones,
With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull
But once in twelve years, but one Calfe at once.
All's white wth their wooll all their Cattell proves,
Still, still increasing like to Starres and Doves.

Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl.
But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might unkindly run,
The Grave-milde *Grand-sire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Amnon*'s Father, to cut off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes, then Bodies, in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep foresight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd and parted; both go live a-part:
The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowry Plain,
And even to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, became a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,
The plenteous Pastures, and the purling Springs,
Whose fibrous silver thousand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Jordan*, wat'ring so the soil
(Like Gods owne Garden) doth thy sense beguile,
Blindeth thy judgment, makes thee (miserable)
To seat thee with a people execrable,
Whose War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.
Elam's proud King, great *Chederlaomer*
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,
The Soverain of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeboim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, subject to him for twelve yeers before,
Rebelled now, and cast the yoke they bore. (rite,
Both Camps approach, their bloudy rage doth
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire,
Their bloud is mov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)
Longing to meet the fatall drums out-goe;
And even already in their gesture fighe:
Th' iron-footed Courtiers, lusty, fresh, and light,
Marrying their Masters cause and courage both,
Snow all the field with a white foaming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hosts march forward furiously,
The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:
First in the Ayre begins a fight of dust,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely joust.
Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright swords & shields, & plumed helms of gold
Un-goard with bloud; no Cask had lost his head.
No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.
But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time
(For punishment of some ingratefull crime)
Th' incensed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearles fling,
Then here the Arrows showr on every side:
An iron Cloud Heav'ns angry face doth hide
From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall upon horse or men:
There 's not a shaft but hath a man for White,
Nor stone but lightly in warm bloud doth light:

Or, if that any taile their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themselves they enter-split:
The wounds come all from Heav'n: the bravest Hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not see:
Without an aym the Dart-man darts his spear,
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.

Simile.

As two stout Rams, both Jealous-phrenzy-sick,
Afront two flocks, spurd on with anger's prick,
Rush on each other with tempestuous shock,
And, butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock:
So, these two Armies enterchanged blowes;
And doubling steps and strokes upon their Foes,
First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,
Then with their Swords about them keenly heaw,
Then stab with Daggers; standing bravely to-'t,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;
So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pierce
Anothers Shield, and sends him to his Herse.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)
Oft on their Foes (un-plumed) crests do wave.
Of all their strokes scarce any stroke is vain;
Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs; no, neither shrink aside;
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.
But too-too-tired, some at last dis-rank:
Then Threats, and Cries and Plaints redoubled ay,
And so pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they discern;
But, knowing none, to all are strangely stern.
The *Palestins* fights under *Elams* Standard,
The *Shunarite* with *Sodoms* Enfignes wander'd:

Simile.

Even as two swarms of busie Buzzers, mounting
Amid the Ayre, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another comes,
Another turns; a cloud of Moatlings hums
Above our heads, who with their ciptes wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which a hundred times a minute
Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

A merrill brave of an old Captain against the effeminate Adonis & delicate of Carpet Knights.

But may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all senting Musk and Ambet
(Whose chief delight is to be over-come)
Un-daunted hearts that dare not Over-come?
In Woman-Men a manly Constancie?
In wanton Arms un-wearied Valiancie?
No, no (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voyce to grace:
No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not here the game
To play with Males in spight of Natures name:
No (*Zeboim*) here are no Looking-Glasses
For *Para-Nimphs* to gaze their painted faces:
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with *favours* braided in 't):
No (*Adomah*) we spend not here the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting and Play:
Nor lastly (*Zoar*) is it here the guise
Of silken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Mistress-Prize*)
With Reed-like Lance, and with a Blunted blade,
To Championize under a Tented shade,
As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew:
Lay-down your weapons, here 's no Work for you.
'Tis here the Fashion (and the pride of Ware)
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood & scars:
Our Glass is here a brighe and glitt'ring shield
Our Satten, steel: the Musick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar:
Death tilteth here: the Mistriss we adore,
Is Victory (true Soverain of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
Dead carcasses perfume our Dainty Nose:
Our Banquets here, be Banquets for the Crowes:
Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)
Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,
Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in such sort,
That 't seems a sudden Whirl-winde doth transport
Their fainting Troups. Some (best advised) flie

Defeasance of the Sodomites.

To tops of Mountains that do neighbour by;
Som, through the plain; but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art:
This throwes away his shield, and that his dart;
Swords, Morrions Pouldrons Vaunt-brace, Pikes &
Are no defence, but rather hinderances; (Lances,
They, with their hearts, have also lost their sight,
And reeking less a glorious end, in Fight,
Then thousand base deaths, desperatly they ran
Into the flood that fats rich *Canaan*.
Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels,
With rapid course, and like a sea he swels;
Lakes under ground into his chanell range, (change:
And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs doe
He fumes, he foams; and, swiftly whirling round,
Seems, in his rage, these bitter words to sound:
Dye (Villains) dye: O more then infamous
Foule Monsters! drench your damned soules in us.
Sa, sa, my Floods: with your cold moisture quench
The lust-full flame of their self-burning stench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the
Wrs they have don our Mother *Nature* long. (wrong
The River, swiftly whirling-in the slaves,
Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies, paves:
The gawdy Plume, yet floating light and soft,
Keeps for a while the hollow helm aloft;
But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,
Down to the bottom sink among the rest,
Striving and struggling (topsi-turvie toss)
While fain they would, but cannot, yeeld the ghost;
Because the flood (unwilling to defile
His purest waves with spirits so foule and vile)
Re-spews them still into themselves, and there
Smothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last
To the main Sea, or his own shore doth east.
The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,

This cause Ambush forces a great inconvenience.

Among the Clay-pits which themselves before
(T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're,
Ran thither-ward: but their confused flight,
In their own Ambush made their own to light:
Wherein they lost the flowr of all their rest;
Sooner of death, then of death fear possest.
One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart
Which (from behind) nigh pierc't him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did grow,

Stumbles,

Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Up to the Waste in water: where he feels
A three-fold Fate: for there (O strange!) he found
Three deaths in one; at once *slain, hang'd & drown'd*.
Another, weening o'r a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-lesse foot doth slip,
And in he fals: but instantly (past hope)
He catcheth hold upon a dangling rope,
And so at length with shifting hands gets-up
By little and little to the fountains top.
Which *Thadeel* spying, to him streight he hies,
And thus aloud unto the wretch he cries;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoke of *Elam* off to shake?
Is this your Skirmish? and are these your blowes,
Where-with t'incounter so courageous Foes?
Sir, leave your ladder; this shall serve as well,
This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell:
Goe pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute here deny'd unto your own:
Here-with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blow heaws both his arms off clean:
His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk,
His bloud did swim, his body quickly sunk.
Another (roughly pushed by the Foe)
Fals headlong down into a Bog below:
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels upward like a Tree he stood;
Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms,
As Trees are wont to wave in windy storms.
Another here (on horse-back) posting over
A broad deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover,
Sinks instantly; and in his sudden Fate
Seems the brave Horse doubly unfortunate:
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin)
His Masters bowels, serves (alas!) for Tomb
To him that yerst so many times did comb
His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed
Hir's hollow Shield with oats, and beans, and bread:
Even so sometimes, the loving Vine and Elm
(With double domage) joyntly over-whelm;
She wails the wrack of her dear Husbands glade;
He groanes his Spouses feeble arms and shade:
But most it grieves him with his Trunk to crush
The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush;
And presse to death unkindly with his weight
Her that for love imbraceth him so straight.
Yet *Lot* alone (with a small troup assisted)
The Martiall brunt with manly breast resisted,
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for
The furious holle of *Chedorlaomer*:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops,
Of tender saplings with their slender tops,
Is fell'd almost as soon as under-taken
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken:
Lot's little Number so environ'd round, (down.
Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n
Then left alone, yet still all one he fares;
And the more danger, still the more he dares;
Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon
By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one: (gers:
Who tyr'd with running (grown more cunning)
Into some corner, where upright he sits
Upon his stern, and sternly to his foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shewes,
And snarles, and snaps; and this and that doth bite,
And stoutly still maintains th'unequall fight
With equall fury, t'il (disdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doe;
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:
Cease (valiant youth) cease, cease t'incounter us.
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor soule) expose
And hazard thus thy life and fame to lose,
In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such?
Alas, I pitie thy misfortune much.
For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so young)
Shew that in SODOM's wanton wals accurst
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurst.
O chief of Chivalry, reserve thy worth
For better wars: yeeld thee; and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy powers; and, by my sword,
For thousand kingdoms will not false my word.
Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death)
LOT yeelds him then upon the Princes Faith:
And from his Camell quick-dismounting hies
His Royall hand to kisse in humble wise:
And th'Army, laden with the richest spoyl,
Triumphantly to th'Eastward march the while.
No sooner noyse of these sad novels came
Unto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But instantly he arms to rescue LOT,
And that rich prey the Heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred servants of his house he brings
(But lightly arm'd with staves, & darts, and slings,
Ayded by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)
So at the heels he hunts the fear-lesse Foe,
Yet waits advantage yet he offer blow)
Favour'd by streightnesse of the wayes they took,
And cover'd close with night's deceitfull cloak.
In *Groon-land* field is found a dungeon,
A thousand-fold more dark then *Acheron*,
It hath no door, lest as it turns about,
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* serves for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Usher that doth never wear
Stif-rustling silks, nor ratling chamlet sutes,
Nor gyngling spurs, nor creaking Spanish boots;
But, that he make no noyse (when e're he stirs)
His high-day sutes are of the softest Furs,
At other times (lesse-stately-service-full)
He's onely clad in cotton, shod in wooll:
His left fore-finger o're his lips he locks;
With th'other beckens to the early Cocks,
The rushing streams, and roating *Eolus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:
Sleep silver *Torrents*; cease, sweet *Chante-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* here:
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest;
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.
In midst of all this Cave so dark and deep,
On a still rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:

Lot taken prisoner.

Abraham with his family of poor goes to rescue Lot.

A lively description of Prison, with his Cell, Servants, Porters and Company.

Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzie brother
Who readily knowes not her selfe nor other:
Then solitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And nasty *Sloath* self-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irresolute, unhandsome, comfortlesse,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth presse
The yellow *Night-shade*, and blew *Gladiols* joyce,
Where-with her sleep-swoln heavy lids she glews.
Confusedly about the silent Bed
Fantastick swarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Some sacred, some profane; some false, some true;
Some short, some long; some div'lish, some divine;
Some sad, some glad; but monstrous all (in fine):
They make no noyse, but right resemble may
Th'unnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at some Cranny) with his piercing eye
He peepeth in some darker place to spy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a just intent
To plague those Tyrants pride) his Angels sent,
No sooner entred, but the radiant shine
Of's glistring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon, makes the darke House of Night.
The gawdy swarm of *Dreams* is put to flight:
And opening wide the sable Canapey,
The winged Herald summon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence dislodg'd at the first word he spake:
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not so soon awake.
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and tour'd,
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rour'd:
At length he stirs, and stretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbow, hears This Message done.
Great Spirits-restorer, Cares-charm Chasing-grief
Night-short'ning Sire, Man's-Rest, & Mind's Relief,
Up, up (said he) dispatch thee hence in posse.
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoste
Of those proud Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in dis-aray
Th' Angel, in th'instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep slowly harnest his dull Bears anon;
And, in a noyse-lesse Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowsinesse*, and *Night*:
Th'air thickning where he goes doth nod the head,
The Wolf in Woods lies down, th'Ox in the Mead,
Th' Orque under Water; and on Beds of Down
Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender spring
Of sweetest Haw-thorn, hangs her drowzie wing,
The Swallow's silent, and the loudest *Humber*,
Leaning upon the Earth, now seems to slumber:
Th'yeugh moves no more, the asp doth cease to shake
Pines bow their heads, seeming some rest to take.
So soon as *Sleep*'s black wings had over-spread
The Pagan Hoast; the Souldiers haste to bed:
For, instantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:
Their words-half-spoke are lost between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep*'s charming humour
Wch to a deep & death-like *Lethargie* brings (slips,
Both Heathen Souldiers and their Heathen Kings.
Abram perceiving now the Army neer,
By their own Fires; 'gan thus his Troops to cheer:
Souldiers (said he) behold this happy Night
Shall make amends for that dis-astrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom*'s shame, and *Lots*'s captivity;
Me thinks, already *Victory* adorn'd (return'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns)
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant speare
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich then theirs;
Me thinks, already on our glistering Crests,
The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests;
Our way to vertue lyes so smooth and plain,
With pain-lesse Honour and unvent'red Gain.
This Hoast you see, is not the valiant Troup
That stript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* stoop;
That *Jordan*, *Jude*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foule Heard of Swine wall'wing in mire;
Regard them as they are, not as they were;
See but their sloath, doe not their number fear;
He that's asleep is dead, and he that's dead
Bites not (they say); What have we then to dread?
Why stay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare,
Their lives lie prostrate here at our command;
And fortune cals but for your helping hand.
Come, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hoasts*
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly power, & brings mens plots to nought;
Come (happy Troup) follow with one accord
Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.
This said; eft-soons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face;
For, as in March, the Serpent having cast
His old foule skin, crawls from his hole full fast,
Hisses and stings, and stares us in the face.
And (gold-like glistering, glides along the grass;
So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part,
His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall fury in his breast there boyls,
His stature seems much taller then yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies,
A lovely Lightning sparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant Port and gracefull voyce
Confirms the faintest, makes the sad rejoyce.
Then on the Camp he sets, where round about
Lie mingled Carts, and Horse, and Men that rout;
Rest seizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The fire it self slept in his ashy bed.
Th' *Hebrews* the-while laid-on on back, or breast,
Or arm, or side, according as their Rest
To th'ground had bound them; & those lives bereft
The which Death's Image in a Image reft.
Here, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore his ghost, and Wine;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confused,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accused.
Another taken by inchanting sleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons, quaffing deep,
Doth at a wound, given in his ratling gorge,
The Wine again in his own Cup dis-gorge.
Another, while ingeniously he playes
Upon his Lute some passing-pleasing Layes,
Sleep seals his eyes up with a gloomy cloud;
And yet his hand still quavers light and loud:

But.

But, at the last it sinks; and offring fair
To strike the Base, strikes but the empty ayre:
His soule, descending to th' Infernall Coasts,
Goes to conclude his Song unto the Ghosts:
Dolefull it was, not for the Argument
(For 'twas of *Love*) but for the sad event.
Another, wak'ned with those loud alarms,
Starts-up and gnaspeth round about for arms;
Which, ah too soon he findeth, for his part:
For a keen poignard stabs him to the heart.
Like as a Tigresse, having with the gore
Of Bulls and Heifers made her spots the more,
And pav'd a Plain with Creatures mangled limbs,
Views on each side her valiant stratagems,
Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly sad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had:
So th' *Hebrew* stalking round about the slain,
Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain (ther,
That those dead bodies might their Ghosts re-ga-
Or that those Mountains would produce him (rather)
Some Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In bloud drown'd Valleys might his valour try.
Amor's three sons did no lesse slaughter make;
Abram for zeale, they but for furies sake;
This, nails a Souldier with his Sword to th' ground;
That, at a blow th' heads of two Heads dis-crownd.
This, underneath a Chariot kils the driver:
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.
The Tents already all in bloud doe swim,
Gushing from sundry Corps, from severall limb.
In briefe, so many ravening Wolves they seem,
Within whose breast, fierce Famine bireth keen,
Who softly stealing to some fold of Sheep
(While both the Shepheard & his Curr doth sleep)
Furbish their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Upon the best, to eat and bear away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquished awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors under-take;
Putting the three proud *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had been routed quite.
Sleep, sleep (poor *Pagans*) sith you needs must dy,
Go sleep again, and so dye easily,
Dye yer you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gasp-out your soules; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horror too
Of th' Execution, that our swords shall doe,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword
(As swift in doing, as in saying so)
More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,
Then ever storm-full cloud, which fed with water's
Thin moist-ful fumes (& showy mountain daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd floods of rain,
On tender stems of the new render grain: (death,
Through bloud, and blades, through danger, dust and
Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverseth;
And partly in the shock, part with the blows,
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,
And by his travell topsi-turneth then
The live and dead, and half-dead horse and men:
His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits;
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it splits
Some privie postern, whence to Hell (in Post)
Some groaning Pagan may gasp out his ghost:
He all assayls, and him so brave bestows,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths then blows
As the North-winde, re-cleering-up the front
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The showrs that *Austers* spungie thirst exhales
Out of those Seas that circle *Orans* vals;
So where-so-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his glittering shield
(Whose glorious splendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight;
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be so strangely-stout
As not to faint, but bravely yet hold out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot stop
The victory, but hasten his own mishap.
But in what Fence-schoole, of what Master, say,
Brave Peard of Souldiers, learn'd thy hands to play
So at so sundry weapons, such passados,
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stocados?
Even of that mighty God, whose sacred might
Made Heav'n & Earth (& them so brave bedight)
Of meerly nothing; of that God of Powr
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Towr;
Of that high God who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even steely bowes to break,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;
But daunts the proud, and doth their courage tame.
Thy Sword abates th'armed, the strong, the stout;
Thou clav'st, thou kill'st: The faint dis-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy stern dreadfull port confounds with won-
Death and Despair, Horror and Fury fight (der;
Under thine Ensignes in the dismall Night;
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much,
This thou pursu'st, that thou disdain'st to touch;
In brief (thou blest Knight brave) thou quelst at
Valiant and vile, arm'd and unarmed ones. (once
Here, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagans head doth slyce:
Down on each shoulder looketh either halfe,
To gaze upon his ghastly *Epitaph*,
In lines of bloud writ round about him fair,
Under the curtain of his parted hair.
Here, through a Jerkin (more then Musket-proofe)
Made twelve-fold double of East-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly shaft doth
A gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel: (thrill
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers;
And th' Ethnick soul flies both wayes out together:
Here thou dost cleave, with thy keen fauchins force,
The Bards and Breast-plate of a furious Horse,
No sooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his fortune in a bloudy track:
Thy barbed dart, here at a *Chaldee* flyes,
And in an instant lardeth both his thighes,
While he (blaspheming his hard stars and state)
Hops (like a Pie) in stead of wonted gate.
Now LOT (the while) escapt from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burden of his yron bands;
With just revenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet grow swift, his sinews wexen strong,
His

His heart revives; and his revived heart
Supplies new spirits to all and every part.
And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of some great Stable, staring scuds about,
Shakes his proud head and crest, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayre, beats on the humble fields,
His flying shadow now pursues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as fast again,
Again beholds it with selfe-proud delight,
Looks on his legs, sets his stiff tayl upright,
And neighs so loud to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyse the neighbour hills resound:
So, one while LOT sets on a Troup of Horse,
A band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he pusheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anon he strikes,
Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,
Where some, to shun deaths (never shunned) stroke,
Had clambred-up; at length a path he spies,
Where up he mounts, & doth their Mount surprise:
Whence, stones he heaves, so heavy and so huge,
That in our Age; three men could hardly bouge;
Under whose weight his flying Foes he dashes:
And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he pashes:
Somtimes he shoots, somtimes he shakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.
Some in the breast he wounds, some in the backs,
Some on the hanch, some on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all! and maketh where he stood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of bloud.

At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place.
Then both sides ran; these chased, those to chase:
These onely use their heels; those heels and hands:
Those with but a fair way; these that the sands
Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell
The selves that fled, & the that chac't to fell: (bloud:
These render nought but blows; those nought but
Both sides have broke their ranks: pel-mel they scud;
Choakt-up with dust, dis-ordered, dis-aray'd:
Neither Command, Threat, nor Intreat obey'd.

Thou that (late) bragg'st, that thy white *Wonnly*
Could dry-foot run upon the liquid Wave: (brave
And on the sand leaving no print behinde
Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a steel Dart, by ABRAH'M stiffly sent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle slent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris* silver source,
Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from side to side)
Losest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.

It seems no Fight, but (rather as befa's)
An execution of sad criminals:
Who-so escapes the sword, escapes not so
His sad destruction; or, if any tho
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)
To rue the fatall ruine of the rest:
For th' Uncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they have chac't them clean:
Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue
A flight of Pigeons through the Welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To save their lives) they hardly can recover.

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcome *Abram* and refresh his Troup;
To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they (stoop:
O valiant Victor! for thy high Deserts,
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeale: or if ought more
(As well thou mayst) thou dost expect therefore,
Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our gold,
Our wives, our lives, and what we dearest hold:
Take all we have; for all we have is thine:
No wrong to us to take thy Valours Fine.

Melchisedec, Gods *sacred Minister*,
And King of *Salem* coms to greet him there,
Blessing his blisse, and thus with zealous cry
Devoutly pierc't Heav'ns star-full Canapey:
Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And rules the Actions of all humane-kinde
With full command; and with one blast of winde
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudest Hils,
Dries-up the Ocean, and the empty fils:
Blest be the great God of great *Abraham*:
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every place unto him Altars build,
And every Altar with his praise be fill'd,
And every Praise above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels sing:
Blessed be He, that by an arm-lesse crew
Of Art-lesse Shepheards did so quick subdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* so;
And to the servants of an exil'd Foe
Hath giv'n the Riches and the royall store
(Both of their Boory and their Own before)
Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see
Sol's early rising from *Aurora's* knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for prey,
He puts-on arms, divides the Spoyls away;
The *Tythes* the *Priests*: the Rest of all the things
(Yerst lost in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion he participates
To th' *Amorites* his stout Confederates;
Shewing himselfe a Prince as Politick,
Prudent, and just, as stout and souldier-like,
That with his Prowesse Policy can mell,
And Conquering, can use his Conquest well;
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That scorning Riches, true renown doth seek.

So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphrateau-source*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* crystall course,
Rings his renown; Of him is all the speech,
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds:
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the seat of JOVE do scorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do spurn.

Voyce, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise toge-
Hee's held a Prophet or an Angel rather, (ther,
They say that God talks with him face to face,
Hoasts at his House, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-simple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tigris* Strand.

And it is certain, the *Thrice-sacred-One*,
The King of Kings, by Dream or Vision,

Speaks

Simile.

The Pagans wholly fled in flight.

Simile.

The Kings of Canaan returned Abraham and his company with great joy, and the grateful offer of their homage unto him.

Melchisedec blesseth Abraham.

Abraham distributes the booty, reserving only a portion for the Amorites that were his confederates.

He is famous far and neare.

God appears unto him and makes a covenant with him.

Speaks with him oft; and cals him thus by name;
Faine not my servant, feare not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fained lip
Seek guilefully thy simplenes to trip,
Nor to entice the (with a been-full breath)
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death:
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native UR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought the hither, I have blest the here.
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hils; I have preserv'd thy Wife
From strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, astray'd
To tell the truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conqueror)
Now made thee triumph over th' Eastern Kings
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in briefe) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad:
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Mee)
Go *Circumcise* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,
Lead holy Life, walk in my Wayes divine
With upright-foot: so shall my favour hant
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Canaans* Children have with mighty hand
So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it selfe) all kind of Fruit & Corn, (horn:
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-
Ile heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, & Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.
O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In showes of gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,
What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one
That hath no issue after to inherit,
But my good servant ELIEZAR's merit.
Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)
Mistake not so my bountifull intent;
Ile not disparage to a Servants Fee
The rich estate, and royall dignity
That in my People shall hereafter shine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a flock of thine,
Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy stare succeed.
Yea thine own Son's immortall-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the Treasures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden joy,
Made answer thus: Lives then my wandering Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?
Ah! let me dye then: then I dye content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies).
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying
Thy jealous SARA's curst and threat full crying)
To the dry Desarts sandy horror hy'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extreme Thirst due-timely to refresh,
Conducting them unto a Fountain fresh,
In liquid Crystall of whose Maiden spowt
Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snowt.
And if I erre not (but I cannot erre:
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?
What can the Sight of the Sight-maker dim?)
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Where-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde:
He shall grow great, yet shall his rest be small;
All shall make war on him, and he on all:
Through Corslets, Rivets, Jacks, and Shirts of Mail,
His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit;
A Sparrow's head he shall (even flying) spit;
And in the ayre shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake,
Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make (sway
Spring from his Loines, whose fruitfull seed shall
Even unto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th' outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that under Heavens Frame,
I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,
Ile open SARA's dry and barren womb, (come,
From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shall
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support thy *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com from thy Tent, com forth & here contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple;
Number the Stars, measure their higness bright,
With fixed eye gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly mark their ordred Courses, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n:
Then mayst thou also number thine own Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their publike State
Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.
This, This is Hee, to, and with whom I grant
Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.
Which if he truely keep, upon his Race
Ile pour an Ocean of my plenteous Grace:
Ile not alone give him the Fields here seen
But even from *Indus* all that flowreth green
To th' utmost Ocean's utmost sand and shelfe;
Ile give him Heav'n. Ile give him even my Selfe.
Hence, hence, the *High & mighty Prince* shal spring
Sin's, Death's, and Hels eternall taming King,
The sacred Founder of Man's soverain Bliss, (ness.
Worlds peace, worlds ransom, & worlds righteous-
Th' eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th' old-man to follow him with greedy eye.
The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to powder, fired on a board,
When smoakingly it mounts in sudden flash,
With little flame, giving a little clash.
Plenty and Pleasure had o'r-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomer* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the most ruth-less Rape
Of tender Virgins of the carest shape, (bindes)
Th' adulterous kiss (which Wedlocks bands un-
Th' Incestuous Bed; confounding Kindreds kindes
(Where)

Circumcision enforced.

Canaan promised to Abraham.

Isaac promised.

Christ promised.

In him the Covenant is ratified.

Of his line shall come Christ the Redeemer.

Prodigity plaugth the Sodomites to all manner of abominations.

(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,
Th' Uncle the Niece, and ev'n the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.
Forbear (dear Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or else stop your eare,
At th' obscœne sound of th' unbeseeming words
Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:
Or, if it 's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.
These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)
Could not be fill'd with VENUS vulgar Feasts;
Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;
Some monstrous meis these Monsters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
Prodigiously they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.
Therefore, to purge Ulcers so pestilent,
Two Heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging, and to taste his Cates.
For, Angels, being meer Intelligences
Have (properly) no Bodies, nor no Senses:
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
To treat with us, they put our Nature-on;
And take a body fit to exercise (and flies;
The Charge they have, which runnes, and feeds,
Dures during their Commission; and, that past,
Turns t' Elements, whence first it was amassit.
A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Unto a bodie doth not so unite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a season it accomodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)
Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)
Holds much of him that moves it actively.
But alwaies in some place are Angels: though
Not as all filling (God alone is so,
The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore).
Not as environ'd (That alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next substance; and whose superfice
Unto their place proportionable is):
But rather, as sole selfly limited,
And joyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd;
But by the touch of their live efficace
Containing Bodies which they seem t' embrace:
So, visibly those bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with us; but, not for sustentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.
Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAM feasted in his Tents,
When, seeing three, he did adore but one,
Which, comming down from the celestiall Throne,
Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy,
Of these loose Cities, for their Luxurie.
You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar
Against the cold, faint, hungry Passenger,
You little think that all our life and age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:

Their most execrable lusts.

Two Angels sent downe, reserved and rescued by Lot.

Of the nature and offices of Angels.

Exhortation to hospitality.

And that in earth whoso hath never given
Harbour to strangers, shall have none in Heav'n,
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held,
Where Angels bright and souls that have excell'd,
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamy*,
Carowsing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might have a Wolf or Boar:
What e'er is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with interest;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least.
For, alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise,
And God his own with blessings plentifies.
O Hosts, what know you, whether (charitable)
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,
You guest Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who supped them: & when the time grew meet
To go to bed, he heard amid the street
A wrangling, jangling, and a murmur rude,
Which great grew greater through nights solitude.
For, those that first these two bright stars surveyd,
Wilde, Stalion-like, after their beauties niegh'd;
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,
Shame-less and sense-less up and down they rav'd,
From House to House knocking at every doore,
And beastly-brute, thus, thus they rayle and roare;
Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,
This stranger LOT, our pleasures to deprive?
O Cowardise! to suffer in our sights
An exile here t' usurp our choyce delights,
T' embrace a brace of Youths so beauteous
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heav'n to us)?
Shall it be said that such an old cold stock
Such rare young minions in his bed should mock,
While wretched we, unto our selves make mone?
And (Widow-like) wear out our sheets alone?
Let 's rather break his doors, and make him know,
Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mow.
Even as as Bathe, *down from the neighbour hills,*
After a Snowe, the melting Crystall trils
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips those steep Mountains of their shirts so white)
Through hundred Valleys gushing Brooks & Torrents,
Striving for swiftnesse in their sundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never rest till all do meet in one:
So, at their cry from every corner throng
Unto LOTS house, Men, Children, old and young.
For, common was this execrable sin,
With blear-ey'd Age, as nusled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of lust; with infancie,
Example-led: all through Impunitie.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the door,
Come, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let forth that lovely pair, that they may prove
With us the pleasures of Male-mingled love.
LOT lowly then replyes: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature 's Rules, and Rites of Hospitality,
By sacred Laws, and lessons of Morality,
By all respects of our com-Burgership
(Which should our minds in mutuall kindnes keep)
I do

The lustful Sodomites inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, entreat Lot for harbouring them.

Simile.

Lot speaks them fair, and intreats them earnestly for the safety of his guests.

I do abjure you all, that you refrain
The honour of my harmlesse guests to stain,
Nor in your hearts to harbour such a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrong'd in ought.
Base busie Stranger, com'st thou hither thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to Us?
No (*Puritan*) thou shalt not here do so;
Therefore dispatch and let thy darlings goe;
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With us the Pleasures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this sin, their stubborn rage,
His sacred promise given his Guests for gage,
Th' old *Hebrews* mind so trouble and dismay,
That well he wots not what to doe nor say.
For, though we ought not (if Gods word be true)
Doe any evill that good may ensue:
To shun one ill, another ill he suffers,
He prostitutes his issue; and he offers,
Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he criet,
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)
I have two Daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the first-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuse my chaste Guests with such villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;
A sin so odious that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think upon.
Tush: we are glutted with all granted loves
And common pleasures nought our pleasure moves;
LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Consist not in the pleasure, but th' inormity,
Which fools abhor: and, saying so they rush,
Some upon LOT, some at his gates do push.
O cursed City! where the aged Sire,
Un-able thus to doe, doth thus desire;
And younglings, yet scarce weaned from their nurse
Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse;
Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin:
Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath hin.
God hates all sin: but, extreme Impudence
Is even a greater sin then the Offence:
The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife
Although they seem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't
In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste)
With laws large priviledge; yet evermore
(As Modesty and Honesty implore)
Ought to be private, and as things forbidden
Unto the sight) with Nights black curtain hidden.
Yet these foul monsters in the open street
Where altogether all the Town might see't,
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin
Which Hell it self before had never seen;
A sin so odious, that the same of it
Will fright the damned in the darksom Pit.
But now, the Angels, their celestiall kinde
Un-able longer to conceal, strook blinde
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away
LOT and his houshold by the break of Day.
But, O prodigious! never rose the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd upon
All other places (for he rose betimes
To see such Execution on such Crimes):

And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders
It rores, it rains (O most unwonted wonders!)
Upon this Land, which 'gainst th' Omnipotent
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent;
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.
From *Acheron* even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monsters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their dismall terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confused Horrors;
All on the guilty strand of *Jordan* storm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm,
As thick as Crowes in hungry shoals do light
On new-sow'n lands; where stalking bold upright,
As black as Jet they jet about, and feed
On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of seed;
Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whistling Goat-man's guiding language hear.
It rain'd indeed; but, not such fertile raine
As makes the Corn in Summer sprout amain;
And all things freshed with a pleasant ayr,
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:
But in this tank of Sin, this stinking Hell,
A rain of Salt, of Fire, and Brimstone, fell.
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulnesse,
Which serv'd for fuell to their Wantonnesse:
Fire punished their beastly Fire within:
And Brimston's stink the stench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)
Their punishment was also exquisite:
Here open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires
Of brick nor stone, nor Columns, gates, nor arches,
Nor Bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-marches.
In vain the-while the People weep & cry,
To see their wrack, and know no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do split,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spet:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;
Half-burned houses fall with hideous fray
And VULCAN makes Mid-night as bright as day:
Heav'n flings down nought but flashing Thunder-
Th' Ayr's alla-fire, Earth's exhalations hot (shot,
Are spewing ÆTNA's that to Heav'n aspire:
All th' Elements (in brief, are turn'd to fire.
Here, one perceiving the next Chamber burning,
With suddain leap towards the window turning.
Thinks to cry *Fire*: but instantly the smoke
And Flame without, his-with-in Voice do choke:
Another sooner feels then sees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:
Th' abhorred Bed is burnt; and they, a-swell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.
Another yet on tops of Houses crawls:
But his foot slips, and down at last he fals.
Another feeling all his clothes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yet it shou'd com nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan,

Or

Or like a Caldron that top full of oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death some cunning counterfeit
That with false stamp some Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, seeing the City all in Cinders,
Himselfe for safety to the field he renders:
But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick,
There th' horror of a thousand deaths do strike.
Through *Adamah*'s and *Gomer*'s goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a foule remains:
Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Masters sake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Punishment,
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Brasse,
With such an Ink as nothing can deface:
The moulten Marble of these cindred Hils,
Asphaltu Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,
How God detesteth such detested Rage.
O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull!
Th' Heav'n cindred Cities a broad standing Pool
O'r-flowes (yet flows not) whose infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr and Earth dis-fertileth:
A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shore,
Nor Bark, not Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while
The plenteous beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now scarr'd, and collow'd, with his face and head
Cover'd with ashes is all dry'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Upon whose breast nothing can live or thrive:
For, nought it bears save an abortive suit
Of seeming-fair, false, vain and fained fruit,
A fruit that feeds the eye, and fils the hand,
But to the stomack in no stead doth stand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips,
Or Ivorie teeth, in empty smoak it slips,
So vanishing: onely the nose receives
A noysome savour, that (behinde) it leaves.
Here, I adjure you vent'rous Travellours,
That visit th' horror of these cursed shores,
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,
And touch the vain fruit of these withered stems:
And also you that doe behold them thus,
In these sad Verses pourtray'd here by us,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To showr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring upright on your affrighted head
Heave up your Hats; and in your dismall dread,
To thinke, you heat like Sulph'ry Stormes to strike
On our new Montlers for offences like.
For, the Almighties drad all-danting arme
Not onely strikes such as with *Sodom* swarme
In these foul sins; but such as sigh or pity
Sodoms destruction, or so damn'd a Citie,
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe
God's judgements just on such as such deserve.
LOT hies to SEGOR: but his Wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wayls (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pietie! O kinde-cruell error!)
The dire destruction of the smoaking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (wch should have bin) she pities,
Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments
To lose her Jewels and habilliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.
But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be grown.
The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:
As silly Bird caught in a subtill gin,
Set by some shepheard neer the Copses-side;
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.
And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,
And never rests, untill from foot to head
O'r all the body his fell poyson spread:
This Yce creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num,
Till ev'n the marrow hard as bones become,
The brain be like the scull, and bloud convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ayr
The windes no more can wave her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A precious Salt-mine, supernaturall;
Such, as (but Salt) I wot what to call;
A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson giv'n,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which sev'n-times seal'd, under nine Locks do ly.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn into Pearls fro'm on her thinckling hairs;
Fain would she speak: but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-crosse,
Though dumb, declare both why, & how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her sudden *Change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flatt'ring verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to some)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.
Almighty Father! Gracious God and Just!
O! what hard heartedness, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man, if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from us thy preventing grace;
And, if provoked for our past offences,
Thou give us up to our Concupisences?
O *Harran*'s Neeces, you (LOTS daughters) saw
SODOM consumed in that Sulph'ry Haw:
Their Hils and Forrests calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields sow'n with a burning brine,
Their stately houses like a Coale-pit smoaking,
The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for stinking smother
The Labourers cold hardly know each other;
Their flowring valley to a Fen exchang'd:
And your own Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) these famous Monuments
Of the just rigour of God's Punishments
Cannot deterre you: but ev'n *Sodom*-like
Incestiously a holy-man you seeke:
Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will
Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)
Even of that seed which did your selves beget:
Within

Abortive fruit to Travellers that have from and to or, there that shall reade or hear these frame. full memorie of Gods severe justice, to make right use of this fearfull example.

Lot's wife Metamorphosed.

Most presumptuous to call man's sin the proper of Gods particular decree.

Lot's daughters by his daughters in drunkenness to commit incest with both of them.

Within your wombs you bear for nine months time
Th' upbraiding burden of your shame-lesse Crime;
And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quite,
You both become, even in one very night,
Wives to your Fathers, Sisters to your Sons,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All under colour that thus living sole,
Sequestred thus in an unhaunted hole,
Heav'ns envie should all ADAM's race have rest,
And LOT alone should in the World be left.
Had 't not been better, never to have bred,
Then t' have conceived in so foul a bed?
Had't not been better never t' have been Mothers,
Then by your Father, to have born your brothers?
Had't not been better to the death to hate.
Then thus t' have lov'd him that you both begate?
Him, so much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of these Rocks God could immediately
Have rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or, striking but
Th' Earths solid bosom with his brazen foot,
Out of the dust have reared sudden swarms
Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms?

FINIS.

Q THE

The Fathers.

A PART OF THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The famous FATHER of the Faithfull, here
Limn'd to the life, in strife of Faith *and* Feare:
His Son's *sweet Nature, and his nurture such,*
Endeer his TRIALL *with a neerer Touch:*
REASON'S *best* Reasons *are by* FAITH *refell'd;*
With GOD, *th'* Affection, *for the* Action *held;*
So, counter-manding His Command (*atchiev'd*)
The Sire's *approved, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Here (had *our Author* liv'd to end his Works)
Should have ensu'd the other PATRIARCHS.

O! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born:
To be brought-up under the watchfull eyn
Of milde-sharp Masters awfull Discipline:
Chiefly, to be (even from the very first)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurst.
Such hap had *Isaac:* but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, & Judgement sage,
Out-stripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wisely waits all on his Fathers word;
Whose steady steps so duly he observes,
That every look, him for a lesson serves:
And every gesture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning, and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His fathers hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,
Sober and wise, well knowing what is meet;
Though his dear Son sometimes he seem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide:
For, evermore his love-bewraying eye
On's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly:
Sweet *Isaac*'s face seems as his Glass it were,
And *Isaac*'s Name is musick in his eare.
But God, perceiving this deep-settled Love,
Thence takes occasion *Abrams* Faith to prove;
And tempteth him: but not as doth the Divell
His Vassals tempt (or man his Mate) to evill:
Satan still draws us to Deaths dismall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath;

Ay Satan aymes our constant Faith to foyl;
But God doth seal it, never to recoyl:
Satan suggesteth ill; God moves to grace:
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface;
But God, to make our burning *Zeal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Jerusalem*,
A Prince, that means effectuall proof to make
Of some Mans faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doe,
His words and deeds, and every gesture too;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him.
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.
But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation
To sound Mans heart and secret cogitation
(For well he knowes Man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of Men yet they conceived be):
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through Temptation he his Saints doth sift,
To leave for pattern to his Churches seed
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of season God doth never try
His new-converted Children, by and by;
Such novices would quickly faint and shrink,
Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in launching sink;
Their Faiths light blossoms would with every blast
Be blowo away and bear no fruit at last;
Against so boystrous strokes they want a shield;
Under such weight their feeble strēgth would yield.
But when his Words dear seed, that he hath sow'n
Within their hearts, is rooted well and grow'n:
And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,
High peril-proof against affliction:
Such as our *Abram*: Who, now wexen strong
Through exercise of many trials long,
Of Faith, of Love, of Fortitude and right.
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* imprisonment,
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,
Being made invincible for all assaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,;
Wch sceptereth Shepheards, and un-crowneth Kings.
Give me a Voyce, now, O Voyce all divine!
With sacred Fire inflame this breast of mine;
Ah! ravish me, make all this Universe
Admire thine *Abram* pourtray'd in my Verse.
Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am*:
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine owne Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same
In sacrifice unto the ragefull Flame.
As he, that slumbring on his carefull Bed,
Seems to descern some Fancie full of dread,
Shrinks down himselfe, and fearfull hides his face,
And scant drawes breath in half an howers space:
So *Abraham*, at these sharp sounding words
(Wch wound him deeper then a thousand swords)
Seized at once with wonder, griefe, and fright,
Is well nigh sunk io Deaths eternall night;
Death 's ash-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,
A chilling Yce shivers through every lim,
Flat on the ground himselfe he groveling throwes,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes,
From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.
But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,
Then two deep sighs, then these sad words at last;
Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill;
That in cold bloud I (barbarously) should murder
My (fear-less, fault-less) faithful friend; nay (further)
Mine own dear Son: and what dear Son? Alas!
Mine onely *Isaac* (whose sweet Vertues passe
The lovely sweetnesse of his Angel-face)
Isaac, sole pattern of now-Vertue known,
Isaac, in years young, but in wisedome grown;
Isaac, whom good men love, the rest envie;
Isaac, my hearts heart, my lifes life, must dye.
That I should stain an execrable Shrine
With *Isaac*'s warm bloud, issued out of mine.
O! might mine serve 't were tolerable losse,
'T were little hurt; nay, 't were a welcom crosse.
I bear no longer fruit: the best of Mee
Is like a fruit-lesse, branch-lesse, sap-lesse Tree,
Or hollow Trunk, which onely serves for stayes
To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraies.
But, losing *Isaac*, I not onely leese
My life withall (which Heav'ns have linkt to his)
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet un-bore,
Then there be sands upon the *Lybian* shore.

Canst thou mine Arm? O canst thou, cruell arm,
In *Isaac*'s breast thy bloudy weapon warm?
Alas! I could not but even dye for griefe,
Should I but yeeld mine Ages sweet reliefe
(My blisse, my comfort, and mine eyes delight)
Into the hands of hang-mens spare-lesse spight:
But, that mine own selfe (O extremest Rigour!)
What my selfe formed, should, my selfe, disfigure:
That I (alas!) with bloudy hand, and knife,
Should rip his bosome, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely ruth-lesse) I should once present,
Upon a sacred Altar, an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abomination!)
That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the same;
'Tis horrible to think and hellish too,
Cruell to wish, impossible to doe.

Doe 't he that lists, and that delights in bloud;
I neither will nor can become so wood.
T' obey io this: God, whom we take to be
Th' eternall Pillar of all verity,
And constant faith; will he be faith-lesse now?
Will he be false, and from his promise bow?
Will he (alas!) undoe what he hath done?
Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won?
Sail with each winde? and shall his promise, then,
Serve but for snares t' intrap sincerest men?
Sometimes, by his eternall self he swears,
That my Son *Isaac*'s number-passing Heirs
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
Shall be the blessed leaven of his Grace;
Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
And in the Cradle my Health 's Hope to kill,
To drown the whole World in the bloud of him;
And at one stroke, upon his fruitfull stem,

To

To strike off all the heads of all the flock
That should hereafter his dread Name invoke,
His sacred nostrils with sweet smels delight,
His ears with prayses, with good deeds his sight.
Will God impugn himselfe? and will he so
By his command his Covnant overthrow?
And shall my faith my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what sayst thou, *Abram*? pause thou must.
He thus revives the *Phœnix* from her dust, (Clews)
And from dead Silk-worms Tombs (their shining
A living Bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Isaac* the onely stock
Of his chaste spouse (his Church and chosen Flock)?
Will he forget *Isaac* the onely Light
Of all the World, for Vertues lustre bright?
Or, can he not (if 't please him) even in death
Restore him life, and re-inspire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringest for defence
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou shak'st his Justice. This is certain (too)
God can do all, save that he will not doe.
He loves none ill: for when the wreakfull Waves
Were all return'd into their wonted Caves;
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,
Began with joy to see the Sun againe;
So soon as *Noah* (with a gladsome heart)
Forth of his floating Prison did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Then Murder doth his *Majestie* abhor.
But (shallow man) sound not the vaste Abyss (is:
Of Gods deep Judgements, where no ground there
Be sober-wise: so, bound thy frail desire:
And, what thou canst not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (just and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himselfe, but us.
He frees himselfe; and flees with his Powrs wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Must he needs doe it 'cause 't was good before:
But good is good, because it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure righteousnesse:
From him, whose goodnesse nothing can expresse.
Ah profane thoughts! O wretch! & thinkst thou
That God delights to drink the bloud of men? (then
That he intends by such a strange impiety
To plant his service? You, you forged deity
Of *Moleth*, *Molchom*, *Camosh*, *Astareth*,
Your damned shrines with such dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants you delight in sacrifice
Of slaughtred Children: 't is your bloudy guise
(You cruell Idols) with such *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You hold no tent so sweet, no gift so good,
As streaming Rivers of our luke-warm bloud:
Not *Abram*'s God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but onely for Mankinde:
Who hates the bloudy hands; his Creatures loves;
And contrite hearts for sacrifice approves.
You, you, disguis'd (as Angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this despight,
Supplant my Faith on his sure promise built,
And stain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my Joy, my Boy, thrice-happy borne
(Yea, more then so, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father shalt thou bee
Of happy People that shall spring from thee.
Fear not (dear Childe) that I, unnaturall,
Should in thy bloud imbrue my hand at all;
Or by th' exploit of such detested deed
Commend my name to them that shall succeed.
I will, the Fame that of my name shall ring
In time to come shall flee with fairer wing.
The lofty Pine, that's shaken to and fro
With Counter-puffs of sundry windes that blow, Simile.
Now swaying Southwards, tears from root in twain,
Then bending North-wards, doth another strain,
Reels up and down, toss'd by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconstant Neiter, that to both doth yeeld)
Which of the two is like to win the Field;
So *Abraham*, on each side set-upon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection swaies;
Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs;
Hee 's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father:
Now resolute, anon relenting rather;
One while the Flesh hath got the upperhand:
Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand.
Hee 's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth to break his Fathers will.
For thus (at last) He saith, Now sure I know,
'Tis God, t' is God; the God that loves me so,
Loves, keeps, sustains: whom I so oft have seen:
Whose voyce so often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Sathan cannot shine so bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 't is my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)
The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit:
God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.
The sable Night dis-lodg'd and now began
Aurora's Usher with his windy Fan
Gently to shake the Woods on every side,
While his fair *Mistresse* (like a stately Bride) (gle
With Flowrs, and Gems, & *Indian* Gold, doth span-
Her lovely locks, her Lovers looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayre in Mantle blew,
With silver fring'd, she drops the pearly dew.
With her goes *Abram* out; and the third day,
Arrives on *Cedrons* Margents greenly gay,
Beholds the sacred Hill, and with his Son
(Loaden with sacred Wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, said *Isaac*; Father, here I see
Knife, fire and fagot, ready instantly:
But where's your *Hostie*? Oh! let us mount, my Son,
Said *Abram*: God will soon provide us one.
But, scant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him
A little faster the steep Mount to climbe,
Yet *Abram* changed cheer; and, as new Wine,
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine) Simile.
For being stopt too-soon, and wanting vent,
Blows up the Bung, or doth the vessell rent,
Spews out a purple stream, the ground doth stain
With *Bacchus* colour, where the Cask hath lain:
So now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerst as captive in the Brain include)

At the dear names of Father and of Son,
On his pale cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eyes full vessels now began to leake;
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering 'gan to speak
In submisse voyce, that *Isaac* might not hear
His bitter griefe, that he unfoldeth here.
Sad spectacle! O now my hap-lesse hand,
Thou whetst a sword, and thou dost teend a brand,
The brand shal burn my hart, the sword's keen blade
Shall my blouds bloud, and my lifes life, invade:
And thou poor *Isaac*, beareſt on thy back
Wood that shall make thy tender flesh to crack;
And yeeld'st thee (more for mine than thine amiss)
Both Priest and Beast of one same Sacrifice.
O hap-lesse Son! O more than hap-lesse Sire!
Most wicked wretch! O what mis-fortune dire
In-gulfs us here! where miserable I,
To be true godly, must Gods Law deny:
To be true faithfull, must my faith transgresse;
To be Gods Son, I must be nothing lesse
Than *Isaac*'s Sire; and *Isaac* (for my sake)
Must Soile, and Sire, and Life, and all forsake.
Yet on he goes, and soon surmounts the Mount;
And, steel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princesse*, when her Grace
In *Thetis* Waves hath lately washt her face)
He builds his Altar, layes his Wood there-on,
And tenderly binds his dear Son anon.
Father said *Isaac*, Father, Father deare
(What? doe you turn away, as loth to heare?
O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean:
O cruelty unknown! Is this the mean
Whereby my loynes (as promised long since-is)
Shall make you Grandsire of so many Princes?
And shall I (glorious) if I here do dye,
Fill Earth with Kings, with shining stars the Skie?
Back, *Phœbus*: blush, go hide thy golden head;
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:
See not this savage fight. Shall *Abraham*'s minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son unkinde!
And shall great *Abram* doe the damned deed
That Lions, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread!
See how (incensit) he stops his ear to mee,
As dreaming still on 's bloudy Mysterie.
Lord, how precise! see how the Paricide
Seems to make conscience in lesse sins to slide:
And he, that means to murder me (his Son)
Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) heare me; not that I desire
With sugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In Gods Name reap the Grain your self have sow'n,
Come take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my bloud your blade, if you it please
That I must dye; welcome my death (mine ease):
But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)
That hath deserv'd a punishment so high.
Say (Father) have I not conspir'd your death?
Or, with strong poyson sought to stop your breath?
Have I devis'd to short my Mothers life?
Or, with your Foes ta'en part in any strife?
O thou Æthereall Palace Crystalline
(Gods highest Court) if in this heart of mine
So damned thoughts had ever any place,
Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Against my Soule; and suffer not, that I
Among thy winged Messengers do fly.
If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me furthermore
What rests besides, that damned I have done,
To make a Father butcher of his Son?
In memorie, that fault I fain would have,
That (after God's) I might your pardon crave
For such offence; and so, th' Attonement driv'n,
You live content, that I may dye forgiv'n.
My Son, said he, thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault;
God (our God) cals thee, and he will not let
A Pagan sword in thy dear bloud be wet;
Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain
With langour turn thy flesh to dust again;
But sacrific'd to him (for sweet perfume)
Will have thee here within this fire consume.
What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Joy?
What God commands, his servants must obey,
Without consulting with frail flesh and bloud,
How he his promise will in time make good:
How he will make so many Scepters spring
From thy dead dust: How He (All-wise) wil bring,
In his due season, from thy sense-lesse Thighes,
The glorious Son of righteousnesse to rise,
Who shall the Mountains bruise with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place.
For he that (past the course of Natures Kinde)
First gave thee birth, can with his sacred Winde
Raise thee again out of the lowest dust,
Ten thousand means he hath to save the Just:
His glorious wisdome guides the Worlds societie
With equall reans of Power and of Pietie.
Mine own sweet *Isaac*, dearest of my seed
(Too-sweet alas! the more my griefe doth bleed,
The more my loss; the more with ease-less anguish
My vexed Bowels for thy lack shall languish)
Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His
Who cals thee hence) let this unhappy kisse
Be the sad seal of a more sad Farewell
Than wit can paint, or words have powr to tell.
Sith God commands, and (Father) you require
To have it so, Come death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death, dispatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T'imbrace my Soule: O! let me bravely fly
To meet my Lord, and deaths proud darts defie.
What, Father? weep you now? Ah! cease those
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours: (showes
I was the Lords yer I was born, you know;
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoil, and (Coward) lose the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?
Shall we so dare to dally with the Lord?
To cast his yoke, and to contemn his Word?
Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:
The Earth his foot-stool: and dark *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damned soules be shut)
Is of his Anger evermore the Butt.
On him alone all our good hap depends:
And he alone from dangers us defends.
Ah! weep no more; This sacred Turf doth crave
More bloud then tears: let 's so our selves behave.
That,

That, joyn'd in zeal, we yeeld us willingly
To make a vertue of necessity.
Let 's testifie, we have a time abod;
I, in your School; you, in the School of God:
Where we have learned, that his sacred Word
(Which made of nothing all that ever stirr'd:
Which all sustains, and all directeth still)
To divers ends conducts the good and ill.
Who loves not God more then all Kinn's respect,
Deserves no place among his dear Elect;
And who doth once God's Tillage under-take,
Must not look back neither his Plough forsake.
Here-with, th' old *Hebrew* cheerfuller became,
And (to himselfe) cries, Courage *Abraham*:
The World, the Flesh, *Adam*, are dead in thee;
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be,
Lord, by thy Spirit unto my spirit annex
So lively Faith, that still mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Isaac*, whose sharp (sin-lesse) Suffering
Shall purge from Sin me and my sinfull Offering.
Scarce had he drawn his Sword (in resolution)
With heaved hand for instant execution,
When instantly the thundring Voyce of God
Staid heart, and hand, and thus the fact forbod;
Abram, enough; hold, hold thy hand (said he)
Put-up thy sword; thine *Isaac* shall not dye;
Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof;
Thy Will for Deed I doe accept: Enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks & praise,
Unbindes his Son, and in his room he layes
A Lamb (there strangely hamp'red by the head)
And that to God devoutly offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroik* Facts:
And that pure law a Son of thine should write,
Shall nothing else but thy brave deeds recite.
Extoll who list thy wisdoms excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And Justice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):
Ill dares my *Muse* take such a task upon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects)
Onely one fruit of thousand she selects,
For glorious subject: which (to say the right)
I rather love to wonder-at, then write.
Goe *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book;
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look:
Collect a Scroule of all the Children slain
On th' Altars of your gods: dig-up again
Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple:
Among your Offerings choose the best example
(Among your Offerings which your fathers past
Have made, to make their names eternall last)
Among them all (fondlings) you shall not finde
Such an example, where (unkindly-kinde)
Father and Son so mutually agree
To shew themselves, Father nor Son to be:
Where man's deep zeal, & God's dear favour strove
For Counter-conquest in officious love.
One, by constraint his Son doth sacrifice:
Another means his name t' immortalize
By such a Fact: Another hopes to shun
Some dismall Plague, or dire Affliction;
Another, onely that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Custom's, aw-lesse, law-lesse Form,
Which blears our eyes, and blurs our senses so,
That Lady *Reason* must her seat forgoe;
Yea, blindes the judgement of the World so far,
That *Vertue* 's oft atraign'd, at *Vice* 's Bar.
But, un-constrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Upon a Mountain, to the guise of none
(For it was odious to the *Jews* to doe)
And in a time of Peace and Plenty too,
Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, slaying *Isaac*, wars against his Weale.
O sacred Muse! that on the double Mount,
With withering Baies bind'st not thy Singers
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire, (Front;
With Crowns of glory dost their brows attire;
Tell (for, thou know'st) what sacred mystery
Under this shadow doth in secret lie?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall
So lively figur'd? To behold Gods Bow
So ready bent to cleave your heart in two?
To see young *Isaac*, Pattern of that Prince
Who shall Sin, Satan, Death and Hell, convince?
Both onely Sons, both sacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both sanctifi'd, both Saints progenitors,
Both bear their Crosse, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-lesse, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dye
Upon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount
Serves us for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Restores us *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam* and his weaker Wife)
And blessed bears the holy Tree of life.
Christ dies indeed: but *Isaac* is repriv'd
(Because Heav'ns Councell otherwise contriv'd)
For, *Isaac*'s bloud was no sufficient price
To ransome soules from Hell to Paradise:
The Leprosie of our contagious sin
More power-full Rivers must be purged in.

FINIS.

The Law.

THE THIRD PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Envy *in* Pharao, *seeks to stop the Cause*
Of Jews *increase* : Moses *escapes his claws* ;
Out of a Burning (*unburnt*) Bush, *a Voyce*
For Jacob *'s Rescue doth of Him make choice* ;
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *toth'* Egyptian *King* :
His Hardning, PLAGUING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Israel *ingrate for all* :
Christ-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall* :
The glorious LAW : *the* golden Calfe : strange Fire :
Coré *in-gulft* : MOSES *prepar'd t' expire.*

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions, (Guns,
Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering
Thinke you to drown with horror of your Noise
The choice sweet accents of my sacred Voyce ?
Blow (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder,
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl :
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile
Out-shrils yee still ; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a silver Tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
And then from thence even to the *Artick* Wain.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort ;
My side 's to weak, alas ! my breath's too-short :
It is the spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst
On th' eldest Waters mildely moved first,
That furnishes and fils, with sacred winde,
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muse* and minde.
So still good Lord, in these tumultuous times,
Give Peace unto my Soule, soule to my Rimes :
Let me not faint amid so faire a course ;
Let the World's end be th' end of my Discourse :
And while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty stile (Lord) let me sing thy Power.
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and supprest
JOSEPH'S Deserts : his Master was deceast,
His Sons were dead ; when currish *Envie 's strife*
Layes each-where ambush for poor ISRAEL'S life :
Who, notwithstanding, doth far faster spread
And thicker spring, then in a fruitfull Mead
Moved with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel ; which the bleating Flocks
Can

Can with their daily hunger hardly mow
So much as daily doth still newly grow.
This *Monster* wuns not in the Cell she wont,
Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the steepest Mount,
Whose snowie shoulders with their stony pride
Eternally doe *Spain* from *France* divide;
It hath a thousand loop-holes every-way,
Yet never enters there one sunny ray;
Or if that any chance so far to passe,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face;
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plac't along, wide hollow Trunk, where-by
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted-wing,
News from all corners of the World do bring,
Buzzing there-in: as in a Summer Even,
From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,
The Grasse-hoppers, seeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thousand noyses.
It fortun'd *now* that a swift-flying *Fame*,
Which (lately but) from stately *Memphis* came,
Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-lesse, fils
With this report one of her listening Quils:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with us,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Most wakefull Goddesse, Queen of mortall hearts,
Consort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-desers*,
Do'st thou not know, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiseth the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-born King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead shall live again; and by his worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfeit, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Grosse th' envie of *Envie* kill)
Doth (even in fight) abundantly increase?
That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happinesse?
That seventy Exiles, with un-hallowed Frie
Cover the face of all the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, weigh not thy force a jot?
Envie, thou seest it, but fore-seest it not.
Swoln like a Toad, between her b'eeding jawes
Her hissing Serpents wriggling tails she chawes:
And, hasting hence, in ISIS form she jets:
A golden vessell in one hand she gets,
In th' other a sweet Instrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A silver crescent on her front she set,
And in her bosome many a fost'ring teat;
And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence
She presses-in to the *Babastick* Prince;
Who, slumbring then on his un-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatnesse was disturbed much:
Then she (the while, squinting upon the lustre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glister;
And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the Amber,
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou,
And seest thou not thy selfe and thine undon, (son?
While cruell Snakes, wch thy kinde brest did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their ungratefull swarm?
These Fugitives, these out-casts doe conspire
Against rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aspire
With odious Yoke of bondage to debase
The noble PHARAOH's, God's immortall Race.
With these last words, into his brest she blowes
A banefull ayre, whose strength unseltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reason* stoope to *Sense* in every part;
So th' Aspick pale (with too-right ayme) doth spet
On his bare face that comes too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane she turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So secretly, that without sense of pain,
Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie's slain,
What shall I farther say? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's
Besides her fable poyson, doth inspire (scourge,
With *Hate* and *Feare* the Princes fell desire. (peace,
Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease;
Still, still oppreat, Tax upon Tax arose,
After Thefts, Threats, & after threats com blowes.
The silly wretches are compell'd som-while
To cut new chanels for the course of *Nile*;
Somtimes some Cities ruins to repaire,
Somtimes to build huge Castles in the ayre;
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrifi'd;
Those Towrs, that scuse th' audacious *Titan*'s pride
(Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expence,
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments) (rer;
To make with their own sweat & blood their mor-
To be at-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter;
They labour hard, eat little, sleeping lesse,
No sooner layd, but thus their Task-Lords presse;
Villains, to work; what? are ye growne so sloth?
Wee'll make yee yeeld us wax and hony both.
In briefe, this Tyrant, with such servitude,
Thought soon to waste the *sacred multitude*;
Or at the least, that overlayd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling so;
They would in time become lesse service-able
In VENUS Battails, and for breed lesse able
(Their spirits dispersst, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* sap un-duly qualifi'd):
But, when he saw this not succeed so well,
But that the Lord still prosper'd ISRAEL;
Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)
That all their male babes in their birth be slain:
And that (because that charge had done no good)
They should be cast, in CAIRO's silver Floud.
O Barbarisme, learned in Hell below!
Those, that (alas!) nor steel nor stream do know,
Must die of steel or stream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the stroke, her with the griefe thereof:
Wth two-fold tears *Jews* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.
But, JOCHEBED would fain (if she had durst)
Her deer son MOSES secretly have nourc't:
Yet thinking better, her sweet Babe forgoe,
Then Childe and Parents both to hazzard so,
At length she layes it forth, in Rush-boat weaves it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's she leaves it.
Though Rudder-lesse, not Pilot-lesse this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Flouds side did float,
And saves from wrack the future *Legislator*,
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:
Who

Description of the Palace of Envie.

Simile.

To whom Pharaoh pretends his pretences.

Envie incenseth Pharaoh to oppresse them.

Simile.

Having two Tyrans.

Slavery of the Israelites.

Pharaoh his vain policy.

His cruell Edict against the male children.

Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did strike-
A lovely Babe (or little Angel, liker) (her)
Which with a smile seem'd to implore the ayde
And gentle pity of the Royall mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Majesty,
Seem round about the Infants face to flie,
And on his head seem'd (as it were) to shine
Presagefull rayes of som-what more divine.
She takes him up and rears him royall-like
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
A well breath'd Body, nimble, sound, and strong,
That in the Dance-school needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree set in as good a soyl,
Which growes a-pace without the Husband's toyl.
In time he puts in *Practise* what he *knowes*:
With curteous *Mildnesse*, manly *Courage* showes:
H' hath nothing vulgar: with great happinesse,
In choyse-discourse he doth his minde expresse;
And as his Soul's-type his sweet tongue affords,
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince; such is the peoples pray'r,
Thus, while o're-whelmed, with the rapid course
Of Mischiefe's Torrent (and still fearing worse)
ISR'EL seems help-lesse, and even hope-lesse too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doe:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and storm,
Their *Castor* shines, their Saviour's sav'd: and Hee
That with high hand shal them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, scarring wth endless shame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raised by the same.
For, though him there they as a God adore,
He scorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:
He feels their Yoke, their mournings he laments;
His word and sword are prest in their defence;
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,
And sent expresse by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Paragon*, that tasted nought so well
As ISRAEL 's bloud) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,
Him bold incounters, and him bravely-slew.
But, fearing then lest his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:
And hard by *Horeb*, keeping JETHRO's sheep,
He Fasts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he layes-up long before
Within his Soule (his spirituall Armory)
All sacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,
Where-with t' incounter, conquer, and suppresse
All Insurrections of Voluptuousnesse.
Also, not seldome some deep *Dream* or *Transe*
Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance;
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plenteous shores of the *Pelusian* Foord,
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,
In learned Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts;
In *Desart* meets him; greets him face to face
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.
For while he past his sacred Prentiship;
(In Wildernesse) of th' *Hebrews* Shepheardship;
In driving forth to kisse-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending to 't,
He sudden sees a *Bush* to flame and firne,
And all a-fire, yet not at all consume;
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,
Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin;
True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe
Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define:
What (*Amram's* son!) Doth *Jacob's* bitter Teen
Dismay thee so? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flourishes, on each side hedged round
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent;
Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.
I AM *that I am*, in me, for me, by me;
All Beings Be not (or else un-selfly be)
But, from my Being, all their Being gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father;
Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all;
Yet *sans* Beginning, Midst, and End at all:
All in my selfe compris'd, and all comprising
That in the World was, is, or shall be rising:
Base of this Universe; th' uniting Chain
Of th' Elements; the Wisedome Soveraigne:
Each-where, in Essence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodnesse; ever-shining Light;
Perfectly Blest; the One, the Good, the Bright;
Self-simple Act, working in frailest matter;
Framer of Forms: of Substances Creator:
And (to speak plainer) even that God I AM
Whom so long since religious *Abraham*,
Isaac, and *Jacob*, and their Progenies
Have worshipped and prays'd in humble wise.
My sacred ears are tyred with the noyse
Of thy poor Brethren's just-complayning voyce;
I have beheld my peoples burdens there,
MOSES, no more, I will, nor can, forbear;
Th' have groan'd (alas!) and painted all too-long
Under that Tyrants un-relenting wrong.
Now their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A sacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I have so oft bequeath'd rich *Palestine*.
Therefore from me command thou PHARAO
That presently he let my people goe
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wildernesse,
Where far from sight of all profane excesse
On a new Altar they may sacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their succour lies;
Haste, staste (I say) and make me no excuse
On thy Tongue's rudenesse (for the want of use)
Nor on thy weaknesse, nor unworthinesse
To under-goe so great a Businesse,
What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Unto his Legat? and, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and all to nought shall bring;
Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for his)
By weak the strong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Judgments, men may more
The Work-man then the Instruments adore)
Will

Will he forsake, or leave him un-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do well affected,
Can by his Master never be rejected.
No sooner this, the *Divine Voyce* had ended,
And up to Heav'n the bushy Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men);
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him in th' Almighties name;
Great NILUS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
Let goe my people out of all the Coasts,
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wilderness;
That unto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.
Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd
Not to be whipt but rather hang'd or burn'd)
What Lord said PHARAO? ha: what Soveraigne?
O seaven-horn'd *Nile*! O hundred pointed Plain!
O Citie of the Sun! O *Thebes*! and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, doe ye all not bow
To us alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powers
Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
Too idlely pampred, plot Rebellions:
Sloth marrs the slaves; and under fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To thinke by Favours and by Clemency,
To keep men in their duty! To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, insolent and wilde;
Too-much of Grace our Scepters doth dis-grace,
And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.
The dull Asse, numbers with his stripes his steps;
Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps
About the Lands, casteth his yoke, and strikes;
And wexen wilde, ev'n at his keeper kicks.
Well; to enjoy a People, through their skin
With scourges flyc't, must their bare bones be seen;
We must still keep them short, & clip their wings,
Pare neer their nayles, and pull out all their stings;
Load them with Tribute, and new Toll, and Tax,
And Subsidies, untill we break their backs; (them,
Tire them with travel', flay-them, pole-them, pil-
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh & kil-them.
'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat,
Except their Subjects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascall excrements,
That dist your heel against your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth you get of wood or straw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you have had before;
Your selves shall seek it out; yet shall you still
The number of your wonted task fulfill.
I have Commission from the King of kings,
Maker, Preserver, Ruler of all things,
Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to know the Lord)
Thou feel his hand, unlesse thou fear his word.
In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand
Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:

So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,
So shall the Judgements of the Lord at last
(Now deemed dead) revive, to daunt thy pow'r:
So ISRAEL shall *Egypts* wealth devoure,
If thou confesse not God to be the Lord;
If thou attend not, nor observe his Word:
And if his people thou doe not release,
To go and serve him in the Wilderness.
Before that AARON this discourse had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It glist'red bright: and in a fashion strange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting and hissing with his forked tongue.
The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtill Priests,
T' uphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,
Upbraid them thus: Alas! is this the most
Your God can doe, of whom so much you boast?
Are these his Wonders? Goe, base *Monte-banks*,
Go shew elf-where your sleights & juggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear some vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince;
Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain
All Arts perfection in his sacred brain.
And; as they spake, out of their cursed hands
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,
Hissing and spetting, crawling to and fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aspicks, Snakes, & Serpents, swarms;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife sees
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.
You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd;
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side:
And your Enchantments onely doe transform
The face of things, not the essentiall form.
You, Sorcerers, so mock the Princes eye,
And his Imagination damnifie,
That common Sense to his externall, brings
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in show,
As here in sight your selves by proof shall know.
Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Rowl'd on his breast; his body wriggelled
Somtimes aloft in length; somtimes it sunk
Into it selfe, and altogether shrunk:
It slides, it sups the ayre, it hisses fell,
In stead of eyes two sparkling Rubies swell:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched strong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) set
With sudden rage upon those counterfeit,
Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour:
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scour
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.
But at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deaf to his own good, is more inclin'd
To Satans tools: the people, like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay;
Ten sundry *plagues* upon their Land doth lay:
Redoubling so his dreadful strokes, that there, (fear.
Who would not love him milde, him rough should

Smiting

Moses accompanied with his brother Aaron, presents himself to King Pharaoh.

Pharaoh's proud speeches.

The true Anatomy of a Tyrant.

Moses replies.

Aaron casteth down his Rod.

which immediately turns into a Serpent.

The Magicians of Egypt counterfeit that miracle, and beguile the eyes of the King.

Smile.

Moses rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the Egyptians.

Pharaoh & his people hardned: Therefore God plagues them.

The first Plague: By turning their Waters into blood.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to bloud ; (wood,
So that the stream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even unto the Sea.
The Court re-courst to Lakes, to Springs, & Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, & Lakes had the like taste & looks:
Then to the Ditches ; but, even to the brink
There flow'd (alas!) in stead of Water, Ink !
Then to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Rush, pipe-opening Fern is found:
And there they dig for Water ; but (alas!)
The wounded soyl spews bloud into their face.
O just-just Judgement ! Those proud Tyrants fell,
Those bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL ;
Those that delighted, and had made their game
In shedding bloud, are forc't to drink the same ;
And those, that ruth-les had made *Nile* the slaughter
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.

The second: By covering their Land with Frogs.

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Hals & Courts, he loads
With foule great Frogs and ugly croking Toads ;
Which to the tops of higheſt Towrs do clamber
Even to the Preience. yea the privie Chamber ;
As starry Lezards in the Summer time
Upon the wals of broken houses clime.
Yea, even the King meets them in every dish
Of Privie-dyet, be it Flesh or Fish :
As at his Boord, so on his royall Bed ;
With stinking Frogs the silken quilts be spred.

The Magicians counterfeit the same, but their devils are vain.

The Priests of PHARAOH seem to doe the same;
AARON alone in the Almighties Name,
By Faith almighty ; They for Instruments
Use the black Legions of the *Stygian* Prince:
Hee by his Wonders labours to make known
The true Gods glory ; onely they their own :
He seeks to teach ; they to seduce awry :
Hee studies to build up ; they to destroy :
He, striking Strangers, doth His People spare ;
They spoyl their owne, but cannot hurt a hair
Of the least *Hebrew* : they can onely wound;
He hurts, and heals : He breaks, and maketh sound:
And so, when PHARAOH doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Floods, and sends the Frogs away.

The King relent at his punishment is again hardened.

But (as in Heav'n there did no Justice raign)
The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.
Hee is re-hardned : like a stubborn Boy
That plies his Lesson (Hypocritely-coy)
While in his hand his Master shakes the Rod ;
But if he turn his back, doth flout and nod.

The third: Therefore Egypt is plagued with Lice.

Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathsom *Lice*
Plagues poor and rich, the nastie and the nice,
Both Man and Beast ; For, AARON with his wand
Turns into *Lice* the dust of all the Land.
The morrow after, with huge swarms of *Flies*,

The fourth: With Flies.

Hornets & *Wasps*, hee hunts their Families (Flouds,
From place to place, through Meadows Fens and
Hils, Dales, and Deserts, hollow Caves and Woods.

Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye,
Poor worms of Earth, Proud Ashes, Dust and Clay:
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence
'Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,
Shall pash to powder all that him withstand ?
And 'gainst the rage of flames eternall-frying,
Where damned soules lie ever-never-dying :
Sith the least *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermine* too
Out-brave your braves, and triumph over you.

Gallop to *Asian*, sail to *Jucatan*,
Visit *Botangas*, dive beyond the *Dane*:
Well may you fly, but not escape him there ;
Wretches, your halters still, about, you bear.
Th' Almighties hand is long, and busie still ;
Having escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel :
He seems somtimes to sleep and suffer all ;
But cals at last for Use and Principall ;
With hundred sorts of shafts his Quiver 's full,
Some passing keen, some som-what sharp, som dull,
Some killing dead, som wounding deep, som light,
But all of them doe alwayes hit the White,
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence
At *Egypt* shoots his shafts of Pestilence :
Th' Ox fals-down in 's yoke, Lambs bleating dye,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.

Man cannot shun him from the hand of God, nor avoid his vengeance.

The fifth: With the Plague of Pestilence.

Anon he covers Man and Beast with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores ;
Whose ulcerous venoms, all inflaming, spread
O'r all the body from the foot to head.

The sixth: With the sore and grievous boils of Mortrous.

Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Eire among
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattell great wth young
All brain'd wth hail-stones: Trees wth tempest cleft,
Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft.
And, from Heav'ns rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-sad :
The *Soan* Virgins tear their Beauties honour ;
Not for the waste, so much as for the manner.

The seventh: With Hail and Fire from Heaven.

For, in that Country never see they Cloud,
Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They know no Yee : and though they have (as we)
The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three :
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,
Which from else-where *Sol's* thirsty rayes erect :
Rain-lesse their soyl is wet, and Cloud-lesse, fat ;
It selfs moist bosome brings in this and that :
For, while else-where the River's roaring pride
Is dryed-up ; and while that far and wide
The *Palestine* seeks (for his thirsty Flock)
Jordan in *Jordan*, *Jabboc* in *Jabboc* ;
Their flood o'reflowes, and parched *Misra'im*
A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,
Niles billows beat on the high dangling Date ;
And Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.

The Egyptians punished by the extraordinary scourge.

Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars *Etesian* gales,
You cause it not : no, those are Dreams and Tales;
Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compass'y,
Makes th' under waves, the upper's want supply ;
And *Egypt* Womb to fill with Fruits and Flowrs,
Gives swelling *Nile* th' office of heav'nly Showrs.

The natural function of the and prosperity of Egypt in it (the miraculous.

Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Cloud
Of horned *Locusts* doth the Sun be-cloud,
And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast
The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoast,
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, & (greedy) crops
Both night and day the Husband's whole-yeare's

The eighth: They are vexed with Grass hoppers.

Then, grols thick *Darknes* over al he dight, hopes.
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night :
Wth Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists drowzy vapours
Quench their home Fires, & Temple-sacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
One, 'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins ;

The ninth: With pitie pitie darkness.

Another groaping up and down for bread,
Fals down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.
But though these works surmount all Natures
Though his own Sages thé of guil acquight, (might,
Though th' are not casuall (sith the holy-man
Fore-tels prefixtly What, and Where, and When)
And though that (living in the midst of His)
The *Israelites* be free from all of This,
Th' incensed Tyrant (strangely obstinate)
Retracts the leave he granted them of late,
For, th' *Even-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his people to the plenteous Land
Of *Palestine*: Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would set
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates
Might see a Mirrour of their owne estates:
And, who (most just) must have meet Arguments,
To show the height of his Omnipotence;
Hardens the King, and blinding him (selfe-blinde)
Leaves him to Lusts of his own vicious minde.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cause sin as sin; but, as Sin's Punishment.
For, the last Charge, an Angel in one night
All the first born through all the Land doth smite;
So that from *Sues* Port to *Birdene* Plain,
There's not a House, but hath some body slain,
Save th' *Israelites*, whose doors were markt before,
With sacred *Passe-Lamb*'s sacramentall gore.
And therefore ever-since on that same day,
Yearly, the *Jews* a Yearling Lamb must slay;
A token of that *Passage*, and a Type
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)
By powring-forth the pure and plenteous Floud
Of his most precious Water-mixed Blood,
Preserve his People from the dread *Destroyer*,
That fries the wicked in eternall fire.
Through all the Land, all in one instant crie,
All for one cause, though yet all know not why.
Night heaps their horrors: & the morning showes
Their private griefs, and makes them publick woes.
Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O'ie *Memphis* yet his golden tresse display,
When, from all parts, the Maidens and the Mothers,
Wives, Husbands, Sons, & Sires, Sisters, & Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where one with common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noise:
O stubborn stomack! (cause of all our sadnesse)
Dull Constancy! or rather, desp'rate Madnesse!
A Floud of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill;
The Heav'ns still thunder; th' Air doth threaten still:
Death, ghastly death, triumpheth every-where,
In every house; and yet, without all fear,
Without all feeling, we despise the Rod,
And scorn the Judgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings;
And in his sight, the greatest of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall;
Yeeld, yeeld (alas!) (stoop to his powrfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.
Goe get you gone: hence, hence, unlucky Race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this place,
Your breath this Ayre: why haste you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherefore doe you stay?
Step to our houses (if that ought you lack).
Choose what you like, and what you like goe take,
Gold, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,
Bear them unto your gods, not in the sands (stands;
Where the Heav'n-kissing Cloud-brow'd *Sinai*
But much, much farther; and so far, that here,
We never more your odious news may hear;
Goe, *Hebrews*, goe, in God's Name thrive amain;
By losing you, we shall sufficient gain. (collects
With the Kings leave, then th' *Hebrews* Prince
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs.
Scarce were they gone, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to goe fetch them back;
And, camping neer them, execrably-rude,
Threatens them Death or end-lesse Servitude.
Even as a Duck, that nigh some crystall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the same hawk bin strook,
Hearing aloft her gingling silver bels
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing else
But when the Falcon (stooping thunder-like)
With sudden scuse her to the ground shall strike;
And with the stroke, make on the sense-lesse ground
The gut-lesse Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound:
So *Israel*, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quivers and shivers for despair and dread;
And spets his gall against his godly Head.
O base ambition! This false Politick,
Plotting to Great himselfe, our deaths doth seek;
He mocks us all, and makes us (fortune-lesse)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wildernesse;
Allur'd with lustre of Religious showes,
Poor soules, He sels us to our hatefull Foes;
For, O! what strength alas! what stratagem?
Or how (good God) shall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it shall save-us
From their fell hands that seek to slay, or slave-us?
Shall we, disarmed, with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with still-steep-rising slighe
Surmount these Mountains? have we ships at hand
To passe the Sea (this halfe a Sea, halfe sand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes these Waters to be navigable?
Alas! some of us shall with Scythes be slasht;
Some, with their Horse-feet all to peeces pasht;
Som, thrill'd with Swords or shafts, through hundred
Shall ghastly gasp-out our untimely soules. (holes
Sith dye we must, then dye we voluntary;
Let's run, our selves, where others would us carry;
Come, *Israelites*, come, let us dye together,
Both men and women: so we shall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yeeld (perhaps) to Moses even his Wish.
Why, Brethren? know ye not (their Ruler saith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That he turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That he hath prest a thousand winged Bands
'T assist his Children, and his Foes t' assail?
And that he helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, & seems the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,
As thick or thicker then the Welkin poure

His

The Israelites in Hell (which lepers unto him, put through all hardsh.

The truth: Then there all the first born of Egypt are slaine in one night by the Angel.

After so many grievous plagues, the Egyptians cry out upon their King to let the Israelites goe.

They hasten and importune them to be gone.

After their departure Pharaoh immediately pursues them.

Smile.

The Israelites fainting and mutinous against Moses.

Moses his instruction to encourage them, with assured confidence in God.

Smile.

His candi'd drops upon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be shorn?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have swallow'd you)
Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;
There shall to-morrow not a man remaine:
Therefore be still; God shall your side sustaine.
Then (zealous) calling on th' immortall God,
He smote the Sea with his dead-living Rod;
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd: the Waves controul'd,
Each upon other up to Heav'n doe fold;
Between both sides a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast;
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (else)
With golden sands, with Pearle, and Nacre-shels;
And on each side is flanked all a long
With wals of Crystall, beautifull and strong.
This floud-lesse Foord the Faithfull Legions passe,
And all the way their shoe scarce moisted was.
Dream we, said they? or is it true we try?
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th'Ocean in th' Ayr suspending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?
Two Wals of Glasse, built with a word alone?
Africk and *Asia* to conjoyn in one?
Th' all-seeing Sun new bottoms to behold?
Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd?
The *Egyptian* Troups pursue them by the track;
Yet watts the patient Sea, and still stands back;
Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks
Within the lane betweeth his crystall banks.
But, as a wall, weakned with mining-under,
The Piles consum'd fall suddenly asunder,
O'r-whelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-up all the ditch:
Even so God's finger, which, these Waters bay'd,
Being with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd;
And, re-conjoyning his congealed Floud,
Swallows in th' instant all those Tyrants wood.
Here, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save:
But, with his scarfe tangled about a Nave,
He 's strangled straight; and to the bottom sinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking;
While that (in vain) another with loud lashes
Scours his proud Coursers through the scarlet *Waters*:
The streams (whereon more Deaths then Waves do swim)
Bury his Chariot; and his Chariot, him:
Another, swallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,
Is laid a-live within a living Toomb:
Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin
Unto the bottom hales him head-long in:
And instantly the water covers either;
Right Twins indeed: born, bred and dead, together.
Nile 's stubborn Monarch, lately drawn upon
A curious Chariot, chac't with pearle and stone,
By two proud Coursers, passing Snow for colour,
For strength, the Elephants; Lions for valour,
Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes & Waves;
And, marching up-ward, still blasphemes & braves:
Here, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split;
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To second those: The Sea grows ghastly great;
Yet stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat:
Base roguing Juggler, think'st thou wth thy charms
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms?
Think'st thou, poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus
To crosse our Counsels, and discomfit Us?
And, O proud Sea! false, trayterous Sea, dar'st thou,
Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine owh *Neptune* now?
Dar'st thou presume 'gainst Us to rise and roar?
I charge thee cease: be still, I say: no more:
Or, I shall clip thine arms in marble flocks,
And yoke thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks:
Or banish thee from *Ethan* far, for ay,
Through some new Chanell to goe seek thy way.
Here-at the Ocean, more then ever, frets,
All topsie-turvie up-side-down it sets;
And a black billow, that aloft doth float
With salt and sand, stops his blasphemous throat.
What now betides the Tyrant? Waters now
Have reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there 's nothing seen
But his proud arm, shaking his Fauchin keen:
Wherewith he seems, in spight of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.
At last he sinks all under water quite,
Spurning the sand: again he springs upright;
But, from so deep a bottom to the top,
So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no passage up:
As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,
In vain doth strive, struggle, and hate, and beat;
For, the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,
Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft.
I to your selves leave to conceive the joy
Of JACOB's heirs thus rescu'd from annoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,
And their dead Foes shuffled upon the sand;
Their shields, and staves, and chariots (all-to-tore)
Floating about, and flung upon the shore;
When thus th'Almighty (glorious God most high)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and dance; and, marrying all their voices
To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets noises,
Make all the shores resound, and all the coasts
With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hostes.
Eternall issue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wisdome of the *Father*, now inspire
And shew the sequell that from hence befell,
And how he dealt with his dear *Israel*,
Amid the Desart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plenteous *Heritage*:
Tell, for (I know) thou know'st: for, compast aye
Wth Fire by Night, & wth a Cloud by Day, (Guard.
Thou (my soule's hope) wert their sole Guide and
Their Meat and Drink in all their Journey hard.
Marching amid the *Desart*, nought they lack;
Heav'n still distils an Ocean (for their sake)
Of end-lesse good: and every Morn doth send
Sufficient food for all the day to spend.
When the Sun riseth, and doth haste his Race
(Halfe ours, halfe theirs that underneath us pase)
To re-behold the beauty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all mis-order)
Of th' awfull Hoast lodg'd in the VVilderness,
So favour'd by the Sun of Righteousnesse;

Calling upon God, he parts the Red Sea, so that the people passe thorough as on dry land.

The Egyptians following them are swallowed in the Sea.

Similie.

Similie.

The Second Part of this Treatise serves to discover, full of the affaires of the people of Israel in the Wilderness, untill the death of Moses.

God gives them Manna

It is given from day to day

It is a lively figure of Christ the true bread of life.

The same doth also and by particular application.

Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his doore
Findes his bread ready (without seeking more):
A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous cloud,
Like little Hail, Heav'ns wakefull Steward strow'd.
The yellow sands of *Elim*'s ample Plain
Were heaped all with a white sugred grain,
Sweet Corianders; Junkets, not to feed
This Hoast alone, but even a World (for need).
Each hath his part and every one is fed
With the sweet morsels of an un-bought bread.
It never rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's provisions:
To th' end, so great an Hoast, so curbed straight,
Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,
And every-dawning have new cause to call
On him their Founder, and the Fount of all;
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer* full;
The sur-plus rots, moulds, knead it how they will.
The Holy-One (just Arbitrer of wrong)
Allowes no lesse unto the weak then strong:
On *Sabbath*'s Eve, he lets sufficient fall
To serve for that day, and the next withall:
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread
Thou, for whom Harvest all the year doth last, (hast
That in poor Desarts rich abundance heap'st,
That sweat-lesse eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
That hast the Ayre for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yeeld)
That, for taste-changing dost not change thy cheer,
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:
O *Israel*! see in this Table-pure,
In this fair glasse, thy Saviour's portrayture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promised,
The sacred seed, to bruise the Serpents head:
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns con-
And, when He shall (to light thy sin-ful load) (fines:
Put *Man-hood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.
This Grain is small, but full of substance though:
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in
Manna is sweet: CHRIST as the hony-comb. (show.
Manna from high: & CHRIST from Heav'n doth
With that, there fals a pleasant pearly deaw: (come.
CHRIST cóming down doth all the Earth be-strew
With spirituall gifts. That, unto great and small,
Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health,
Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's favour to the Meek, *Death*'s to the Proud.)
That 's common good: and *Christ* communicate.
That 's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.
That ghts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last)
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon distaste.
Of that, they eat no lesse that have one measure,
Then who have hundred: and in *Christ* his treasure
Of Divine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proselyte*
Hath no lesse part, then Doctors (deep of sight.)
That 's round: *Christ* simple, and sincerely-round.
That in the *Ark*: *Christ* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) stinking worms become
Christ (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall unto some.

That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That 's broken, every Grain *Christ* (Lamb of God)
Upon his *Crosse*-presse is so torn and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath purl'd
Down from Mount *Sion* over all the World.
Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,
This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,
Th' *Hebrews* do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde
Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;
A cloud of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,
And every one may take to his content;
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,
For a day's-journey, Cubit-thick they lie.
But, though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,
Although their bellies strout with too-much meat,
Though *(Epicures)* they vomit as they eat.
Yet still they howl for hunger; & they long (strong:
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss
Their Terms appointed for their flourishes)
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,
Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (some) sops in Tar;
Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, & dirt, before
Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more;
So their fantastick wearisom disease (please.
Distastes their tastes, and makes them strange to
But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn
For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak (weak:
Grows (without Arms) for his own weight too-
When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce
Consumes their blood, into their bones doth pierce,
Sups-up their vitall humour, and doth dry
Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy*;
They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas!)
Is choakt already that it cannot passe, (they would
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throats
Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.
O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but a *Ethnick* rather)
Is this (alas! the guerdon that we gather
For all the service thou hast had of us?
What have we done, that thou betray'st us thus?
For our obedience, shall we evermore
With Fear and Want be haunted at our door?
O windy words! O perjur'd promises!
O gloze, to gull our honest simplenesse!
Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:
Past the *Red-Sea*, here up and down we float
On firm-lesse sands of this vaste Desart here,
Where, to and fro we wander many a year:
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life;
No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife.)
Envie not us dear Babes: we envie you,
You happy ones, whom *Egypt*'s Tyrant slew;
Your birth and death came hand in hand together,
Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather
To end-lesse Life: wee wretches, with our age
Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope to Harbour where we may take breath:
And life to us is a continuall Death.
You blessed live, and see the Almighties face;
Our Dayes begin in tears, in toyls they passe,

God feeds them Quails

The people lust for flesh.

They long for the Garlick and Onions of Egypt.

They bemoan for want of water, with grievous imputation to their good guides.

And

And end in dolours (this is all we doe);
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.
Stiff-necked People, stubborn Generation,
Egypt doth witnesse (in a wondrous fashion)
God's goodnesse (to thee): all the Elements
Expound unto thee his Omnipotence;
And dost thou murmur still? and dar'st thou yet
Blaspheme his promise, and discredit it?
Said MOSES then; and gave a sudden knock
With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock;
From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all,
And wel-nigh halfe unto the ground doth fall,
As smit with Lightning: then, with rapid rush,
Out of the stone a plenteous stream doth gush,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his
Gliding so swift, so soon re-youngs the grass; (glass,
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And through new paths so brave a course to run.
Who hath not seen (far up within the Land)
A shoal of Geese on the dry-Summer sand
In their hoarse language (somtimes lowly-loud)
Suing for succour to some moist-full cloud; (beat,
How, when the Rain descends, their wings they
(With the first drops to cool their swelting heat)
Bib with their Bil, bouz with their throats, & suck,
And twenty times unto the bottom duck?
Such th' *Hebrews* glee: one, stooping down, doth sup
The clear quick stream; another takes it up
In his bare hand; another in his hat;
This, in his buskin; in a bucket, that
(Well fresht himselfe) bears some unto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher-full; and that, his Crock:
And other-some (whose Thirst is more extreme)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the crystall stream.
From *Rephidim*, along the *Desart* Coast,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoast;
Where, th' everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAW doth thun-
To show, that His rev'rend, Divine *Decrees* (der;
(Whereto all hearts should bow, & bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince
(Nymph-prompted NUMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* strifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleasure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayre, and all therein;
That ISRAEL shall finde him (if they sin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that drad *Testament*,
Grav'n in two Tables for us impotent,
Hath in the same a sadder load compriz'd,
And heavier yoke, then is the yoke of *Christ*. (kils:
That, that doth show us Sin, threats, wounds and
This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distils.
Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews* eyes;
Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and
Louder and louder in careers and cracks, (Skies,
And stately SINA's massie centre shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap:
Under his rocky ribs, in Coombs below. (snow,
Rough-blust'ring BORAAS, nurst with *Riphean*
And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midst, justling, for room, do roar:
A cloak of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with thunder,
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and under:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARUS shoes.
A Heav'nly Trump, a shrill *Tantara* blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flash,
The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling
And deafning Thüders, wth the same do sing (clash,
(O wondrous consort!) th' everlasting King
His glorious Wisdome, who doth give the *Law*
To th' Heav'nly Troops, and keeps them all in awe.
But, as in Batell we can hear no more
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:
And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rife
Above the warbling of an *Almain* Fife;
A drader voyce (yet a distincter voyce) (noyse,
Whose sound doth drown all th' other former
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,
Which thrils the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Jacob*: who, all pale for fear, (heat;
From God's own mouth these sacred words doth
Hark, *Israel*: O *Jacob*, hear my *Law*:
Hear it, to keep it (and thy selfe in awe.)
I am JEHOVAH, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
ADORE ME ONELY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)
To thy own Works My Glory to transport.
USE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,
Never Blaspheme, neither thy selfe for-swear.
SIX DAYES, WORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
TO THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give,
If thou desire long in the Land to live. (BLOOD.
IMBRUE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HUMANE
STAIN NOT *another's* BED. STEAL NO MAN'S GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE WITNES. COVET NOT to have
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slave,
His House, his Land, his Cattell, or his Corn,
His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine.
Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right
Of our frail life! our foot-steps Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's sweet Rest! O biting curb of Sin!
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:
Reverend EDICTS upon Mount SINA giv'n,
How-much-fold sense is in few words contriv'n!
How wonder-full, and how exceeding far!
How plain, how sacred, how profound you are!
All Nations else, a thousand times (for cause)
Have writ, & raz't, & chopt, & chang'd their Laws;
Except the *Jews*: but they, although their State
With every Moon almost did innovate
(As somtimes having Kings, and somtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law still one.
What resteth at this day of *Salaminian*?
Laconian LAWS, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
So strong in Arms, and in States-Art so witty;
Hath, in the Ruines of her Prides rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.
But, since in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thousand times the Sun

Hath gallopt round Heav'ns golden Bandeleer,
Imboss with Beasts, studded with stars so cleer:
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft;
Although the People unto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulst from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through every Age almost,
On a rough Sea of Mischiefs hath been tost,
A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Discipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coronan*
Of *Theban* Rites: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:
But, this set-LAW, given JACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations,
Which (sacred) sounds where-ever (to descry)
Th' all-searching Sun doth cast his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Christians* honour it,
And *Jewes* with fear do even adore it yet.
I onely, I (Great GOD) thy LAWS do spurn
With my foule feet, I do thy Statutes scorn:
Puft in my Soule with extreme *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy stead, I do my selfe *Adore*.
I *Serve* no wooden gods, nor *Kneel* to Stones;
But *Covetous*, I worship golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blasphemie*,
Or (ACHAR-like) in sad *Hypocrisie*.
I *Rest* the Sabbath: yet I break thy LAW,
Serving (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reverence* Superiours, but in show:
Not out of Love, but as compelled so.
I *Murther* none, yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others Fame, & my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Civilize*, lest that I seem *Obscene*:
But Lord (Thou know'st) I am *Unchaste* unclean.
I seem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I speak not much; yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
I *Wish* too-eatnest, and too-oft (in fine)
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.
Here lye I naked: loe th' *Anatomy*
Of my soule Heart, O *Humane-Deity*!
O *Christ*! th' Almightie's like All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe*! as whilom (Lord)
Thou put'st-on Mine: me in Thy Bloud be-lave;
And in my Soule thy sacred *Lawes* ingrave.
While with the Duke, th' Eternall did devise,
And to his inward sight did modulize
His *Tabernacle*'s admirable Form,
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrick* of the *Rites Divine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Palestine*
After their fancie should not worship him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his sacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* use;
But, by their *Rites* to guide their spiritualll eye (lie;
To *Christ*, the Rock on whom their hopes should
Behold (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputi'd
During his absence, all the Flock to guide,
Dumb coward Curr, barks not against their ill;
But giving way to the mad Peoples will,
Casteth a *Golden Calfe*, and sets it up,
For them to worship, and unto it stoop:

Gold, Rings & Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,
Are cast into a Mould; and (which is worse)
Jacob, to wed a *Calfe*, doth *God* divorce.
Those Feet that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulfe*,
Now daunce (alas!) before a Molten *Calfe*:
That Voyce, which late on ETHAM sands had sung
Th' Almightie's glory, now to Satan sung.
The zealous Prophet, with just fury mov'd,
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reprov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eft-soons,
Flankt by old LEVIE's most religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, & eachwhere strows his
With blood and slaughter, horror & dismay: (way
As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull eye choosing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres* locks (shocks;
Make hand-fuls sheaves, & of their sheaves make
And through the Field from end to end do run
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.
Or, as so many Canons shot at-once (grones;
A-front a Camp; th' Earth with the Thunder
Here flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There stands th' one halfe of a halv'd body, th' other
Fals-down a furlong thence: here flies a shield;
And deep-wide windowes make they in the field.
All these fire signes of God's dear estimate
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magistrate
In his Authority: even AARON spites-it,
And MIRIAM (his Sister) too back-bites-it.
But suddenly, on her in his Defence,
Foul Leprosie did punish this Offence.
His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:
But on them soon a Heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Summer some hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *Blazing-Star* with sudden flash doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all)
Fires instantly their beards and oyled hair,
And all the sacred vestiments they wear;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to ashes,
Their *Censers* melts with heat of Lightning flashes,
Their coals are quenched all, and sacred Flame
Th' unhallow'd Fire devour'd & overcame. (joyn'd,
His Kinsman CORE then (with DATHAN
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O see, saith he, how many a subtill ginne
The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms in!
How we abus'd with *Oracles* most vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties!
See, how they do ingross between them two
Into one House, SCEPTER and EPHOD too;
See, how they dally and with much delay
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) see how slie Course they take,
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack.
Hear'st thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly joy
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walke us yet for ten years more
About these Mountains in these Desarts poor:
Keep us still Exiles; Let us (our Desire)
Languish, wex-old, and in these Sands expire,
Where

Where cruell serpents haunt us still at hand,
A Fruit-less, Flood-less, yea a Land-less Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine ambition
Cannot come down to private mens condition,
Be Captain, Duke & King: for, God approves-thee,
Thy vertues guard, the People fears & loves-thee.
But as for AARON, What is his desert?
What High Exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood*? O good God, what
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame (shame?
But HOREB's Horn-God? for despising thee,
And thy Commands; and for conspiracie?
The morrow-next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with sacred Censer went
Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty eye,
His faction present; AARON also by.
Lord shield thy cause, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the lewd a Fable:
Oynt thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Show whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*,
Said MOSES then; and even as yet he spake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her bosom up and down it tumbles,
Tearing her rocks, untill she *Yawn* away
To let it out, and to let-in the Day:
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dazled with the glistring heav'n
Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive:
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they strive.
CORE, round compast with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBUB and to the *Fiends*:
His bodie 's batter'd with Rocks falling down:
And Arms of Trees, there planted up-side-down:
He goes with Noyse down to the *Silent* Coast,
Intoom'd alive, without all Art or cost.
And all the rest that his proud side assum'd,
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.
And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, & Almonds bears:
When all his Fellows have no life in theirs.
Now, shall I sing through MOSES prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants springs)
Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
With the false Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets gifts* a sacrilegious trade;
Who false, layes true; who living (past all shame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the same:
Who, snaring th' *Hebrews* with frail beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their soules defaces?
Doubtless his Deeds are such, as would I sing
But halfe of them, I under-take a thing
As hard almost, as in the *Gangs* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And, of so much, should I a little say,
It were to wrong him, and his praise betray.
His Noble Acts we therfore here suspend,
And skip unto his sweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is is whereby we judge the best
(For either life) how Man is Curst or Blest.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waste,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling fast,

Their dreadfull punishment.

Aaron's charge is confirmed by miracle.

Sundry vile actures of the Israelites, under the conduct and direction of Moses.

Referring the reader for further discourse, unto Doctor Hakewill in the discourse of Moses.

Which doth his Spirit re-found, his Soule refine,
And raise to Heav'n, whence it was sent divine:
He doth not (*Now*) study to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Issue* still:
Wisely and justly to divide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his nearest Blood:
T' assigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to adde; and alter it:
To quittance Friendships with frank legacies:
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Counsel* some,
T' appoint himself a Palace for a *Tomb*.
I praise a care to settle our estate:
But, when Death threats us, then it is too late.
A seemly Burialls a sacred Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.
He (lifting higher his last thoughts) besides
The Cómon-Weale 's care, for the Church provides,
And graving his discourse with voyce devout,
Bids thus farewell to all that stand about:
O JACOB's seed (I might say, my deer sons)
Y' are sense-less more then metals, stock or stones,
If y' have forgot the many-many Miracles
Where-wth the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this savage Place)
In forty yeares received of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his feare,
And in thy hearts-heart (not in Marble) beare
His ever-lasting LAW: before him stand,
And to his service consecrate thy hand.
If this thou doe, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Summer, in a Mead,
The Grass-hoppers, that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruit full Ewes, fat Twins shall bring thee ever,
And of their Milk shall make a plenteous River:
Th' old Tyrant leads not with so many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
The panting Vassals to him Tributary,
As thy rich Fields shall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy childrens children, set
About thy Table side by side at meat,
Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that uprightly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage
Plenty of Oyle unto their Master sage:
Sons of thy sons shall serve thy reverend Eld:
Thou shalt dye quiet, thou shalt live unquell'd
Blessed at home; and blessed in the Plain:
The blessed God shall send thee timely Rain,
And wholsome windes, & with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns store-house to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but shall fly thee ten;
The peace-plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall shade thy gates; Thy valour shall dismay
And daunt the Barch; and with his sacred awe
Thy Saviour-King shall give the World the Law.
If otherwise; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fell with thousand pangs in one;
Thy numbry Flocks in part shall barren be,
In part shall bring abortives unto thee;
Accurst at home, accursed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-less, and thy care in vain:

By his example we are warned not to enter to make our Will till it be too late to be trouled with those fancies of this World.

He promiseth the blessing and the curse written in Levitic. & Deut. all warranting the people saying, Amen.

He pleased on such that obey.

Curses on the disobedients.

Thy

Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,
Thy Fountains dry: and God displeas'd (alas!)
Instead of wholsom showrs, shall send down flashes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Ashes:
Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,
And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;
He shall the fattest of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou must not lowr:
Thou shalt build fair, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall lose her *Bride-belt*: God with rage shall smite
Thy stubborn heart, with blindeness and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the least crack shall make the turn thy back:
Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast survay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.
A People stout, for strength and number ample,
Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Ensigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,
And make thee (Famisht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine own bowels, and for want of meat
Thine own deer childrens trembling flesh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far dispersit from home)
O'r all the corners of the Earth shall roam:
To shew their Curse, they shall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worse) they shall not be their Own.
AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

The SONG OF MOSES.

SIth ISRAEL (O'wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heav'ns, and O thou Earth give ear
Unto my voyce, and Witness (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal, and their hard heart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend unto my Song,
Hear my Discourse, which sweetly slides along;
As silver showrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And honey Deaws, on tender grass distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse
(As water on the wither'd Lawns) may pierce:
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May serve the old for rain, for deaw the young.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praise him with me, sound his glory forth,
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Workes record,
Truth, Goodness, Greatness, Justice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have shown him such;
His children yet (no Children, rather much'
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,
All kinde of vice have foulely wallowed in.

O foolish People! dost thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who chose thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of so foule a mass, so fair?

Un-winde the bottom of old Times again,
Of Ages past un-reel the snarled skain:
Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare;
Thine Elders and they 'l tell the Wonders rare.

They 'l tell thee, how, when first the Lord had spred
Men on the Earth, and justly levelled
His strait long Measure, th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee plenteous Land provide:

For his deer JACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t' have sequestred from the rest of men,
To th' end his *Blessed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They 'l tell thee too, how through the sandy horror
Of a vast *Desart*, Den of ghastly terror,
Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea, (of his goodness) to direct him still,
By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will;
Under his wings shade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his eye.

As is the Royall *Eagle*'s sacred wont,
When she would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To fly and cry about her Nest, to cheer them;
And when they faint on her wing'd back to bear them:
God (without ayd of other gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mout the highest places,
Such Oyl and Honey from the Rocks distilling,
In plenteous Land wth pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine (Vine)
(The sprightfull blood of the broad-spreading

But, wexen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Against his God (to whom his soule should kneel)
Forsakes his Maker, and contemns the Same
That saved him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, hee inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to false Gods abhord:
With serving *Idols*, and with sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phansies of his own devising.

For vain false gods, gods un-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew,
He hath forgot the true eternall BEEING,
The God of whom he holds his bliss and being.

God saw it well, and jealously a-fire
Against his Children, thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightnesse of my face,
Ile take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let us see what will of them become,
But, what but mischief can unto them come,
That so perverse with every puff let fly
Their faith, sole constant in inconstancy?

Th' have made me jealous of a God, no god:
Ile make them jealous, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no people: And their breast
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nations* blest.

Devouring

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And strong foundations of the steepest Hils.

Ile spend on them my store of punishments,
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Pestilence,
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,
Without remorse shall make them end-lesse War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shal devour,
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The fresh young Youth, the sucking children small,
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean destroy them, I would JACOB race,
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would say:

We have prevail'd, we by our strength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them overthrown:
'T was not their God that did it for their Sins;
No, he himselfe is vanquisht with his Friends.

Ha! sottish blocks, voyd of all sense and sight;
Could one man put a thousand men to flight:
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms
Had not even sold their troups & bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their gods surpasse;
They know it well: but, their Wine springs (alas!)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMOR's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raysons Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that coms
From the fell ASPIK's foul infecting gums.

Doe not I know it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their sins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their ruin posteth: then th' Omnipotent
Shall Judge for JACOB: then will I repent
To quite destroy mine own beloved people,
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'T will then be said, Where are their gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-lesse, sight-lesse, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, & eyes,
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and come stand before,
To shield the Fondlings that their *Faues* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTALL am:
There 's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame*:
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner save.

Ile lift my hand tow'rd th'arched heav'ns on high
And swear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which onely *Beeing*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I say) as Soverain King alone,
I sit me down on my high Justice Throne,
Ile venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon justly their iniquities:

My hart-thril darts I wil make drunk with bloud,
Ile glut my sword with slaughter; all the brood
Of Rebell Nations I will raze (in fine)
To recompence the bloud and death of mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is so choicely dear:
Sith hee 'l avenge his Cause; and, beating down
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

THE

The Captains.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Just-Duked JOSUAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN'S *Conquest*: Jordan *self-divides*:
Re-Circumcision, *what, and where, and why*:
Sackt Jericho: Hai *won* (*so* Achan *die*);
Gibeonites *guile*: strange Hail: *the* Sun stands still:
Nature *repines*. Jews (*Guide-lesse*) *prone to ill*.
Adoni-Bezec, Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Jahel *conquer* SISERA.
Samuel *succeeds*: Jews *crave a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway*: States-*Rule*: *and* MONARCHY.

Canaan the land.

HAil *holy* JORDAN, and you *blessed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters, of whose crystall Currents
So many *Saints* have sipt: O *Walls*, that rest
Fair monuments of many a famous Guest:
O *Hills*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* so flowry *sweet*,
Where *Angels* oft have set their sacred feet:
And thou, O *sacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th' onely MAN-God, and his happy *Swadle*:
And thou, O *Soil*, which drank'st the *crimson shower*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you, fair *Hillocks* (which I take as giv'n
For affirm pledge of the full joyes of Heav'n)
Where Milk an Honey flow; I see you all,
Under the conduct of my Generall,
Nun's radiant *Son*: and under GEDEONS Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of the Truth.

For, here (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;
Thrice sacred Spirit, thy speedy succour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their guide, guard, strength & stay,
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

Josuah his just authority over the people of Israel.

JOSUAH, by favour, not by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank then Royall Soveraigns
(Who buys in grosse, he by retail must sell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-lesse):
Neither by force (for, whoso enters (Right-lesse)
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):
Nor sudden climbs he (raw) unto the same
For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,
He coms not down; but headlong down doth leap):
But, even as that grave-gratefull Magistrate,
Which (now) *with* Conscience, Law *doth Moderate*,

Smile

Was

Was first a Student *(under others aw)*
Then Barister, *then* Counseller *at-Law*,
Then Queens Solicitor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer*,
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELLOR;
He com's to't by degrees: and having first
Shown Himselfe wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faithfull to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in fight against the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the people pleased is.

His first Oration to the people.

But in his State yet he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the mid'st of Gods beloved Hoast,
He thus delates: O happy Legions dear,
Which sacred Arms under Heav'ns Ensigns bear.
Feare not that I, yet forty years again (train
Your wandring Troups in these vast sands should
'Twixt Hope and Fear: th'unhal owed Offerings,
The proud revolts b'asphemous Murmurings
Of your stiffe Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-drawn th'ayd of your heavenly
God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd) (Father:
Nils the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely shew that th'Hoast of ISRAEL,
In valour, far doth his drad fame excell.

Courageous JACOB, ARAB's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holds have prov'd thy pikes & darts,
The *Madianites* have thine Arms thunder known,
Th'hast razed *Basan*, ransackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)—
Croft the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy dradeit Foes: Lo now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, whoth eir portion had
By MOSES grant on *Jordan*'s Eastern verge;

He urgeth persuasions to Ruben, Gad and Manasses, to take part with their brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of Canaan.

War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to urge:
Can you (my hearts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and us thus of your ayds bereave?
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in co'd Trenches your poor Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full furie pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continual showrs?
Will you goe dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield, you shou'd dishonour so your Blood:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Floud
Your Wives and Children, and (unfit for Battell)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arm your selves, t'advance our Victories,
And share with us in Perill, as in Prize.

The generall and particull union of the people.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast rep'y'd)
March on a Gods Name; and good Hap betide:
Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wilderness,
Were there before us yet more crimson Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set
Each upon other (up to Heav'n to get)
We'l follow thee through all; and onely th'end
Of our own lives shall our brave Journey end.

After the *Ark*, then march they in array
Direct to *Jordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose matchlesse mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might passe by Land.

A poetical and phisicall description of the river *Jordan*.

Hoar-headed *Jordan* reatly lodged was
In a large Cave built all of beaten Glasse;
Whose waved See ing, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rare'y had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-layd the rest
With *Nacre checks*, and Corall of the best;
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his service run;
There, IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly black
Continually their liquor leave and take;
There th'aged Floud layd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuft, where th'eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAELS approach:
Each hair he had is a quick flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow wreath about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREUS his comp'exion showes.

So soon as He their welcome rumour heard
His frosty head above the Waves he rear'd,
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs:
And then perceiving JACOB's Army stay'd
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:
Presumptuous Brook dar'st thou (ingrateful Torrent)

Prosopopeia.

Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord and over-flow thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way?
Shall *Egypt*'s honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, wch with his penteous waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves;
Shall that yeeld humbly at his Servant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns
Here in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung,
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,
And down his back pours back-ward all his course;
The stream returns towards his double source:
And leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearful waves in heaped Hills were fixt,
To give God place and passage to his Hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed Coast.

The Hoast passe dryshod through Jordan.

So, dry they passe (after the sacred *Oracle*)
And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Upon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.

Circumcision.

For, the All-guiding God, the Almighty Prince,
To give to His some speciall difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram*'s Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;
And ever-more, that *Isaac*'s blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL
In such a secret place Record and Seal

Th'

Th' *Act* of the *Covenant* : and with bloudy smart
Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part ?
Who blushes at it, is a grace-lesse Beast ;
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* impreſt
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.
A hundred subtill Reasons from the Writs
Of *Rabbins* could I bring : but, sober Wits
Rest satisfied, conceiving that th' incision
Of th' obscene *Fore-skin*, signifies th' abscission,
Or sacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beseeming those whom God for His elects ;
That God the Fruits of flesh, and bloud doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.
Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Passe-over* ; and go
(By Heav'ns addresse) to mighty *Jericho*,
Besieging so the City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.
Souldiers (said then th' undaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To mine, or scale, or batter-down these Towrs ;
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himselfe alone ; and then he bod
(As first himselfe had been inform'd by God)
That daily once they all should march the Round
About the City with horn-Trumpets sound ;
Bearing about, for onely Banneret,
The light-full *Ark*, GOD's sacred Cabinet ;
Their swords un-drawn, not making any noyse,
Threat-lesse their brows, and without braves their
No shaft to shoot, no sign of war, no glance, (voice,
And even their Match doth rather seem a Dance.
What childre-spel? what may-game have we here?
What ? dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neer?
Is this your brave assault ? is this your fight ?
Ween you to scar-crows us (like birds) to fright ?
(Said the besieged) get you forth-where else
(Poor sots) to shew your Bug-bears and your spels;
Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone :
Fools draw the Curten, now your Play is done.
Six dayes together had the *Hebrews* thus't (must;
About the Town, seven-times the Seventh they
When sacred *Levites* sound more loud and high
Their horny Trumps : then all the People cry,
Come, come (great God) come batter, batter down
These odious wals, this Idol-wedded Town.
It cracks in th' instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,
Each stone is loose, and all the Wall doth quiver
And all at once unto the ground doth shiver
With hideous noise ; and th' *Heathen* Garrison
Is but immur'd with Clouds of dust alone ;
So shall you see a Cloud-crown'd Hill somtime,
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time ;
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop,
And roaring, here it roules tall Cedars up ;
Their aged Oaks ; it turns, it spurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales,
There sadly sinks, or sudden stops the way
Of some swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.
Boast you, O Bombards, that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn up-side down
Rampires and Towrs, and Wals the massie-most ;
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost :
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.
But, th' *Hebrews* with a sudden showt and cry,
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,
And (unresisted) entring every-where,
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.
And, as a sort of lusty Bill-men, set
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great ;
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,
They turn an Oak-grove to a field of grain :
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pitty,
Through all sad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toyl
To lay all levell with the trampled soyl ;
The Idol's Temples, and the delicate
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat ;
The fire loud-crackling wth the Clouds doth meet,
A bloudy Torrent runs through every street, (small;
Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor
Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears snow on his shaking head.
Yee in his heart ; not the least Beast they bred.
A deed (indeed) more worthy th' *Heseline*,
Then th' holy *Hebrews* ; had the voyce Divine
Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them
'Gainst *Jericho*, with his own * *Anathem* ;
Reserving onely for his *Sacred place*,
The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Brasse.
Yet sacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord
Some precious Pillage : which incenst the Lord
Against the Camp, so that he let them fly
(For this Offence before their enemy.
For, when three thousand chosen *Israelites*
Were sent to *Hai* t' assault the *Canaanites*,
The Town all armes : their prince the forwardest
(No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist)
Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast,
With horrid scales of *Nilus* greedy beast ;
His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin* ;
He wears for Helm a Dragon 's ghastly head,
Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread;
Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow,
Waving with every winde, and made to kisse
Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this :
In Quiver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poysoned Arrows ; and the Bow he bears,
Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable,
His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able
To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant.
Thus furnished, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt :
Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble Race,
Thus shamefully us from our Own to chase ?
Shall they be Victors yet they overcome ?
Shall our Possessions and our Plenty come
Among these Mongrels ? Tush! let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM : let faint Women shake
At their Drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord ;
I know no Gods, above my glittering Sword.
This said, he sallies and assaults the Foe
With furious skirmish ; and doth charge them so,
As stormy billows rush against a Rock :
As boystrous winds (that hath their prison broke)

A curious question, why it was appointed in such a place.

A sharp and sure circumcision.

The right application and use thereof.

The passe-over.

The siege of Jericho and its strange manner.

The Children dis-ride th.

On the seventh day the walls of themselves fell down.

Similes.

* Curse.

Achans Sacrilege.

How fortunate, the Towrs, keep safely and put the Israelites to flight.

The wrich power of the King. His sacrilegious and presumptuous Oration.

Similes.

Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'ns sulph'ry Flash
Against proud Mountains surly brows doth dash.
The sacred Troups (to conquer alwayes wont)
Could not sustain his first rempestuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and, as they fly amain,
Foure lesse then forty of their band were slain.
The son of NUN then (with th' *Israelian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in prostrate wise appears.
Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes
Even great with tears, thus to the Lord he cryes:
O! what alas? what have we done, O Lord?
The People, destin'd to thy Peoples sword,
Conquers thy People; and the *Canaanites*
(Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Jordans* rapid Tyde
Still stay our Hoast upon the other side?
Sith here, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard and guard us; nay, regard thy Name:
O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God most high!)
To be expos'd to *Heathens* Tyrannie!
Much lesse thy sacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And least of all, thy glorious Selfe to scorn.
JOSUAH (said God) let th' Hoast be sanctifi'd.
And let the Church-thief dye, that dar'd to hide
Th' unlawfull Pillage of that cursed Town
(The Mayden Conquest, prime of thy Renown):
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI shall fall under thy war-like powrs.
The morrow next, after the great *Assise*,
ACHAN (convicted, not by bare surmize,
But by God's Spirit which undermines our minds,
And cleerly sees our secretest designes;
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Dye uncertaine rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoast, with all he hath,
And sacrific'd unto th' Almighties wrath.
Now, between *Betkel* and HAI's wellern wall,
There lies a Valley close inviron'd all
Between the forking of a hill so high,
That it is hidden from all passers-by:
Whose horned clifts, below are hollowed,
And with two Forrests arbour'd over head:
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
Bounding from rock to rock with roaring Current,
Deafens the Shepheards: so that it should seem:
Nature fore-casst it for som stratagem.
Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides
His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly sides;
Each keeps his place, none speaks, none spets, none
But all as still, as if they march on Moss; (coughs,
So fallow Wolves, when they intend to set
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do b'eat,
Through silent darknesse secret wayes do groap;
Their feet are feather'd with the wings of hope,
They hold their breath, and so still undiscry'd,
They passe hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.
Mean-while the howrs op'ned the doors of Day,
To let out *Titan* that must needs away:
Whose radiant tresses, but with trailing on,
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*,
When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the * GRAVE
Marcheth amain to give the Town a brave,

Josuah and the Peoples of Israel humbled before the Lord in prayer.

Achan convicted.

Simile.

An Ambush.

Simile.

* Signifieth but an Hoast, but heere it is

They straight re-charge him: as in season warm
The honey-makers busie-buzzing swarm,
With hüming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates
Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins
Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.
Why (Cowards) dare you come again for blows?
Or, do you long your wretched lives to lose?
Com, we are for you; wee 'l dispatch you soon:
And for the many wrongs that you have done
Unto our Selves, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our swords shall make us full amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then
Flies as affraid, and with him all his men
Disorderly retire; still faining so,
Till (politick) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noyse so neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:
So have I seen on LAMBORN'S *pleasant Downes*
When yelping Begles or some deeper Hounds
Have start a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run)
Held in one leash, have leapt, and stram'd, and whin'd
To be restrain'd, till (to their Masters winde)
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (for sport)
Watt *might have law neither too-long nor short.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the Ambush past,
The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troups as fast,
Sa, sa, my Hearts; turn, turn again upon-them,
They are your own; now charge, and cheerly on-
His ready Souldiers at a beck obey, (them.
And on their Foes courageous load they lay: (kill
They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they
Th' unhallowed Curs, that yet resisted still;
Untill behinde them a new storm arose
With horrid noyse, which daunts not onely those,
But with the furie of it 's force doth make
The Hils and Forrests, and even Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you doe? If here you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y' are sure to dy:
If there, on *Josuah*: O unfortunate!
Your help-lesse gods in vain you invocate.
Y' are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beset
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:
With shrill *Sa-haw, here-here-ho, here-again*,
The Warren rings; th' amazed Game amain
Runs here and there: but if they scape away (Hay,
From Hounds, staves kill them; if from staves, the
Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, strive not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gibeon*, a mighty City neer,
That these Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*,
No: y'are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Canaanites* are destin'd long ago
To Fire, and Sword, and utter overthrow; (ceed:
From Heav'ns high Judge the Sentence doth pro-
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embassadors)
You may perceive, we are no Borderers
Upon these Countries: For, our suits, out slops,
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops
When

A strategem.

Simile.

Nor escapes.

Simile.

The Gibeonites counterfeiting poverty, make bragges with rags.

When wee set forth from home; and even that day
This bread was baked when we came away;
But the long Journey, we have gone, hath wore
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar,
W' abjure thee therefore in the sacred Name
Of that dread God to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet aire of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angel that conducts your Hoast,
By deare Embraces of your dearer Wives,
And by your Babes (even) dearer then your lives;
By each of these, and all of these together, (ther,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn us hi-
T' have pity on us, and to swear unto-us,
To save our lives, and not so to undoe-us,
As these neer Nations, *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.

A forced application of that present example.

So I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam* unto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I should (alas!)
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;
For, Flesh and Bloud possesse not Heav'n for ay;
And the strict Rigour of thy *Justice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.
Oh then! what shall I doe? Ile familiize
These *Gebeonites*: I will my selfe disguise
To gull thee. Lord (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
Ile put-on (craftly) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it whereby our Grand-fires di'd:
And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell
From Joyes of Heav'n, into the paine of Hell):
But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*
Which (for our sakes) upon the *Crosse* became
So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse:
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandall of the *Jews*.

Similie.

And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or drosse more base)
In fervent Crusible of thy free Grace,
Ile gild me all with his pure Beaurie's Gold;
Born a new man (by Faith) Ile kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine Example,
His Spirit shall be my Spirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in *Christ*; and *Christ* in mee,
O! wilt thou, canst thou, drive *Us* far from thee?
Deprive from promis'd new-*Jerusalem*:
Christ thine owne *Lakemesse*; and mee, *lake* to him?
Banish from Heav'n (whose *Blisse* shall never vade)
Thy *Christ*, by whom; & me, for whom 'twas made?
But, O presumption! O too rash Designe!
Alas! to *Will* it onely, is not mine:
And, though I *Would*; my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son;
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
Into thy Self, mee sin-full silly worm;
That so, I may be welcom to my God,
And live in Peace, not where the *Jews* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maist be
Th' uniting glew between my God and mee.

Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Jarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayed so
Their common Country to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-upon *Gibeon*: but the th' *Isaacian* Prince,
As just as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
He straight hids Battell to their Enemies.
The fight grows fierce; and winged *Vittory*,
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and coms and goes;
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely fell
In the stern visage of the Infidel:
The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Upon themselves the *Pagans* whirling darts,
And in their own breasts, their own Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
And (even) as if it envi'd the Renown
Of valiant *Josuah* (now by *Ganges* known)
With furious shock, the foremost Ranks it whirt'd,
Upon the next, the second on the third:
Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,
When some Wag by, upon his work doth blow,
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all a-row
Each upon other, and the Childe he cries
For his lost labour, and again hee tries.

The breach of the foes Ranks.

Extraordinary weather, sent from heaven upon the infidels.

Similie.

If any, resting on his knotty Spear,
'Gainst arms and storms, yet stand out stifly there,
Th' Hail, which the winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter then Racquets in a Court re-jerk
Balls 'gainst the Wals of the black-boorded house,
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now fals
Plumb on their heads, & cleaves their sculs & cauls:
And ever, as they waver to and fro,
Over their Hoast the Haily Cloud doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrew*, though between,
But a Swords length (or not so much) be seen:
A buckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatned or sick head doth whelm:
But, the shield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloudy green.
Those, that escape, betake them to their heels;
Josuah pursues, and, though his sweat distils
From every part, hee wounds, hee kils, hee cleaves.
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves:
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud he saith,
Beam of th' Eternall, dayes bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gibeon*;
And thou O Moon! th' vale of *Ajalon*;
That th' *Amorites* now by their Hare-like flight
Scape not my hands under all hiding Night.

At the commaund of Josuah the Sun staydeth still.

Similie.

As a Caroche, drawn by fourfully Steeds,
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,

Stops suddenly, if't slip into a slough,
Or if it crosse some Log or massie bough;
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his West to run,
Stops instantly, and gives the *Hebrews* space
To rid the Pagans that they have in chase.
Nature, amaz'd, for very anger shakes:
And to th' Almightie her complaint shee makes:
Seemly she marches with a measur'd pase,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her bosom-twins
A lively spring of pleasant milke there spins,
Upon her shoulders (*Atlas*-like) she bears
The frame of All, down by her side she wears
A Golden Key, where-with she letteth forth
And locketh up the Treasures of the Earth:
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Where-in the *Heav'ns*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is shown;
The Sea in *Silver* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *Azure* with *Gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Love*, fresh *Beauty*, smiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulnesse*, each for her favour su'th:
Grace still attends ready to doe her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwayes wait upon her.
Accountred thus and thus accompani'd
With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd:
Shall it be said a man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldest Daughter? Ah! shall I
Have the bare Name, and He th' authority
To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receive the Law
At others hands? of others stand in aw?
If't be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,
To have it so or so to suffer it,
(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)
I here surrender thy Lieutenancie:
Bestow 't on him, put all into his hand: (mand.
Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth com-
Why (Daughter) knowst thou not (God answers
That many times my Mercy doth transfer (her)
Into my Children mine own powr, where-by
They work (not seldom) mine own Wonders high?
That th' are my sacred Vice-Royes? and that he,
Who (stript of Flesh) by *Faith* is joyn'd to me,
May remove Mountains, may dry-up the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wildernesse?
Th' hast seen it, Daughter: therefore, but thou pine
In jealousie of this drad arm of mine,
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,
But what my spirit inables them unto.
O happy Prince; I wonder not at all,
If at thy feet the stout *Anachim* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,
The *Pherezite*, *Hethite*, and *Jebusite*,
And huge *Basanian*, by thy daunt-lesse hoast
Were over-thrown: and if as swift (almost)
As my slow *Muse* thy sacred Conquest sings, (kings;
Thou *Cam'st*, *Saw'st*, *Conquer'dst* more then thirty
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it
Unto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit;
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)
With onely summons of thy mighty Word,
Thou makest Rivers the most deafly-deep
To lobstarize (back to their source to creep);
Wals give thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,
Rock-rushing Tempests do retreat, or charge:
Sol 's at thy service: and the starry *Pole*
Is proud to passe under thy Muster-Roule.
As a blinde man, forsaken of his Guide
In some thick Forrest, sad and self-beside,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,
His groaping hand his (late) eyes office hath;
Here at a stub he stumbles, there the bushes
Rake-off his cloak; here on a Tree he rushes,
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,
And at the last fals in a Pit, and dies:
Even so (alas!) having their Captain lost,
So blindely wanders JACOB's wilfull Hoast,
Contemns the Fountain of God's sacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poysoning drink to draw;
Forsakes th' old true God, and new false gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendship entertains.
Th' Almighty saw it (for, what sees he not?)
And suddenly his furie wexed hot;
And on their neck, for his sweet yoke, be layd
The strangers yoke that hard and heavie weigh'd:
But, as an Infant which the Nurse lets go
To goe alone, waves weakly to and fro,
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So JACOB, justly made afflictions thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Of pale Despair, but (if he cry, and crave him)
God still extends his gracious hand to save him;
Raising some *Worthy* that may break in sunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours under.
So then assisted by th' immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings under his Command
JERUSALEM, LUS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SEBAT, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too: whose bloody Tyrant, fled,
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:
To selfe-taught Torture he himselfe is put,
His sacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut:
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly pain'd,
God's Vengeance just he thus confest, and plain'd;
O hand, late Scepter-grac't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durst even MARS defie,
And couldst have pull'd proud JUPITER from high!
Now, wherto serv'st thou, but t'augment my moan?
Thou canst not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head:
Ah! no (alas!) thou canst not cut my bread.
O feet (late) winged to pursue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,
Now you have lost your office, now (alas!)
You cannot march but limp about this place.
But, 'tis the just God, the just hand of Heav'n
In mine own Coin hath me my painment given:
For, seventy kings, thus maim'd of Toes & Thumbs,
I, insolent, have made to pick the crums
Under my board (like Dogs) and drawn perforce
To serve for blocks when I should mount my horse.
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn
To bound your rage, limit your furie stearn:
O Con-

Description of Nature, who offended thereto, makes her complaint to God.

Prosopopeia.

The power of a fixed Faith.

JOSUAH. his victories.

Simile.

After his death Israel having lost his guide, falls from his God.

God therefore forsakes him.

Simile.

When he repents God again recovers him to favour.

The Tyrant Adonibezec taken and intreated as he had handled others.

His complaint.

His confession.

O Conquerers !he warned all by me ;
Be to your Thrals, as God to you shall be :
Men, pity Man, wretched and overthrown ;
And think his case may one-day be your own ;
For, chance doth change : and none alive can say,
He happy is, untill his dying day :
The Foe that after Victory survives,
Not for himselfe, but for your glory lives :
Th' Olive 's above the Palm : and th' happiest King
His greatest Triumph, is Selfe-triumphing.
But *Israel*, wal'wing in his myre again,
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain ;
And goods and bodies easie booties bin
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistin*.
What help (O *Jacob*)? th' hast nor arms, nor head :
Thy fields wth bones of thine own hands be spread,
And th' onely name of thy profaner Foe
Congeals thy blood, and chills thy heart for Wo.
Flee, flee, and hye thee quickly to recover
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover,
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,
Terror of terrors *Heathen* 's dreadfull hammer.
Ah ! see already how he rescues thee
From th' odious yoke of *Pagan* Tyrannie ;
Breaking the fetters of thy bondage fell,
By *Ahod Barac*, and *Othoniel*,
And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Ox-teem tils his tributarie Land.
When *Philistins*, with Sword and fierie Furie,
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jurie*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lust-full spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,
He leaves his Plough, he cals upon his God ;
And, onely armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp ;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go, silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground,
Goe prick thy Bullocks ; leave the works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiers.
First, learn, thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To know my strength (rather th' Almighties might) :
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he fals, shaking his heels, and dyes.
Then steps another forth more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him :
But SANGAR shuns the blow ; & ; with his stroak,
The *Pagans* leg short-off in sunder broak ;
On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights :
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blow smites,
That flat he layes him ; then, with fury born,
Forward he leaps ; and, in a Martiall scorn,
Upon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,
That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruise)
Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his sides he spews :
A son Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,
Each grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin
Into the Vate, set to receive them in.
Thence, thirty steps, a chiefe Commander prest,
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,
And cryes, Come hither (Cow-heard) com thou hi-
Come, let us cope, but I and thou together ; (ther,
Ile teach the (Peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not wirls thy fellow swains to doe,
That on Mount *Carmel*'s stormy top do feed.
No here (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him : and he runs so fierce,
That on his staffe, him six steps back he bears ;
Bears down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other :
As when 'tis dark, when 't rains and blusters rough,
A thund'ring tempest with a sulphry puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other :
Smoak, dust, & door-fals, with storms roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that command within ;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets :
But, in their shirts over the wals they run,
And so their Town, yet it be ta'n, is won ;
The sudden Storm so inly-deep dismayes them,
That fear of Taking to despair betrayes them.
Amid their Hoast then bravely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger :
Who flies or follows, he alike besteads :
On scattered heap of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This with his elbow here he over-turns,
That with his brow ; this, with his foot he spurns ;
Here, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull ; and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin a cheek ;
And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beat down :
With swords, and shields, and shafts the field is
Alone he soils a Camp : and on the Plain (sow'n:
There lye six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almighty God, how thou to thine art good !
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd (fore
By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, be-
Nothing but spades, coulters and bils had bore :
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a Time committest the Command
Of ISRAAL : for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
But prudent DEBORA : unto whose Throne
Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown,
And those great Rabbies that do gravely sit
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,
And He that in the Tabernacle serves,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles observes :
None from her presence ever coms confus'd :
And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.
O JACOB's Lanthorn Load-star pure, wch lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall us befall ?
JABINS fell yoke our weary necks doth gall :
Wee are the Butts unto all Pagan darts,
And cold Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAAL, faith shee, be of good cheer ; for now
God wars upon your Foes, and leagues with you :
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance :
This said, on BARAC she a shield bestowes,
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-shows

In curious Bos-work(that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost)Battails of *Israel*,
As an abridgement, where to life appear
The noblest acts of eight or nine score year.
Lo, here an army, stooping by the side
Of a deep River (with their Thirst halfe dry'd)
Sups, licks, and laps the stream ; of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out ;
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same through their drad sudden sound,
With their own Arms themselves to inter-wound ;
A hellish rage of mutuall furie swels
The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels,
So that the freinds that in one Couch did sleep,
Each others blade in eithers breast do steep :
And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,
Cut off by Cozen-swords,kill'd by their'own.
Lo there, another valiant Champion,
Who having late triumphant Laurels won ;
His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth unkindly kill :
The frantick Mother, all unbrac't (alas !)
With silver locks unkemb'd about her face ;
Arming her rage with nails,with teeth and tongue,
Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng :
And,shee will save,and shee will have,(shee sayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter ; and then hold shee layes
Upon the Maid : and tearing-off her Coat,
Away shee runs, thinking shee her had got. (full;
The Priest dissolves in tears, th' Offring is cheer-
The Murdred 's valiant, and the Murdrer fearfull ;
The Father leads with slow and feeble pace,
The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace ;
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
Were *Hymens* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice ;
Her grace and beauties still augment ; (in fine)
Whoso beholds her sweet, love-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks,Lips Brow's, fresh Lillies,Corall, Jet;
Hee sees (or seems to see)a Sun to set.
And (to conclude) the Graver,Maul, and Mould,
Have given such life to th' Iron,Brass,and Gold,
That here wants nothing but the Mothers screech,
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughters speech.
Loe here, another shakes his unshav'n tresses,
Triumphing on a Lyon torn in peeces :
O match-less Champion ! Pearl of men at-arms,
That emptiest not an Accenall of Arms,
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars :
An Asses Jaw-bone is the Club where-with
Thy mighty arm brains, beats, and battereth
Th' uncircumcised Camp : all quickly scud ;
And th'Hoast that flew in dust,now flows in blood.
Here th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness wont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou dost take
On thy broad shoulders : there (in seeming jest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars(at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistins* blaspheming Princes all. (crush,
Here, from ones head, which two huge coins do
(As whay from Cheese)the battred brains do gush:
Here lies another in a deadly swoune ;
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground :
Another, here pasht with a paine of Wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall :
Another, here o're-taken as he fled,
Lyes(Tortois-like) all hidden but the head ;
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seems with his moving to re-move his Toomb :
Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes under the Earth doth roule,
Refusing light, and little ayre receives,
And hunting Worms her moving hillocks heaves.
Lo, lower here, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude ;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)
Into twelve Peeces her dead Body hackt ;
And,to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelve quick tinders of intestin Wars.
And lower yet,behold (with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born ;
But th' Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON fals
Before the ARK, which *Heathens* pride appals.
BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-upon,
That bright in Brass, steel, gold, and silver shone :
But his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe;
Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering Irons dazle even their sight ;
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made
(As proud of it as Unicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front)
Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike :
On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like)
The like at either Nave : so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.
But DEBORA,her Troops incouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing :
Courage(saith she)brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, & strike home,lay on with all your mights :
Stand, fear them not(O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubtless,they are your own:their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.
No,no(my Hearts)not Arms,nor Engins glorious,
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious :
Or rather, 'tis Gods Thunder-throwing hand,
Which onely doth all Warr's success command :
And, VICTORIE his Daughter whom he now
(For his own sake) frankly bestows on you.
Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolfe come stealing down a Mountains side,
Cry shrill, *Now-now*,up-hill, *a VVolfe,a VVolfe* ;
Now, now (sayes *Echo*)up-hill, *a VVolfe,a VVolfe* ;
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th' hungry thief thence without hunting flies;
So th' *Hebrews*,heartned with her brave discourse.
Gave such a shout that th' armed Cars and Horse
Turn sudden back,their drivers Art deceive ;
And,changing side,through their own Army cleave.
Some, with the blades in every Coursers brow,
Were(as with Launces)bored through & through ;
Some torn in peeces with the whirling wheels ;
Some trod to death under the Horses heels ;
As (in some Countries)when in season hot,
Under Horse feet(made with a whip to trot)
They

They use to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torn.
Some (not direct before the Horse, nor under)
Were with the Scythes mow'n in the midst a-sun-
As in a Mead the Grass, yet in the flowr, (der:
Fals at the Foot of the wide straddling Mower,
That with a stooping back, and stretched arm,
Cuts-cross the swathes to winter-feed his Farm.
If there rest any resolute, and loth
To lose so soon their Arms, and honors both
At first assault, but rather bravely bent
To see so fierce and bloody Fight's event;
Both DEBORAH and BARAC thither pli'd:
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMSDA, (man,
And Nun's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
Shee (in the zeal of her religious sprite)
Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight.
Hee charges fierce, hee wounds, hee slaughters all
But SISERA, their Captain generall;
Who flies to JAHEL, and by her is slain,
Driving a nail into his sleeping brain.
At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;
One rarely-wise, who weds his Policy,
To divine gifts of sacred Prophecie:
But, his two greedy Sons, digressing quite
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE
Of th' ancient RULE of th' Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all seek a sudden *Change* of STATE.
Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMANT,
Up starts a Fellow of a mean Descent
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aspiring high to sit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:
Divine Designe! O purpose worthy-praise,
To now-*Reform* the STATE, & soundly *heal* (weal:
With wholsome Lawes th' hurts of the *Common*-
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never;
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;
In shaking-off confused *Anarchie*,
To be inticd t' imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fooles, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedome and Defence of the base Rabble;
But, to brave minds a Yoke intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to measure
Breath, Life, and Moving all at one man's pleasure?
One, to keep all in awe? One at a beck
A whole great Kingdome to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly sight, to see a Prince,
Void of all Vertue full of insolence,
To play with Noble States, as with a straw?
A Fool, to give so many Wise the Law?
A Beast, to govern Men? An infant Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the field?
Who is't but knowes that such a Court as this,
Is th' open Shop of selling Offices?
Th' harbour of Riot, stews of Ribaldry,
Th' haunt of Profusion, th' Hell of Tyrannie:
That no-where shines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extrem?
That not a King among ten thousand Kings,
But to his Lust his Law in bondage brings?
But (shameless) triumphs in the shame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gildeth those that glorifie his Folly?
That sooth & smooth, & call his Hell-ness holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every where) his meanest Subjects vexes?
As an ill-stated body doth distill
On's feeblest parts his cold-raw humors still.
That Form of RULE is a right *Common-weal*
Where all the *People* have an Enter-deal,
Where (without aw or Law) the Tyrants sword
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Miss-word:
Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obey*;
Where, still the *Commons* (having Soveraigh-*sway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit: giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments (cents:
From great-great-Grand-sires scutcheon'd in Des-
Where, *Learned* men, un-soule-clog'd (as it were)
With servile gyves of Kings imperious Fear,
Fly even to Heav'n; and by their Pens inspire
Posterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:
Where, Honors honest Combat never ceases,
Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour leeses
His spright full nerves through th' envy of a *Prince*,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or, pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung)
Have nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn;
Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling, (ling,
Who on the ground still (worm-like) basely craw-
Dare not attempt (nor scarcely thinke, precise)
Any great Act or glorious Enterprise;
Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,
From high Estate hath bounded them with aw.
Where, hee that never rightly learn'd t' obey
Commandeth not, with heavie Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i'th' Publick having equall part,
All to save all, will hazzard life and heart:
Where, *Liberty* (as dear as life and breath)
Born with us first, consorts us to our death.
Shall savage beasts like-better Nuts and Mast
In a free Forrest, then our choyce Repast
In Iron Cages? and shall we (poor Sots)
Whom Nature Masters of our selves allots,
And Lords of All besides; shall wee go draw
On our own necks an ease-less Yoke of Aw?
Rather (O JACOB) chuse wee all to die,
Then to betray our Native *Liberty*;
Then to become the sporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld us thrall
To serve or honour any other King
Then that drad LAW which did from SINA ring.
Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honourable,
Stands up, and speaks (majestically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-less (said he) with waste of time & Soap,
Y' have labour'd long to wash an ÆTHIOPE:
Y' have drawn us here a goodly form of STATE
(And well we have had proof of it of late):
Shall we again the Sword of JUSTICE put
In mad mens hands, soon their own throats to cut?
What

What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fell?
What Chaff more light? what Sea more apt to swell
Then is th' unbridled Vulgar, passion tost't;
In calms elated, in foul-weather lost?
What boot deep projects, if to th' eyes of all
They must be publisht in the common Hall?
Sith known Designs are dangerous to act:
And, th' un-close Chief did never noble fact.
DEMOCRACY is as a tossed Ship,
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the deep:
A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight;
Where, voyces pass by number, not by weight;
Where, wise men do propound, and fools dispose:
A Fair, where all things they to sale expose:
A sink of Filth, where ay th' infamousest,
Most bold and busie are esteemed best:
A Parke of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-lesse Monster with a thousand heads.
What shall wee then do? shall wee, by and by
In Tyrants paws deject us servilely?
Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,
Let us make choise of men upright and wise;
Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th' abject vulgar; and to th' hands of such
(Such, as for Wisedome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let us commit the Reins of ISRAEL;
And ever from the sacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.
Take away Choyce and where is Vertue's grace?
What? shall not Chance unto Desert give place?
And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blind be led
By those whose eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks, and pits
As in best *State*-paths the best *States*-man meets?
Who may be better trusted with the key
Of a great Chest of Gold and Gems then they
That got the same? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to sit,
Then such as in the ship most venture bear: (fear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack
Such as, Content, and having much to lose, (choose?
Even Death it selfe, rather then Change, would
While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave,
Up-rose a Gallant, noble, young, and brave,
Foe to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t' attain a Scepters governance,
And thus he speaks: Your RULE is yet too *Free*,
Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publick*-*Tree*:
Y' have qualiside but not *yet* cur'd our grief: (
Y' have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues, and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Empire*,
Is for the most part like untamed Buls;
One, this way hales; another, that way puls;
All every-way; hurried with passion's windes
Whither their Lust-storms do transport their minds
At length, the strongest bears the weakest down,
And to himselfe wholly usurps the Crown:
And so (in fine) your *Aristocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.
In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
And *People-sway*, have * *Symptomes* both alike:

And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Union*; which of government
Is both the Life-blood, and preservative, (thrive.
Whereby a STATE young, strong and long doth
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, upon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)
A many Masters strive not who shall steer. (Sun:
The World hath but One God: Heav'n but One
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-birds but One,
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At sound of whose Edicts, all joynt-proceed;
Under whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:
And, that same *Majesty*, which (as the Base
And Pedestall) supports the weight and grace,
Greatnesse and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
Is not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:
Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge, (ded,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters gui-
Be in a hundred little brooks divided; (same:
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more weighs the
But soon it loses both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:
His Countrie's life, and soule, sight and fore-sight;
And even th' Almightie's sacred Picture right.
While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'l have a KING for Guide,
Hee shall command: Hee shall conduct our Hoasts,
And make us Lords of the IONNIAN Coasts.
Ingrate, said SAMUEL, will you then reject
Th' Almightie's Scepter? doe you more affect
New POLICY, then his old PROVIDENCE?
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?
Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:
But doe you know what follows thereupon?
Hee, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,
To serve his pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort
Of Popinjayes and Peacocks of the Court):
Hee shall your choysest Sons and Daughters take
To be his servants (nay his slaves to make):
You shall plant Vineyards, hee the Wine shall sup:
You shall sow Fields, and hee shall reap the Crop:
You shall keep Flocks, & hee shall take the Fleece:
And PHARAOH's Yoke shall seem but light to his.
But, ISRAEL doth wilfully persever,
And SAMUEL (prest and importuned ever)
Annoynteth SAUL the Son of Cis) a Man
Whose cursed end marr'd what he well began.
You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:
Fantastick Franticks, that would innovate,
And every moment change your form of STATE:
That

* A publick following any Sickness.

That weening high to fly, fall lower still: (Ill:
That though you change your Bed change not your
See, see how much th'Almighty (the most High)
Here-in abhors your fond inconstancie.
The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,
And sacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms
Flourish a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms,
As prudent Lawes. Therefore you stout *Helvetians*,
Grisons, *Genevians*, *Ragusins*, *Venetians*,
Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your sacred Lawes rooted so deep with you.
On th' other side, we that are borne and bred
Under KINGS Awe, under one *Supreme Head*,
Let us still honour their drad *Majesties*,
Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subsidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more these factious Teachers,
These shame-lesse *Tribunes*, those seditious Prea-
That in all places alwayes belch and bark (chers,
Aloud abroad, or whisper in the dark,
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lieutenants of Almighty God.
And let not us, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-sway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Tooth-slips* of a KING,
I' th' *Law* some fault, i' th' *State* some blemishing,
Then to fill all with Bloud-floods of *Debate*;
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) stir a stone
In a great Building's old foundation:
And, a good Leach seeks rather to support,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle sort,
A feeble Body (though in sickly plight)
Then with strong Med'cines to destroy it quite.
And therefore. Cursed, *ever* Cursed *be*
Our * Hell-*spurr'd* PERCIE'S *fell* Conspiracie;
And every head, *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceive *or but* Consent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheists, *fawning* Superstition,
To cover Cruelty, *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnate Devels, *Enemies of Man*,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, *Monsters in-humane*,
Dis-natur'd NERO'S, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blow-up *all* Estates;
Prince's *and* Peer's, *and* Peoples *Government*
(*For, of all Three consists our* PARLIAMENT)
Religion, Order, Honesty, *and all*,
And more then all that Fear *can fear to fall*.
And therefore, Blessed, *ever* Blessed *be*
Our glorious GOD'S *Immortall Majestie*; (keeps,
ENGLAND'S *Great* Watch-man, *hee that* Israel
Who never slumbers, *and who never* sleeps:
Our gracious Father, *whose still-firm affection*
Defend us still with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour, *that thus Saves us still*
(*Us so unworthy, us so prone to ill*):
Our sacred Comforter (*the Spirit of Light*)
Who steers us still in the True FAITH *aright*:
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE,
Whe by his Pow'r and providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery *Zeal* (WEAL,
Preserv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-
Therefore, O PRINCE (*our nostrils dearest breath*)
Thou true Defender *of true Christian* FAITH,
O! let the Zeal of GOD'S *House eat thee up*:
Fill BABYLON *her measure in her* Cup:
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pitie not Agag, *spare not* Amalech:
Hunt, hunt *those* Foxes, *that would under-mine*
Root, *Body*, *Branches of the* Sacred Vine:
O! spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoyl
Thy Selfe, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soyl.
Therefore, O PEERS, *Princely-loyall* Paladines,
True-noble Nobles *lay-by by-Designes*:
And in God's quarrell and your Countries, bring
Counsell and Courage to assist your KING
To counter-mine against the Mines *of* ROME;
To conquer Hydra, *and to over-come*
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
Whose hearts doe Vow, *or knees doe* Bow *to* Baal:
Be Zealous for the LORD, *and Faith-full now*,
And honour Him, and he will honour you.
Fathers, *and* Brethren, *Ministers of* CHRIST,
Cease civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Christ;
Whose subtle Agents, *while you strive for shels*,
Poyson the kernel with Erroneous *Spels*:
Whose Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep*,
Sow Tares *of* Treason, *which take root too deep*.
Watch, watch your Fold: feed, feed your Lambs at home:
Muzzle *these* Sheep-clad *bloody* Wolves *of* ROME.
Therefore, O PEOPLE, *let us Praise and Pray*
Th' Almighty-most (whose Mercy lasts for aye)
To give us grace, to ever-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde*;
To true-Repent *us of our heinous* Sin
(Pride, Lust, *and* Loosenesse) *we have wallowed in*:
To stand still constant *in the pure* Profession
Of true RELIGION (*with a due discretion*
To try the Spirits, *and by peculiar choyce*
To know our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voyce*):
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, *t' expose*
Goods, Lands, and Lives, against his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *be found*,
Convert them quickly; and the rest Confound. (*too*,
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *and* PEOPLE
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long a-goe*,
His Sidrach, Misach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE Powder'd *Zeal (weal*.
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-

The end of the THIRD DAY *of the* SECOND WEEK.

DAVID.

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. The Tropheis,
II. The Magnificence,
III. The Schism,
IV. The Decay.

Translated,
and
Dedicated
To Prince Henry *his Highnesse.*

Acceptam refero.

TO PRINCE HENRY HIS HIGHNES.

A Sonnet.

HAving new-mustred th' HOAST of all this ALL
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward stands;
Where (Adam-like) Himselfe alone Commands
A WORLD of Creatures, ready at his Call.
Our Middle-ward doth not unfitly fall
To famous Chiefs, whose grave-brave heads and hands
In Counsail'd Courage so conduct our Bands,
As (at a brunt) affront the force of Baal.
Our Reare-ward (Sir) shall be your Princely Charge,
Though last, not least (sith it most Honour brings)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For; Your Command is of a Camp of KINGS,
Some good, some bad: Your Glory shall be, here
To Chuse and Use the good, the bad Casshier.

A Stanza.

YEwell of NATURE, Joy of ALBION,
To whose perfection Heav'n and Earth conspire:
That, in Times fulness, Thou maist bless this Throne
(Succeeding in the Vertues of thy Sire)
As happily thou hast begun, goe-on:
That, as thy Youth, we may thine Age admire:
Acting our Hopes (which shall revive our hearts)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms and Arts.

Josuah Sylvester.

The Tropheis.

THE

FIRST BOOKE OF

THE

FOURTH DAY OF

THE II. VVEEKE OF

BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Favour, *into Gods* Disgrace.
David *design'd* Successor *in his Place* :
Braving Goliah, *and the* Philistins
Hee bravely foyles : *Hee flies his furious Prince.*
Seem-Samuel *rais'd* : Saul *routed* ; *Selfty-slain* :
Kind Davids TROPHEIS, *and triumphant* Reign
His heav'nly Harp-*skill* (*in King* JAMES *renew'd*) :
His humane frailty, heavily pursu'd.
Bersabe *bathing* : Nathan *bold-reproving* :
David *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *moving*).

HEroïk force, and Prince-fit forme withal!,
Honour the Scepter of courageous *Saul* ;
Successe confirmes it : for the pow'r Divine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th' ever-wicked, curst *Amalekite* :
O too-too-happy ! if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heav'ns sacred Ordinance :
But therefore, God in's secret Counsell (just)
Him even already from his Throne hath thrust,
Degraded of his gifts ; and in his stead
(Though privily) annoynted *Jesse*'s Seed,
Th' honour of *Jacob*, yea of th' Universe,
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, *Subject* of my Verse.
Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aspire to *DAVID*'s Diadems and Thrones ;
Nor lead behinde my bright *Triumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War :
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aspes adorn
With bloudy *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn :
Vouchsafe mee yet his *Verse* : and (Lord) I crave
Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bow-strings have;
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-sing
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can sing *DAVID*'s worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound ; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (wth Heav'ns love surpriz'd)
To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.
Give me the Laurell, not of War, but Peace ;
Or rather give mee (if thy grace so please)
The *Civik Garland* of green Oaken boughs, (brows
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious

Saul King of Israel, fortunate in the first, as afterward rejected, and dead on his Hand.

Invocation.

Preside dat.

My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring
Th' Heav'n-scorning head unto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be small:
High flie thy thoughts; but we have need of more,
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs some Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of slender growth, upon whose tender Chin
The budding down doth scarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine own Rank, & draw not thus
Death on thy selfe, dis-honour upon us,
With shame and sorrow on all *Israel*,
Through end-lesse Thraldome to a Foe so fell.

His elocutions.

The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doves, Vanquisht to Vanquishers:
God, by a Womans feeble hand subdues
Jabins Lieutenant, and a Judge of *Jewes*.
God is my strength: therefore (O King forbear,
For *Israel*, for thee, or mee, to fear:
No self-presumption makes me rashly brave;
Assured pledge of his proud head I have.
Seest thou these arms, my Lord? These very arms
(Steeld wth the strength of the great God of Arms)
Have bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions bloud,
These very arms, beside a shady wood,
Have slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.
My God is still the same: this savage Beast;
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,
All-ready feels his furie and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his own sword his cursed length I lop,
His head already on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute
To see a minde so young, so resolute:
Then son (saith hee) sith so confirm'd thou art,
Goe, and Gods blessing on thy valiant heart;
God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so,
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corslet, and my Helm, and Lance,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes advance.
The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which 'twixt *Eridanus* (bright
And th Heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching bravely-
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yet that he had halfe-a furlong gon,
The massie Lance and Armour he had on
Did load him so, he cold not freely move
His legs and arms, as mighr him best behoove.

Smiles.

Even so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the spot over the bogs they prick
In highest speed) if on his back hee feel
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behinde,
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;
Hee seems as lame, hee flings and will not goe;
Or, if hee stir, it is but stiff and slow.
DAVID therefore layes-by his heavy load;
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, from the Brooke that runs amid the Vale,
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,
Courageously encounters with his Foe.
What Combat 's this? On the one side, I see
A moving Rock, whose looks doe terrifie (make
Even his own Hoast; whose march doth seem to
The Mountain tops of *Sueeth* even to shake:
On th' other side, a slender tender Boy
Where grace and beauty for the prize do play:
Shave but the down that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would thinke that it were *Cupids* selfe.
Gold on his head, scarlet on either Cheek,
Grace in each part, and in each gest, alike;
In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envie cannot but commend
His match-lesse beauties: and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidell,
Although his fury fume, though up and down
Hee nimbly traverse, though hee fiercely frown,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;
His Storm is calm, and from his modest eyes
Even gracious seems the grimmest flash that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarfe thou Dandiprat,
To be with stones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life so soone?
O foolish boy! fantasticall Baboone!
That never saw'st but sheep in all thy life;
Poore Sot, 'tis here another kinde of strife:
Wee wrastle not (after your Shepheards guise)
For painted sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheese:
The Vanquisht Head must be the Victors Fees.
Where is thy sweaty dust? thy sun-burnt scars
(The glorious marks of Souldiers train'd in Wars)
That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou shalt no more be-star thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Mistress shall no more
Curle the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet smiling eyes:
Yet, no (my girl-boy) no, I will not 'file
My feared hands with bloud so faintly-vile:
Goe seek thy match, thou shalt not die by mee,
Thine honour shall not my dishonour be
No (silly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods
I would not fight at so un-knightly odds.
Com barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That hast blasphem'd the God of gods, and us;
The odds is mine (villain, I scorn thy Boasts)
I have for Ayde th' Almighty Lord of Hosts.
Th' *Ethnick's* a-fire, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and bloud, the Lightning flies:
Out of his bever like a Boare he fomes:
A hellish fury in his bosome roames:
As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pase,
Death and destruction muster in his face,
He would a-fresh blasphieme the Lord of lords
With new despights; but in the steed of words
He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid 'twixt the hollow of steep Hills and Rocks,

Smile.

Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged
Lowes hideoufly his folitary Mournings: (turnings,
The Tyrant fo from his clofe helmet blunders
With horrid noife, & this harfh voyce he thunders:
Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:
I Challenge Him, Him (if He dare come forth)
Not Thee, hafe *Pigmee*. Villain (fayes the *Jew*)
That blafphemy thou inftantly fhalt rue.
If e'r you faw (at Sea) in Summet weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together
(How th'one fteers quick, & th' other veers as flow
Lar-boord and ftar-boord from the poop to prow:
This, on the winde; that, on her owres relies:
This daunteth moft, and that moft damnifies)
You may conceive this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*
Stands, ftiffly fhaking his fteel-pointed heam:
David doth traverfe (roundabout him) light,
Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ftoops, anon he ftretches;
Then he recoyles, on either hand hee reaches;
And ftoutly-active, watching th' adverfe blowes,
In every poffture doth himfelfe difpofe.
As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks do fight,
(Brittling their Plumes, & (red with rage) do fmite
With fpurs and beak, bounding at every blow,
With frefh affaults frefhing their fury fo,
That, defperate in their un-yeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)
The Lords about, that on both fides do bet
Look partially when th' one the Field fhall get,
And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,
His proftrate Foe with bloudy fpurs beftride,
With clanging Trumpet, and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to fing:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoaft, and fo the *Heathen* ftranger
(Not free from fear, but from the prefent danger)
Behold with paffion thefe two Knights, on whom
They both have wagerd both their Fortunes fum:
And either fide, with voyce and gefture too,
Heartens and cheers their Champion well to doe;
So earneft all, that almoft every one
Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on.
All feel the skirmifh 'twixt their Hope and Feat:
All caft their eyes on this fad Theater:
All on thefe two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.
O Lord, faid DAVID (as he whirl'd his Sling)
Be bow and Bow-man of this fhaft I fling.
With fudden flerk the fatall hemp lets goe
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blow
Pierc't inftantly the *Pagans* ghaftly Front,
As deep as Piftol-fhot in boord is wont.
The villain 's fped (cryes all the *Hebrew* band)
The Dog, the Atheift feels Gods heavie hand.
Th' *Ifaacian* Knight, feeing the blow, ftands ftill.
Fro th' Tyrants wounds his ruddy foule doth trill;
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead
(That conveyes Water from fome Fountains head)
Hiffing in th' Ayre, the captive Stream doth fpin
In filver threds her cryftall humour thin.
The Gyant wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries tufh, 'tis nothing: but eftfoons the ground
Sunk under him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs to faint and fail began:
Thrice heaves hee up his head; it hangs as fatt,
And all a-long lies *Ifaac* 's dread at laft,
Covering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,
Refembles right a lofty Towr or Wall,
Which to lay levell with the humble foyl
A hundred Miners day and night do toyl;
Till at the length rufhing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour.
Then, two loud cries, a glad and fad, were heard:
Wherewith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant ftird
Refummoning under his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;
And (to be once more buckling yet hee dies,
With blow for blow) hee ftrives in vain to rife.
Such as in life, fuch in his death hee feems;
For even in death hee curfes and blafphemes:
And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the ftone and biteth that for anger;
Goliah bites the ground, and his own hands
As Traytors, falfe to his fell hearts commands.
Then the *Hebrew* Champion heads the Infidell
With his own fword, and fends his fou'e to Hell.
Pagans difperfe; and the *Philiftian* fwarms
Have Armes for burthen, & have flight for Armes;
Danger behinde, and fhame before their face;
Rowting themfelves, although none give them
Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God, (chafe.
O let thy Praife fill all the Earth abroad;
Let *Ifrael* (through Thee, victorious now)
Inceffant fongs unto thy glory vow:
And let me Lord (faid *DAVID*) ever chufe
Thee fole, for Subject of my facred *Mufe*.
O wondrous fpectacle! unheard-of Sight!
The Monfter's beaten down before the Fight:
A Dwarfe, a Shepheard, conquers (even unarm'd)
A Gyant fell, a famous Captain arm'd.
From a frail Sling this Batt'ry never came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:
This was no caft of an uncertain Slinger,
'Twas Crofle-bow-fhot, rather it was the finger
Of the Al-mighty (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work fo wondrous in our eyne:
This hath Hee done and by a woman weak
Can likewife ftone the ftout *Abimelech*:
Therefore, for ever, finging facred Layes,
I will record his glorious Pow'r and Praife.
Then *Jacob's* Prince him joyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with favours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neer,
From all fad cares he doth his Soveraign cleer.
In Camp he Curbs the *Pagans* arroganee;
In Court he cures the Melancholy Tranfe
That toyls his foule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her fheath the foul commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his inftruments;
After his pipe fhe dances; and (again)
The body fhares her pleafure and her pain;
And by exchange reciprocally borrowes
Som meafure of her folace & her forrows. (pleas'd,
Th' Eare (doot of knowledge) with fweet warbles
Sends them eftfoones unto the foule difeas'd,
With dark black rage, our fpirits pacifies,
And calmly cools our inward flames that fties.

So

So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changest into Victory.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy heart's reanes in his Tune-full hand,
Thy *Timothee* with his melodious skill
Arms & dis-arms thy Worlds-drad arme (at will),
And with his *Phrygian* Musick, makes the same
As Lion fierce; with *Dorick*, milde as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaste Violon
For's absent Soveraign doth grave-sweetly grone,
Queen *Clytemnestra* doth resist th'alarmes
Of lewd *Ægysthus*, and his lustfull Charmes.
So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling brasse,
The Prophet rapting his soule 's soule a space
Refines himselfe, and in his phantasie
Graves deep the seal of sacred Prophecie.
For, if our Soule be Number (some so thought)
It must with Number be refreshed oft;
Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing) (bring
Wee must the same with some sweet Numbers
To some good Tune: even as a voice (somtime)
That in 'its Part sings out of Tune and Time,
Is by another Voice (whose measur'd strain
Custome and Art confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVID's sacred Ditty,
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorcist-like, chac't *Saurel* cruell Foe,
Who the Kings soule did tosse and torture so.
How e'r it were, Hee is (in every thing)
A profitable servant to the King:
Who envious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, distrusts the same:
And, the divine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but sooner to his latest Night:
Save that the Lord still shields him from on hie,
And turns to triumph all his Tragedy.
O bitter sweet! I burst (thus raves the King)
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to sing,
SAUL *hee hath slain a thousand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thousand DAVID. O faint scorn of men!
Loe how, with Lustre of his glorious parts,
Hee steals-away the giddy peoples hearts;
Makes lying Prophets sooth him at a beck,
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect;
Yet thou indur'st it; haste thee, haste thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aspiring Plot;
Prevent his hopes; and, wisely-valiant,
Off with his head that would thy foot supplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd so well)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Israel*.
Sith then so high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory can not him suffice;
Sith Danger upon Danger he pursues,
And Victorie on Victorie renews;
Let's put him to 't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and havard him in all:
So shall his owne Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Junior*-King:
Yea, had hee *Saingars* strength, and *Sampsons* too,
Hee should not scape the taske I'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieves,
And more and more his grace and glory thrives:
The more hee does, the more hee dares adventure,
His rest-lesse Valour seeks still new Adventure.
For, feeling him arm'd with th' Almightie's Spirit,
Hee recks no danger (at the least to feare it).
Then, what does *Saul*? When as hee saw no speed
By sword of Foes so great a Foe to rid,
Hee tries his own: & one-while throwes his dart,
At un-awares to thrill him to the heart;
Or treacherously hee layes some subtill train,
At board, or bed, to have him (harm-lesse) slain;
On nothing else dreams the disloyall wretch;
But *Davids* death; how *David* to dispatch.
Which had been done, but for his Son the Prince
(Who deerly tenders *Davids* Innocence.
And neerly marks and harks the Kings Designes,
And warns the *Jessean* by suspect-lesse signes).
But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Seneau* Rocks discomfited, alone,
The *Philistines* victorious Garison.
About his ears a Showr of Shafts doth fall;
His Shield 's too-narrow to receive them all:
His sword is dull'd with slaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead hee at the living throwes:
Head-lined helmes, heaw'n from their trunks hee
And those his vollies of swift shot he makes. (takes,
The Heathen Hoast dares him no more affront,
Late number-lesse but easie now to count.
David therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the Land of *Jurie*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Desart *Zif*, to *Keilak*, *Maaon*,
Having for roof heav'ns arches starry-seeld;
And, for repast, what waving woods doe yeeld.
The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage upon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' have not seen-him
Or if (unweeting what's the oddes between-him
And th' angry King) if any had but hid-him;
Hee dyes for it (if any had but spid-him):
Yea the High-Priest, that in Gods presence stands,
Escapeth not his paricidiall hands:
Nor doth hee spare in his unbounded rage,
Cattell, nor Curre, nor State, nor Sex, nor Age.
Contrariwise, *David* doth good for ill,
Hee hates the haters of his Soveraign still.
And though hee oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong
Then his own side; forgetting all his wrong,
He shews him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Unto his Liege, th' Annoynted of the Lord;
Respects and honours him, and mindes no more
The Kings unkindnesse that had past before.
One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside
Into a Cave, where *David* wont to hide,
David (un-seen) seeing his Foe so neer
And all alone, was strook with sudden fear,
As much amaz'd and musing there-upon;
When, whisp'ring, thus his Consorts egge him on:
Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Do'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap;
Now therefore pull this Thorn out of thy foot:
Now is the Time if ever thou wilt doe't;
Now by his death establish thine estate;
Now hugge thy Fortune yet it be too-late;
For, hee (my Lord) that will not, when hee may,
Perhaps hee shall not, when hee would (they say).

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us?
Won with their words, to kill him he resolves:
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves:
Hee is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings do bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred blood of his own Soverain.
He hunts me cause-less. True: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annointed King; but (at Gods pleasure)
Not publickly: therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus having said, hee stalks with noise-less foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, & fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know,
Thy Flatteters, that mis-inform thee so,
With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servants spot-less innocence: (sting
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysony
Murder mine honor, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witness can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,
To thee, my Liege, then this most certaine gage?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat?
But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword
Against my Liege, th' annointed of the Lord;
Or violate, with any insolence,
Gods sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve:
But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed.
Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head
Remember Mee and Mine (when I am dead):
Be gratious to my Blood, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.
Thus said the King; & tears out-went his words:
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds;
His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth swell;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.
In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As proneest Agents for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth easie print of every seal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames desert,
Those Wizzards ween to win it by *Black-Art*).
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom's* Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belzebubs* Delight,
Delights alonely for her excercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies;
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feast
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts Livers (late deceast).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Love much more then Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
Somtimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the graves, she talks wth ghosts, she stamps
And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th' infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Art's admiration, *Israels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems:
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-up here renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubt full soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which she was wont wth her un-wholsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim. (grim,
The place about darker then Night shee darkes,
She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barks,
And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charms;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
Death, Horrors, Terror, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if here, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skins
Of time-less Infants, and abortive Twins
(Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-less:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tresses,
Dipt,

Saul's Bel-larmain, and his Delo-phin, Authors of Saul's Pon-dimonie.

The woman witch of Endor.

Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinsmans bloud;
If well I smell of humane flesh (my food):
Haste, haste, you Fiends: you subterranean Powrs:
If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)
I have invok't your grizly Majesties,
Hearken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,
Regard my Charms, and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my sins, and send up *Samuel*
From dismall darkness of your deep Abiss,
To answer me in what my pleasure is:
Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Have I not Art, for one, to send you ten?
When? stubborn Ghost! The Palfraies of the sun
Doe fear my Spels; and when I spur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants give ear to me,
The Forrests stoop, and even the strongest Tree,
At drierie sound of my sad whisperings,
Doth prophesie, foretelling future things,
Yea (maugre *Jove*) by mine Almightie Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with Imperious Arms:
And comst not thou? O, so: I see the Sage,
I see th' ascent of some great man: his age,
His sacred habit, and sweet grave aspect
Some God-like rayes about him round reflect:
Hee 's ready now to speak, and pliant too
To cleet thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-devout,
The-fained *Prophets* least word leaves not out.

Against those that resort to Witches.

What dost thou *Saul*? O *Isra'ls* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, fear'd onely thy disdain:
Now th' are thy stay. O wretch dost thou not know
One cannot use th'ayde of the Powrs below
Without some Pact of Counter-Services,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)
It hurteth all, but th' Author most of all?
And also, that the impious Athêist,
The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,
Differ not much. Th' one Godhead quite denies:
Th' other, for God, foule Satan magnifies:
The other, Satan (by inchantment strange)
Into an Angel of the Light doth change. (hear;
When as God would, his voyce thou wouldst not
Now he forbids thee, thou consult'st else-where:
Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'st, abhorr'st,
Him (dead) thou seek'st, & his dead Trunk ador'st;
And yet not him, not his; for th' ougly Fiend
Hath no sich powr upon a Saint t' extend,
Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms

Against the illusions of Satans falsly Appearances and Walking Spirits.

Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poysons that those powrs contrive,
Charm-charming Faith 's a full Preservative.
In Soule and Bodie both, Hee cannot come;
For they re-joyne not till the day of Doom:
His Soule alone cannot appear; for why,
Soules are invisible to mortall eye:
His bodie onely, neyther can it be;
For (dust to dust) that soon corrupts (wee see).
Besides all this, if't were true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eyes-sight serve as well
To see and know him, as this Sorceresse,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchanteresse,
This Divel incarnate, whose dred Spell commands
The rebell-Furie of th' infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A body fitting for his turn and train?
And (as the rigour of long Cold congeals
To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot hee thicken thinnest parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Even as the Rain-bow, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:
A body which wee see all-readie formd;
But yet perceive not how it is performd:
A body perfect in apparent show;
But in effect and substance nothing so:
A Body, heart-lesse, lung-lesse, tongue-lesse too,
Where Satan lurks, not to give life thereto;
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More covertly hee may discharge more sure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts
Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts:
That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ,
Hee may em-pill us with some bane-full bit:
And, that his counterfeit and fained lips,
Laying before us, all our hainous slips,
And Gods dread Judgments and just Indignation,
May under-mine our surest Faiths Foundation.
But, let us heare now what he faith. O *Saul*,
What frantick furie art thou mov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife
Of struggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By powr-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'st thou what 's to com? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since):
Death 's at thy door; to-morrow Thou and Thine
Even all shall fall before the Philistine;
And great-good *David* shall possesse thy Throne,
As God hath said to be gain-said by none.
Th' Author of Lies (against his guise) tels true;

From the time comes to tell things to come.

Not that at-once hee Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had revolv'd the leaves of Destinie
(The Childe alonely of Eternitie);
But rather through his busie observation
Of circumstance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the close Book of clear Conjecturals,
With a far-seeing Spirit, hits often right;
Not much unlike a skilfull Galenist,
Who (when the *Crisis* comes) dares even foretell
Whether the Patient shall do ill or well.
Or, as the Star-wise sometimes calculates
(By an Eclipse) the death of Potentates;
And (by the stern aspects of greatest Stars)
Prognosticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.
As hee foretold, in brief, so fell it out;

Saul's death.

Brave *Jonathan* and his two brethren stout
Are slain in fight; and *Saul* himselfe forlorn,
Left, Captive, hee be made the Pagan scorn,
Hee kils him-self; and of his Fortune froward,
To seem not conquer'd, shews himselfe a Coward.
For, 'tis not courage (whatsoe'r men say)

Against Self-killing.

But Cowardise, to make ones Self away.
'Tis even to turn our back at Fears alarms;
'Tis (basely-faint) to yeeld up all our Arms.
O extreme Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,
All at one blow, t' offend Gods Majestie,

The

The State, the Magistrate, Thy Selfe (in fine):
Th' one, in destroying the dear work divine
Of his almighty Hands; the next, in reaving
Thy needfull Service, it should be receiving;
The third, in rash-usurping his Commission;
And last Thy Selfe, in thine own Selfs perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary wound
Doth both thy body and thy soule confound.
But *Ishbosheth* (his dear Son) yet retains
His place a space, and *David* onely raigns
In happy *Juda*. Yet, yer long (discreet) (meet:
Hee makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to
And so Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His peoples Joy, the Pagans onely Terror.
If ever, standing on the sandy shore, (roar
Y' have thought to count the rowling waves that
Each after other on the *British* Coast,
When *Eolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;
Wave upon wave, Surge upon surge doth fould,
Sea swallows sea, so thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-lesse) their number so doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:
So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean swallows mee: and mazed so,
In the vast Forrest where his Praises grow,
I know not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie
My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quaver-skild
(Durst shee presume to take so much upon-her)
A Temple sacred unto *Davids* honour.
Others shall sing his minds true constancie,
In oft long exiles tri'd so thorowly:
His life compos'd after the life and likenesse
Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknesse
Tow'rds railing *Shmei*, and the Churlish Gull:
His lovely eyes, and face so beautifull.
Some other shall his equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall sword
Is ever ready for the Reprobate,
To hew them downe; and help the Desolate:
How hee no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts;
How he respects not persons, but their facts:
How brave a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he showes,
Killing the killers of his deadly Foes.
Some other shall unto th' Empereall Pole
The holy fervour of his zeal extoll:
How for the wandring Ark hee doth provide
A certain place for ever to abide:
And how for ever every his designe
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Divine.
Upon the wings of mine (elf-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime,
Ile onely bear his *Musick* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Loe there the sacred Mark whereat I aime;
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.
The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitrionide*
(Strongest of Men) are justly magnifi'd:
Yet what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds, and Beasts, and Monsters here and there?
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies overthrown;
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:
Where boist'rous Limbs, and sinnews strongly knit,
Did much availe with little ayd of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Gyants, foyl'd in single fight,
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight:
Under his Arms sick *Aram* deadly droops;
Unto his pow'r the strength of *Edom* stoops;
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name;
Proud *Ammons* scorn he doth returne with shame;
Subdueth *Soba*; foyls the *Moabites*;
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Jebusite*;
And (still victorious) every month, almost,
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast;
So that, *Alcides* massie Club scarce raught
So many blows, as *David* Battels fought.
Th' expert great Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,
Won in strange Wars; in Civill fights he faild:
But *David* thrives in all; and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Sauls* intestine hate,
Of *Ishbosheth's* and *Absalon's* designes,
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.
Good-Fortune alwayes blows not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cæsar*, shee defeats his Troup,
Slayes his Lieutenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life shee ends:
But *David* alwayes feels Heav'ns gracious hand;
Whether in person Hee himselfe command
His royall Hoast; or whether (in his stead)
By valiant *Joab* his brave Troups be led;
And happinesse, closing his aged eye,
Ev'n to his Toomb consorts him constantly.
Fair victory, with Him (even from the first)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy shee nurst
With noble Hopes, his stronger years shee fed
With stately *Trophes*, and his hoary head
She crowns & comforts with (her cheerfull Balme)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;
And *Euphrates*, before him, dryes away:
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown (down;
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks
Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches;
Philistian Fires, with their own blood he quenches:
And then in *Gob* (pursuing still his Foes)
His wrath's just Tempest on fell Giants throws.
O strong, great *Worthies* (will some one day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-up in the clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHY Hee,
Whose Heav'n-lent Force & Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your massie spears & shields)
The fatt'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.
His enemies, scarcely so soon he threats
As overthrows, and utterly defeats.
On *Davids* head, God doth not spin good hap;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:
And Hee (good Subject) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endevour.
His swelling Standards never stir abroad,
Till hee have call'd upon th' Almighty God;
Hee never conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honour where it right belongs:
And

And evermore th' Eternals sacred praise (raise.
(With Harp and Voyce) to the bright Stars doth
Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle prest
The Nightingale to build her tender nest:
The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Honey-comb:
And th' heav'nly *Muse*, under his roof descending
(As in the Summer with a train down-bending,
Wee see some *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair (Aire,
With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystall
And suddenly, after long-seeming flight,
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)
Him softly in her Ivory arms shee folds,
His smiling face she smilingly beholds:
Shee kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses
Into his Soule shee breathes a Heav'n of Blisses;
Then laies him in her lap: and while shee brings
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullabie* she sings.

Davids Lullaby.

Live, live (sweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Live ever Saint, and grow thou all Divine:
With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy blessed bosom, all the World full-fill:
May thy sweet Voyce, in Peace, resound as far
And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor Bank, thy Fames Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples crown'd.
See (Heav'n-sprung spirit) see how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-cry (shrill sweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.
See, see (young Father of all sacred Measures)
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round) (ping:
Woods, but with ears: Flouds, but their fury stop-
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwayes hopping:
See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,
To list to thine, leave their own Dance and Song.
O Idiot 's shame, and Envie of the Learned!
O Verse right-worthy to be ay eterned!
O richest Arras, artificiall wrought
With liveliest Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royall Garden of the rarest Flowrs
Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers!
O Miracle! whose star-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine own Crown I dread.

Excellency of the Phisique of Poesie.

Never else-where did plenteous Eloquence,
In every part with such magnificence
Set forth her Beauties, in so sundry fashions
Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry passions).
As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Cost)
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
With precious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or silk, or Chamlet puts shee on:
Anon, more like some handsome Shepheardesse,
In courser Clothes shee doth her cleanly dresse:
What-e're she wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Course, or Fine; still like her Self she seems;
Fair, modest, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illustring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever-swiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou pour'st a Flould of
Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like) (gold:
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek, (thee,
Thou run'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind
Mazing the Meads wher thou dost turn & wind thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,
Thou strainest out a little Brook or Rill,
But yet so sweet, that it shall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Posterity:
So cleer, that *Poesie* (whose pleasure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)
Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip,
And deaw withall her choyest workmanship:
And so devout, that with no other Water
Devoutest Souls shall quench their thirst hereafter.
Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount,
Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy:
Of every Sore the Shop for remedy;
Zeal's Tinder-box (a Learned Table, giving
To spirituall eyes, not painted *Christ*, but living.
O divine Volume, *Sions* cleer dear Voyce,
Saints rich exchequer, full of comforts choice:
O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus* head, and boyst'rous *Auster* spring
From th' ycie flouds of *Iceland*, then thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:
Thou shalt survive throughout all Generations,
And (plyant) learn the language of all Nations:
Nought but thine Airs through air & sea shal sound,
In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
Thy sacred Verse shall cleer Gods cloudy face,
And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.
Grosse Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:
This Kingly Harp is onely meet for Kings.
And so behold, toward the fartheist North,
Ah see, I see upon the Banks of *FORTH*
(Whose forceful stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whose sacred Art returneth excellent
This rarely-sweet celestiall Instrument:
And *Davids* Truchman, tightly doth resound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde stands still to hear his voyce:
Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoyce;
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake; (wave,
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian*
Unto his Tune their far-flown wings do wave;
And I my selfe in my pyde * *Plead* a-slope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp do hop.
Thus, full of God, th' Heav'n *Sirene* (Prophet-wise)
Pours-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praise. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet un-seen, un-censur'd, un-suspect.
Oft in fair Flowrs the banefull Serpent sleeps:
Somtimes (we see) the bravest Courser trips;
And somtimes *David*'s Deaf unto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th' everlasting Lord;
His Song sweet fervor slakes, his Sculs pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with smoak of foule desire
His Harp is layd aside, hee leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbours Wife hee neighs.
Fair *Bersabé*'s his Flame, even *Bersabé*
In whose chaste bosom (to that very day)
Honour and Love had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:

* A kind of light mantle made of a thin cheverel Cloth, worne by the Highlanders in Scotland, and now much used with us for toddie cleanse.

But

But, her proud Beauty now, and her Eyes force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Divorce;
Honour gives place to Love: and by degrees
Fear from her heart, shame from her fore-head flees.
The Presence-chamber, the High street, the Temple,
These Theaters are not sufficient ample
To shew her Beauties, if but Silk them hide:
She must have windows each-where open wide
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
She basks & bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin:
And one-while set in a black Jet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair:
Another-while under the Crystall brinks,
Her Alabastrine well-shapt Limbs shee shrinks
Like to a Lilly sink into a glasse:
Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the Lasse)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes sweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Triton*, shee at once inflames:
Or like an Ivorie Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case:
Another-while, unto the bottom dives,
And wanton'y with th' under Fishes strives:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Yce,
Made of *Musick* work, with quaint device
The cunning work-man had contrived trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins, seeming even to swim.
Iskai's great son, too-idly, walking hie
Upon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy;
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Fee's his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas)
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star;
Her lips two strips of crimsin Sattin are:
Her teeth as white as burnisht silver seem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snows
Sweet intermixed with Vermilion Rose,
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,
Proud, so to see their naked selves excell.
What living Rance, what rapting Ivorie
Swims in these streams? O what new Victorie
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therme,
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warme,
Nay burns my heart? If hot (I pray) whence comes
This shivering winter that my soule benums,
Freezes my Senses, and dis-selfs me so
With drouzy Poppey, not my self to know?
O peer-lesse Beauty, meerly beautifull;
(Unknown) to me th' art most un-mercifull:
Alas! I dye, I dye (O dismall lot!)
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not
But a-far-off, and under water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doe?)
Weak Kingly-State! fith that a silly Woman (mon.
Stooping my Crown, can my soule's Homage sum-
But, O Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happy) I give Beautie's Check the Mate.
Thus spake the King: and, like a sparkle small
That by mischance doth into powder fall,
Hee 's all a-fire; and pensive, studies nought,
But how t'accomplish his lascivious thought:
Which soon he compast; sinks himself therein:
Forgetteth *David*; addeth Sin to Sin:
And, lustfull, playes like a young lusty Rider
(A wilfull Gallant not a skilfull Guider)
Who, proud of his Horse pride, still puts him to 't:
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before
Ran to his ruine, stumbling evermore
At every stone, till at the last hee break
Against some Rock his and his Riders neck.
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame;
A jealous Husbands Fury for the same:
And lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain;
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.
The Lord is mov'd: and, just, begins to stretch
His Wraths keen dart at this disloyall wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal & Faith)
Comet to the King, and modest-boldly saith:
Vouchsafe my Liege (that our cheif Justice art)
To list a-while to a most hainous part.
First to the fault give ear: then give consent
To give the faulty his due punishment.
Of late a Subject of thine owne, whose flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Libans* pleasant plenteous locks;
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;
Making a feast unto a stranger-Guest,
None of his own abundant Fatlings dreft;
But (privy Thiefe) from a poor neighbour by
(His faithfull Friend) hee takes feloniously
A goodly Lamb: although he had no more
But even that one: whereby hee set such store,
That every day of his own hand it fed,
And every night it coucht upon his bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And even the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay more my Lord. No more (replyes the King,
Deeply incensit) 'Tis more then time this thing
Were seen into; and so outrageous Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curb'd betimes:
What ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Dye the Death; and not alonely Dye,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more then common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answer'd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan:
Thou blam'st in other thine own Fault denounc't
And unawares hast 'gainst thy selfe pronounc't
Sentence of Death, O King, no King (as then)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast just *Uriah*'s onely Lamb bereft:
And him, O horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him wth the sword of *Ammon* hast thou murther'd.
Bright beauties eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much there-on:
Thy wanton eye, gazing upon that eye,
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly
Unto that Dwarfe, that Divell (is it not?)
Which out of sloth, within us is begot;
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become;
And makes a Saint (a sweet, milde minded man)
That 'gainst his Life 's Foe would not lift his hand.
To

To plot the death of his dear faith-full Friend,
That for his Love a thousand lives would spend.
Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?
No, thou shalt know the weight of God's right hand
Thou, for example t'other Kings shalt stand.
Death, speedy death, of that adult'rous Fruit,
Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue't,
Shall vex thy Soule, and make thee feele (indeed)
Forbidden pleasure doth repentance breed.
Ah shame-lest beast! fith thy brute Lust (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed
Incestiously; thy fair Wives (ravished)
Shall doublely thy lust-full seed receive:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leave)
The wanton Rapes of thine own Race shall be:
It shall befall that in thy Family,
With an un-kinsmans kisse (un-loving Lover)
The Brother shall his Sisters shame discover:
Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine own bloud. Thy Children (past all aw
Of God or Man) shall by their insolence
Even justifie thy bloudy foule offence.
Thou sinn'dst in secret: but *Sol*'s blushing eye
Shall be eye-witnesse of their villanie:
All *Israel* shall see the same: and then,
The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltus* Fen,
Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall show,
Glad; by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire),
Thou cruell didst it: therefore, Homicide,
Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,
Un-kinde Rebellion, ever shall remain (stain.
Thy house-hold Guests, thy house with bloud to
Thine own against thine own shall thrill their darts:
Thy Son from thee shall steal thy peoples hearts;
Against thy Self hee shall thy Subjects arm,
And give thine age many a fierce alarm,
Till hanged by th' hair 'twixt Earth, and Sky (Eye)
(His Gallows pride, shame of the Worlds bright
Thine owne Leivtenant, at a crimsin spout,
His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out,
And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fell
Beats on the head of harm-lesse *Israel!*
Alas! how many a guiltlesse *Abramide*
Dyes in three daies, through thy too-curious Pride!
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and sloathfull) breeds
No slow Disease; both young and old it speeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It spreads, almost in turning of a hand:
To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes; (fumes:
Flames from his eies, from's mouth coms Jakes-like
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water: inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his spungy Lungs he wastes:
Black Bloud and Choler both at once he casts:
His voyces passage is with Biles-belayd,
His Soul 's Interpreter, rough, foul, and stayd:
Thought of the Grief it 's rigor oft augments:
'Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspense:

The Plague of Pestilence.

With the Disease Death joyntly traverseth:
The infections stroke is even the stroke of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguish: Reason stoops to rage:
Physicians skill, himselfe doth still engage:
The streets too still: the Town all out of Town:
All Dead or Fled: unto the hallowed ground
The howling Widow (though she lov'd him dear)
Yet dares not follow her dead Husbands Beer,
Each mourns his losse, each his own case complains
Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.
As a good natur'd and well nurtur'd Childe, Simile.
Found in a fault (by's Master sharply milde)
Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,
With down-cast eies laden with many a tear,
More with sad gesture, then with words, doth crave
An humble Pardon of his Censor grave:
So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat, David to penitence.
Hee apprehends Gods Judgements dradly great;
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings, and sad Laments
Off goes his Gold; his glory treads hee down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his precious Crown:
Hee fasts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieves, he grones,
His hainous sins he bitterly bemones:
And, in a Cave hard-by, he roareth out
A sigh-full Song, so dolefully devout,
That ev'n the Stone doth groan, and pierc't withall,
Lets it 's salt tears with his sad tears to fall.
Ay-gracious Lord (thus sings he night and day) Psal. 51.
Wash, wash my Soule in thy deep Mercies Sea:
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, aloud he cries;
(And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).
O God, my God, fith for our grievous Sin Application to France.
(Which will-full wee so long have weltred in)
Thou powr'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *Azure* Field with *Golden Lilies* sow'n:
Sith every moment thy just Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloudy hand)
Doe all at once make havock of this Land:
Make us make use of all these Rods aright;
That wee may quench with our Tears-water quite
Thine Ire-full Fire: our former Vices spurn;
And, true-reform'd, Justice to Mercy turn.

And so, O Father, (*Fountain of all* Good
Ocean of Justice,, Mercie's *bound-lesse* Floud)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the rest*,
As most ingratefull, though most rarely blest,
After so long Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *divine*:
So-many Threatnings *of thy dreadfull* Hand:
So-many Dangers *escape by* Sea *and* Land:
So-many Blessings *in so good a* King:
So-many Blossoms *of that fruit-full* Spring:
So-many Foes *abroad*; *and* False *at home*:
So-many Rescues *from the rage of* Rome;
So-many Shields *against so many Shot*:
So-many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(*So light regarded and so soon forgot*).

The state of England, now for many years together grievously sift and with the Plague.

Since, for Our Sins *so many and so great*,
So little mov'd with Promise *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at last (*as a just jealous* God)
Strik'st in thy Self with thine immediate Rod,

Thy Rod *of* PESTILENCE : *whose rage-full smart,*
With deadly pangs piercing the strongest heart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaves us where it lights :*
And so infects us (or at least affrights)
That Neighbour neighbour, Brother brother *shuns;*
The tendrest Mother *dares not see her* Sons ;
The neerest Friend *his dearest* Friend *doth fye ;*
Yea, scarce the Wife *dares close her* Husbands *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
As Sin *breeds* Sin, *and* Husband *marr's the* Wife,
Sister *proudes* Sister, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another :*
So, through Contagion *of this dire* Disease,
It (justly) doth thy heav'nly Justice *please,*
To cause us thus each other to infect :
Though This we fly, and that too nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, *which hang so fast upon us ;*
So dreadfully thy Furie *frowneth on us ;*
Seth still thou Strikest, *and still Threat'nest more,*
More grievous Wounds then we have felt before :
O gracious Father, give us grace (in fine)
To make our Profit *of these* Rods *of thine ;*
That, true-Converted *by thy milde* Correction,
We may abandon every foule Affection :
That Humblenesse *may flaring* Pride *dis-plume :*
That Temperance *may* Surfeiting *consume :*
That Chastity *may chase our wanton* Lust :
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *rust :*
That Love *may live, in* Wrath *and* Envies *place :*
That Bounties *hand may* Avarice *deface :*
That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight :*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right :*
That Reverence *of thy dread* Name *may banish*
Blasphemous Oaths; *and all* Profanenesse *vanish.*
Since, for our sins (as well in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clerks and Clowns ; Rich, Poor; and great and small,
Thy fearfull Vengeance *hangeth over all ;*
O Touch us all with Horror for our Crimes :
O Teach us all to turn to thee betimes :
O Turn us (Lord) and we shall turned be :
Give what thou bidst, and bid what pleaseth thee :
Give us Repentance ; *that thou mayst* repent
Our present Plague, *and future* punishment.

FINIS.

THE

The Magnificence.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Death-summon'd DAVID, *in his sacred Throne*
Instals (instructs) his young Son SALOMON:
His (please-God) Choice of WISDOM, *wins him* Honor,
And Health, *and* Wealth *(at once) to wait upon her:*
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide:*
Mis-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n*-Masquers *there.*
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.*
Salem's *Renown drawes* Saba *to his Court:*
King JAMES, *to His brings* BARTAS, *in like sort.*

HAppy are you (O You delicious Wits).
That flint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:
That changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that first you light upon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Evaporate your sweet Soule-boyling Flames.
But my dear Honor, and my sacred Vows,
And Heav'ns decree; (made in that Higher-House)
Hold mee fast fetter'd (like a Gally-slave)
To this hard Task. No other care I have,
Nought else I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Ayme at ought else, or look I other way:
But (alwaies busie) like a Mil-stone seem
Still turned round with the same rapid stream.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollo's* grace)
I humme so harsh; and in my Works inchase
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or lesse) the whirling *Poles* inspire:
And also mingle (Linsie-woolsie-wise)
This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.
You, all the year long, do not spend your wing;
But during onely your delightfull Spring
(Like Nightingales) from bush to bush you play,
From tune to tune, from Myrtle spray to spray;
But I, too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to rest mee, at one flight
A bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea of Times I passe,
With *Auster* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath;
At each Lands-end you sit you down and breathe

On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rose-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But end-lesse is my Course; for, now I glide
On Yee; then (dazled, head-long down I ſtyde:
Now up I climb: then through the Woods I crawl,
I ſtray, I ſtumble, ſomtimes down I fall.
And, as baſe Mortar ſerveth to unite
Red, white, gray Marble, Jaſper, Galactite:
So, to connex my queint Diſcourſe, ſomtimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-poliſht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're:
The Labour's great, my courage yet is more;
My heart's not yet all voyd of ſacred heat:
There's nothing glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not ſeen but for the Vales betwixt;
The deep indentings artificiall mixt
Amid *Muſaicks* (for more ornament)
Have, prizes, ſizes, and dyes different.
And O! God grant, the greateſt ſpot you ſpy
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,
Which on her ruff (whiter then whiteſt ſnows)
To whiten white, the faireſt Virgin ſowes;
(Or like the Velvet on her brow; or, like
The dunker Mole on Venus *dainty Cheeke)*
And that a few faults may but luſtre bring
To my high furies where I ſweeteſt ſing.
DAVID wext old and cold; and's vitall Lamp,
Lacking it's oyle of Native moiſt, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voyce
(But lively vigour of Diſcretions choyce)
Hee thus inſtructs his young Son SALOMON,
And (as Heav'n calls) inſtals him in his Throne.
Whom, with-out Force, Uproar, or Rivaling,
Nature and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Even hee (my Son) muſt be both *Juſt* and *Wiſe*,
If long hee look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:
But hee, whom onely Fortunes Favour rears
Unto a Kingdome, by ſome new-found ſtairs;
Hee muſt appeare more then a Man, and caſt
By rareſt Worth to make his Crown ſit faſt.
My SALOMON, thou knowſt thou art my Yongeſt;
Thou knowſt beſides, out of what bed thou ſprugeſt:
Thou ſeeſt what love all *Iſrael* bears thy Brother;
To honour Thee, what wrong I do to other:
Yea, even to Nature and our Native Law;
'Tis thy part therefore in all points to draw
To full perfection; and with rare effect,
Of Nobleſt Vertues hide thy Births defect.
Thou, *Iſraels* King, ſerve the great King of All,
And onely on his conducts pedeſtall
Found thine affaires: upon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed evermore:
The barking rage of bold Blaſphemers hate;
Thy Soveraigns maners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think the thickneſs of thy Palace wals,
Thine iron-gates, and high gold-ſeeled Hals,
Can let his eye to ſpy (in every part)
The darkeſt Cloſets of thy mazie Heart.
If Birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philiſtins*,
If *Pharaoh's* Title had befall'n to thee;
If the *Melles* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues luſter
Thou ought'ſt (at leaſt) thy Greatneſſe to illuſter:
But, to command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to controule and tame,
To bear a *Joſuahs* or a *Samſons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.
Before old Servants give not new the ſtart
(Kings-Art conſiſts in Action more then Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Non (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a' goodly Tree
In his faire Orchards midſt, whoſe fruitfull ſtore
Hath grac't his Table twenty years and more;
To plant a graft, yet e'r hee taſte the ſame,
Save with the teeth of a (perhaps) falſe Fame.
Theſe Paraſites are ev'n the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, ſaid I? Perils) in the ears of Kings:
For O, what Miſchief but their Wiles can work?
Sith ev'n within us (to their ayd) doth lurk
A ſmoother Soother, ev'n our own *Self-Love*
(A malady that nothing can remove)
Which with theſe ſtrangers, ſecretly combin'd)
In League offenſive (to the firmeſt Minde)
Perſwades the Coward, hee is *Wiſely*-meek;
The Drunkard, *Stout*: the Perjure, *Poliſick*;
The cruell Tyrant, a *juſt* Prince they call;
Sober the Sott: the Laviſh *Liberall*:
And, quick-no'd Beagles, ſenting right his Lore
(Tranſ-form'd into him) ev'n his Faults adore.
Flye then thoſe Monſters: and give no acceſſe
To men infamous for their wickedneſſe:
Endure no Atheiſt, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Leſt the contagion of their baneſull breath
Poyſon the publick fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)
The ſpring, whence Subjects good or bad wil draw.
Rule thine affects, thy fury, and thy fear;
Hee's no true King, who no ſelf's-ſway doth bear:
Not what thou couldſt, but what thou ſhouldſt ef-
And, to thy lawes, firſt thine own ſelf ſubject. (fect:
For, *thy* the Subject will (fear ſet a-ſide)
Through thick and thin, having his King for guide.
Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to thoſe gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes ta'en,
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wiſht-for rain.
To fail his Word, a King doth ill beſeem;
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt's deceiv'd: Injuſtice meets unjuſt:
Diſloyall Prince armes Subjects with diſtruſt;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues cómend
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.
Be prodigall of Vertues juſt reward:
Of puniſhments be ſparing (with regard)
Arm thou thy breſt with rareſt Fortitude;
Things eminent are ever moſt purſu'd:
On higheſt Places, moſt diſgraces threat;
The roughest windes on wideſt gates do beat.
Toyl not the World with wars ambitious ſpite:
But if thine Honour muſt maintain thy Right,
Then ſhew thee DAVID's Son, and, wiſely-bold,
Follow't as hot as thou began'ſt it cold:
Watch, Work, Deriſe, and with unweary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and over Chanels ſwim.
Let tufted Planes for pleaſant ſhades ſuffice
In heat; in Cold, thy Fire be exerciſe:

Similie

Similie.

Tolerate

A Kingdom of all ought to be Kalendar.

Imperiall in bestowing profitable mouts.

Impatience of perfidious and Sacrilegious.

To banish Atheists and all notoriously wicked persons from his presence.

Dev'dion. Rest towards heaven Ladyes.

To overrule his own passions and affects.

To be milde and gracious.

To be faithfull of his promise.

Take rest, or recreation than punish.

Not rude quarrellous, yet quick and courageous in just cause.

His in wont.

A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed;
Let not thy Mouth be over-dainty fed:
Let labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence for thy *Nectar* some ditch-water sup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes, & Flutes
Serve thee for Citterns, Virginals, and Lutes:
Trot up a Hill; Run a whole Field, for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat; appear
Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire,
Having their King (before them marching forth)
Fellow in fortune, witnesse of their Worth.

I should inflame thy heart with learnings love;
Save that I know what divine habits move
Thy profound Spirit: onely, let th' ornament
Of Letters wait on th' Art of *Regiment*:
And take good heed, lest as excesse of humour
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spiritualls parts,
Make thee too-pensive, over-dull thy Senses,
And draw thy Mind from Publick cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged soule, the Course survay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of the Ocean dradly-deep;
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball;
But to admire the Makers Art in all.
His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not
Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and Antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing upon every piece
Of th' uniforme, fair stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humouring)
Losing himselfe, while others finde the King. (eyes,

Hold-even the ballance, with clean hands clos'd
Revenge severely Publike Injuries:
Remit thine Own. Hear the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Judge, should be no Prince.
For, *Justice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought never sever, by the sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.

Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface;
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place;
Such as fear God. such as will judge uprightly:
Men by the servants judge the Master lightly.
Give to the vertuous; but thy Crown-demain
Diminish not: give still to give again;
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;
And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.

But above all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wily snare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,
Avert from mine th' effect of this Presage)
Alas! I fear that this sweet Poyson will
My house here-after with all Idols fill.

But, if that neither vertues sacred love,
Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can move
To watch in Armes against the Charms of those;
At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.

Fare-well my Son: th' Almighty ca's me hence:
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence;
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from world-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resign to thee.

O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; let it remain with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in successive Line)
Let that All-Powerfull dear-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdome never shall have end:
Whose yron Rod shall Satans Rule undoe;
Whom *Jacob* trusts in: whom I thirst for too.

DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With heart and voyce worships the God of might;
Enters his Kingdome by the Gate of Piety;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in laud of the true Deity:
Offers in *Gibeon*; where, in Spirit he sees
(While his Sense sleeps) the God of Majesties,
The Lord of Hosts: who crown'd with radiant
Offers him choyce of these 4. lovely Dames: (flames,

First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but brave Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head shee bears,
A silver Trumpet, shril a-slope shee wears,
Whose Winde is praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world rebound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloudy Victories,
Triumphs & Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings:
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.

Not far from her, comes *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhea's*, *Thetis*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, stiffe with beaten gold.
With either hand from hollow steans shee pours
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune and Thrift, and Wakefulnesse and Care,
And Diligence, her daily Servants are. (bears,

Then cheerfull *Health*, whose brow no wrinkle
Whose cheek no paleness, in whose eye no tears;
But like a childe, shee 's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, & jump: (shine:
And Life 's bright Brand in her white hand doth
Th' *Arabian* Birds rare plumage (platted fine)
Serves her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.

Last, *Wisdom* coms, with sober countenance:
To th' ever-Bow's her oft a-loft t' advance,
The light Mamuques wing-lesse wings she has:
Her gesture cool, a comely-grave her pase:
Where e'r shee go, she never goes without
Compasse and Rule, Measure and Weights about:
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self shee wears.

Having beheld their Beauties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt al-ready even to Heav'n from hence:
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine;
And 'mid so many Benefits divine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length hee thus begun:
O Lord (saith hee) what hath thy Servant done,

That so great blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?
Thou dost prevent my Merit; or (dear Father)
Delights to Conquer even my malice rather.
Fair *Victorie*'s a noble Gift: and nought
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,
Then even to quench our Furie's thirst with bloud,
In just Revenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the mildest Conquerors
To Tygres, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars. (ture
Happy seems He, whose count-less Heards for pa-
Dis-robe (alone) mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Country, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both wine & corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoyls, the Gems,
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Endorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
But yet wee see, where Plenty chiefly swayes,
There Pride increases, Industry decayes:
Rich men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,
Hee must be poor (at least-wise like the Poor)
Riches and Fear are fellows evermore.
I would live long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progenie:
But the long Cares I fear, and cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany long-Life.
Who well lives, long lives: for this Age of ours
Should not be numbred by years, daies and hours;
But by our brave Exploits: and this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But in respect of Lady *Wisdome's* grace
(Even at their best) the rest are all but base.
Honour is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a Wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistring *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, drosse; *Pearls*, dust; how-ever bright and big.
She's Gods own Mirror, she's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
She's mildest Heav'ns most sacred influence;
Never decayes her beauties excellence;
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth always trace
Not onely the same path, but the same pace. (prove
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would
Three Poysons to mee. *Wisdom* (from above)
Is th' onely *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and Honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her onely (Lord) I crave,
Her company for ever let mee have:
Let mee for ever from her sacred lip,
The *Ambrosiall* Nard, and Rosiall *Nectar* sip:
In every Cause, let mee consult with her:
And, when I Judge, be shee my Counsellour.
Let, with her staffe, my yet-Youth govern well
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,
A compt-lesse Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepheard sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, give her mee, alas! I pine, I die;
Or if I live. I live her * *Flame-bred-Flie*:
And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant shine,
Too-bold, I burn these tender wings of mine.

Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and fith
No beauty else thy soule enamoureth;
For ready hand-maids to attend upon her,
Ile give thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour*;
(For 't is not meet, so High-descended Queen,
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)
The rather, that my Bounty may invite
Thee, serving Her, to serve Mee day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this divine strange *Vision* never grew
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion:
But that it was some Peece of more Perfection,
Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) Hee had (without Art) the Arts,
And Learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more then humane Knowledge beautifies
His princely actions; up to Heav'n he flies,
Hee dyves to Hel, hee sounds the Deep, hee enters
To th' inmost Cels of the Worlds lowest Centers.
The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ
Are plain to him; and his deep piercing Wit,
Upon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
Hee (learned) sees the Sun's Eclipse, *sans* terror;
Hee knowes the Planets never erring Errot:
And whether Nature, or some Angel move
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance above:
Whether the Sun self-shine; his Sister, not;
Whether Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor
Kindles the Comet, and the long-tail'd Taper:
What boystrous lungs the roating whirlers blown:
What burning wings the Lightning rides upon;
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What pow'r nights Princesse pours upon the Deep:
Whether the Heav'ns sweet-sweating Kisse appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oysters Pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and stormy, brings the pale:
Whether from Sea the Amber-greece be sent;
Or be some Fishes pleasant excrement.
He knows, why th' Earth's immoveable & round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
Hee knows her measure, And hee knows beside,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
Within the darknesse of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
Can so discreetly the *White humour* take;
Rheubarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.
In brief, from th' Hysop to the Cedar-Tree,
Hee knows the Vertue of all Plants that be.
Hee knows the Reason why the Wolfs fell tooth
Gives a horse swiftnesse; and his footing, sloth:
Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye
Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:
Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th' eye-bold Eagle never fears the flash
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-clash: (egs
Why the wilde Fen-Goose (wch keeps warme her
With her broad feet under her heatfull legs,

And,

Salomons chapter.

His wonderfull Wisdome and Understanding in all things.

* Pyrale.

And tongue-lesse, cries) as wing-lim'd, cannot fly,
Except shee (glad) Seas briny glasse descry.
Hee knoweth also, whether that our stone
Be caked Earth, or exhalation;
Whether the Metals (that we daily see)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercury;
Or, of some Liquor by long Cold condenst,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certaine sharp and cindrous humor,
Or whether hee that made the Waving Tumor;
The motly Earth; and th'Heav'nly Sphears refi'nd;
All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.
Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That spotted *Jasper*-stones can staunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to resist
The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethist*:
And also, why the clearest *Diamant*
(*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' hee kons;
And (fill'd with *Nectar*-deaws, which Heaven drips)
The Bees have made honey within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earnestly
The gainfull Practice then cold Theory:
Nor reaks hee so of a Sophistick pride
Of prattling knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to govern well
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Especially Hee 's a good *Justicer*,
And to the Laws doth life and strength confer.
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils
Aye bears his head up-right, and never yeelds
To either side, scorns Winde and Rain and Snow,
Abides all weathers with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storm, and bravely tramples under
His steddy knees, the proud, loud rowling Thunder:
So hee 's a Judge inflexibly-upright,
No Love, nor Hatred of the guilty wight
(What e'r hee wear for Calling, small or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
Hee spurneth Favours, and he scorneth Fears,
And under foot hee treadeth private tears:
Gold 's radiant Luitre never blears his Eye;
Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voyce is held an Oracle of all;
The foule of Laws hee wisely can exhale:
In douhtfull Cases he can subtilize,
And wyliest pleaders hearts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his Birth)
With her gilt Tresses glorifi'd the Earth;
When hee decides, by happy Wisdoms meanes
The famous quarrell of two crafty Queans.
Is 't possible, O Earth (thus cries the first)
But that (alas) thou shouldst for anger burst,
And swallow quick this execrable Quean!
Is't possible (O gracious Soveraign)
That comming new from doing such a deed
So horrible, she shamelesse dares proceed
T' approach thy sight, thy sacred Throne t' abuse,
Not begging pardon, but even bent t' accuse?
Last night, with surfeit and with sleep sur-cloyd,
This care-lesse Step-dam her own Child o'r-layd:

The woman [illegible] the stranger [illegible] for the [illegible] Child.

And softly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by mee, and takes mine in the stead.
Here, old, bold strumpet, take thy bastard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and restore me that,
Restore mee mine, my lovely living Boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.
O cruell chance! O sacrilegious!
Shall thy foule lips my little Angell busse?
At thy fond prattling, shall hee prett'ly smile?
And tug, and touze thy greazie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy foule with glee?
And, grown a man, sustaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I have onely, for my share,
His Births hard Travell, and my burthens Care,
His rest-lesse rocking, wiping, washing, wringing;
And to appease his wayward Cries with singing?
O most unhappy of all Women-kinde!
O Child-lesse Mother! O 'why is my Minde
More passion-stirred, then my hand is strong?
But rather then Ile pocket up this wrong,
To be reveng'd, Ile venture two for one,
Ile have thy life although it cost mine owne.
O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th' other tho)
O! who would think that Wine could mad one so?
O impudent! though God thou fearst not, fear (bear.
The Kings cleer judgement, who Gods place doth
Art not content t' have call'd (or rather cry'd)
Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard, and Paricide:
But thou wilt also have my Childe, my dear
(Whom with so strong a knot Love links so neer)
My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:
Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.
Just *Davids* just Son, for thy Fathers sake,
For his dear love, for all that he did make
Of thee a Child, when hee (re-childing) fought
With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,
Thy tender tongue some easie tearme to speak:
Or, when (all bloudy, breath-lesse, hot hee came
Laden with spoyles of Kings hee overcame,
Hee ran t' imbrace thee, rockt the in his Targe,
And when thou cry'dst, upon his shoulder large
Did set thee up, while thou his heard didst tug,
Playd'st with his nose, about his neck didst hug,
Gap'st on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see
Another SALOMON there smile on thee:
And underneath his dancing Plume didst play
Like Bird in bush; sporting from spray to spray;
I doe adjure thee to attend my Plea:
By the sweet name of thy dear *Bersabé*,
Who, in the night, shivering for cold, so oft,
Hath bow'd her self over thy Cradle soft;
Who both the hottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath spent upon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liv'd more then in her Owne;
I doe adjure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World wee sacred count or call,
To doe me Right: and if, too-milde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe
Of just revenge for my received wrong;
Yet, reave mee not what doth to mee belong,
What liberall Nature hath bestow'd on mee,
What I am seis'd-of (without thank to thee);

For pitty do not my heart blood deptive,
Make me not Childless; having Child a-live.
While both, at once, thus to the King they cry,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine: thou ly'st; and thou dost lye:
The partiall People divets Verdict spend;
Some favour th' one, others the other friend:
As when two Gamesters hazzard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Castles, on the Chance of Dice,
The Standers-by, diversly stirrd with-in,
Wish, some that This, & some that That may win:
Waver twixt Hope and Feat: and every one 's
Mov'd, with the moving of the guilefull Bones.
Onely, the King demurrs: his prudent ears
Finde, like, both reasons, both cóplaints, both tears:
The infants face could not discipher whether
Of both should be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Judges doubt, nor any proof appear.
Then, thus He weighs (but as in dreaming wise);
Th' industrious Judge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Unto Conjectures drawn (the probablest)
Out of the Book of Natur's learned breast;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers love (thinks hee)
Is Natures own unchangeable Decree:
And there 's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe sustains.
Then (as awake) Come, Come, no more a-doo,
Dispatch (saith he) Cleave the quick Childe in two,
Look that the Sword be sharp; in such a case,
Needs must out Pitty give our Justice place:
Justice (ye see) can judge him whole to neither:
Divide him therefore, and give half to either.
O difficult! but thus the King descries
Their hearts deep secrets: all discovered lies,
The vizor 's off; their Tongues, sincerely prest
With true instinct, their very Thoughts exprest;
Be 't (said the Stepdam) so, sith 't must be so;
Divide him justly from the top to toe.
No (said the other) rather, I renounce
My right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enjoy him all; Ile rather have him thine
A-live, and whole, then dead and mangled, mine.
Thine (quoth the King) he 's thine by Birth (I see)
Thine by thy Love, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as wth Gold grows in the self-same Mine
Much *Chrysocholle*, and also Silver fine;
So supreme *Honour*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none)
Second the *Wisdom* of great SALOMON.
He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns do homage unto His;
His neerest Bounds, *Nile* 's Sea and *Sidon* seem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyst horns to Him;
Peru, they say (supposing *Ophir* so)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fuck* doth flow;
In *Sion* Gold 's as common as the Sand;
As Pebles, Pearles; Through-out all *Jury* Land.
There seems an Ocean of all happinesse
To over-flow; and all do all possesse;
Each under his own Vine and his own Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus hee abounds in Bliss; not so to change-ill
Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel;
To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath given
Even here a Taste of the delights of Heav'n.

Smiles.

The doubt admir'ably decided.

Smile.

The wonderfull Prosperity of Salomon & his people.

This great, wise, wealthy, and well-spoken King
His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring;
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate desires him;
Pharaoh for Son; th' Alien no lesse admires him
Than his own Subject; and his eyes sweet flames,
As fat as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, seest thou not (O mis-hap!)
This Matriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?
That such a mongrell Match of diffeting Creed,
Of mortall quarrels is th' immortall seed;
That Ox and Asse can never well be broke
To draw one Plough together in one yoke?
Who-ever weds a Miscreant, forth-with
Divorceth God: out Faith still wavereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th' instrument of th' old Deceiver slie,
Not deadly poyson in our Coach to couch,
Sleep in our bosome, and our breast to touch,
And breathe into us (in a kinde of kissing)
An Ir-religion of the Serpents hissing.
She that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none
Flesh of thy Flesh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a strange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoysoned all with *Memphian* Leprosies.
But, thou wilt say, thy Love hath stript yer-while
Her spotted suit of Idol-serving *Nile*:
And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;
Becomn by Faith a true born *Abramite*.
It might be so: and to that side I take,
The rather, for that *sacred Beauties* sake,
Where-of shee is a figure. Yet, I fear
Her Train will stain thy Kingdome every-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended
To have his People with strange People blended;
The mighty Lord, who hath precisely said,
You shall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.
Under the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,
Faire amorous Nature waters freshly-fine
A little *Grove* clad in eternall green,
Where all the yeat long lusty *May* is seen,
Suiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride
Of lively Colours, lovely varisi'd: (one,
There smiles the ground, the starry-flowers each
There mount the more, the more th'are trod upon:
There all grows toyl-less; or if tild it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' onely Husband there.
There *Auster* never roars, not Hail dis-leaves
Th' immortall Grove, nor any branch bereaves.
There the straight Palm-Tree stoopeth in the Calm
To kiss his Spouse, his loyall Female Palm:
There with soft whispers whistling all the yeer
The broad-leav'd Plane-tree Courts the Plane his
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, & the Vine (Pheer;
About the Elme her slender armes doth twine;
Th' Ivie about the Oak: there all doth prove,
That there all springs all grows, all lives in *Love*
Opinions Porter, and the Gate shee bars
'Gainst *Covetize*, cold *Age*, and sullen *Cares*,
Except they leave-off and lay down before
Their troublous load of *Reason* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Bashfull-Boldness, (ness,
Dumb-speaking Signs, Chill-Heat, & Kindled-cold-
Smooth soothing vows, deep sorrows soon appeas'd,
Tears sudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles,

Mis-Marriage judiciously censured.

A pleasant description of Love's fresh-full Grove.

Smiles, Wylie-Guiles, queint witty-pretty Toyes,
Soft *Idleneſſe*, and ground-leſs bound-leſs Joyes,
Sweet *Pleaſure* plunged over head and ears
In ſugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears, (cruell,
Hoarſe Wakes, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly
Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire* 's immortall fuell)
Licentious Looſneſs, Prodigall Expence,
Inchaunting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These frolick *Lovelings* fraighted Neſts do make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Beauty layes, *Fancie* ſits, th' inflamed heat
Of *Love* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, ſome quick appeare,
Some on their backs carrie their Cradles dear,
Some downy-clad, ſome (fledger) take a twig
To pearch upon, ſome hop from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiver, while ſoft-pantingly
'T exhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bow and Gyant-ſtooping Arrow:
Another ſlie ſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail (Cock & Hen):
See, see how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parret rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a Pheaſant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn: that brings the Culver back:
See how a number of this wanton Frie
Do fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-flie,
Som with their flowrie Hat, ſom with their hands
Som wth ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom wth Myrtle wands:
But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loves a-whiles.
Leave wags (Cries *Venus*) leave this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſtead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine have Horns and all alike. (darts
This ſaid, eſt ſoones two twins whoſe gold-head
Are never ſteeped but in Royall hearts;
Come, Brother dear (ſaid either) come let 's to 't,
Let 's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th' effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
Their long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-di'd
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th' one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th' other to *Nilus* ſhore.
Pharo 's fair daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſſing of her Treſſ-full head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpread:
And, in a rich gold-ſeeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Maids attend her in the ſeat.
One with a piece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th' other with bodkin, or with fingers nice,
Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a-part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Wave too and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:
When, arm'd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtill his Bow,
Into her boſom ſhot, I wot not how.
My ſide! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out)
O! I am ſlain: But, ſearching all about,
When ſhee perceiv'd no bloud, nor bruiſe; alas
It is no wound; but, ſleeping on the graſſe,
Some ſnake (ſaith ſhee) hath crept into mee quick,
It gnawes my heart: ah, help mee, I am ſick:
Have mee to bed: eigh mee, a friezing-frying,
A burning cold torments mee living-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle Gall
Thy baenfull ſhaft mingles thy Mell withall!
The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, skip and dance on Fields inammeld front,
Loves ſoleneſſe, ſadneſſe, and Self-privacie;
Sighes, ſobs & throbs, & yet ſhee knows not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſſie *Pyramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towrs of *Jebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtall ſhee doth *Jordan* ſee;
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and un-warily
Her hand (unbidden) in her Samplar ſets
The King of *Juda* 's Name and Counterfeits:
Who, medi'ting the Sacred TEMPLE's plot,
By th' other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound 's within his veins:
Sleep cannot bring a-ſleep his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA's his heart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day;
With-in his ſoule a civill Wat hee feeds:
Th' all-ſeeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then ſetteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Love ſtands at the hot high Noon.
He rides not his brave Courſers (as hee wont)
Nor reads, not writes, not in his Throne doth mount
To hear the Widow 's Cauſe; neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Love rules him in ſuch ſort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may ſpare the Carriage:
For, witty Love hath with his lovely ſhaft
In eithers heart grav'n others lively Draught;
Each lives in other, and they have (O ſtrange!)
Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.
Better abroad, then home, their hearts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoaſts t' unite.
Which ſoon enſues: the Virgin 's ſhortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-ſad;
And th' aged Father, weeping as he ſpake,
Bids thus adieu when ſhee her leave doth take;
Sweet Daughter dear, *Oſiris* be thy guide,
And loving *Iſis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride
With golden fruit; and dayly without ceaſe
Your mutuall Loves may as your years increaſe.
Wives, Maids & Children, youg & old each-wher,
With looks & vows from Turrets follow her;
Calm *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'r,
Her Ships have merry windes, the Seas have none;
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh;
Her ſight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wilderneſs;
Jury rejoyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play;
The flowr-crown'd People, ſwarming on the Green,
Crie ſtill, *God ſave*, *God ſave*, *God ſave the Queen*;
May ſhee be like a ſcion, pale and ſick
Through th' over-ſhading of a Sire too thick;

Which

Which being transplanted, free, sweet aire doth sup,
To th' sweating Clouds her grovie top sends up,
And prospers so in the strange soyl, that (till'd)
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No streets are seen in rich JERUSALEM:
For, undet-foot fine scarlet paveth them,
Silks hang the sides, and over-head they hold
Archt Canapies of glistring Cloth of gold.
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed
Sweet showrs of flowrs upon her radiant head;
Yet jealous, lest (dy'd in their native grain)
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natur's Roses stain.
But loe, at last, th' honour of Majestie,
Glory of Kings, King SALOMON draws nigh:
Loe, now both Lovers enter-glancing sweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like young, like beautifull, like brave,
Both grac't a-like; so like, that whoso have
Not neer observ'd their heads unlikenesses,
Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venusses*.
These novice Lovers at their first arrive
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely strive:
The soules sweet Fire his ruby flames doth flush
Into their Faces in a modest blush: (vail'd
Their tongues are ti'd, their star-bright eye seems
With shame-fac't Cipres; all their senses fail'd.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) under th' happy Vault
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,
At *Thetis* Nuptials ate, and drank, and danc't?
Here, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Jove* treads under
His tripping feet his bright-light burning Thunder.
A-while he layes his Majesty aside,
To court, and sport, and revell with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soveraign, Suter'coms;
And seems but equall with his Chamber-Grooms:
But yet, what e'r hee doe, or can devise,
Disguised glory shineth in his eyes.
Here, many a *Phœbus*, and here many a *Muse*
On Heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doe use
Their golden bowes, that with the rapting sound
Th' Arches & Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Here many a *Juno*, many a *Pallas* here,
Here many a *Venus* and *Diana* cleer
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.
Here, many a *Hebé* fair, here more then one
Quick-serving *Charon* neatly waits upon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The bowles of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' over-burdned Tables bend with weight
Of their *Ambrosiall* over-filled fraight.
Here, many a *Mars* un-bloudy Combats fights;
Here, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights;
Here, many a horned *Satyr*, many a *Pan*, (*Faun*
Hete, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faiery*
With lusty frisks and lively bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Moruko*, and the *Mattachine*: (supt
For, even God's Servants (God knows how) have
The surgred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.

But, with so many lively Types, at will,
His rich rare Arras shall some other fill:
Of all the sports, Ile onely chuse one *Measure*,
One stately *Mask* compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure;
A *Dance* so chaste, so sacred, and so grave
(And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-brave)
As may beseem (except I mee abuse)
Great SALOMON, and my celestiall *Muse*.
The Tables voided of their various Cates,
They rise at once: and, suiting their Estates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and lightsom, that it right they call
The Universall, or *the Worlds great Hall*.
O what delight, to see so rich a show
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a row
All in a Round, reaching so far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!
Their eyes sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body 's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding,
All move alike, after the Musicks guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doe fall,
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poste un-moving; and, though swift the passe,
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand pase,
One single back they: Round on Round they dance,
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.
Just in the middle of the Hall, *a-sloop* (Even from the floor unto the very top) A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round, In-laid with gold upon an azure ground; Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art Five *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.
Here trips an Old-man in a Mantle dy'd
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail.
Within his Robes stuff (in a winding trail)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore;
With lively figures of the Bear and Boar,
Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Fowl seems ev'n to cry;
The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where some rare Artist (curiousing upon 't)
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:
His pase is heavie, and his face severe;
His Body here, but yet his Minde else-where.
There the Lord *Zodac* him more spritely bears,
Milde, fair and pleasant: on his back he wears
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,
Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks;
Bordred with Pheasants, Eagles winged-black,
And Elephants with Turrets on their back;
Pointed with Diamonds, powdred and imbost
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.
The third leads quicker on the selfesame Arch
His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a star-like March:
His face is fiery; Many an Amethist,
And many a Jasper of the perfectest
Doth brightly glister in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommell, and the precious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel;
His boystrous body shines in burnisht Steel:

His

Salomon nupsiale.

The MASK of Planets.

Saturn.

Jupiter.

Mars.

His Shield flames bright with gold, imbossed high
With Wolves and Horse seem-running swiftly by,
And frieng'd about with sprigs of Scammony,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.
But, O fair Faery, who art thou, whose eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth, and Skies?
Tell us, what art thou, O thou fairest Fair,
That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair
With Myrtle, Thyme and Roses; and thy Brest
Gird'st with a rich and odoriferous * *Cest*,
Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loves
Doe nestle close; on whom the Turtle-Doves,
Pigeons, and Sparrows day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing wheresoe'r thou wend:
Whose Robe's imbroidered wth Pomgranat boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryll rowes:
Whose capering foot, about the starry floor, (force?
The Dance-guide Prince now follows, now 's be-
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaste-sweet flame
Did'st both our Brides hearts into one heart frame?
And, was not Hee, that with so curious steps,
Next after thee, so nimbly turns and leaps;
Say, was not Hee the witty Messenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How strange a suit! His medly Mantle seems
Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-silver streams;
And th' end of every Lace, for tuft, hath on
A precious Porphyre, or an Agate stone:
A crie of Hounds have here a Deer in Chase;
There a false Fox, here a swift Kid they trace:
There Lacks and Linots, and sweet Nightingals
(Fain'd upon fained Trees) with wings and tails
Loose hanging, seem to swell their little throats,
And with their warbling, shame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitory, Parsly, Burnets blade,
And winding leafe his crispy Locks beshade:
Hee 's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many small doth mix:
His giddy course seems wandring in disorder;
And yet there 's found, in this disorder, order.
Avoyd base Vulgar, back Profane, stand-by;
These sacred Revels are not for your eye:
Come gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer,
Preasse through the Preasse, come take your places
To see at full the Bride-groom and the Bride, (here,
A lovely Pair, exactly beautifi'd
With rare perfections, passing all the rest,
Sole-happy Causes of this sumptuous Feast.
Loe where they come: O what a splendor bright!
Mine eyes do dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes keen point rebate,
Thy dread-spread Fire a little temperate;
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouse a-space
Thine eyes pure light, the lustre of thy Face;
For, I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to ashes: O, I faint, I dye.
But, blessed Couple, sith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both unmasked (nay, I can-not)
Yet in these Verses let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich array.
The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels
In her fair hair (whence still sweet dew distils)
Halfe hanging down; the rest in rings and curls,
Platted with strings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,
With Silver Seas all deeply-frienged round;
With Gourds & Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Floutishe with beasts that onely eat the Ayre.
But why, my *Muse*, with pencill so precise,
Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Beauties, Graces, Honours, Riches,
Wherewith rich Heav'n these Maskers all inriches,
Shee 's even the Mother; and then, as a Glasse,
On the Beholders their effects shee casts.
A Garland, braided with the Flowry fould's
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-Golds,
Beset with Bal'nites, Rubites, Chrysolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every set
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon)
Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm, and Cinnamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white
Seems to his honour some new Song t' indite.
The Phenix there builds both her nest and tomb;
The Crocodile out of the waves doth come;
Th' amazed Reaper down his sickle flings;
And sudden Fear grafts to his Ancles wings.
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eye,
His mouth and nostrils, fiery Flames lets-flie;
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet;
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to set
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards;
When loe, the Cock (that light his rage regards)
A purple Plume timbers his stately Crest,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) shines,
A friendge of taveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of Bases. Beard as red as bloud,
A short Beak bending like the Eagles brood;
Green-yellow Eyes, where Terrours Tent is pight,
A Martiall gait, and spurred as a Knight;
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull sides,
Sounds his shrill Trumper, and seems with his sight
The Lions courage to have daunted quite.
These happy Lovers, with a practiz'd pase,
Forward and backward and a-side doe trace;
They seem to dance the *Spanish Pavane* right:
And yet their Dance, so quick and lively-light,
Doth never pass the Baldricks bounds (at all) (Hall.
Which grav'n with Star-beasts over-thwarts the
When the brave Bride-groom tow'rds Mount *Silo*
A 1000 Flowrs spring in his spritefull pases: (traces,
When towards Mount *Olivet* he slides, there grows
Under his feet a thousand Frolly Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This lovely Couple now kisse, now recoil:
Now with a lowring eye, now with a smile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side,
With Course unequall; and the tender Bride,
Receives strange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lovers divers-seeming glance.
If unawares some, Envious, come between
Her and her Love, then is shee sad be-seen,
Shee shuts her eye, shee seems ev'n to depart;
Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.

But

But all that's nothing to their Musick choyce;
Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voyce
To Foot and Violl, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty thus doe they dispute;

The Epithalamy.

O "Bright-ey'd Virgin! O how fair thou art!"
"O how I love thee, My Snow-winged Dove!"
"O how I love thee! Thou hast rapt my heart.
"For thee I Die: For thee I Live, my Love.

"How fair art thou, my Dear! How dear to mee!
"Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoun
"At thy dear Sight: and when I sleep, for Thée
"Within my brest still wakes my sharp-sweet wound.

"My Love, what Odours thy sweet Tress it yeelds!
"What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou
From purple fillets! and what Myrrh distils (out
"Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with gold about!

"Sweet-heart, how sweet is th'odour of thy praise!
"O what sweet airs doth thy sweet air deliver
"Unto my Burning Soule! What hony Layes (ver.
"Flow from thy throat! thy throat a golden Ri-

"Among the Flowrs, my Flowr's a Rose, a Lilly:
"A Rose, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
"This fragrant Flowr first of all gather will-I,
"Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.

"Among the Trees, my Love's an Apple-Tree,
"Thy fruit full Stem bears Flowr & Fruit together:
"I'll smell thy Flowr, thy Fruit shall nourish mee,
"And in thy shadow will I rest for ever.

While *Hesperus* in Azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault,
These gorgeous Revels to sweet Rest give place,
And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
These Spousals past, the King doth nothing minde
But *The Lords House*; there is his care confin'd:
His Checker's open, hee no cost respects;
But sets a-worke the wittiest Architects.
Millions of hands be husie labouring,

The building of the TEMPLE.

Through all the Woods, wedges, and beetles ring:
The tufted tops of sacred *Lebanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gone:
Forrests are saw'd in Transoms, Beams and Somers,
Great Rocks made little, what wth Saws & Hämers:
The sturdy Quar-man with steel headed Cones
And massie Sledges stenteth out the stones,
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked stiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaster,
And masters Marble, which no time can master.
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire;
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep under ground (for the Foundation) joyns
Well-polisht Marble, in long massie Coins;
Such, both for stuff, and for rare artifice,
As might beseem some royall Frontispice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame:
This carves a Cornich; that prepares a Jambe:
This forms a Plynth; that fits an Architrave:
This planes a Plank; and that the same doth grave:
Gives life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to move, to sigh and speak well-nigh:
And others, rearing high the sacred Wall,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it selfe appall:
Cheerly they work, and plie it in such sort
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-short.
As in Grape-Harvest, with unweary pains,
A willing Troup of merry-singing Swains
With crooked hooks the strouting Clusters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat
Up to the Waste, and, dancing in the Must,
To th' under-Tub a flowry showr doe thrust;
They work a-vie, to th' eie their Work doth grow,
Who saw 't i'th' Morning, scarce at Night can know
It for the same: and God himselfe doth seem
T' have ta'en to task this Work, and work for them
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest
The weary limbs of Work-men over-prest. (like,
Great King, whence came this Courage, *Titan*-
So many Hils to heap upon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars?
And what huge strength of hanging vaults embow'd
Bears such a weight above the winged Cloud?
If on the Out-side I doe cast mine eye,
The Stones are joyn'd so artificially,
That if the Mason had not checkerd fine
*Syre's Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no lesse fair then firm:
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out;
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fold,
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments;
The Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' use.
O perfect Artist! thou for Mould did'st chuse
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,
And God Almighty tightly did Ordain,
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs, & Fruits, & Beasts, & Birds, the other:
And plaid the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning globes, blew'd seas, & green'd the field,
Gave precious Stones so many coloured lustre,
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and glister;
The Carver, when he cut in leaves and stems
Of plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems*:
The Founder, when hee cast so many Forms
Of winged Fowls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms.
Thou dost divide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wherein none may bee
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,
Of God's eternall Son (Sins sin-lesse check)
The everlasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair *mid*-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Levin*, who on *Israel* shone

With

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell;
And th'utter PORCH, the Peoples residence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements;
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phidias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th'hast fram'd by it
Th'eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may right relation have;
For that it gives us Oeconomick Lawes,
Rules Politick, and private civill Sawes;
And (for the most) those Lessons generall
At Humane matters ayme the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid*-TEMPLE seems
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems:
Fair, pleasant, precious glorious, good or great;
Draws us from earth, and us in Heav'n doth seat:
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou marrieſt *Jacob* to Heav'ns glorious King;
Where thou (devoted) dost divinely sing
CHRIST's and his CHURCHES *Epithalamy*:
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faithfull Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voyce, her selfe doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-piercing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and glory lies),
Enjoyes her Joy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Love of loves) her Blisse.
When hee had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so beautifull;
O God, said *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine!*
Which of this *Mystick* sacred House of Thine
Hast made mee Builder; build mee in the same
A living Stone. For thy dear DAVID's name,
On DAVID's branches DAVID's blisse revive;
That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.
O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Justice, each-where by thy Power's,
Dwell here, dear Father, by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,
Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou severe
Th'audacious Perjure; that fience-forth none chance
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our dis-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Eare, our light and blasted Corn,
Presage us Famine; If, with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt the Water-gates of Rain;
And, tow'rds this House wee, humbled, cast our ele,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If, Captives, wee in a strange Land bewail,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, tow'rds this House we, humbled, cast our eye,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If Strangers, mov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,
Come here to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,
And in this House do kneel religiously;
Hear them: O Lord, hear their complaint and crie:
Hear them from Heav'n; and, by thy Favours prest,
Draw to thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, & West.

Dedication of the Temple.

The passe-Man *Wisedome* of th' *Isacian* Prince,
A light so bright, set in such eminence
(Un-hideable by envious Arrogance,
Under the Bushell of black Ignorance)
Shines every where, illusters every place:
Among the rest it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princesse, that with prudent hand
The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinnamon, Incense and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where private men do Prince-like Treasures hold,
Where Pots be Silver, Bedlleads beaten Gold;
Where Wals are rough-cast with the richest Stones,
Cast in Devices, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet leaving all this Greatnesse of her owne,
Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wisedome, and to see his Citie,
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitie.

The Queen of Saba.

You that do shut your eyes against the rayes
Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes;
Whose spirits, self-obstin'd in old musty Error,
Repulse the *Truth* (th' *Almighrie's sacred Mirror*)
Which day & night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whose stubbornnesse will not at all un-lock
The sacred *Bible*, nor so much as look
(To talk with God) into his holy Book:
O, fear you not, that this great Princesse shall
Of thank-less Sloth one day condemne you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn;
To passe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Journeys full of diffidence,
And nobly travels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man? (temple
Her Time's not lost: there (rapt) shee doth con-
The sumptuous beauties of a stately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towrs of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a Peer-lesse Throne,
Wals rich without; furnisht in richer sort:
Number of Servants doth adorne the Court,
But more their Order. There, no noise is heard,
Each his owne Office onely doth regard:
And (in one instant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb move all the divers strings
Of a sweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base:
So SALOMON, discreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troups direct:
Each of his Servants hath his proper Lesson,
And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.

A just reproof of all restless Recusants.

This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles,
T'appose the King; and shee resolves shee will
With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
But loe what *Oedipus!* The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide.
As hee dissolves her *Gordian*-knots, and sees
Through all her nights, and ev'n at pleasure frees
Such doubts, as doubt-less might have taskt, t'un-
The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnosophist*: (twist,
And knowing, Good becoms more Good the more
It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore
T'instruct

T'instruct her in the Faith; and(envious-idle)
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.
Alas, I pity you: alas (quoth Hee)
Poor Soules besotted in Idolatry,
Who worship Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
Mens Workmanship, and Fiends Illusions;
And, who(by your sage *Magies* Lore mis-led)
So-many Godlings have imagined;
Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,
The Eternall King; nay, self-Eternitie.
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,
Of Lights the Light, Essence surpassing Essence,
Of Pow'rs pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance;
Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Beauty Floud;
None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Uni-form, which gives all forms their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One; whoso the Unitie
Denies, hee (Atheist) disannuls Divinity:
Th' Unity dwels in God, i'th' Fiend the Twine;
The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,
The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,
In Essence One, in Person *Trimely*-odde.
Of this great Frame, the parts so due-devis'd,
This Bodie, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,
This Art in every part cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Author of all, who all preserves alone.
Else should wee see in set Batalions
A hundred thousand furious Partizans,
The World would nurse civill intestine Wars,
And wrack it selfe in it selfs factious Jars.
Besides, God is an infinite Divinity:
And who can think of more then one Infinity?
Seeing the one restrains the others might,
Or rather reaves its name and beeing quite.
Therefore (O Pagans) why doe you confine
The infinite in narrow Walls of Lime?
Why shut you him in a base Trunk or Tree;
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?
Why offer you your carnall services
Unto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
Why then doe you (said shee) by our example,
Inclose th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worse then wee,
Feed him with Fumes, and bloudy Butchery?
This *Sacred House* so fair (reply'd hee then)
Is not to contain God, but godly men
Which worship him: and we doe not suppose
That Hee, whose Arms do Heav'n & Earth inclose,
Is closed in a *Chest*; but th' ancient Pact,
The solemne Cov'nant, and the sure Contract,
Which leagues us with our God, & each wth other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together,
As for our *Incense, Washings, Sacrifices*,
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
But, God's their Author, and himselfe Ordains
These Elements, whereby hee entertains
And feeds our understanding in the hope
Of his dear Son (of all these Things the Scope);
Setting before us th' Onely Sacrifice,
Which in CHRIST's Bloud shall wash-out all our (vice.
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs Offerer:
Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State
Come, thou our Ransome, Judge and Advocate;
Milde Lamb, Salve-Serpent, Lion generous,
Un-challeng'd Umpire betwixt Heav'n and Us,
Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End
Of all our Offrings (whither all doth tend):
Come O MESSIAS, and doe now begin
To Reign in *Sion*, to triumph o'r Sin;
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
Upon the Earth the Golden age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The dear First-Fruits; take on thee our Offences,
That, stript of *Adam*'s sinfull-sure, in fine
With sacred Angels wee in Heav'n may shine.
The Queen, nigh sunk in an amazefull Swoun,
Bespake him thus; My Lord, prattling renown
Is wont in flying to increase so far,
That shee proclaims things greater then they are;
And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,
Whereof the rarest seem more exquisite
Far-off, then neer; but, so far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy Vertues passe the same:
Thy peer-less Praise stoops to thy Learned tongue,
And envious bruit hath done thy Wisdome wrong.
So may I say, even so (O SCOTTISH King)
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th' edge of *Spaine* hath made mee ventrously
To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain*'s end to see:
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for some speciall Plot)
World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
A gray-beards Wisdome in an amber-bush,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,
A settled Judgement with a supple Wit,
A quick Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd,
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,
So let thy future passe thy former more,
And goe-before those that have gone-before:
Excell thy selfe; and, brave, grave, godly Prince,
Confirm my Songs eternall Evidence.

Simile.

Application to the King's Majesty.

FINIS.

THE

The Schisme.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Rejecting Old, Young-Counsail'd rash ROBOAM
Loseth Ten Tribes, *which fall to* JEROBOAM.
Hee, Godding Calves, *makes* Israel *to Sin:*
His Scepter therefore shortly fails his Kin.
BA'Z', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (*worst of all*)
With JEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Ba'l:
Commands the Clouds: rapt-up *to Heav'n, alive,*
Elisha's Works: his bones *the dead revive.*
SAMARIA'S *tragick* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Jonas *sake: repentant* NINIVE.

The misery of a State distracted by factious inne Civill Wars.

HEre sing I ISAAC 's civill Brawls and Broils;
Jacobs Revolt: their Cities sack, their Spoils;
Their cursed Wrack, their *Godded Calves*: the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Israeans* Regiment.

Application.

Ah! see we not, some seek the like in *France?*
With rage-full swords of civill Variance,
To share the sacred *Gaulian* Diadem?
To strip the *Lillies* from their native stem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whose Law did aw Imperiall *Rhine*, (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and under whom
Even silver *Jordan* 's captive flouds did foam.

Deprecation.

But, let not us, good Lord, O let not us
Serve servilely a hundred Kinglings thus,
In stead of one great Monarch: never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new possest;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrants nest:
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Reign,
Restore the Sword to *Justice* hand again;
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Praise (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

A Parliament or Assembly of the States of Israel.

THE GENERALL *States* of *Israel*, gathered all,
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem* 's Wall;
All joyntly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (strictly stout) his Pow'r thus limiting:

The People capitulate with their new King.

Command (say they) and Rule in *Abram* 's Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as Shepheard should:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,
Those heavie Imposts of thy Father (fierce);
Represse the rapin of thine Officers:

So, wee will serve thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wise; thy service wee renounce.
Here-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in post
Sends for those Ancients which had swayed most
His Fathers Counsails: and hee *seems* to crave
Their sage Advices, in a case so grave.
God hath not made, say they (jumping together)
Subjects for Kings, but Kings for Subjects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in distresse)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy self much lesse.
What boots a Head, with-out the Hand and Foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subjects to 't?
The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the People poor:
A Princes Wealth in Subjects Wealth is set:
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince comes never but at need:
For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolick bounds
Frisking and skipping up and down the Downs.
Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,
The Vulgar 's fiercest, wildest, worst of all;
Hydra with thousand heads, and thousand stings,
Yet soon agreed to war against their Kings.
If then you wish, their barking rage to cease
Cast them a bone; by an abatement, cease
Their wringing Yoke, thy pitty let them prove:
And ground thy Greatnesse on thy Peoples love.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their yee,
Yet use no threats, nor give them flat Denies:
But, to establish thy yet-new estate,
Give them some hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wisely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* sage,
That *A soft answer* (soon) *appeaseth rage.*
ROBOAM, scorning these old Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and persuade their Lord,
Not sillily to be by such disturb'd,
Nor let him-selfe so simply to be curb'd;
But, to represse, presse, and oppresse the more
These Male-contents, but too-well us'd before;
With yron teeth to bruise their idle bones,
To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Fury in the stocks of Fear,
And to shake-off (on th' other side) and shun
Those Gray-beards old and cold direction,
Their sawcy censures, snibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Usurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiser then themselves his part:
To know that hee 's a King; and that hee took
Even in the womb, as th' outwards limbs and look,
So th' inward graces, the Discretion
And deep fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.
Wisdome (fond King) her sacred Seat erects
In hoary brains; and Day the Day directs:
Th' Old-man-fore-sees a-far; by *past* events
Hee (prudent) ponders *future* accidents;
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a Passenger;
And, more with Courage then with Counsail's
Barely beholds things on the outer side. (guide,
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fell,
Check'st thus the Sons of noble *Israel*:
Ah! rebell Slaves! you, you will Rule your King:
You'l be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You'l hold the sacred Helm, controule the Crown:
You'l rate his State, and turn all up-side-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father 's loynes: hee did but rub you light,
I'l flay your backs; hee bow'd, I'l break yee quite.
Hee threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will have your carrion shoulders goar'd
With scourges tang'd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.
As rapid streams, incountring in their way
With close-driv'n piles of some new bank or bay,
Or steady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which fast-past Summer never saw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now grown desperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expostulate;
Why? what have wee to doe (what part? what
With *Boôzian Ishay* 's avaricious race? (place?)
Goe, Reign (proud *Juda*) where thou wilt; for wee
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny;
Goe, use else-where thy cruell threats and braves;
Wee are thy Brethren, wee, and not thy Slaves.
Thus cry the People, and th' ill-counsail'd *King*
Un-kingly yeelds to their rude mutining:
And flies est-soons with some few *Benjamites*,
The zealous *Levites*, and the *Judaites*:
The rest revolt, and chuse for Soveraign
A shame-lesse, faith-lesse, bold and busie-brain,
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-false) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall.
For, hee fore-sees, that if th' *Israelites* still
(As Law injoyn'd) should mount on *Sion* Hill
To sacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Princes sight, the Doctrine and example
Of sacred *Levites*, they would soon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forsaken.
To rent the Church therefore hee doth devise,
And God's true Spouse doth Harlot-like disguise;
Will have them henceforth worship God the Lord
Under the Form of Hay-fed *Calves* (abhor'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings-up Service new:
Profane, usurping sacred *Aaron* 's Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'st thou God, in this?
Hee, of a Servant, made thee King of His;
Thou, of a God, mak'st him a horned Steer:
Sett'st Altar against Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'st all *Israel* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death.
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, un-eath
Could th' operation of so many Miracles,
In their hard hearts reprint the *Sacred Oracles.*
One-day (the while this Priest-King sacrifiz'd)
To 's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (self-devis'd)
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blame:

The Counsail of the ancient Nobles.

Roboam, saving how sound advice, hearth rather to the young fry of his divisions & flatterers.

The Kings rebuke threatning rigour.

Simile.

The Revolt of the ten Tribes.

Jeroboam.

O odious House, O execrable Cell,
O Satans Forge, O impious Shop of Hell!
Accursed Altar, that so braves and boasts
Against the Altar of the Lord of Hoasts!
Behold, from *David* shall a King return (burn,
That on thy stones thy own Priests bones shall
Thus saith the Lord: and this shall be the Signe
(Prodigiously to seal his Word in mine)
Thou now in th' instant shalt in sunder shatter,
And in the Ayre shall thy vile cinders scatter.
Take, take the Sot, said then th' ungodly Prince,
And (as hee spake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, instantly the same
So strangely with'red and so numb became,
And God so rustied every joynt, that there
(But as the Body stird) it could not stir:
Th' unsacred Altar sudden sleni in twain;
And th' ashes flying through th' un-hallowed Fane,
Blinde the blinde Priests; as in the Summer (oft)
The light, white Dust (driv'n by the Winde aloft)
Whirling about, offends the tendrest eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cause) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Dear man of God, restore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obstinate in ill)
In His Calf-service Hee persevers still,
Still runs his race, still every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.
The King of *Juda* little better proves,
His Fathers by-paths so *Abijam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Princes guise,
Forget their God, and his drad Law despise.
God, notwithstanding (of his speciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the sacred race
Of his dear *David*: and hee bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows;
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)
Some form of Church in *Sion* hee will have.
Aza, Abijam's Son, *Jehosophat*
The son of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with successe,
Dung *Israel*'s Fields with Forrain carcases.
In *Aza*'s ayd fights th' arm armi-potent,
Which shakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, and Rocks
Against black *Zerah*'s overdaring boast, (doth rent,
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoast
O'r-flow'd all *Juda*; and, all sacking (fell)
Transported *Africk* into *Israel*:
Hee fights for his; who, seeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,
In battell 'ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:
Sa, sa (my hearts) let 'r cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heretofore, in foaming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather)
Can call the North, South, East, and West together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands:
Who with a breath, brings (in an instant) under) der.
The proudest Pow'rs: whose arrows are the Thun-
While yet they sang, fell *Discord* teaching-far,
His to the *Heathen* that encamped are:

Clean through her mantle (tatterd all in flakes)
Appears her brest all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doe gnash,
The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash;
And, one by one, shee plucks-off (in despight)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right)
And, one by one shee severally bestowes 'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captains bosom,
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirst of bloud:
And, with the same blade that she died once
In valiant *Gedeon*'s (Brother-slaught'red) Sons,
Shee sets the Brother to assail the Brother,
The Son the Sire, and dearest friends each-other.
The swords, new draw'n against their Enemies,
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* so mads them in their mutuall Jar,
That strange, turns civill; civill, houshold War:
Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and the *Ammonite*;
Ammon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab assaults *Ammon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars first with th' other two.
Then with themselves: then *Ammon Ammon* thrils,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kils.
From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each,
Disports her selfe; those that are one in speech,
Under one Colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each others throat.
Rage-full confusion every-where commands,
Against his Captain the Lieutenant stands,
The Corporall upon his Serjant flies,
And basest Boyes against their Masters rise.
Nay, drad *Bellona* passeth fiercely further, (ther,
Th' own Uncle doth his owne dear Nephew mur-
The Nephew th' Uncle with the like repayes,
Cosen thrils Cosen, Kinsman Kinsman slayes:
Yea, even the Father kils his Son most cruell,
And from one belly springs a bloody Duell; (ther,
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth o-
And drawes the life-bloud of his half-selfe Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, strength at length (not stomack) fals in either;
And, as together born, they dye together.
The faithfull Hoast draws neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-lesse Foes.
Men, Camels, Horse (some saddled, some with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lye mingled all about
The bloody Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:
Here seems an arm, a Gyant late did ow,
As if it would to a Dwarf's shoulder grow:
A Princes hand there (known by precious signes)
Unto the arm of a base Porter joyns;
And Old-man's head here to a Scripling's neck;
And there lean buttocks to a brawny back:
Here of a body justly cloven in two,
The bloody tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, five red fingers of a hand cut-off
Gripe still the truncheon of a steeled staff;
And, there (at once, all broached on one Lance)
Lye three brave Horse-men in a deadly Transe.
Chariots, unfurnisht and unharnest, stood,
Over the spoaks, up to the naves in blood:

Miraculous slaughter of the Heathen by their mutuall swords divided among themselves.

The exhibition of such a Camp so together by the eare.

Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion ſtreams,
And(now no marvell) *Jarvel* warmly ſteams
Stopt with dead bodies; ſo, that never-more
It ſhould have ſeen the Ocean(as before)
Nor paid the Tribute that his Duty craves,
Save that the crimſin holp the eryſtall waves.
Prayſed be God(ſaid *Juda*)prayſed be
The Lord of Hoaſts, the King of Majeſty,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his own protect,
That holds ſo dear the bloud of his Elect;
That fights for us, and teacheth us to fight,
Conquer, and triumph o'r the *Pagans*'s might;
And(finally)doth puniſh Tyrants ſell,
With their owne ſwords, to ſave his *Iſrael*.
But, notwithſtanding *Jeroboam*'s Plot,
His third Succeſſor yet ſucceeds him not;
A barbarous Fury reigneth in his Race,
His bloudy Scepter ſhifteth hands apace;
Nadab his ſon, and all his ſeed beſide,
Feels curſed *Baaſha*'s cruell Paricide;
And *Baaſha*'s iſſue is by *Zimri* ſlain,
Zimri by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* reign;
Omri, accurſed for his owne tranſgreſſion,
But more accurſed for the foule ſucceſſion
Of ſuch a Son as *Achab*(ſold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds unto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worſt,
Weds *Jezebel*, addes Drunkenneſſe to Thirſt.
Blinde Superſtition's like a drop of Oyle
Still ſpreading, till it all a Garment ſpoyl:
Or, like a ſpark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which ſoon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fires the whole Houſe, the Houſe, the Town about;
Conſuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their own aſhes lie:
When one begins(how little be 't)to ſtray
From the divine Law's little-beaten way,
Wee curſed fall into the black Ahyſſe
Of all foule Errors: Every Sin that is
Donns ſacred Mask; and, monſters moſt abhord,
Killing the Saints we think to pleaſe the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquiſht with the ſpel,
Speech, grace, and face of painted *Jezabel*,
Preſumes to lay his ſacrilegious hand
On th'Oyled Prieſts that in Gods preſence ſtand,
Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,
Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,
T'augment his Lands; and, with the bloud of His,
Writes th' Inſtruments of his new purchaſes.
But ſlain(at laſt)by th' Hoaſt of *Benhadad*,
His Son * ſucceeds him, (and almoſt as bad)
Hee breaks his neck, and leaves his fatall place,
To's brother *Joram*, laſt of *Achab*'s race;
An odious race, th'alliance of whoſe bloud
Corrupts the Heirs of *Joſaphat* the good.
Cauſing his Son(charm'd with *Athalia*'s wile)
In's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,
And *Ahaziah*'s giddy brain t' infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But though theſe Kings did openly oppugn,
And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'ms* iſſue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;

Wicked generation of the wicked.

a Simile.

* Ahaziah.

Though over all, a *Chaos* of confuſion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Deluſion,
A Sea of Sins(contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd theſe Kingdoms(as another Floud):
God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:
A hundred Prophets, ſtrong in word and miracles,
Reſiſt their rage, and from ſad drowning keep
The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.
Cleer Summer Noons need not a candle-light;
Nor ſound, Phyſician; but elean oppoſite:
So, in our Soules, the more Sin's Flouds doe flow,
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to grow.
For his Embaſſage in ſad *Achab*'s dayes,
Thesbite Elijah did th' Almighty raiſe;
Who, burning-bold in ſpirit and ſpeech, cryes-out,
In *Achab*'s ears, and all his Court about;
O impious *Achab*, fear'ſt thou not(quoth hee)
The ſulph'ry flames and Thunder-bolts that be
Already roaring in the dreadfull fiſt
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud reſiſt,(mer,
Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathens* Ham-
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer;
Doſt thou not know, He threats to *Iſrael*
A Heav'n of Braſſe, if they his grace repell,
Reject his Love, and get them other Loves,
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves?
God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever
Draw dreadfull Judgements (if our Sin perſever):
As the Lord lives, this Thirſty yawning Plain
In ſeav'n ſix month's drinks not a drop of Rain.
No ſooner ſpoken, but a preſent view,
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;
Th' Ayre deadly thick, doth quickly vaniſh quite;
To a ſad Day ſucceeds a ſadder Night:
A bloudy vapour and a burning cloud,
By day, begirt the Sun, (allcoaly-brow'd):
By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs
Her ſilver ſwear, and pearly-purled ſhowrs:
The Welkin's ſtudded with new Blazing-Stars,
Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
Dreadfull to ſee: and *Phebus*(as it ſeems)
Weary of travell in ſo hot a time,
Reſts all the while in boyling *Cancer*'s clime.
Hils, lately hid with ſnow, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter*'s Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular*:
Zephire is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectick *Auſter*'s, which doth all things ſwelt,
And(panting-ſhort)puffs every-where upon
The with'red Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,
Th'unſavory breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians* peſt-full and un-bleſt-full ſhore.
Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;
Myrtles and Bays for want of moiſt grew wan:
With open mouth the Earth the aide doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kiſhon*'s rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Sorech, for ſhame, now hides him under ground:
Mokmur, whoſe murmur troubled with the noiſe
The ſleeping Shepheards, hath nor ſtream, nor voice
Cedron's not *Cedron*, but(late)*Cedron*'s bed,
And *Jordan*'s Current is as dry, as dead,

Daniel.

Elijah the Prophet.

Deſcription of the extreme Drought in Iſrael for three years and a half.

The miſerable effects thereof.

The

The beam-brow'd Stag, & strong-neckt Bull do lie
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also drie)
But, neither sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,
Over the which so often swom they have:
The lusty Courser, that late scorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would sweat for faint nesse, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-back't Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,
And on his bunch could have transported yerst
Neer a whole Houshold, now is able scant
To bear himselfe, hee is so feebly-faint.
Both young and old, both of the base and best,
Feel a fell *Ætna* in their thirstie breast:
To temper which, they breathe, but to their woe:
For, for pure ayre, they sup into them, so,
A putride, thick, and pestilentiall fume, (fume.
Which stuffs their Lights, and doth their lives con-
There's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)
But dry the draw 't, Sea-Water 's dainty Drink:
And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea, (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the Kings own mouth.
For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria*
Th' heat of his anger on *Samaria* lights (smites,
With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies
The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.
Therefore, hee fearing *Achab*'s ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith*'s hollow banks him gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters tho
From the foure windes the winged people goe.
Thence, to *Sarepta*; where hee craves the ayde
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildely said,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store
Is but of bread for one meal, and no more:
Yet, 'give mee (saith hee) give mee some (I pray);
Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth aye:
Sure, a good turn shall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
'Tis a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.
While thus he said, and staid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread shee had:
Shee lost not by't: for, all the *Famine*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyle
Decreased not, yet had shee plenty still,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fell Death to take-away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Joy:
Shee prayes her Guest, and hee implores his God,
And stretching him upon the breath-less Lad,
Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe mee, Lord, this boon,
Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon
Thou hast bereft: O! let it not be said,
That here for nought I have so oft been fed:
Lee not my presence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a small seedling of that fruitfull Worm,
Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin breast,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)
Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a precious Toomb:

This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death i' th' bosom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the booty of the Beer,
At sacred words begins his eye to rear;
Swimming in Death, his pow'rs do re-assemble,
His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artir's tremble;
Hee fetcht a sigh; then lively rising too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as hee was wont to do.
Fain would the Mother have besought the Seer
T' have past the rest of his cold Old-age here:
But th' holy Spirit him sudden hence doth bring
Unto *Samaria* to th' incensed King;
Who rates him thus: O Basilisk! O Bane!
Art not thou hee that sow'st th' *Isaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, hast not thou
Profan'd the Lawes of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did here first begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin
Upon us all; and *Ba'l*, blasphem'd by thee,
Hath since that season never left us free
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell wee feel,
Our Heav'n is Brass, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, O King (if I the Truth shall tell)
Thou, thou art hee that troubleſt *Israel*.
Thou (give mee leave) thou & thy Grand-sires, mad
After strange Gods in every Grove to gad,
Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such shall you prove him; if you dare oppone
All your *Ba'l*-Prophets against mee but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*. Then to *Carmel*'s top
The Schismick Priests were quickly called up:
Unto their *Ba'l* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear: (prove
Both have their Beast; and by their prayer must
Whose God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n above.
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent
Upon these Marvails, to observe th' event
(Marvails, which might well cleer the difference
That had so long depended in suspence
'Twixt *Israel* and *Juda*; and direct
Th' Earth how to serve Heav'ns sacred Architect)
As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell,
Met front to front, their forked arms do mell,
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze,
'Twixt hope and fear, unfeeding, stand at gaze,
To see the fight, and censure which do prove
The valiantest, that hee may be their Love.
Ba'l's bawling Priests call and cry out for life,
They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife;
They, cruell, make their blood to spin about
(As Claret wine from a pierc't Piece doth spout)
And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and arms,
They howling chaunt these *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, Help, O *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, attend our cryes,
Ba'l, heare us *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, bow down thine eyes:
O *Stratian*, *Clarian*, *Eleutherian* Pow'rs,
Panomphæan God, approve us thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,
Phyxian, *Feretrian*, O *Exacestrian*,
Xenian, *Messapian*, O *Lebradean* BA'L,
O *Assabine*, BA'L-SAMEN hear our Call.

The like Impunitie, in our days the blinde Popelings and Pudlans Weathlings have had upon the Gospel and the Professors thereof.

Simile.

Baal's Priests.

Elijah, that their bloudy Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the service of the Lord.
T' appease his wrath hee doth not scarre his skin;
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win,
Nor makes himself e unfitting for his function.
By selfly stripes (as causing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantick-wise,
And in a furie seems to prophetize;
But offers God his heart, in stead of bloud:
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.
Cry loud, quoth hee: your God is yet perchance
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms advance
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel*!
Alas! why yoak'st thou God with *Ba'l* (or *Bell*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt 'twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnell and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Ba'l* be God indeed,
Then boldly serve him, seek him sole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th' all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the least works of th' Almighty hand
Of *Jacob*'s God: If Heav'n, Ayre, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:
If hee have cast those cursed Nations out,
Which yerst defil'd this fair, far Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone do'st thou not aye imbrace,
And serve him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?
The cord un-twisted weakens: and who serves
Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserves.
Ba'l dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,
Much less can grant them their Desires at all:
But, *Jacob*'s God, JEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that trust in him.
Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above
With Sacred Fire (thy Soveraign pow'r to prove)
Consume this Bullock, and shew by the same
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Churches* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy chosen *Israel*.
As fals a Meteor in a Summer Even,
A sudden Flash comes flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks drie the Dikes, and instantly, at-once,
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,
And th' Offred Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous furie on the Priests of *Ba'l*;
And, by *Elijah*'s prayer, soon obtain
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot doe?
If he be hungry, Fowls, and Angels too,
Become his Stewards. Fears hee th' armed Bands
Of a fell Tyrant? from their bloudy hands
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would hee passe a Brook that brooks no Bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water gives him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive hee hies,
And (saving *Henoch*) onely hee not-dies.
This Man of God, discoursing with his heir
Of th' upper Kingdome, and of Gods Affair,
A sudden whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him up intire,
Burns not, but 'fines; and doth (in fashion strange)
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd squib, a flaming ridge, for rut (cut.
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath
This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Elisha* too:
Who, taking up his Tutors Mantle, though,
Follows as far as well hee could with eye
The fire-short Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;
Crying, my father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horse of *Israel*.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,
As Mists, and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, Heav'nly Soules.
Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his flesh, transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted above the Arches *Crystalline*:
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
There, (after death) shall all his Chosen be.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Emperiall Pole*;
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE unite.
But how, or why should Hee this vantage have
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the
O happy passage! O sweer, sacred Flight! (Grave)?
O blessed Rape! thou rapt'st so my spirit
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
So many wayes to cast-about for it,
That (I confess) the more I doe contend,
I more admire, and less I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then, biding here below
With his Successor, I proceed to show,
How, soon as hee took-up his Cloak (to bear it)
With in *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah*'s Spirit;
By pow'r whereof, immediatly hee cleaves
An un-couth way through *Jordan*'s rapid waves:
Past hope hee gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
A Son; and soon restores him dead to life:
With sudden blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup,
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyle
Fils all the Vessels in a town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:
Naaman's cleans'd; and for foule *Simonie*,
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie:
Mends bitter Broath, hee maketh Iron swim
As porie Cork, upon the Water's brim.
Rich *Jericho*'s (sometimes) *sal*-peetry soyl,
Through brinie springs that did about it boyl,
Brought forth no fruit, & her un-wholsom Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer,
Thou seest our Citie's situation here
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worse: we pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers: make them pleasanter,
Our Hils more green, our Plains more fertiler.
The

The Prophet cals but for a Cruse of Salt
(O strangest cure!) to cure the bryniest fault
Of all their Floods: and, casting that in one
Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon:
Not for an hour, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hils before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All circling Sun,
For fruitfull Beauty; sees no Paragon.
There (labour-less) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can un-old a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, give your fattest Plains
Five or six earths; spare neither cost nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and stones,
With Muck and Marle barren and baste their bones;
Unlesse God blesse your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and sow upon the sand.
This, *Jury* knows; a Soyl sometimes (at least)
Sole Paradise of all the proudest East:
But now the brutest and most barren place,
The curse of God, and all the Worlds disgrace;
And also *Greece*, on whom Heav'ns (yet still so good)
Rain nothing now but their dead Furie 's Flood.
The grace of God is a most sure Revenue,
A Sea of Wealth, that ever shall continue,
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
What shall I say? This sacred Personage
Not onely profits to his proper Age;
But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
And dead, the dead hee raiseth from their graves.
Nor is *Elisha* famous more for Miracles,
Then for the Truth of his so often Oracles:
Hee shows the Palms and Foils of *Israel*,
Benhadad's death, the Reign of *Hazael*:
Beyond all hope, and passing all appearance,
Dejected *Joram*'s neer relief hee warrants.
For, now the *Syrian*, with insulting Powrs,
So strict besiegeth the *Samarian* Towrs,
That even al-ready in each nook agrising,
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine* ill-adrising
Howls hideously: even the bare bones are seen
(As sharp as knives) thorow the empty skin
Of the best-bred: and each-man seems (almost)
No man indeed but a pale ghastly Ghost. (pine;
Some snatch the bread from their own Babes, that
Some eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
Some do defile them with forbidden flesh,
Som bite the grass their hunger to refresh; (change:
Some, gold for Birds-dung (weight for weight) ex-
Some, of their Boots make them a Banquet strange,
Some, fry the Hay-dust, and it savory finde:
Some, Almond-shels and Nut-shels gladly grinde,
Some mince their Fathers Wils, in Parenment writ,
And so devoure their birth-right at a bit.
The King, when (weary) hee would rest awhile,
Dreams of the dainties behath had yer-while. (jaws;
Smacks, swallows, grindes both with his teeth and
But, onely winde his beguil'd belly draws:
And, then awaking, of his own spare Dyet
Robs his own breast, to keep his Captains quiet,
Hee is importun'd here and there about;
Above the rest, a Woman skrieketh out
In mournfull manner, with dis-sheveled haire;
Her face despight, her fashion shews despaire.
O! stay my Liege, hear, hear a grievous thing; Mothers eat their own Children.
Justice, great *Joram*, Justice, gentle King.
O no, not Justice: (did I Justice crave?)
Fondling in Justice, thou canst nothing have
But a just death; nay, but a Torture fell;
Nay, but a Torment like the pains of Hell.
Yet, even this Plea is worse then death to me:
Then grant mee Justice, Justice let it be:
For (O!) what horror can restrain desire
Of just revenge, when it is once a-fire?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to binde the Past)
By solemne Oath I sealed the Contract;
Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without cruelty.
(Tell it, O Tongue: why stayst thou so upon-it?
Dar'st thou not say-it, having dar'd, and don-it?
Not having fear'd heav'ns King, how canst thou fear
An earthly King? (Then, thus) my liege) while-yet
I, and my Neighbour desp'rately agreed,
Joyntly to eat, successively our seed;
Our own dear Children: and (O luck-lesse Lot!)
Mine first of all, is destin'd to the Pot;
Forth-with I catch him, and I snatch him to mee
Up in my arms: hee straight begins to woe-mee,
Stroaks, colls, and hugs-me, with his arms & thighs;
And, smiling sweet Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cries,
Then kisses mee: and with a thousand toyes,
Thinks to delight mee with his wonted joyes.
I look away; and, with my hand addrest,
Bury my knife within his tender brest:
And, as a Tygresse, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn, or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dresse him, and on our Table
I set him: Oh! ('t is now no time to fable)
I taste him first, I first the feast begin,
His bloud (my bloud) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;
And of my Flesh my Flesh is shamefull Tomb:
Soon cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat:
And up again that little strives to get.
But shee, shee layes it in, shee greedy pyles it;
And all night long shee sits to gourmandize-it:
Not for her fill so much of such (think I)
As to prolong the more my misery:
O God, said shee (and smiles in eating it)
What a sweet morsell! what a dainty bit!
Blest be the brest that nurs't such meat for mee;
But more the Womb that bare it, so to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers
Alive and lusty in her armes shee bears.
Why should her pity, rather her despite,
Doe both her Faith, Mee, and my Son, un-right?
Ah! for her belly, rather then her Boy,
Shee playd this prank (and robd mee of my Joy).
Shee did it not of tender heart to save him;
But, greedy-gut, that she alone might have him.
Therefore, O King, doe Justice in this case:
Nor crave I pardon of thy Princely grace
For mine Offence; (such an Offence, I know,
As yet grim *Minos* never judg'd below)

The Siege and Famine of Samaria.

For

For if I should, how should I do, for meat;
Not having now another Childe to eat?
No: this is all I crave before I dye,
That I may taste but of Her sons sweet thigh:
Or, that (at least) mine eye, more just then cruell,
May see him slain by her. my Horrors fuell.
But, if you weigh not mine unfained tears
(Indeed un-worthy): yet vouchsafe your ears
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;
Who, with strange murmurs rumbling up & down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highnesse, thus to make his moan;
Sir, will you suffer, without all revenge,
Mens cursed Malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Justice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?
Ah! shall I then descend alone below?
Dye un-reveng'd? soffer my cruell Foe?
And then, cast-forth in foulest Excrement,
Infect the Aire, offend the Element;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horse
About the Hall shall ride, and prance, and course;
And imitate mens actions (as an Ape)
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, sit in Lap?
No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:
Full-fill the Pact; that so our wretched mothers
Their guilt & grief may either's match with others.
The King, less mov'd with pity then with horror,
Thunders these words, raging in threat-full terror;
Vengeance and mischief on mine own head light,
If curst *Elisha* keep his head this night:
And, as he spake, forth in a rage hee flings,
To execute his bloudy Threatenings.
Sir, said the Prophet. you have seen the scathe
Devouring Famine here performed hath;
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath said)
Samaria's Gates shall even abound with bread.
Tush, said a Minion of the Court, hard by
(Of furly speech, proud gait, and lofty eye) (wide,
Though God should open all Heav'ns windows
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Prophet) Thou, thy Selfe (in sum)
Shalt see it then: but shalt not taste a crum.
Thus said *Elisha*, and th' Almighty Powr
Perform'd his sayings in that very howr.
Her scarlet Robe *Aurora* had not donn'd,
Nor had shee yet limn'd the *Euphratean* strond
With trembling shine, neither was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drowzy Fit,
When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoast,
Wilde-staring Hag, shiv'ring, and wav'ring most;
Shee, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft:
Shee that in Counsails strives to lift aloft
Irresolution, to be President
(Canker of Honour, curse of Government):
Shee that even trembles in her surest Arms,
Starts at a leaf, swouns at report of harms:
Beleeves all, sees all; and so swayeth all;
That, if shee say, The Firmament doth fall:
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain sinks:
Pauls *Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks:*
It is beleev'd. 't is seen: and, seis'd by Her,
The other Senses are as apt to erre.

Clashing of Arms, rattling of yron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Souldiers)
Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums
With dreadful sound from the next Vale there coms
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiving that the Troups
Of *Nabathites*, *Hethites*, and *Ethiops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Isaacians*, came from every side,
To raise their Siege, and to repell their pride;
Fly for their lives, disordered and dispersst
(Amid the Mountains) so well ordered yerst.
One, in his Cap-case leaves-behinde his Treasure:
To bridle 's horse another hath not leasure;
Another, hungry on the grasse hath set
His break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gone:
Another wins him in plain ground, anon
Hee breaks his neck into a Pit: another
Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
Hee, wretched, dies of th' onely wound of FEAR.
As after tedious and continuall rain,
The honey-Flies haste from their Hives again,
Suck here and there, and bear into their bowr
The sweetest sap of every fragrant flowr:
So from besieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Unto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies:
Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croud, that issueth,
Treads th' unbeleeving Courtier down to death;
So that (at once) even both effects agree
Just with *Elisha*'s holy Prophecie.
From this School comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Ninivite*.
Jonas, begon: hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty)
To *Ninivé*, that greas and wanton City:
Cry day and night, cry out unto them all;
Yet forty dayes, and Ninivé *shall fall.*
But, 'gainst th' Eternall, *Jonas* shuts his ear,
And ships himself to sail another-where:
Wherefore, the Lord (incensed) stretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in sudden fearfull storm.
Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waves
All ropsie-turned by th' *Æolian* slaves,
Do mount & roule: Heav'n warr against the waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earth 's green bulwarks batters:
A sable ayr so muffles-up the Sky,
That the sad Saylers can no light descry:
Or, if some beam break through their pitchy night,
'Tis but drad flashing of the Lightnings light.
Strike, strike our saile (the Master cryes) amain,
Vaile misne and sprit-sail: but hee cryes in vain;
For, in his face the blasts so bluster ay,
That his Sea-gibb'rish is straight born away.
Confused cryes of men dismay'd in minde,
Seas angry noise. loud bellowing of the Winde,
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling
(As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.
The Eastern winde drives on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and shee doth send
(In counter-change) a rain with salty-blend.
Heav'ns (head-long) seem in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All

Against

Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground,
From wave to wave (like *Balloons* windy bound)
While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to see Hels pit profound;
And, then, cast down unto the sandy shole,
Seems from low Hell to see the lofty Pole;
And feeling foes within, and eke without,
As many waves, so many deaths doth doubt.
The billows, beating round about the ship,
Unchauk her keel, and all her seams unrip;
Whereby the waters entring uncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold:
For every Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in; the Master mastered
With dread and danger (threatning every-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doe, or say,
Which wave to meet, or which salt surge to flye;
So yeelds his charge, in Sea to live or dye.
As, many Canons, 'gainst a Castle bent,
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And shake the wall, but yet the latest shock
Of fire-wing'd Bullets batters down the Rock:
So, many mounts, that muster 'gainst this Sail,
With roaring rage doe this poor ship assail:
But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,
With boystrous blasts of angry tempests boln)
Springs the main-mast: the mast with boystrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and sore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-crosse:
One moans himself; one mourns his childrens loss:
One, more then death, this form of death affrights:
Another cals on Heav'ns un-viewed Lights:
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:
Another, thus his deadly fear unfolds:
Curst thirst of gold! O how thou causest care!
My bed of Down I change for hatches bare:
Rather then rest, this stormy war I chose:
T' inlarge my fields, both land and life I lose:
Like peizlesse plume, born-up by *Boreas* breath,
With all these wings I soar, to seek my death,
To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,
Where left I scape it, all these sails I spread.
Then thus another; Sure no winde (quoth hee)
Could raise this Storm; some rarer Prodigie
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cause of all our griefe)
Some *Atheist* dog, some Altar-spoyling thief
Lurks in this ship: come (Mates) by lot let's try
(To save the rest) the man that ought to dy.
'T is I, quoth *Jonas*, I indeed am cause
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flawes
Of this rough Winter; I must sole appease
(By my just death) these wrathfull wrack-full Seas.
Then up they heave him straight, & from the waste
Him suddenly into the Sea they cast.
The King of Windscals home his churlish train,
And *Amphitrité* smooths her front again:
Th' ayrs cloudy Robe returns to Crystall clear,
And smiling Heav'ns bright Torches re-appear
So soon as *Jonas* (to them all appease)
O'r head and ears was soused in the Seas.
Thrice coms hee up, and thrice again goes down
Under the waves (yet hee do wholly drown)
But then hee sinks; and, wretched rould along
The sands, and Oase, and rocks, and mud among,
Thus, thus hee cries with lips of zealous faith;
Mercy, my God, shew mercy, Lord (hee saith).
Then God (who ever bears his childrens with)
Provided straight a great and mighty Fish,
That swilling swallow'd *Jonas* in her womb;
A living Corps layd in a living Toomb.
Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born
By some swift stream into a Weer (forlorn)
Frisks to and fro, aloft and under dives,
Fed with false hope to free their Captive lives:
The Prophet so (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fish, to finde an issue out,
This mighty Fish, of Whale-like hugenesse,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body lesse.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell dost thou correct my faults?
Strange punishment! my body thou bereav'st
Of mother-earth, which to the dead thou leav'st:
Whither thy wrath drives mee, I doe not know;
I am depriv'd of air, yet breath and blow;
My sight is good, yet can I see no sky;
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I;
Resting, I run; for, moving is my Cave:
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.
While thus hee plain'd; the third day on the sand
The friendly Fish did cast him safe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refresht; and rested at an Inne,
Hee seems to flee; and comm to *Ninivè*,
Your sins have reached up to Heav'n (quoth hee):
Wo and alas, woe, woe unto you all:
Yet forty dayes and Ninivè *shall fall.*
Thus *Jonas* preacht: but, soon the Citizens,
Sincerely touchr with sense of their foul sins,
Dispatch (in haste) to Heav'n, *Repentance* sad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Fasting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble brow dares scant behold the skies:
Her sobbing breast is beaten blew and black:
Her tender flesh is rent with rugged sack:
Her head (all hoar'd with hearty sorrows past)
With dust and ashes is all over-cast.
Prayer's head, and sides, and feet are set about
With gawdy wings (like *Joves Arcadian* Scout):
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incense*, *Mummy*, and all rich perfumes.
Fasting (though faint) her face with joy she cheers,
Strong in her weaknesse, yong in aged years;
Quick health 's preserver, curbing *Cupid*'s fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand-Usher of th' Emperial Court)
Ushers these Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Presence*, and them face to face (place;
Before th' All-Monarch 's glorious Throne doth
Where (zealous) prostrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* speaks in Name of all the Three:
God, slow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, sheath again thy vengeance-sword a space.
If at thy beam of Justice thou wilt weigh
The works of men that wander every day:
If thou their metall by that touch-stone try
Which fearfull-sounding from thy mouth doth fly:
If thou shalt summ their sins (which passe the sand)
Before thee, Lord, who shall endure to stand?

Not

Not *Ninive* alone shall perish then
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean:
And even this day shall thy just wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy last Dooms event.
This world to *Chaos* shall again return;
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.
O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites*,
Forgive their sins; and, in their humbled sprites,
From this time forth thy sacred Laws ingrave;
Destroy them not, but daign them Lord to save:
Look not (alas!) what they have been before;
But us regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, unfolds his frowns,
Disarms his arm of Thunder bruising-Crowns,
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,
And mildely grants, in th' instant, their request.

FINIS.

THE

The Decay.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Ambitious bitter fruit, fell Achab *'s Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by JEHU: JEHU*'s line likewise*
Shallum *supplants King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-row, with Wrack of ISRAEL,
Time-suiting Batts: Athalia *Tygresse fell.*
JOASH *well nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde: hee kils his Tutors Son.
ZENACHERIB: *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH:
NABUCHADNEZAR: *Captive* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HUff-puft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam* 's murderer,
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,
Earth 's Enemy, and the Heav'ns Malediction,
O! how much Bloud hath thy respect-lesse Age
Shed in the World! showred on every Age!
O Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiate Thirst,
How many Treasons hast thou hatched yerst!
For, O! what is it that hee dares not doe,
Who th' Helm of Empire doth aspire unto?
Hee (to beguile the simple) makes no bone
To swear by God (for, hee beleeves there's none);
His Sword's his Title; and who scapes the same,
Shall have a Pistoll, or a poysony Dram:
Hee, fear'd of all, feers all; hee breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations:
Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe
The good old man travels to Heav'n so slow:
His own dear Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haste but too fast; are at his heels hee doubts:
Hee passeth to his promis'd Happinesse
Upon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne by stairs
Built of the Sculs of his owne Countries heirs.
Yet thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings
Cover'st such Tyrants (even the shame of Kings)
But, not for nothing dost thou them forbear;
Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,
Thy hands are yron, though thy feet be wooll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro;
The bloud-gain'd Scepter lasts not long (we know):

Nail

Nail driveth Nail : by Tragick deaths device,
Ambitious hearts do play at *Level fice* ;
Prov'd but to plain in both the houses Royall
Of Jacobs Issue, but too-too disloyall ;
As, if thou further with thy grace divine
My Verse and Vows, shall here appear in time.
GOD NOW no longer could support th' excesse
Of *Achab* 's House, whose cursed wickednesse
Was now top-full : and, Dogs already stood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd bloud.
Heav'ns haste their work. Now in tumultuous wise
'Gainst *Achab* 's Son doe his own Souldiers rise ;
Jehu 's their Captain : who foresees, afar,
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War ;
And, politick, doubles his Armies speed
To get before ; yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Joram, surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then
(Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men)
And, chiefly wanting royall fortitude,
Un-kingly yeelds unto the Multitude.
Bold *Nimshai* 's Son, Sir *Jehu*, what 's this Thing?
What mean these Troups ? what would you of the
Where shal the bolt of this black thunder fal (King?
Say, bringst thou Peace? or bringst thou war withall?
Said *Joram*, loud : but, *Jehu* louder saith,
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloudy wars and death.
Then fled the King : and (as a Ship at Sea,
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,
And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compack,
With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack,
Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,
But plies her Oars, and flies into the Road)
Hee jerks his Jades, and makes them scour amain
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.
Which, *Jehu* spying, and well eying too,
As quick resolveth what he bath to doe ;
Cries, Boy, my Bow : then nocks an arrow right,
His left hand meets the head, his breast the right.
As bends his Bow, he bends ; lets goe the string :
Through the thin air the winged shaft doth sing
King *Joram* 's *Dirge* ; and, to speed the more,
Pierces behinde him, and peeps-out before.
The Prince now burt (that had before no heart)
Fals present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart
Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the *Thesbite* said)
The Field of *Naboth* with his bloud beraid :
And *Salem* 's King had also there his due,
For joyning hands with so profane a Crew.
Then the proud Victor leads his loyall Troups
Towards the Court (that all in silence droops) ;
And more for Self-love, then for Gods pure zeale,
Means to dispatch, th' Earths burden, *Jezabel*:
The Queen had inkling : instantly she sped
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head :
The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond,
In various forms cut by a curious hand,
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles :
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles
(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro
The Boughs are waved with the winds that blow.
The upper garment of the stately Queen,
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green ;
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck
The * cangeant colour of a Mallards neck :
'T is figur'd o'r with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beasts, & Insects, creeping Worms, & Neuts,
Of Gold-Smiths Work : a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,
Borders her Robe : and every part descries
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, Startups of green Velvet bee,
Flourisht with silver ; and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented ; butt'ned down the side
With *Orient* Pearls as big as Filberd 's pride.
But, besides all her sumptuous equipage
(Much fitter for her State then for her age)
Close in her Closet, with her best complexions,
Shee mends her Faces wrinkle-full defections,
Her cheek shee cherries, and her Eye shee cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers ;
Whether she thought to snare the Dukes affection;
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers with a Glasse,
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace) :
Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen
(As 't were) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
Chaste Ladie-Maids, here must I speak to you,
That with vile *Painting* spoyl your native hue
(Not to inflame yonglings, with wanton thirst,
But to keep fashion with these times accurst)
When one new ta'en in your seem-beauties snare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his prayer,
At length espies (as who is it but spies ?)
Your painted brests, your painted cheeks and eyes,
His Cake is dough ; God dild you, hee will none ;
Hee leaves his sute, and thus he saith anon :
What shall I doe with such a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would cruciate my life
With jealous pangs ? sith every-way shee sets
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckoos ; with loose, light Attires,
Opens the doore unto all lewd Desires :
And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face,
Closely allures th' Adulterers embrace.
But, judge the best : suppose (saith hee) I finde
My Lady chaste in body and in minde
(As sure I think) : yet, will shee mee respect,
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect ?
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax
Of imperfection ; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid ?
Shall I take her that will spend all I have,
And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave ?
How did I dote ! the Gold upon her head,
The Lillies of her brests, the Rosie-red
In either cheek, and all her other Riches,
Wherewith she bleareth sight, & sense bewitches,
Is none of hers : it is but borrow'd stuff,
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof :
My glorious Idol I did so adore,
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht o'r
With spanling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses :
Fo, phy ; such poysons one would loath to kisse :
I wed (at least, I ween to wed) a Lasse
Yong, fresh, and fair : but in a year (alas !)
Or two, at most ; my lovely lively Bride
Is turn'd a Hag, a Fury by my side ;

With

* A kinde of Christmas playmakers in each hundreth other from his fest. The name same derived from the French *Jeu-vey*, or, in English, Ariseup.

Jehu.

Simile.

Simile.

Jezebel.

Her pride.

* Changeable.

Her pride.

A pitt hee would rather gainst that time (produceth) Court-Opinion.

With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps) (chaps;
With stinking breath, swart cheeks, and hanging
With wrinkled neck; and stopping as she goes,
With driveling mouth, and with a sniveling nose.
The Queen thus pranked, proudly gets her up
(But sadly though) to her guilt Palace top;
And, spying *Jehu*, from the window cride:
Art thou there *Zimri*, cursed Paricide?
Fell matter-killer, canst thou chuse but fear
For like offence, like punishment severe?
Bitch, cryes the *Duke*, art thou there barking still?
Thou Strumpet, Thou art Cause of all this Ill:
Thou brought'st *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin:
Painting and pois'ning first thou brought'st in
To Court and Country, with a thousand mo
Loose *Syrian* vices, which I shame to show.
Thou brought'st-in Wrong, with Rapine and Op-
By Perjury supplanting Mens possession (pression,
And life withall: yea, Thou hast been the Baen
Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleasure slain):
Thou life of strife, thou Horse-leach sent from hell,
Thou Drouth, thou Dearth, thou Plague of *Israel*,
Now shalt thou dy: Grooms (is there none for me?)
Quick, cast her down, down with her instantly,
O tickle Faith! O fickle trust of Court!
The profession of Courtiers.
These Palace-mice, this busie-idle sort
Of fawning Minions, full of sooths and smiles,
These Carpet-Knights had vow'd and sworn yer-
Promis'd, protested unto *Jezabel*, (whiles,
Rav'd, brav'd and bann'd (like *Rodomont* in Hell)
That in her cause they every Man would dy,
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;
Now, yey Fear (shiv'ring in all their bones)
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.
They take their Queen betwixt their traitrous hands,
And hurl her headlong, as the *Duke* commands;
Whose courser, snorting, stamps in stately scorn)
Upon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word
Elijah spake (as Legat of the Lord)
The Dogs about doe greedy feed upon
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion;
And Folk by thousands issuing at the Gate,
To see the sight, cry thus (as glad thereat)
Ses, ses, here Dogs, here Bitches, doe not spare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her subjects bones so bare;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb;
This Whore of *Ba'l*, tear her so small, that well
No man may say, Here lyeth *Jezabel*.
Jehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flow;
Curst *Achab*'s issue hee doth wholly mow:
Hee slayes (moreover) two and forty men
Of *Ahaziah*'s hap-lesse bretheren:
Ba'l's Idol-Clergy hee doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:
Good proofs of zeal. But yet a Diadem,
Desire of Reign, keeps from *Jerusalem*
His service due; content (at home) by halves
To worship God under the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews track too-neet his trace;
And therefore *Shallum* doth un-horse his race:
The murd'rer *Shallum* (after one Months Reign)
By *Menahem* as murd'rously is slain:
The traytor *Menahem*'s wicked-walking Son
By trait'rous *Pekah* unto death is don:
And soon *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah*'s death,
*Hoshea*h 'streason, treason quittanceth;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious, troublous King,
That to Confusion did *Samaria* bring. (ported
Their Towns transf-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, transf-
To a fat Clime (whence never they revetted)
Sojourn in forreign soyl, where *Chobar*'s streams
Serve them for *Jordan*; *Basan*, *Chison* seems:
While *Assur*'s scorn, and scum of *Euphrates*
Dance up and down th' *Isaacian* Palaces,
Drink their best *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their strongest Forts.
But, changing air, these change not mind (in *Jury*).
For, though fierce Lions homicidiall fury
Make them retire under th' Almighties wing,
Their Country-gods with the true God they ming:
They mix his Service, plow with Asse and Oxe,
Disguise his Church in suits of Flax and Flocks,
Cast (in one wedge) Yron and Gold together:
Jew-Gentiles, both at once: but, both is neither.
There is a Tale, that once the Hoast of Birds, Tale of the Bat.
And all the Legions of Grove-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiously did strive,
And counter-plead for the Pretogative:
Now, while the Judge was giving audience,
And either side in their seem-Rights defence
Was hot and earnest at the noise-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* stood fluttering still afar:
But shee no sooner heats the Sentence past
On the Beasts side; but, shuffling her in haste
Into their Troup, shee them accompanieth,
Shows her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cause was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature*'s Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flies the shame-lesse *Bat*
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
Shee seems to sing: and, proud of wings, shee playes
With nimble turns, & flies a thousand waies. (cride,
Hence, beak-less-Bird; hence, winged-Beast, they
Hence, plume-less wings (thus, scorn her either side)
Hence, Harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;
Be still Day's Prisoner in thy shame-full hole:
May never Sun (vile Monster) shine on thee;
But th' hate of all, for ever, mayst thou be.
Such is this People: for, in plenteous show'rs Application
When God his blessings upon *Isaak* pow'rs.
Then are they *Isaak*'s Sons: but, if with thunder
Hee, wrath-full, tear the *Hebrew* Tree in sunder,
These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the fruit;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they persecute.
And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde
Takes every Seal, and sails with every Winde;
Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall Motion,
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit or Promotion:
Those that, to ease their Purse, or please their Prince,
Pern *their Profession, their Religion mince:*
Prince-Protestants, *Prince*-Catholiks; Precise,
With Such *a Prince; with others otherwise:*
Yea, oldest Gangrens *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* Kings Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And those Scene-servers *that so loud have cride*
'*Gainst* Prelats *sweeping in their silken* Pride,

Their wilfull Dumbnesse, *forcing others dumb*
(To Sion *'s grievous Losse, and gain of* Rome*)*
Their Courting, Sporting *and* Non-residence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloth *and* Negligence:
Till some fat Morsels in their mouths doe fall;
And then, as choakt, *and sudden* chang'd *with-all,*
Themselves exceed in all of these, much more
Then the Right-Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And those Chamæleons *that consort their* Crew;
In Turky, *Turks: among the* Jews, *a Jew:*
In Spain, *as Spain: as* Luther, *on the* Rhine:
With Calvin *here: and there with* Bellarmine:
Loose, with the Lewd: *among the gracious, grave:*
With Saints, & Saint: and among Knaves, a Knave.
But all such Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warm *Lovers will the* Bride-groom *spue*
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath spoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy case:
This Sea of Mischiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and so domineers;
It drowns my soule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miseries
Already past; your Fathers Tragedies.
But (O!) I dy; when in the sacred Item
Of royall JUDA, in *Jerusalem*,
I see fell Discord, from her loathsom Cage,
To blow her poyson with ambitious rage;
Sion to swim in bloud; and *Achab* 's Daughter
Make *David's* House the Shambles of her slaughter.
Cursed *Athaliah* (shee was called so)
Knowing her Son, by *Nimshi* 's Son, his foe
(For *Joram* 's sake) to be dispatcht; disloyall,
On th' holy Mount usurps the Scepter Royall;
And, fearing lest the Princes of the Bloud
Would one-day rank her where of right she should,
Shee cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, destroyes
Not sparing any, either great or small; (them all,
No, not the infant in the Cradle lying
Help-lesse (alas!) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs unknown);
No (O extreme!) shee spareth not her own.
Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd here
A goodly Heifer, there a lusty Steer,
There a strong Bull (too-weak for him by halfe)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory survey;
The grasse all goary, and the Heard-groom up
Shiv'ring for fear upon a-pine-Trees top:
So swelleth shee, so growes her proud Despight;
Nor Aw, now Law, nor Faith shee reaks, nor Right.
Her Cities are so many Groves of Thieves;
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaste-one lives;
Her greatest Lords (giv'n all, to all excesse)
In stead of Prophets in their Palaces
Have Lectures read of Lust and Surfeting,
Of Murder, Magick, and Impoisoning.
While thus she builds her tott'ring Throne upon
Her childrens bones *Jehosheba* saves one,
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioash*, from the pile
(As when a Fire hath fiercely rag'd awhile
In some fair House, the avaricious Dame
Saves som choice Casquet from the furious flame)
Hides him, provides him; and, when as the Sun
Six times about his Larger Ring hath run,
Jehoiada, her husband, brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;
Saying; Behold, O Chiefs of *Juda*, see,
See here your Prince, great *David's* Progeny,
Your right full King: if mee you credit light,
Beleeve this Face, his Fathers Picture right;
Beleeve these Priests, which saw him from the first,
Brought to my house, there bred, and fed, and nurs't.
In so just Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud;
Venge *Obed* 's bloud on strangers guilty-bloud:
Shake-off, with shouts, with fire & sword together,
This Womans yoke, this Furie 's bondage rather.
Then shout the People with a common cry,
Long live King Joash; *long, and happily:*
God save the King: God save the noble seed
Of our true King; and as may They succeed.
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving sort
Towards the Troup; and spying there anon
The sweet young *Prince* set on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band;
Ah! Treason, Treason, then shee cryes aloud:
False *Joada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,
Thou shalt abide it: O thou House profane!
I'll lay thee levell with the ground again:
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kinglings Part
On such a Kixey stage; but, quickly stript,
With wiery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt;
And so, goe see thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that badst not them Farewell.
But suddenly the Guard layes hold on her,
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,
Out of the sacred Temple; and, with scorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.
Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth seal
Th' obedient People to their bounteous Prince;
And both, to God; by joynt obedience.
Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame
By witty usage; but if once it hap
Hee get som Grove, or thorny Mountains top,
Then plays hee *Rex*: tears, kils, and all consumes,
And soon again his savage kind assumes:
So *Joash* while good *Joada* survives,
For Piety with holy *David* strives;
But, hee once dead, walking his Fathers wayes,
(Ingrately-false) his Tutors son hee slayes.
Him therefore shortly his own servants slay;
His Son, soon after, doth them like repay;
His People, him again: then *Amaziah*
Uzziah follows, *Joatham Uzziah*.
As one same ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell seed;
Baen-baening Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock toos
The fragrant Rose, and the strong-senting Rue:
So, from the Noblest Houses oft there springs
Some monstrous Princes, and some vertuous Kings;
And

And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line
Doth oft the god-lesse with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace
Tyrants the more, by their own proper Race.
Ahaz, betwixt his Son and *Jothan*
(Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezechiah*, plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
(Hee good, they bad) as 'twixt two Thorns a Rose,
Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes.
For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine.
And, as wee see from out the sev'rall Seat
Of th' ASIAN Princes, self-surnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,
And if lesse *Great*, more glorious *Persian*)
Araxis, *Chesel*, *Volga*, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, doe flow,
Falling at once into the *Caspian* Lake (make:
With all their streams his streams so proud to
So, all the Vertues of the most and best
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,
Stout in Exploiting, Just in Governing;
Un-pust in Sun-shine, un-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore bravely hee repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay un-daunted) in his Gods behalf
Hazzards at once his Scepter and himself. reigne
For, though (for Neighbours) round about him
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain)
Though Godlings, here of wood, and there of stone,
A Brazen here, and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his mind astray:
Though *Assur*'s Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and utterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that ev'n the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Lebanon* they never since could see:
Yet, EZECHIAH serves not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrants fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away;
But, godly-wise, well-knowing that Delay
Gives leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;
Hee first of all sets-up th' Almightie's Throne:
And under that; then, hee erects his own.
Th' establishing of Gods pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Reigne. (pashes,
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down hee
Fels th' hallow'd groves, burns th' Idol-gods to ashes.
Which his own Father serv'd; and, *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold blinde fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controuls the Word, and (in a word) is not
In his own fashion to serve God, or not)

Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill;
Much lesse permits hee (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one sign to stand
Of *Idolism* or idle Superstition
Blindly brought-in, without the *Word's Commission*.
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough-*Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not recompence:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,
Who honours them that truly honour him,
To EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, as his Confederate:
His Quarrel's His, Hee hates who him doe hate,
His fame Hee bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortality:
To *Gath* Hee guideth his victorious Troup,
Hee makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* Hee razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drown'd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Addes to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.
Yea, furthermore, 'tis Hee that him with-draws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend (end;
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made all to quake (ev'n at his name) for fear.
Already were the *Cœlo-Syrian* Towr's
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assrian* Powr's:
And, of all Cities where th' *Israelians* reign'd,
Onely the great *Jerusalem* remain'd;
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,
Thus braves the *Hebrews* and upbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full threats to snib)
Thus saith th' Almighty, great *Zenacherib*:
O *Salem*'s Kingling, wherefore art thou shut
In these weak walls? is thine affiance put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceit full prop!
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt's a staffe of Reed; which, broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans there-on.
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robb'd on every side
Of his High-places, hallow'd-Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call)
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keep'st him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark?
Will Hee (can Hee) take *Sion*'s part and Thine;
And with his Foes will Hee unjustly joyn?
No (wretched) know, I have His Warrant too
(Expresse Commission) what I have to doe:
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand
Against the pow'r of my victorious hand:

I execute the counsails of the Lord:
I prosecute his vengeance on th' abhorr'd
Profaners of his Temples: and, if Hee
Have any Pow'r, 'tis all conferr'd to mee.
Yeeld therefore, *Ezechia*, yeeld; and waigh
Who I am; who thou art: and by delay
Blow not the Fire which shall consume the quite,
And utterly confound the *Israelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, against my pow'r could stand,
Or save their cities from my mightier hand? (com?
Where's *Hamath*'s God? where's *Arpad*'s God be-
Where *Sephervaim*'s God? and where (in summ)
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iva* too?
Have I not Conquer'd all? So will I doe
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I'll have your *Manna*, and your *Aron*'s *Rod*,
I'll have the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God shall in the Roule be read
Among the Gods that I have Conquered;
I'll have it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to us.
Scarce had hee done, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple; fears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.
O King of All, but Ours, especially;
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Pierceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in out hearts in-most folds,
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hear'st the barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against us so much his threats are meant,
As against Thy Greatnesse; whom hee (proudly-rude)
Yokes with the Godlings which hee hath subdu'd.
'Tis true indeed hee is a mighty Prince,
Whose numbrous Arms, with furious insolence,
Have over-born as many as with-stood,
Made many a Province even to swim in bloud,
Burnt many a Temple; and (insatiate still)
Of neighbour Gods have wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are those? Gods void of Beeing
(Save, by their hands that serve them) Gods un-see-
New-up-start Gods, of yester-dayes device; ing,
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Rust, Fire, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,
Th' All-seeing GOD, the Everlasting ONE:
And, whoso dares him 'gainst thy Pow'r oppose,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blows,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his massie Root:
Who but mis-speaks of thee, hee spets at Heav'n,
And his owne spettle in his face is driven.
Lord, shew thee such: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence;
Cleer thine own name of blame: let him not thus
Triumph of Thee, in triumphing of us:
But, let there (Lord) unto thy Church appear
Just Cause of Joy, and to thy Foes of fear.
God hears his Cry, and (from th' Emperial Round)
Hee wrathfull sends a winged Champion down;
Who, richly arm'd in more then humane Arms
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms,
Thrice-three-score thousand, & five thousand more
Feld round about; beside, behinde, before.
Here, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much unlike unto a fire in stubble,
Which, sodain spreading, stil the flame doth double,
And with quick succour of some Southern blasts
Crick-crakling quickly all the Country wastes.
Here the stiff storm, that from his mouth he blows
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes;
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Floud
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;
Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash o'r-whelm;
And from the top, down to the vale below,
The Mount is dis-mantled and even shamed, so.
Here, with a Sword (such as that sacred blade
For the Bright Guard of *Eden*'s entry made)
Hee hacks, he heaws; and sometimes with one blow
A Regiment hee all at once doth mow:
And, as a Cannon's thundry roaring Ball,
Batt'ring one Turret shakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing flashes of this Sword so quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike.
Here, with his hands hee strangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings dis-thrones!
O Army-shaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-tossing Tempest! All-consuming Brands!
O, let some other (with more sacred fire,
Then I, inflam'd) into my Muse inspire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrow,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little know:
I but admire it in confused sort;
Conceive I cannot; and, much lesse report.
Come-on, *Zenacherib*: where's now thine Hoast?
Where are thy Champions? Thou didst lately boast,
Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Souldiers,
As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns have Stars:
Now, th' art alone: and yet, not all alone:
Fear and Despair, and Fury wait upon
Thy shame-full Flight: but, bloudy Butcher, stay:
Stay, noysom Plague, fly not so fast away,
Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin: that foul brest of thine
Shall not be honor'd with such wounds divine:
Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease;
No: Tyrants use not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirsted, they are drown'd in bloud;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
For (O just Judgement!) so, thy Sons (yer-long)
At *Nisroch*'s Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their own Father, sheath their either sword
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine own bloud among thy Sacrifices.

Prayer, the Refuge of the godly.

Miraculous Slaughter of the Assyrians.

Simile.

Simile.

Simile.

Zenacherib slain by his own Sons.

Isaiah's friends.

This Miracle is shortly seconded
By one as famous, and as strange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavie hand to smite
King *Ezechiah*; who, in dolefull plight,
Upon his bed lies vexed grievously,
Sick of an Ulcer past all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and illue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers sadly wails a-part
His losse and Lord: Death, in a mourn-full sort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court;
And, in the City, seems in every Hall
T'have light a Taper for his Funerall.

The prophet speaks.

Then *Amos'* Son, his bed approaching, pours
From plentious lips these sweet & golden show'rs;
But that I know, you know the Lawes Divine,
But that your Faith so every-where doth shine,
But that your Courage so confirm'd I see;
I should, my Liege, I should not speake so free;
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You must prepare to make your Testament:
That your Desease shall have the upper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth stand.

A comfortable vibration of the flesh.

What? fears my Lord? Know you not here beneath
Wee alwayes sail towards the Port of Death;
Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified?
That 't is decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,
That (of necessity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of us must (in our turn) drink up?
That Death 's no pain, but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to ascend?
That Death's the death of all our storms and strife,
And sweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thousand dearths wee slay:
There-by, we rise from body-Toomb of Clay,
There-by, our Soules feast with celestiall food,
There-by, we come to th' Heav'nly Brother-hood,
There-by, w' are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behold Gods beauties bright.

The Prophet ceast: and soon th' *Isaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and sense,
Unto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:
And, sorrow-torn, thus (to himselfe) he cries:

A prayer for a sick Person, worthy remembrance.

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy just *Justice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy strength destroy a silly-one,
Weakned and wasted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with sincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?
O! shall the good thy servant had begun
For *Sion*, rest now by his death undon?
O! shall a Pagan After-king restore
The Groves and Idols I have raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childeless? shall thine Heritage
In vain expect that glorious golden Age
Under thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Some space of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death rejoyce.

The Kings Prayer heard and his life prolonged 15. years.

Then said the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy sighes and tears and prayers so besiege
The throne of pitty, that, as pierc't with-all,
Thy smiling Health God yeeldeth to re-call,
Wilt, to his Temple (three daies hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,
Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial's* shadow shall here back-ward go.

The Sun goes back.

His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct
(Life's-guider, Day's-divider, Sun's-consorter,
Shadow's dull shifter, and Time's dumb reporter)
Puts-up-again his passed hours (perforce)
And back-ward goes against his wonted course.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple morn
Seems that long day to brandish and adorn:
Sol goes, and coms; and, yet that in the Deep
Of *Atlas* shade hee lay him down to sleep,
His bright, light-winged, gold-shod wheels do cut
Three times together in the self-same rut.

Lord! what are we? or, what is our deserving!
That, to confirm our Faith (so prone to swerving)
Thou daign'st to shake heav'ns solid Orbs so bright;
Th' Order of Nature to dis-order quite?
To make the Sun's Teem with a swift slow pase,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to dispell the Night so blindely-black,
Which fiels our souls, thou mak'st the shade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as self-un-stable,
Seem'st to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine own Dooms (tost in unsteddy storm)
And, to reform us, thine own speech reform;
To give thy Self the Lie: and (in a word)
As Self-blam'd, softly to put-up thy Sword?

Similes.

Thrice glorious God! thrice great! thrice gracious!
Here-in (O Lord) thou seem'st to deal with us,
As a wise Father, who with tender hand
Severely shaking the correcting Wand,
With voyce and gesture seems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed hee doth not mean to beat;
But, by his curb of fained Rigour, aims
To awe his Son: and so him oft reclaims.

This Prince no sooner home to Heav'n returns,
But *Israel* back to his vomit turns;
Him re-bemires: and, like a head-strong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a strange Revolt.
And, though *Josias* Heav'n-dear Prince (who young
Coms wisely-old, to live the older long)
Had re-advanc't the sacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion* 's Wall (all ready to decline)
With his own back; and, in his happy Reign,
The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again:
Yet *Jacob* 's Heirs strive to resemble still
A stiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way some stub, for rub, that stops
The speed a space; but instantly it hops,
It over-jumps; and stayes not, though it stumble,
Till to the botom up-side-down it tumble.

Similes.

With puissant Hoast proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Juda* with the worst of War:
His Camp comes marching to *Jerusalem*,
And her old Wals in a new Wall doth hem.
The busie-Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th' other, Trowels hold:
Nor selder strikes with blades then hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged 's shock to bear,
Who seem a swarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among their Foes, and humming round about,
To spet their spight against their Enemies,
With poysonie Darts, in noses, brows, and eyes.

Nebuchadnezzar besieges Jerusalem.

Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Juda* twice
With brittle plates of crystall-crusted Ice,
Twice glased *Jordan*; and the Sappy-blood
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwig'd the Wood,
Since the first siege: What? said the younger sort,
Shall wee grow old, about a feeble Fort?
Shall wee (not Martial, but more Mason-skild)
Shall wee not batter Towrs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrew* in his sumptuous Chamber
Disports himselfe, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall wee, swelting for Heat, shiv'ring for Cold,
Here, far from home, lie in a stinking Hold?
Shall time destroy us? shall our proper sloath
Annoy us more then th' *Hebrews* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour, fault,
Through length of Siege; but let us to th' Assault.
Let 's win 't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impossible to *Chaldean* courages.
Contented, said the King: brave Bloods away,
Go seek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their brests brave *Honor's* Thirst began:
Mee thinks, I see stout *Nabuzaradan* — Nabuzaradan
Already trouping the most resolute
Of every Band, this plot to prosecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way upon his back:
But, the brave Prince cleaves quicker then the rest
His slender Firr-poles, as more prow's-full prest.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together;
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
This Ladder, slippery plac't, doth slide from under: — A Scalade.
That, over-sloap, snaps in the midst asunder;
And souldiers, falling, one another kill
(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill, — Simile.
Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,
Shivers it selfe on stones it under-grindes):
Some, rashly climb'd (not wont to climb so high)
With giddy brains swim headlong down the Sky:
Some over-whelm'd under a Mil-stone-storm,
Lose, with their life, their living bodies form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe
Bears off a Mountain and a Forrest large
Of Stones and Darts, that flie about his ears;
His teeth do gnash, he threats, he sweats, & swears:
As steady there, as on the ground hee goes;
And there, though weary, hee affronts his Foes,
Alone; and halfly-hanging in the ayr,
Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair:
Uptight he rears him, and his Helmet brave
(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)
Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th' whole Citie with the shade of it.
Then, as halfe Victor, and about to venter
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;
With his bright Gauntlet's scaly fingers bent
Grasping the coping of the battlement,
His hold doth fail, the stones un-fastned, fall
Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) hee with-all:
Yet, hee escapes, and gets again to shoar;
Thanks to his strength: but, to his courage more.
Now here (mee thinks) I heat proud *Nergal* rave: — Nergal.
In War (quoth hee) Master or March to have,
By *Mars* I scorn; yea, *Mars* himselfe in Arms;
And all the Gods with all their braving storms.
O' wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat;
Gods, do your worst; with all your batt'ries beat:
If I begin, in spight of all your powrs
I'll scale your Wals, I'll take your Crystall Towrs.
Thus spewd the Curre; and (as hee spake) withall
Climbs up the steepest of a dreadfull Wall,
With his bare-feet on roughest places sprawling,
With hook-crookt hãds upon the smoothest craw-
As a fell Serpent, which som Shepheard-lad (ling. — Simile.
On a steep Rock encounters gladly-sad,
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,
With wriggling pace doth still approach his Foe,
And with a Hiss, a frisk, and flashing eye,
Makes suddenly his faint Assailer flie:
Even so the Duke, with his fierce countenance,
His thundring-voice, his Helms bright radiance,
Drives *Pashur* from the Wals and *Jucal* too
(A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe;
Braver in Counsail then in Combat, far)
With *Sephatiah*, tinder of this War;
And *Malchy*, hee that doth in Prison keep
Under the ground (a hundred cubits deep)
Good *Jeremy*, an instrument, alone
Inspir'd with breath of th' everliving ONE.
Let's fly, cryes *Pashur*: fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no weight can fell.
What force can front, or who encounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* speeds his Victory too-fast,
His hooks dis-pointed, disappoint his haste;
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) hee did his own surmize.
Hee swears & tears: (what should? what could hee
He cannot up, nor will he down, therefore. (more?)
Unfortunate! and vainly-valiant!
Hee 's fain to stand like the *Funambulant* — Simile.
Who seems to tread the air, and fall hee must,
Save his Self's weight him counter-poyseth just;
And save the Lead, that in each hand hee bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to see him; weening nothing stranger
Then Art to master Nature, lucre danger.
At last, though loath (full of despight and rage)
Hee slideth down into a horrid hedge,
Cursing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the disgrace, then for the hurt hee had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right
The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight) — Mines and Counter-mines.
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Sangarnebo seeks under ground his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Designes,
With-in the Town against him counter-mines
Courageously, and still proceedeth on,
Till (resolute) hee bring both Works to one;
Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Become the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.
As the selfe-swelling Badgerd, at the bay
With boldest Hounds (inured to that Fray) — Simile.
First at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes:
The Angry Beast to his best chamber flies,
And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning.

S

So fare these Miners; whom I pittie must,
That their bright valour should so darkly joust.
While hotly thus they skirmish in the vault,
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely hither brought
A Dry-fat, sheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)
Save at one end, where nothing out should pass;
Which (having first his *Jewish* Troups retir'd;
Just in the mouth of th' enter-Mine hee fir'd:
The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:
As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).
Now *Rabshakeh* (as busie) other-where
A rowling Towr against the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or highest stage) of it
A flying Bridge to reach the Courtin fit,
With Pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On every story for his Mens defence.
On th' other side, the Towns-men are not slow
With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe:
Now, at the wooden side, then at the front,
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,
With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalarikes* they play,
To fire their Fortresse, and their Men to slay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stiffly stretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.
While thus they deale; *Sephriah*, desperate,
Him secretly out of the City gat,
And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiously hee doth himselfe bestir,
That with the same the walking Fort hee fires:
The cruell flame so to the top aspires,
That (maugre bloud, shed from above in slaughter,
And, from below, continuall spouting Water)
It parts the fray: stage after stage it catches, (ches:
And th' half-broild Souldiers headlong down it fet-
The King (still constant against all extremes)
To press them neerer yet, with mighty beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,
And covers it, with three-fold shelter all;
The Timber (first) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Wool-sacks (wch all Shot derides).
As th' Aire exhaled by the fiery breath
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the tresses of a tufted Plain,
Pours-down at-once both Fire, and Hail, and Rain:
So all at once the *Isaacian* Souldiers threw
Flouds Flames and Mountains on these Engins new:
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels;
The Mounts, the Wooll; the drowning Flouds the
There-under (safe) the Ram with yron horn, (Fels.
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The broistrous Trepane, and steel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Here, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs ready ev'n to fall:
There a vast-Engine thundreth upside-down
The feeble Courtin of the sacred Town.
If you have bin, where, you have seen somwhiles,
How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-cast Current of the raging Sea;

Swift-ebbing streams bear to the Sea the sound,
Eccho assisteth, and with shrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coast about trembles for fear and wonder;
Then have you heard and seen the Engins beating
On Sion's Wals, and her foundations threatning.
In fine, the *Chaldees* take *Jerusalem*,
And reave for ever *Juries* Diadem.
The smoaky burning of her Turrets steep
Seems ev'n to make the Sun's bright eye to weep:
And wretched *Salem*, buri'd (as it were)
Under a heap of her own Children dear,
For lack of friends to keep her Obsequies,
Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies:
Her massie Ruines, and her Cinders show
Her Wealth and Greatnesse yer her over-throw.
A sudden horror seizeth every-eye
That views the same: and every Passer-by
(Yea, were hee *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Must needs, for pitty of so sad a Sight,
Bestow some tears, some swelling sighs, or groanes
Upon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich) (screech:
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-lesse Owles doe
The sacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of wonders, now a heap of stone:
The House of God (*the holiest-holy-Place*)
Is now the house of Vermin vile and base:
The Vessels, destin'd unto sacred use,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse:
None scapeth wounds, if any scape with life:
The Father's rest of Son, the Man of Wife:
Jacob's exil'd: *Juda*'s no more in *Jury*,
But (wretched) sighs under the *Chaldean* fury.
Their King in chains, wth shame & sorrow thrill'd,
Before his face sees all the fairest pill'd;
Yea, his own Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
Whose love and beautie did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Souldiers, ravisht in his sight.
O Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
(About his neck still hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they us?
O, must wee serve their base and beastly Lusts?
Shall they dissolve our Virgin-zones? Shall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Maiden-May*,
Our spot-lesse Flowr, so carefully preserv'd
For som great Prince, that mought have us deserv'd?
O Hony-dropping Hils wee yerst frequented,
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
Delicious Gardens of dear *Israel*;
Hils, Gardens, Vales, wee bid you all fare-well:
Wee (will-wee-nill-wee) hurried hence, as slaves,
Must now, for *Cedron*, sip of *Tygris* waves;
And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)
For Hackney-Jades be sold in every Fayr;
And (O hearts horror!) see the shame-lesse Foe
Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.
All-sundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!
Which (mercy-less) do SION's Wrack conspire,
Why spare you us, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)
In leaving ours, then reaving others lives?
Your pity's pity-lesse, your Pardon Torture:
For, quick dispatch had made our sorrows shorter;
But

* Instruments of Warre-as wildfire is put.

But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
Makes us, alive, to dye a thousand deaths.
For, O dear Husband, dearest Lord, can wee,
Can wee survive, absented quite from Thee,
And slaves to those whose talk is nothing else
But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israels*?
Can wee (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed
(With cunning-cost rare-richly furnished)
For th' ugly Cabbin and the louzie Couch
Of some base Ruffor, or some beastly Slouch?
Can wee, alas! can wretched wee (I say)
Wee whose commands whole kingdoms did obay,
Wee at whose beck even Princes knees did bend,
Wee on whose Train there dayly did attend
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids* of *Honour*
(Kneeling about us in the humblest manner)
To dresse us neat, and duly every Morn
In silk and gold our Bodies to adorn;
Dresse others now? work, on disgrace-full frame
(Weeping the while) our SION's wofull flame?
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mils? & hold
Brooms in our hands, for Scepter-Rods of gold?
Come, Parrats come, y' have prated now enough
(The Pagans cry in their insulting ruff)
On *Chalde* shoars you shall goe sigh your fill,
You must with us to *Babel*: there at will
You may bewail: there, this shall be your plight,
Our Maids by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And as they spake, the shame-less lust-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the wofull King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of most despight,
Even in their Father's and their Husbands sight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vain accuse,
In vain hee raves, in vain hee roars and rews:
Even as a Lion pris'ned in his grate,
Whose ready dinner is hereft of late,
Roars hideously; but his fell furie-storm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* do yet farther pass:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They massacre his miserable seed.
O! said the Prince, can you lesse pitcous be
To these Self-yeelders (prostrate at your knee)
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out?
Alas! what have they done? what could they doe
To urge revenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poore silly Babes, under the Nurses wing,
Have they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King?
Have they sweer Infants, that yet cannot speake,
Broke faith with you? Have these so young & weak,
Yet in their Cradle in their Clouts, bewayling
Their woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, unfailing)
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Have these that yet do craul
Upon all foure, and cannot stand, at all,
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,
Frust'red your Rams, fired your flying Towrs?
And, bravely sallying in your face (almost)
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast?
O! no *Chaldeans*, onely I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:
I foyld your Troops: I fill'd your sacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your bloud.
Turn therefore, turn your bloudy Blades on-mee;
O! let these harm-less Little-ones go free;
And stain not with the bloud of Innocents
Th' immortall *Trophees* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Rephean* Mountains quake
Under your feet: so ever may you make
South, East, and West your own: on every Coast
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast:
So, to your Wives be you thrice welcom home,
And to God bless your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,
Your selves (at home) with hoary haires in Peace.
But as a Rock, 'gainst wch the Heav'ns do thuder,
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth under,
Yeelds not a jot: no more this savage Crew;
But rather, muse to finde-out Tortures new.
Here, in (his sight) these cruell *Lestrigons*
Between them take the eldest of his Sons,
Wth keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,
One gobbet here, another there they streaw.
And from the veins of dead-live limbs (alas!)
The spirit-full bloud spins in his Father's face.
There, by the heels his second Son they take,
And dash his head against a Chimneys back;
The scull is pasht in pieces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, against a stony Rock:
The scatter'd batter'd brains about besmeard,
Some hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.
Last, on himselfe their savage furie flies,
And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun hee loses, and an end-less night
Be-clouds for ever his twin-balled sight:
Hee sees no more, but feels the woes hee bears;
And now for crystall, weeps hee crimsin tears,
For, so God would (and justly too, no doubt)
That hee which had in *Juda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, should lose his sight;
And that his body should be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (said hee) satiate your Thirst,
Swill, swill your fill of bloud, untill you burst:
O! broach mee not with Bodkin but with Knife;
O! reave mee not my bodie's light, but life:
Give mee the sight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barb'rous deed dispatch,
Yet I had seen me an unsceptred Wretch,
My Cities sackt, my wealthy subjects pill'd,
My Daughters ravisht, and my Sons all kill'd?
Or else, why stayd you not till I had seen
Your (beast-like) Master grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conspiring to supplant your Throne:
And *Babel*'s glory utter overthrowne?
Then had my soule with Fellow-Fals been ease'd:
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O rageful Tyrants! moody Monsters, see,
See here my Case; and see your selves in mee.
Beware contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aspiring Towrs
(But mildely pardon, and permit secure
Poor Cottages that lye below obscure)

Who

Who Pride abhor; who lift us up so high,
To let us fall with greater infamie.
Th' Almighty sports him with our Crowns and us;
Our glory stands so fickle-founded thus
On slippery wheels, already rowling down:
He gives us not, but onely shews the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleasure, and our Honour too
(Wherat the Vulgar make so much adoe)
Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,
Seems as a glasse. bright-shining, but soon broken.
Thrice-happy Hee, whom with his sacred arm,
Th' Eternall props against all Haps of Harm;
Who hangs upon his providence alone,
And more prefers GOD's Kingdom then his own.
So happy be great BRITAINE Kings (I pray)
Our Soveraigne JAMES, *and all his Seed for ay;*
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundred mo*
Good, faithfull STUARTS *(in successive row)*
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,
Sincere to Vertue, *and severe to* Vice;
That not alone These Dayes *of Ours may shine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRUTH divine,
And Wee (illightned with her sacred rayes)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Service to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practise of all Christian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till
Time be no more) may be conducted *still*
By the same Cloud *by day, and* Fire *by night*
(Through this vast Desart *of the World's despight)*
Towards their Home *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for us yet the World began:*
*That they with us, and wee (*complete*) with them*
May meet triumphant *in* JERUSALEM;
With-in whose Pearly Gates and Jasper Wals
(Where th' Holy LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptials,
Where needs no shining of the Sun or Moon;
For, Gods own face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Where shall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;
For God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes).
Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean,
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obscene,
No Witch, no Witton; no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No wicked-liver, neither wilfull Lyer:
These are without, *in* Tophet *'s end-lesse Fire.*
Yet such as these (or some of these, as least)
Wee all have been: in som-what all have must
(And, had wee broken but one Precept *sole,*
The Law *reputes us guilty of the whole):*
But, wee are washed, *in the* Sacred-Floud;
But, wee are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Bloud;
But, by the Spirit, *we now are* sanctifi'd;
And, through the Faith *in* JESUS, justifi'd.
Therefore no more let us our selves defile,
No more returne unto our vomit vile,
No more profane us with Concupiscence,
Nor spot the garment of our Innocence:
But, constant in our Hope, *fervent in* Love
(As even al-ready converlant Above)
Proceed wee cheerly in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,
Towards That City *of heart-bound-lesse* Blisse
Which CHRIST *hath purchast with his bloud, for his:*
To whom, with FATHER, *and the* SPIRIT, *therefore*
Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen
Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. *Quad.* 5.

Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus; This GOD by mee hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doe.

D.O.M.S.

GUILIELMO SALUSTIO
POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIUM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTUTIS DULCI

DOCTOQ.

CUJUS MONUMENTA DOCUMENTA
POSTERIS FUTURA SUNT:
QUI MUSAS EREPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBUS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBUS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBUS

IMBUIT,

VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BUS EXUVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI.

A. MM. PP.

HIs, fateor, nemo exuviis inscribere honorem,
Aut Pater Aonii debuit ipse chori:
Gratia sed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,
Neu videar mœstas non maduisse genis;
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.
Et titulus saltem esto, BONA SUPER AETHERA FAMA
NOTUS, EGET NULLO, QUI JACET HIC, TITULO.

Jac. Lectius.

TO MY EVER-MOST HONOURED MISTRESSE, MISTRESSE ESSEX, VVIFE TO THE Right worthie, *William Essex* of Lamborn, Esquire; and eldest Daughter of the right valiant, and Nobly-descended Sir *Walter Harecourt* of Stanton-Hare-court, Knight Baron of Ellen-Hall.

VIt's Beatue's, Vertue's *perfect Quintessence*
(Yet grac't in Soule *with more Divine* perfection)
Grace, with a glance of your milde Eye's reflection,
This humble Pledge of Zeal *and* Reverence:
Which (as the Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where shee hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)
My thankfull Muse *(who you like* Duty *oweth)*
Here consecrates *to your dear excellence.*
Dear ESSEX *here (to make your* Faith *apparant*
Unto the Faithfull, and confirm the same)
Embrace (I pray) the Faith of ABRAHAM
Offering his Isaac *(on th' Almighties warrant):*
So shall th' Imputer *of his* Righteousnesse
Impute you yours; and your young Isaac's *blesse.*

Your Vertue's

ever-vowed Servant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO VERTUES PATTERNE, AND BEAUTIES PARAGON, MISTRESSE

JONE ESSEX: now VVife to the right worthie *William Anderson*, Esquire (second Sonne of the late Lord *Anderson*) and only Sister of the Honourably-descended WILLIAM ESSEX of Lamborn ESQUIRE.

URANIA (*noblest of the learned* NINE)
Comming from Heav'n, to call my Muse from Earth,
From Loves loose Sonnets, and lascivious Mirth;
In sacred WEEKS *to sing the Works divine:*
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Line,
For sweet Companion picks you only forth
(As best resembling her self's grace and worth)
Dear Beauties best, Wits wonder, Vertue's shrine.
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane soule.
(Whose lovely smiles set coldest hearts a-fire:
But, instantly, with modest brows controule
Th' aspiring hope of any bold desire)
Daign t' entertain in your milde gracefull manner
This Heav'nly Mayd, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Your Vertues

humble Votary,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

URANIA,

Or, The HEAVENLY MUSE.

1

SCarce had the *Aprill* of mine Age begun,
When brave desire t' immortalize my Name,
Did make mee (ott) Rest and Repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned *Frame*.

2

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Upon a crosse-way, stops in sudden doubt;
And, 'mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his Feet doth scout:

3

Among the many flowry paths that lead
Up to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I stood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4

One while I sought, the *Greekish-Scene* to dress
In *French* disguise: in loftier stile anon
T' imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloudy Gests,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycana*, and proud *Ilion*.

5

Anon, I sacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countries Storie; and, condemning much
The common error, rather took in hand
To make the *Mein French*, then the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

6

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praise
Th' un-worthy Prince; and so, with gold & glorie,
T' inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,
Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

7

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wag-Son to sing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-sweet,
That *Too-much Love* to the best Wits doth bring;
Theam, for my Nature and mine age, too-meet.

8

While to and fro thus (tossed by *Ambition*)
Yet un-resolved of my Course, I rove;
Lo, suddenly a sacred Apparition;
Some Daughter (thinke I) of supernall *Jove*.

9

Angelicall her gesture and her gait;
Divinely-sweet her speech and countenance;
Her *Nine*-fold Voice did choicely imitate
Th' harmonious Musick of Heav'ns nimble Dance.

10

Upon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,
Seven-double-folded, moving diversly;
And on each fold sparkled a precious Gem,
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11

The first of *Lead*, the second *Tin* (mee thought)
Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was cast
The fift of pale *Electrum* seemed wrought;
Sixt *Mercurie*; of *Silver* was the last.

12

An *Azure Mantle* on her back shee wore,
With art-less Art, in orderly disorder;
Flourisht, and fill'd with thousand *Lamps* & more,
Her sacred Beauty to set forth and further.

13

Here flames the *Harp*, there shine the tender *Twins*:
Here *Charles his Wayn*, there twinkling *Pleiades*:
Here the bright *Balance*, there the silver *Finns*:
And thousand *Stars* more then I can express.

14

I am Urania (then aloud, said shee)
Who humane-kinde above the *Poles* transport,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see
All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15

I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Passing himselfe) in a Divine Discourse
To draw the deafest, by the ears unto-it;
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16

I grant, My learned Sisters warble fine,
And ravish millions with their *Madrigals*:
Yet all no lesse inferiour unto mine,
Then Pies to Syrens, Geese to Nightingals.

17

Then take Mee (Bartas) to conduct thy Pen,
Soar up to Heav'n; Sing me th' Almightie's praise:
And tuning now the *Jessean* Harp again,
Gaine thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

I can-

18

I cannot (grief-lesse) see my Sisters wrongs
Made Bawds to *Lovers*, in deceitfull fayning,
In forged sighes, false tears, and filthy songs,
Lascivious shews, and counterfeit complaynings.

19

Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behold
Our holy Songs sould and profaned thus
To grace the grace-lesse; praising (too-too bold)
Caligula, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20

But, most I mourn, to see rare *Verse* apply'd
Against the Author of sweet *Composition*:
I cannot brook to see Heav'ns King defy'd
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21

Man 's eyes are field-up with *Cimmerian* mist:
And, if ought precious in his Life he reach,
Through sundry hands, by the Heav'ns bountie is't:
But God, himselfe, the *Delphian* Songs doth reach.

22

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meer *Heav'nly gift*: and none can taste
The Deaws wee drop from *Pindus* plenteously,
If *Sacred Fire* have not his breast imbrac't.

23

Thence is 't, that many great *Philosophers*,
Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Prose* most eloquent)
Labour in vain to make a graceful *Verse*,
Which many a Novice frames most excellent.

24

Thence is 't, that yerst, the poor *Meonian* Bard,
Though Master, means, and his own eyes he misses,
Of Old and New is for his Verse preferr'd,
In 's stout *Achilles*, and his wise *Ulysses*.

25

Thence is 't, that *Ovid* cannot speak in *Prose*:
Thence is 't, that *David* (Shepheard, turned *Poet*)
So soon doth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compose
After our *Art*, before (indeed) they know it.

26

Dive day and night in the *Castalian* Fount,
Dwel upon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muse*,
Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,
Where the *Pierian* learned *Maidens* use:

27

Read while thou wilt, read over every Book
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous City
That her great name, of *Alexander* took;
Still ply thy Pen, practise thy language (wittie):

28

Take time enough, choose seat and season fit,
To make good *Verse*; at best advantage place thee:
Yet worthy fruit thou shalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, unlesse *Minerva* grace thee.

29

For, out of Man, Man must him all advance,
That time-proof *Poems* ever hopes to utter;
And extased (as in a *holy Transe*)
Into our hands his *Sensive part* must put-her.

30

For, as a humane Furie makes a man
Lesse then a man: so *Divine-Fury* makes him
More then himselfe; and sacred *Phrenzie* then
Above the heav'ns bright flaming arches takes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is that divine *Poets* bring
So sweet, so learned, and so lasting *Numbers*,
Where Heav'ns & Natures secret works they sing,
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall slumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Instruments,
Which full, do sound; empty, their noise surceases.
For with their *Fury* lasts their Excellence;
Their *Muse* is silent, when their *Fury* ceases.

33

Sith therefore *Verses* have from Heav'n their spring,
O rarest spirits! how dare you (damned scorners)
Profanely wrest, against Heav'ns glorious King,
These sacred gifts given from your lives adorners?

34

Shall your ingrateful Pens be alwayes waiting,
As Servants to the *Flesh*; and slaves to *Sin*?
Will you your *Volumes* evermore be straighting,
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

35

Still will you fill the World with *Love-sick* groans?
Still will you fawn on Fooles, and flatter Evill?
Still will you parbreak loathsome passions?
Still will you make an Angell of a Divell?

36

Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weave idle Webs of folly?
O! shall wee never hear you sing the glory
Of God, the great, the good, the just, the holy?

37

Is 't not enough, that in your soules, yee feel
Your *Paphian Fire*? but every Brothel-Lover,
T' inchaunt the wanton with his wanton stile,
Must (Strumpet-like) his lustfull flame discover?

38

Is 't not enough, that you your selves doe wallow
In foul delights? but that you must intice
Your heed-lesse *Readers*, your loose Race to follow;
And so for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39

Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers* (whence they do transfer
Th' harmonious powr that makes our *Verse* so plea-
The sternest *Cares* are of force to stir, (sing)
Mans noblest spirits with gentle *Fury* seazing.

40

And, as a Seal printed in wax (almost)
Another Seal; a learned *Poet* graveth
So deep his passions in his Readers Ghost,
That oft, the Reader th' Authors form receiveth.

41

For, *Verse* 's vertue, sliding secretly
(By secret Pipes) through th' *intellectuall Notions*;
Of all that 's pourtraid artificially
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions.

42

Therefore did *Plato* from his *None-Such* banish
Base *Poetasters*, that with vitious verse
Corrupted manners, making vertue vanish;
The wicked, worse; and even the good, perverse.

43

Not those that car'd to match their gracefull Phra-
To grave-sweet matters: singing now the praise (ses
Of justest *Jove*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th' un-steady, calling back the straies.

O pro-

44
O profane Writers! your lascitious Ryme
Makes our best *Poets* to be basely deemed
As Jugglers, Jesters, and the scum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar, lesse then these esteemed.

45
You make chaste *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon*, a Stews; your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (strict in their opinion)
To bar their Children reading *Poëtrie*.

46
But, if you would (yet at the last) inure-yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the dust to trample,
And tour the *Genius* of your *sacred Furie*,
To shew the World some holy *Works* example;

47
All would admire your Rymes, and do you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;
And *Majestie* would make you wait upon-her,
To manage Causes of the most import.

48
The chain of *Verse* was at the first invented
To handle onely sacred Mysteries
With more respect: and nothing else was chanted
For long time after in such *Poësies*.

49
So did my *David* on the trembling strings
Of his divine *Harp* onely sound his *God*:
So milde-soul'd *Moses* to *Jehovah* sings
Jacob's deliv'rance from th' *Egyptians* Rod.

50
So *Debora* and *Judith*, in the Camp;
So *Job* and *Jeremy*, in cares oppressed;
In tune-full *Verses* of a various stamp,
Their joyes and sighs divinely-sweet expressed.

51
And therefore *Satan* (who transforms him slily
T'an Angel of the Light, the more t' abuse)
In's Oracles and Idols speaking wily,
Not common Prose, but curious *Verse* did use.

52
So the fond *made-Priests* of *Apollo* sung
His *Oracles* in sweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hapless-hopefull, conquered Conquerers.

53
So th' ancient voyce in *Dodon* worshipped:
So *Æsculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* spake and prophesied
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his prayer.

54
So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Hesiodus*
(Whereof the first charm'd stocks and stones, they (say)
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit us)
Their divine secrets of deep skill convay.

55
O! you that long so for the *Laurell Crown*,
Where's possible a richer Theam to take (round,
Then his high praise, who makes the Heav'ns goe
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hell to quake?

56
This *subject* is a deep, broad, bound-lesse Ocean,
Th' abundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* discourse;
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;
Of divine Eloquence th' immortall source.

57
Base Argument, a base stile ever yeelds:
But (of it selfe) a lofty *subject* raises
Grave stately words; and (of it selfe) it gilds
It selfe; and crowns the Authors Pen with praises.

58
If then you would survive your selves so gladly,
Follow not him who burnt (to purchase fame)
DIANA'S Temple: neither him that madly,
To get renown, a *Brazen Bull* did frame.

59
Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your spirit
On *Cytherea* and her winged Son.
How better never to be named were-it,
Then named (blamed) for a mischief don?

60
Wee, *Thrice three Sisters of Parnassus Hill*,
Bee *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* self is so;
So is that sacred *Tree-turn'd Lady* still, (grow.
From whose pure locks your still-green *Laurels*

61
Then, consecrate-mee (rather) your Wits miracles,
To sacred Stories: spend your Eloquence
In singing loud those holy Heav'nly *Oracles*;
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-essence.

62
Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mount*
Whereon to Muse; and, for the winged hoove
Of *Pegasus*, to dig th' immortall Fount,
Take th' *Holy-Ghost*, typt in a *Silver-Dove*.

63
Excellent Works preserve the Memory
Of those that make them: The *Mausoleum* Toomb
Makes *Artemisia*, *Scopas*, *Timothie*,
Live to this day, and still in time to come.

64
Name-lesse had *Hiram* been, but for his ayd.
Towards God 's *Temple* built in *Israel*:
And, but for Gods *Ark*, in dark silence laid
Long since had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65
Then, sith these great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers *after death abide*;
Although themselves have *Vanished* long since,
By Age, and Rage, Fire, Arms and Storms destroy'd:

66
O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glory
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality
In sacred strains shall sing th' *Almightie's Story*;
Sith from immortall things springs immortality.

67
I know you 'll answer, that the *Ancient Fictions*
Are (even) your *Song's* soule: and that every *Fable*
Ay breeding other, makes by their commixtions
(To vulgar ears) your *Verse* more admirable.

68
But, what may be more admirable found
Then *Faith 's Effects*? Or what doth more controul
Wits curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reason of a humane soule?

69
I'ld rather sing the *Tower of Babylon*,
Then those *three Mountains*, that in frantick mood
The *Giants* pil'd to pull *Jove* from his Throne:
And *Noahs*, rather then *Deucalions* Floud.

70

I'ld rather sing the sudden *shape-depriving*
Of *Assur*'s Monarch, then th' *Arcadian* King:
And the *Bethanian Lazarus* reviving,
Then valiant *Theseus* Sons re-sobering.

71

Th' one onely doth delight their ears that hear it;
The other tends to profit in some measure:
But, onely *Hee the Laurel Crown doth merit,*
Who wisely mingles profit with his Pleasure.

72

As sweetest walks are by the water side,
And safest swimming neer the flowry shore:
So, prudent Writers never doe divide (lore.
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from Instructions

73

Such shall you be, if such a taske you take:
For, teaching others you your selves shall learn-all
Rules of good life; and happy so shall make,
As is your subject, your own Songs eternall.

74

Abandon then those *Old-wives-Tales* and Toyes;
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuses;
And onely, addle, idle hearts annoyes.
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muses.*

75

But (O!) in vain, in vain (alas!) I plain-mee;
Some subtle Aspicks, to eschew my Charming,
Stop their dull ears; some *Epicures* disdain-mee
And my advice, and scoff my zealous warning.

76

Some, for a season, listen to my Laws;
But soon *Relapse*, through the Worlds sorceries:
And this discourse (which but the Vertuous draws)
Enters at one ear, out at th' other flies.

77

Alas! I scarce see one (nay, none at all)
That Courts not *Venus*, or corrupts not more
His golden *Honey* with profaner *Gall*:
Although this Age of happy Wits have store.

78

But thou, my Darling, whom before thy birth,
The *Sacred Nine*, that sip th' immortall spring
Of *Pegasus*, predestin'd to set forth
Th' Almightie's glory, and his praise to sing:

79

Although their Subject seem a barren soyl,
Which finest Wits have left for fallow fields;
Yet, doe thou never from this task recoyl:
For, *what is rarest, greatest glory yeelds.*

80

Faint not (my-*Salust*) though fell *Envie* bark
At the bright *Rising* of thy fair *Renown*;
Fear not her Malice; for, thy living *Work*
(In spight of spight) shall not be troden down.

81

That *Fames*-foe Monster, is much like a Curr,
That fiercely barks at every new-come Guest;
But, once-acquainted, after doth not stur,
Saving at strangers; fawning on the rest.

81

Or, like a thick, dark, pitchy Cloud of smoak,
That round-about a kindling Fire suppresses
With waving smother, the new Flame to choak:
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreases.

83

Wherefore (my dear) that *sacred Path* pursue,
Where none but heav'n-blest happy spirits can pase:
And here I swear, that shortly for thy due,
Among best Wits thou shalt have worthy place.

84

With these sweet accents (grac't in utterance)
URANIA holding in her Maiden hand
A glorious Crown, rapt-up in *sacred Transe*,
My prostrate soul, prest to her high Command.

85

Since when, alone *that Love* my heart hath fired;
Since when, alone that Winde my sails hath spread:
O happy! might I touch that *Crown* (desired)
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86

Now out of zeal *to your dear* Name *and* You
(*Dear* noble Name, *that I must ay affect:*
And whose Disasters *I must ever rue*)
This MONUMENT of Honour *I erect*
To you (sweet ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due,*
For an eternall token *of respect:*
Where, your great worth, *and my* good-will *shall stand*
Inrowld forever with URANIA's *hand.*

FINIS.

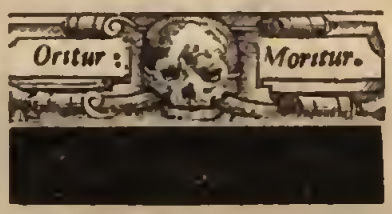
THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH;

Former-ly
DEDICATED,
and now againe,
FOR EVER
Consecrated to the gratefull Memorie *of the first kinde Fosterer of our tender Muses, my never-sufficiently-Honoured dear Uncle*
W. PLUMB, *Esq.*

For whose dear Bones wee would a Toomb advance
Of Gold, and Silver, and CORINTHIAN Brasse,
With Ivorie Pillars mixt with Jett and Rance,
Rarer and richer then th' old CARIAN'S was;

His Vertues shining bright:
And round about is write



With Stories of his Fame:
And stately decke the same

But, sith the most of our poore Meanes (alas!)
Not the least part of that Rich Pride affords;
For want of Wealth, wee build a Toomb of Words:

Which (though it cost lesse) shall out-last
The proud cloud-threatning Battlements,
Th' aspiring Spires by NILUS *plac's,*
And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.

For greedy waste of Hours, that all things else devours,
Spares the sweete Maides of sacred HELICON:
And those faire Ladies, to their Friends alone,
This precious Gift doe give, Still (after Death) to Live.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibfac; VV. Saluſtius du Bartas,

Hate thoſe Satyrs, that the beſt ſtill bite
I hate the ſhameleſſe Pens that ſooth the vicious:
For theſe be flatterers, and thoſe malicious:
But, wiſe is hee can hit the Mean aright.
I pinch not oft, nor doe I often praiſe:
Yet, muſt I needs praiſe the praiſe-worthy ſtill:
I cannot hold my free and forward quill
From thoſe whom Heav'n adorns with ſpeciall rayes.
Now all that God doth by retail beſtow
On perfect'ſt men, to thee in groſſe hee gives:
Therefore my Muſe thy praiſe ſo often drives,
For Duties ſake, but not to flatter ſo.
Our Age's wonder! when thy tongue (refin'd
By vſe and Art) in our King's name dilates
With Conſails, Germane *or furr'd* Poliſh *States,*
The ſweet tongu'd Cyneas *thou doſt make us minde.*
In privie conſell, when our miſeries
Thou doſt be-moan, moſt Neſtor-*like thou art:*
And when, in Paris *Parliament, thy part*
Of Lawes thou Plead'ſt, thou ſeem'ſt to Scævolize.
Thy Latin Proſe doth match ſmooth Saluſts *ſtile:*
And when thy Pen diſtils the Nectar *ſweet*
Of Helicon *(where all the Muſes meet)*
Me thinks I read ſwet Virgil *all the while.*
In honour of theſe gifts, this gift I bring,
Small for my paines, great for the argument:
But if the Heav'ns had richer treaſure lent,
Thy New-yeers gift *ſhould be ſom better thing.*

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

CANTO I.

1

NEer th' hour that *Eryon'* *Aurora* cals,
And shee the Sun; sad *Morpheus*, entring in
Through 's horny gate, to shew me did begin
A sacred Virgins stately TRIUMPHALS.

2

Then *Faith* (for so shee hight) bids with celerity,
Of Pen and Paper that I make provision
To write the summ of this celestiall Vision,
To be recorded unto all Posterity.

3

I know my task to be impossible:
I know, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blinde;
His ears quite deaf; clean voyd of sense his minde;
But, hardest things *Faith* makes most possible.

4

Eternall Sun, O scatter with thy Light
All misty clouds, that make me not to see
Thy health-full Face: and give true *Faith* to me;
Since Faith, sans *Faith*, cannot be known aright.

5

FAITH sits triumphant in a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubal's* making, where blew Saphires shine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought else Earth doth more costly hold.

6

Her glorious Chariots rowling wheels are like
The holy wheels the great *Ezechiel* saw:
For, one self-spirit, self-winde, and will doth draw
Their restlesse courses, equall, both alike.

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:
The Bird, that fixtly can oppose his eyes
Against the greatest light in all the skies;
High through the air, draws this rich Coach about.

8

Faith flaunts it not in silver, silk, not gold,
Nor precious Scarlet of the *Tyrian* Dy,
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;
But, as shee is, shee doth her self unfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth disgrace)
Like *Juno* 's Bird is full of watchfull eyes,
Whose holy glances pierce the lofty skyes,
Pierce Air, and Heav'n, and see God face to face.

10

Sh' hath many sweet and flowing tongues to praise
The Lord of Hoasts: sh' hath strong and mighty (wings
(Passing the swiftness of all earthly things)
That in a moment up to Heav'n her raise.

11

Her glorious head is compast with a Crown,
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Laurell bough,
Nor Parsly Wreath, which *Grecians* did alow
Th' *Olympian* games for signals of renown:

12

But, of fresh Roses pluckt from Honours Tree,
That never shrink for Winters chilling frost,
That wither not when *Titan* parcheth most:
For, by the Lord they ever wat'red be.

13

Now, stain-lesse *Truth* for Standards doth display
Two Testaments: next, *Courage* marshals right
Th' undaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight
Under her Colours, into battell-ray

14

Then, *Constancy* bears a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield; (yeeld,
Whose brightnesse hath inforc't more monsters
Then that which of grim *Gorgon* 's head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindly doth prefer
Her neighbours good before her own utility:
Repentance, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,
Doe flank the wings of *Faith* 's triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,
Nor Fire want heat: so (if wee mark aright)
Faith cannot want these Hand-maids in her train.

Before

17
Before this Coach there is a Beldam gon,
That seems(at first)fairer then *Helen* was:
But neerer view'd, shee is more foul(alas!)
Then fell *Meger*', *Alett*', or *Tesiphon*.

18
Shee never goes(like *Faith*)with open face;
But seeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloak on cloak to keep the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul disgrace.

19
Sh'hath tongues(like *Faith*)with which shee boldly
Blaspheming Heav'n with filthy vanities; (chats,
Sh' hath eyes(like *Faith*) but yet(alas!)those eyes
See cleer by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20
Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which shee soars
Like *Icarus* shee proudly mounts aloft (on hy:
(Forgetting that her feathers are so soft)
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings doth fry.

21
Shee(whom, *sans* reason, men have *Reason* hight)
Since first, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth dispos'd;
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight:

22
Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,
That nothing lesse beseems their Royall State
Then under *Faith* their Scepters to abate;
Then to endure her gentle-ruling reans.

23
Another-while, shee puffs with pois'ny-pride
(Whom their disciples onely Doctors deem)
Such as(I grant, have spent much oyl, and time,
To draw mens soules from the true way too wide.

24
Yet still the Lord(who still upholds the just)
Hath still the case of holy *Faith* maintain'd;
Hath still so well her holy side sustain'd,
That still her Foes lye groveling in the dust.

25
A thousand Princes, bound in fetters fast,
Before her march, that her milde yoke disdain'd,
That all the Earth with bloud of Saints distain'd,
And Christ his Church with Fire and Sword did (waste.

Cain. 26
Hee that(the first)in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloudy crew:
Pharaoh. Then th' hardned Tyrant, that did dare pursue
Through the Red-Sea God's chosen Heritage.

27
Then saw I him that *Zachary* did stone;
Athaliah, *Ahab*, wicked *Abiam*,
Occazias, *Amon*, *Ahaz*, and *Joram*:
Then all that sate on the *Samarian* Throne,

28
Nebuchadnezzar. I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace
Was turn'd to grasse, proud *Haman*, and withall
Holofernes. Brave *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

29
Antiochus Illustris. *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and him that set
His hatefull Idoll in the holy Place;
Which five *Jew*-brethren bravely did deface:
All these too-late, in sad repentance fret.

30
The Tyrant too, that(at our Saviours birth),
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:
And that vile Judge, whose seared conscience
Condemn'd the guilt-lesse Judge of all the earth.

31
That viperous Monster(of mankinde the shame)
Who Mother, Wives, Brethren and Sisters slae,
Then from a lofty Towr did laugh to view
Romes glittering Spires all on a burning flame.

32
With *Seventh Severus* came accompanied:
Jule, *Maximin*, with fell *Maxmian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That(god-lesse)would like God be honoured.

33
Then saw I him that served *Sapores*
For foot-stool base: I saw *Valerian*,
Decius, *Lecinus*, and *Hostilian*;
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34
I saw great *Trajan*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocletian*: all which three
Among wise *Cæsars* might will praised bee,
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

35
Justin, *Theodorus*, *Constantinus* Sonne,
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Constance* *Manuel*,
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did mis-tell
A four-fould Essence in the onely ONE.

36
Then(*Goths* and *Vandals*, *Genseric*, *Trasimond*)
Honorius, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,
Alaricus, and *Rhotorus*(alas!)
Who *Rome* and *Africk* with *Saints* bloud have (drown'd.

37
But who is this, that, loaden so with chains,
By thousand hang-men racked with dispight,
By thousand Furies tortur'd day and night,
For god-lesse deeds receives so righteous pains?

38
'Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Mavors* Art,
Then 's *Alcoran*(Bird of a Friers nest)
Hath all subdu'd the wealthy golden East,
And won withall the triple world's best part.

39
I see Prince *Saladine*, of match-lesse force,
But th' *Alcoran* too-deeply favouring:
Haly the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edesse* Altars force.

40
With wrath and woe old *Ottoman* oppreft
Too-late repentance in his face presents;
And *Mahomet* the second much laments
That hee the *Greekish* Empery suppreft.

41
So the proud scorn of(scourge-Turk) *Tamberlaine*, Bajazeth.
That in an yron Cage was cooped straight;
And hee that first presum'd to passe the Streight
Which *Europ*'s bounds divides from th' *Asian*.

42
Then hee that quittance did with *Scythia* cry, Mahomet II.
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain
Vincenslaus, that first had made him fly.

Orcan

43

Orcan (the *Phrygian's* fear) and *Calpine*,
Who foil'd *Segismond's* hoast, his Father fear'd;
And *Bajazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd
By *German Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44

Hee that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kill'd; his Son that quail'd
Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes* and *Bud* assail'd,
With trembling fear now quakes like Aspen leaf.

45

And neer this *Solyman* there doth remain
And empty room for him that yet survives,
Who (by our Kings strange jars) so richly thrives,
That (proud) hee threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46

O Wretched Christians! while your civill rage
'Gainst your owne hearts doth arm your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,
And safely spoyl the Lords choice heritage?

47

The discord grown 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th' Eastern *Caesar*, even the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to passe,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48

The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost;
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred fraies
(Dejecting quite Christs Name, and all his praise)
Bring Turks to land in farthest Western Coast.

49

Forget then, Christians, your un-Christian jars
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)
Joyn hearts and hands, and all joynt weapons draw
In *Faith's* defence to fight *Jehova's* wars.

50

In *Asi* and *Egypt* make your forces knowne:
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sidon*, *Joppa*, and King *Davids* Throne,
And *Famagosta*, lost a year agon.

CANTO II.

1

THough bloudy Tyrants had in every age
Busiris Altars Bulls of *Phalaris*,
Gemond Ladders, making Land and Seas;
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

2

Yet could they never wound the Church so much,
As have the Writings of the worldly Wise,
Which on mens soules doe selly tyrannize;
The tortures, onely did the bodies touch:

3

These *Sages*, puft with self-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th'Almighties match-lesse work,
Where mystike Secrets from our senses lurk,
The search whereof the Lord hath us deni'd.

4

And though the spred of our too-feeble wings
Scant raise us from the ground, they mount aloft
Evenup to Heav'n, where they doe measure oft
(By their Wits compasse) Gods eternall things.

5

Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,
They lose the Truth in seeking it too much:
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables
Of God's live word; not in our wanton brain,
Which daily coining some strange Error vain,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7

Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate;
But, now I see they doe detest, too-late,
Their former errors and their former life.

8

In formost rank, match all *Gymno-sophists*,
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*,
The old *French Druids*, learned *Chaldé-Sages*,
And flow'r of all the *Brachoman-sophists*.

9

Pythagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,
Parmenides, merry *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and sad *Heraclitus*,
Architas, *Nauciides*, *Nausiphanes*.

10

Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin* Sect,
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,
Beating their breasts detest those dreams of theirs:
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

11

Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Mylesian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnaw'n with continuall feare, cry out (alas)
On their own Errors; and so *Socrates*.

12

Cleanthes and *Chrysippus* next to these,
With *Zeno* (*Stoicks*) that have often strai'd:
And next, the *Cynics* (all ill-appai'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

13

There, the grand Patrons of each *Academy*,
Plato, *Speusippus*, and *Xenocrates*,
Clytomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And hee that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mourns in vain *Porphyr* (Son of *Plutarchus*)
That fond, beleeves not what his ears doe hear,
Eyes see, nose smels, tongue tastes, & hands do bear:
Then *Timon*, *Hecatè*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15

There, the *Stagyrian* (that, with learned vein,
In 's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)
Sorry t' have led so many souls awry;
With *Strato*, *Theophrastus* doth complain.

16

There, carnall *Epicurus* wails with tears,
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, that same
Vile wretch that coin'd a worser Sect then theirs:

17

I mean that Monster *Theodorus* hight,
Who shame-lesse saies, There is no God at all:
And that the Wise may (when occasions fall)
Be Liar, Traitor, Theef, and Sodomite.

Alas!

The ancient Sages of the World.

Philosophers, Greek and Latin.

Aristotle.

18

Alas! how true the Proverb proves too-plain,
Saying, *Bad weeds grew every-where apace:*
But, wholsom herbs scant spring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

9

O *Grecians* Bane, thy mortifying Mores
To grow in *Rome* the swelling Seas have crost;
From *Rome* too-soon over the *Alps* have past
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour shoars.

20

Thy deadly Plant now buds on Justice Throne,
In Christian Camps, & Courts of Christian Kings,
In Church and Chair, and every-where so springs,
That with thy thistles all is over-grown.

21

But, now return wee to our task again:
All these Wise-men, of *God* have false defin'd,
Of *Chiefest-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place assign'd
Where (dead) wee feel or end-lesse peace or pain.

22

Those tht (since Christ, true Son of righteousnes,
On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light)
Have led mens soules in dark eternall night,
Feel torments worthy of their wickedness.

23

Next *Symmachus Porphirius* marcheth first:
Lucian, and *Celsus*, then whose hardned heart
The Gospel (knowne) did labour to subvert;
And *Julian* also, of all *Cæsars* worst:

24

Who, knowing well that torrures were but vain
To force the Saints from the right Faith to stray;
(By sugred stile) studies another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25

Next, I perceive the Circumcised Crew
Of *Cabalists*, and burly *Talmudists*,
Troubling the Church with their mysterious Mists;
Who, wel-nie dead, 'gainst CHRIST do spet and (spew:

26

Much like to Snakes, that wagg their sting-less sting,
When as (their heads and bodies being slain)
They threat their Foes with force-lesse fury vain,
And to their Graves their Thirst of vengeance (bring.

27

Now come the Doctors of the *Alcoran*;
Who, mingling poison, by their subtil gloze, (close;
The World's blinde eyes with darker Clouds in-
They shew their sorrow by their saddest mone.

28

But, who are these that weat *Faith's* Livery,
And bear the badge of *Faith's* best Souldiers;
And yet are loaden with such bolts and bars;
And so despised of *Faith's* company?

29

These, (if I erre not) are the *Heretikes*
Who (pusht by proud and curious spirits) do blend
Both Heav'n and Earth, and busily contend
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.

30

Now, as soft windes, with straight constrained (breath
(Through chinks and crannies stealing privily)
Hurt more our health, then boist'rous b'asts that fly,
And roule (abroad) the stones upon a heath:

31

And as the Foe, that shakes the Cities wals
With thundring shot, is not so dangerous
As a lewd Burgesse, false and mutinous,
That in the Town stirs-up domestick brauls:

32

So *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Jews*, do not damnifie
The Faith, like these: their open violence
May be avoided: but false fair-pretence
Is hardly scaped with much jeopardy.

33

They make (like us) a fair religious show:
They have (like us) one Church, one FAITH one
They read (like us) one Bible, and one Word: (Lord:
So sly they are God's Church to over-throw.

34

In foremost rank, here goe the *Sadducees*,
That doe deny Angels and Resurrection;
Both Spirits of grace, and also of rejection:
Then th' *Essenes* soul, and Formall *Pharisees*.

35

Next, that Deceiver, that devised first
Church-chaffering: and after him ensues
That Marriage-Foe, who brutishly renues
Pluto's (not *Plato's*) *Common*-Law accurst.

36

Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding fresh,
Of Beam-pasht wounds that brain'd him suddenly,
When in the Baths (profane) hee did deny
Christ's holy God-head, hidden in our flesh.

37

For having likewise warr'd against the same
God-head of th' onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paul, *Samojan*, *Photin*, *Carpcrate*, *Artemon*,
Shew by their looks their sorrow and their shame.

38

There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly fain
Two divers gods, Authors of Good and Ill;
There *Valentin* the ayr with cries doth fill,
Who did deny that bodies Rise again.

39

Cerdon (great Patron of the Stoicall)
Marcion, *Menander*, piteous Moan doe make:
There sighs *Apelles*; saying, Christ did take
Not (simply) flesh, but flesh fantasticall.

40

There goes *Basilides*, who canoniz'd
Cyrenean Simon in our SAVIOURS stead;
Montanus there (a frantick head indeed)
Who guiltlesse Children kill'd and sacrifiz'd.

41

There, *Tirians*, *Encratits*, *Severians*,
Sabellians too, which (seeking th' unitie
In Gods great Essence) lost the Trinity;
Abhor'd too-late their fond conclusions.

42

There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yerst did void
His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie
(Witching well-neer th' Earths University)
With Sword & Schism the World so much annoi'd.

43

Sadly beholds sad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomius*, who at the first had sown
His poys'ny seeds; but after, of their owne
They gathered tw' other Sects erroneous.

Byzantian

1. Deceitfull Sophists, & Apostates, open Enemies to Christ.

2. Cabalists, and Talmudists, Rabbies.

3. Turkish Doctors.

4. Heretikes old & new.

5. Simon Magus, Michael Servetus, Author of the Sect of the Minor Trinitarians.

44

Bizantian Nestor, and (our own) *Pelagius*,
Libian, *Donatus*, *Luciferidus*,
Eutichians fond, and fond *Priscillians*,
All frown and fret for inward grief outrageous.

45

Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train
Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarms:
And (Kingling) *Munzer*, that with frantick arms,
Founds hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain?

46

Both *Syrtes* sands I might as easily number,
As number those, whose sweet inchanting Writs
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions number.

47

For, Satan now him so insinuates
In faithlesse hearts, that ween themselves be wise,
That so foul Error can he not devise,
But shall be backt by strong associates.

48

I see the Beast that bears the purple Whore
(Great Anti-Christ usurping pow'r Divine)
Set on Seav'n Hils; who with her whoredoms wine
Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49

And (last of all) I see the *Schismatiks*,
Which (renting Christ's unseamed coat in twain)
Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;
Follow too neer the steps of *Hereticks*.

CANTO III.

1

GReat Sire's great Son! O live, God's lively face,
Wisedome conceived of the onely Wise:
To us giv'n Giver; First and Last: born twice;
Once, in full Time; once out of all Times space.

2

Beam of that Sun which fils the world with Light:
Life of our life, our death's death, Stingers sting:
Out perfect, wise, just, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full expresse aright:

3

O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,
Whose feet and hands are bold to war with Thee:
For, with dry eyes I can them never see,
Nor without griefe recite them in my Song.

4

Ah! I am out; now (my dear God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Jerusalem*, the Land
Of Life, Saints House, and holy Ark, to stand
Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blow.

5

Lo here these Champions that have (bravely-bold)
Withstood proud Tyrants, stoutly consacring
Their lives and soules to God, in suffering:
Whose names are all in Life's fair Book in-roul'd.

6

All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let us once imbrace:
O valiant Knights! let mee your hands and brows
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo*'s boughs:
Let present honours former shames deface.

7

Come, sacred Kings; O holy Princes, come:
Come to this Triumph, Lords, whose valiant hands
Have Satan's kingdome sought to bring in bands,
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefest room.

8

Hee that (the first) *Isaac* infranchised, Mosiah.
Leads by the hand that Duke, whose faithfull word
Stopt *Phœbus* Coursers, and whose conquering Sword
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had *Promised*.

9

Hee, that, but armed with an Asses bone, Samson.
Slew thousand Foes, *Sangar*, *Othoniel*,
Ahod and *Jeptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th' Heathens scourge) triumphant *Gedeon*.

10

That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, David.
Sweet Psalmograph: *Asa*, that Idols brake:
Hee, that made all the Idol-Altars quake; Ioiada.
And (after) did the Paschall Lamb restore.

11

Jehosophat, *Jonathan*, *Azarias*;
And hee, whose life the Lord did dis-abbridge,
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Assur* did unsiege;
The most religious, match-lesse *Ezechias*.

12

Wise *Mardochey*; and the five *Maccabees*;
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,
Receive their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And up again their stooping Standards raise.

13

Before these Warriours, and the Royall Band,
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Divell dare;
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

14

Enos, by whom this World's great Architect Henoch.
Was call'd upon, leadeth (religious):
That holy Father God took-up from us:
And hee, whose ship did save the World Elect. Noah.

15

Then *Sem* and *Japheth*; and great *Abraham*,
The Faithfuls Father; and his faithfull Son: Isaac.
And then his Nephew, that saw Angels run
Both up and down from Heav'n to th' earthly frame. Iacob.

16

Aaron, *Eleazer*, *Phinees* full of zeal,
Good *Joyada*, and hundred priests select,
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church, elect
To keep the Law the Lord did once reveal.

17

His Father who was sent to sweep the way
Of sweet *Messias*; then the man-suppos'd Zacharias.
To be his Sire; then, Hee that him inclos'd Ioseph.
In 's joyfull arms, and sung a Swan-like Lay. Simeon.

18

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,
(*Paul*'s famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes).
And hee that did, by *Sol*'s Eclipse, suppose
Some greater Sun to be eclips't then hee.

19

Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)
All on a row a hundred Prophets come,
Which have so sure foretold the things to-come,
As if (indeed) they had been done before.

10

By Faith, young *Toby* kindely doth restore
His Fathers sight: by sacred Faith likewise,
Two crooked Cripples are made straight to rise;
In *Lystra* th'one, th' other at Temple dore.

11

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure
Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted sore:
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewise did restore.
A Palsie-sick, that eight years did indure.

12

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutychus* re-live:
By Faith *Elias* rais'd the *Sarepta*;
Elisha raised the young *Sunamite*:
At *Joppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive.

13

Then in another picture I did view
The foure first bodies of this massie Globe;
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd-mantled *Juno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

Elisha's Faith brought, from the loftie skies,
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainst the *Syrian* hoast;
Elias Faith (scorning the *Ba'l*-Priests boast)
Fir'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

By Faith three *Hebrews*, cast in seaven-fold flame
By a proud Prince, escape the raging Fire
(Their very garments sent-lesse and entire)
While their Tormentors perish in the same.

16

Moses, by Faith, makes Fire from Heav'n to fall
In th' *Hebrew* hoast, those wretches to consume,
Whose profane hands, with profane Fire and Fume,
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

17

Moses, by Faith (heard by the God of pow'r)
Compels the Mountains burly sides to shake;
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake
To swallow rebels, and them quick devour.

18

Moses, by Faith, divides the Sea in twain,
When *Israel* came out of *Egypt* Land:
Then in the Desarts dry and barren sand,
From flinty Rocks doth plenteous river strain.

19

Moses, by Faith, converts to foul black bloud
The Crystall Current of the seaven-fold *Nile*:
By Faith again, hee makes (another while)
Those stinking waters, holsom, sweet and good.

20

Thrice, silver *Jordan* did it selfe divide,
To give safe passage to God's dear-belov'd;
Once by the Faith of valiant *Josuah* prov'd;
Elias once: once by *Elisha* tri'd.

21

The zealous *Thisbite* did by Faith seal-up (Raine
The Heav'ns wide windows, that there fell no
In seav'n-six months; and then by Faith again
(To drench the dry Earth (set them all wide-ope.

22

Likewise by Faith, the nimble-winged train,
That cleave the Air, are to our service set;
The Rav'ns are made to bring *Elias* meat,
The Dove serves *Noah*, Quails for *Moses* rain.

23

O! who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith doe force all-taming yron yeeld,
If Faith make yron float on *Neptunes* field,
If that *Elisha*'s Faith strong steel command.

24

Faith hath not onely pow'r on things terrene,
Both high and low; but oftentimes doth force
Gods justice too, and sometimes seems (perforce)
Gods purposes to change and alter clean.

25

The *Ninivits*, by Faith (repenting) shun
Their overthrow, that *Jonas* threatned neer:
And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen year
To his short life, that seem'd already done.

26

Now, if the Giver of this Faith (wee see)
Seem to incline and bow unto her still,
As bound and ready to obey her will;
What marvell is't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels serve in *Ezechias* pay;
By Faith, they bring the *Thisbite* needfull Cates,
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* prison gates:
By Faith, to *Jacob* they direct the way.

28

About twelve paces past these former Pomps,
Full many sacred Minstrels sound on hye
Triumphant Faith's great name and dignity,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes and Trumps.

29

Mark, *Mathew*, *Luke*, and (the Lords dearest) *John*,
Christs Secretaries, winde with such a brest
Their warbling Cornets, that from East to West
Through all the world their sacred sound is gon.

30

Both *Jamesses*, one the Son of *Zebedeus*
Th' other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*. *Simon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Matthias*, *Philip*, *Bartholemew*,
Paul (Gentiles Doctor) with the good *Thaddeus*,

31

Sound with so sweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their shrill Fifes (heard from the North to
As if one spirit did fill them all the while, (*Nile*)
And one same hand had set their holy Song.

32

While thus my spirit this strange discourse did
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the rest, (cumber,
Beginning th' out-most of her curious nest,
Brake, with her pratling, my deep pleasing slumber.

33

Sorry to be sudden wakt. I would
I were a Dor-Mouse for a hundred year,
That I might sleep full twenty Lustres here,
To shun the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas!) waking (with griefe) I see
Babel triumphing over *Sion* still:
And on the Good th' Ungodly work their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous scorned be.

35

I see (alas!) in these lamented Times,
Mens greatest zeal in bloudy murder stands,
Profane our hearts, and so profane our hands:
Bare Christian name serves but to cloak our crimes.

36

Incest 's a sport, and Murder Man-hood thought:
Disloyalty a speciall Vertue deem'd:
And Perjury sound Policy esteem'd:
Medea's Arts, and *Sodome* are taught.

37

Maidens be bold, and Wives be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, People full of rage:
This Age is sink of every former Age,
Receiving each Sin's uglieſt excrement.

38

But, my swolne breſt, shut-up thy sighs sad gate;
Stop, stop, mine eyes, the passage of your tears;
Cast-off, my heart, thy deep despairing fears;
That which most grievs me, most doth consolate.

39

No, no: my Dream is true; soon shall wee see
Faith's glory shine. Satan (perceiving nie
His pride's Eclipse) his greatest force doth try
To stop great *Faith*'s triumphant Victory.

40

Sure, if my Card and Compasse doe not fail,
W' are neer the Port: where (danger being past).
Wee need not fear the billow, nor the blast
Of blusteringwindes, nor Seas that can assail.

41

Our beastly Manners, like *Gomorrha*'s guise:
The troubled Seasons: Wars domesticall:
The threats of Heav'n: are the fore-runners all
Of CHRIST that coms to hold his last Assize.

42

That drad-desired Day shall soon appear,
Christ coms the Rav'ns from Swans to set a-side:
The tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs di-
And this brave *Triumph* (that I sing) is neer. (vide:

43

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to see the Wicked's utter Fall,
And thy just Scepter Ruling over all;
Let lively *Faith* my *Reason* still direct.

FINIS.

THE

TETRASTICA.

OR,

THE QUADRAINS OF GUY DE FAUR,

Lord of Pibrac.

Translated

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Acceptam refero.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG Prince, HENRY.

AFter so many golden Rules of State,
Religious *Lessons*, Morall *Precepts grave*,
As in your Fathers *ROYALL-GIFT *you have*;
These seeme superfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 't is no error to re-iterate
The Voyce of Wisedome *to the tender Ear*
Of Princes (*chiefly*) *such as* You, *that bear*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate.
And, though You *want not these weak helps of ours*
To consummate Your *Self in* Excellence:
Yet may those Subjects, *which shall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wisedome, *and all duty hence*,
If you but daign with your dear Name *to grace-it*,
Which (*Load-stone-like*) *shall draw them to imbrace-it*.

*ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE QUADRAINS OF PIBRAC.

1

DIeu tout premier, puis Pere & Mere Honore.
Sois juste & droict : & en toute saison
De l'innocent pren en main la raison :
Car Dieu te doit la-haut juger encore.

First, honour God, *and then thy* Parents *dear :*
Be True *and* Just : *and see thou never grudge*
The Innocent *oppressed cause to clear ;*
For, one-day God shall also be thy Judge.

2

Si en jugeant la faveur te commande,
Si Corrompu par or ou par presens,
Tu fais justice, au gré des Courtisans ;
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes *corrupt thy conscience,*
If fear *or* favour *in thy* Judgement *sway-thee,*
If thou respect *the* Persons *difference ;*
Be sure that God *will in the end repay-thee.*

3

Avec le jour commence ta journée :
De l'Eternel le sainct nom benissant :
Le soir aussi ton labeur finissant,
Love-le encor', & passe ainsi l'année.

Begin thy Daies-Work when the Day begins,
First blessing God's thrice-blessed Name (devout)
And then at Evening, when thy labour ends,
Praise him again ; so bring the Year about.

4

Adore assis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut estre honoré :
D'un ferme cueur il veut estre adoré,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou sitting (as the Greek *doth bid)*
For, running prayer is preposterous :
With stedfast Heart God will be worshipped,
But such a heart himselfe must give to us.

5

Neva disant, ma main a faict cest œuure ;
Ou ma vertu ce bel œuure a parfaict :
Mais dis ainsi, Dieu par moy l'œuure a faict :
Dieu est l'autheur du peu de bien que i'œuure.

Say not, My hand this Work to end hath brought ;
Nor this my vertue hath attained to :
Say rather thus ; This, God by me hath wrought :
God's author of the little Good I do.

6

Tout l'Univers n'est qu'une cité ronde ;
Chacun a droict des'en dire Bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be said a Citizen :
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Greek,
As well the meanest as the mightiest men.

7

Dans le pourpris de ceste cité belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu sainct,
Comme en un Temple, ou luy mesmes s'est peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortelle.

In this fair Citie's goodly Wals God planted
And placed man as in a Sanctuary,
Where Hee, himselfe in thousand parts hath painted
With lively colours that doe never vary.

8

Il n'y a coing si petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'apparoisse de Dieu :
L'homme est planté justement au milieu,
Afin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nook so small in all this Temple,
Wherein Gods Greatnesse doth not plain appear :
Which that wee might the better all contemple,
Hee placed man just in the middle here.

9

Il ne sçauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoistre
Que dedans soy, où, comme en un miroir,
La terre il peut & le ciel mesme voir :
Car tout le monde est compris en son estre.

Yet can hee no where better know the same
Then in himselfe, wherein hee may behold
(As in a Glasse) Earth, Water, Aer, and Flame:
For, all the World, his Essence doth infold.

10

Qui a de soy perfaicte cognoissance.
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault sçavoir:
Mais le moyen asseuré de l'avoir,
Est se mirer dedans la Sapience.

Who of himselfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that hee ought to know:
But the best means whereby it is attain'd,
Is oftentimes to Wisdom's Glasse to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'est pas l'homme,
C'est la prison où il est inserré:
C'est le tombeau où il est interré,
Le lict branlant où il dort un court somme.

That which thou seest of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Prison that him captive keeps:
'Tis but a Toomb where Hee's interred (wan)
'Tis but a Cradle where a while hee sleeps.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil ravi contemple
Muscles & nerfs, la chair, le sang, la peau;
Ce n'est pas l'homme: il est beaucoup plus beau,
Aussi Dieu l'a reservé pour son temple.

This mortall body, where the ravisht sense
Sees sinews, flesh, bones, muscles, blood and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellence,
As the fair Temple *that God dwelleth in.*

13

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,
C'est un rayon de la divinité:
C'est un atome esclos de l'unité:
C'est un degout de la source eternelle.

Rightly to speak, what man we call and count,
It is a beamling of Divinity:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Fount:
It is a mantling hatch of th' Unity.

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et brave & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault és cieux,
Et que tu és une plante divine.

Then know (O Man) thine own Originall:
And, brave-ambitious, scorn base Cells of Earth,
Sith thou shals flourish in Heav'ns glistning Hall,
And art (indeed) a Divine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t'est permis t'orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere ou ton pere mortel:
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t'a moulé au moule de sa face.

Well maist thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Line:
But from thy true immortall Fathers Grace,
Who by the modell of his Face, made thine.

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infine d'Idées,
Platon s'est trop en cela mesconté,
De nostre Dieu la pure volonté
Est le seul moule a toutes choses nées.

There's not in Heav'n a number infinite
Of bright Idéàs (Plato *did mistake*):
God's onely will (the onely Rule of Right),
Was th' onely mould of all that hee did make.

17

Il veut, c'est faict: sans travail & sans peine
Tous animaux, jusqu'au moindre qui vit,
Il a crée, les soustient, les nourrit,
Et les defaict du vent de son aleine.

Hee Will'd, and it was done: Hee (without pain)
All kinde of Creatures (to the least that is)
Created, feedeth, and doth still sustain:
And re-dissolves them with that breath of his.

18

Hausse tes yeux: la voute suspendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes jumeaux
Ce firmament esloigné de la veüe:

Lift up thine eyes: The hanging Vault *above,*
The goodly Seeling *of a* Watry *hew,*
The perfect Orb's Twin-Globes *that ever move,*
The spangled Firmament so far from view:

19

Brief, ce qui est, qui fut, & qui peut estre,
En terre, en mer, au plus caché des cieux,
Si tôst que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout aussi tost il a receu son estre.

All (to be briefe) past, present, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Aer (beyond your seeing);
So soon as God thought good, each in their room
Immediatly received all their Beeing.

20

Ne va suivant le troupeau d'Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blasphème en tout lieu,
Et mescroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicures *profane and filthy Sect*
(Bold Mis-creants, blaspheming every way)
The which no God acknowledge nor respect,
Save onely Nature *and her* fatall *Sway.*

21

Et ce pendant il se veautre & patroüille
Dans un bourbier puant de tous costez:
Et du limon des sales volupte
Il se repaist, comme une orde grenoüille.

And in the mean-while (like the grunting Hog)
Lie alwayes wallowing in the stinking Mire:
And feed on filth (like to the loathsom Frog)
Voluptuous filth of every Flesh-desire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu son esperance,
Et qui l'invoque en sa prosperité,
Autant où plus qu'en son adversité
Et ne se fie en humaine asseurance.

Happy

Happy whose hope on God alone relies:
And who on him in either Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in Calamities,
And put no trust in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre esperance seure
En ce qui est imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'est que tel,
Et a besoign plus que toy qu'on l'asseure.

Canst thou assure thy hopes on wordly things,
Frail mortall things (I pre-thee tell mee, how)?
Such are the greatest of all earthly Kings,
And have more need to be secur'd then thou.

24

De l'homme droict Dieu est la sauvegarde,
Lors que de tous il est abandonné,
C'est lors que moins il se trouve estonné,
Car il scait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the just-mans Anchor and his Ayd,
His sure Defence, when all the World forsakes him:
And therefore, then is hee the least dismaid;
Knowing, that God then most to safe-guard takes him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne sont pas biens, a parler proprement:
Ils sont subjects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertue demeure tousiours une.

The goods of Fortune *and the* Body *(call'd)*
They are not goods, if wee them rightly name:
For, to least changes they are ever thrall'd:
"But Onely Vertue still persists the same.

26

Vertu qui gist entre les deux extrémes
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault;
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default:
D'autruy n'emprunte, & suffit à soy-mesmes.

Vertue, *between the two extremes that haunts,*
Between too-mickle and too-little sizes:
Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrows of none: but to it selfe suffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu'ardemment de toy seroit espris?
Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares esprits?
T'ont faict l'amour au travers d'une nue.

O Vertue! *could wee see thy naked face,*
How would thy sacred Beauties sweetly mad-us?
Subtrarest Wits (rape with a Seeming Grace*)*
Have in all Ages courted (even) thy Shadows.

28

Le sage fils est du pere la joye:
Or, si tu veux ce sage fils avoir,
Dresse le jeune au chemin du devoir:
Mais ton exemple est la plus courte voye.

The Parents comfort is a prudent Sonne:
Now, such a Sonne if thou desirest ay,
Direct him young in Duties race to run:
For, Thine Example is the neerest way.

29

Si tu es né enfant d'un sage pere,
Que ne suis tu le chemin ja battu?
S'il n'est pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,
En bien faisant, couurir ce vitupere?

If thou be borne Son of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'st thou not in his fair beaten Trace?
If otherwise: why dost not thou desire
(By vertuous Deeds) to cover this Disgrace?

30

Ce n'est pas peu, (naissant d'un tige illustre)
Estre esclairé par ces antecesseurs,
Mais c'est bien plus luire à ses successeurs,
Que des ayeux seulement prendre lustre.

'Tis no small Honour, from illustrous Line
To be descended by our Predecessours:
But 'tis much more, then by their light to shine,
Our selves to shine unto our own Successours.

31

Jusqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,
Et tien perdu le jour qui s'est passé,
Si tu n'y as quelque chose amassé,
Pour plus sçavant & plus sage te rendre.

Cease not to learne untill thou cease to live:
Think that Day lost, wherein thou draw'st no Letter,
Nor gain'st no Lesson, that new grace may give,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiser, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et esgaré se perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il est cheu, le relever de terre.

If any stranger in his journey stray
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his ready way;
And if hee fall, soon help him up again.

33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:
I'entens l'honneur, qui consiste au devoir
Que rendre on doit (selon l'humain pouuoir)
A DIEU, au Roy, aux Loix, à sa Patrie.

Thine Honour more then thine own Life respect,
Th' honour (I mean) which each mans duty drawes
(To th' uttermost w' are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Laws.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les paresseux:
Et garde aussi que tu ne sois de ceux
Qui par autruy font' ce qu'ils pourroint faire.

What (now) thou canst, defer not till to morrow,
Like selfe-loose Sloath *(of foulest sins the Mother):*
Nor be like those who others hands do borrow,
And what themselves might doe, will doe by other.

35

Hante les bons, des meschans ne t'accointe,
Et mesmement en la jeune saison,
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raison
Arme nos sens d'vne brutale poincte.

Frequens

Frequent the good, fly from ungodly folke,
Especially in thy Youths tender season,
The while outrageous appetites provoke,
And arme thy sense against the sway of Reason.

36

Quand au chem in fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,
Suy celle-la qui par un aspre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

When to the double way of those two Dames
(Alcides-like) thou shalt be summoned,
Follow thou her who far from glorious shames,
Over steep Mountains up to Heav'n doth load.

37

Ne mets ton pied au travers de la voye
Du pauure aveugle : & d'un piquant propos :
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos :
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay ta joye.

Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall ;
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother,
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall :
Neither rejoyce thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler sois tousiours veritable,
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr ;
Soit que par fois tu veuilles resiouir
D'un gay propos tes hostes à la table.

Let thy discourse be true in every Word,
Whether as publike Witnesse thou be prest
To clear a Question : whether, at thy Board
With pleasant chat thou cheer thy welcome Guest.

39

La Verité d'un Cube droict se forme,
Cuba contraire au leger mouuement :
Son plan quarré jamais ne le dement,
Et en tout sens à tousiours mesme forme.

The Truth *resembles right, the* right Cubes *Figure,*
(The Cube, *contrary to light instability),*
Whose quadrat flatnesse never doth disfigure ;
Whose solid Forme admits no mutability.

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doulx ramage
Des oysillons, & contrefaict leur chant :
Aussi, pour mieux deceuoir, le meschant
Des gens de bien imite le language.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceitfully their own sweet Notes doth faine :
So subtle Mates doe counterfeit the words,
And simple guise of honest men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en secret lon t'a dit ne revelle :
Des faicts d'autruy ne sois trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers tousiours ment :
L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

Reveale not what in secret hath been told ;
Nor busily of Others things inquire.
Th' inquisitive can hardly Counsell hold :
The carry-tale is commonly a Lyer.

42

Fa pois egal, & loyale mesure,
Quand tu deurois de nul estre apperceu :
Mais le plaisir que tu auras receu :
Ren le tousiours auecques quelque usure.

Make always equall weight and lawfull measure,
Though none could spy, thy dealing to discover :
But where thou hast received any pleasure,
Restore it still with some advantage over.

43

Garde, soigneux, le deposit à toute heure :
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,
Ne va subtil des moyens controuuer,
Dans un palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keep carefully what thou hast tane in charge :
And when the Owner shall demand-againe-it,
Deny it not ; neither with conscience large
By subtle Law-tricks strive thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de sang te soit tousiours en haine :
Hue sur luy, comme fait le berger,
Numidien sur le Tigre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing ensanglanter la plaine.

Hate evermore the bloudy homicide ;
Hunt him with hue and cry : as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian *Tygre which they have espy'd,*
Spoyling his Prey, and rioting upon-'t.

45

Ce n'est pas tout ne faire à nul outrage :
Il faut de plus s'opposer à l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchasse la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

'Tis not enough that thou do no man wrong :
Thou even in others must suppresse the same ;
Righting the Weake, against th' unrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.

46

Qui a desir d'exploiter sa professe,
Domte son ire, & son ventre ; & ce feu
Qui dans nos cueurs s'allume peu a peu,
Soufflé du vent d'erreur & de paresse.

Whose the Fame of Valour doth desire,
Must tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that heart-swelling, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blown by the winde of error and of sloth.

47

Vaincre soy mesme est la grande victoire :
Chacun chez soy loge ses ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raison soubmis,
Ouurent le pas a l'eternelle gloire.

Our-own-Selfs Conquest is the most victorious :
For in our Selves ambush our greatest Foes ;
And th' onely way to make us ever glorious,
Is by stout Reason still to vanquish those.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offense,
Ne va sou dain contre luy t'irriter,
Ains doucement, pour ne le despiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy sa defense.

If so thy Friend have done thee some Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor urge him with abuse;
But milde and meekely, without insolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuse.

49

L'homme est fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly: és hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, si tu veux, a redire.

All men are faulty: none aliue can say,
I have not Erred; even the Perfectest,
If thou his Life in word and deed survay,
Thou shalt perceive hee hath Perfection mist.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec sa triste mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aisné des Catons,
Et ce pendant toute nuict à tastons
Il court, il va pour tromper sa voysine.

See th' Hypocrites severe and Saint-like guise,
Whom th' elder Cato thou wouldst thank for Life;
Yet in the darke hee groaping hunts and lies
T'entice and trap his honest Neighbours Wife.

51

Cacher son vice est une peine extréme,
Et peine en vain: fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras,
Car nul ne peult sa cacher à soy mesme.

'Tis a mest busie, yet a boot-lesse paine,
To hide ones fault: for doe the best thou can
Thou canst not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himselfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte;
Nul plus que toy par toy n'est offensé:
Tu dois premier, si bien y as pensé
Rendre de toy à toy-mesme le compte.

More of thy Selfe, then others be asham'd;
Thy Selfe art most wrong'd by thine own offence:
And of thy Selfe, thy selfe first, (Selfly-blam'd)
Must give account to thy Selfes Conscience.

53

Point ne te chaille estre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'estre à preuue & par effect:
Contre un faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'est rempart tel que la conscience.

Care not so much to seem in outward show,
As to be good indeed, and in the proofe:
For from false rumours which the Vulgar blow,
A Selfe-cleer Conscience is Defence enough.

54

A l'indigent monstre toy secourable,
Luy faisant part de tes biens à foison:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maison
Qui a pitie du pauure miserable.

Relieve the needy, after thine ability,
And in their wants participate thy store.
For, God doth blesse with Plenty and Tranquillity
The House that pities the distressed Poore.

55

Las! que te sert tant d'or dedans la bourse,
Au cabinet maint riche vestement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta caveune source;

What boot thy bags to be so cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe stuffed with such store of Change:
Thy Cellars filled with such choyce of Wine?
And of all Graines such Plenty in thy Grange;

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud frissonne
Deuant ton huys: & languissant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'un morceau de pain,
Ou s'en reuá sans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead
With cold and hunger) shiver at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And many times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruell, le cœur de telle sorte,
De mespriser le pauure infortuné,
Qui, comme toy, est en ce monde né,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Hast thou a heart so cruell, as to scorne
Th' unhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow;
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And bears Gods Image even as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur est commun à tous les hommes,
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix:
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, even to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Onely the Wise are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this age of ours?

59

Le sage est libre enserré de cent chains,
Il est seul riche, & iamais estranger:
Seul assuré au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humaine.

The wise man's free, among a thousand chaines;
Hee 's only Rich (content with his estate)
Only secure in Dangers, eas'd in paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menasser du Tyran ne l'estonne:
Plus se roidit quand plus est agité:
Il cognoist seul ce qu'il a merité,
Et ne l'attend hors de soy de personne.

Hee is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,
But by his Trouble grows more strong and hard:
Knows his own merit, looks not from the Great
For Recompence; Vertue 's her own reward.

61

Vertu és mœurs ne s'acquiert par l'estude,
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,
Ne par un acte, par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par constante & par longue habitude.

True moral Vertue cannot purchast be
By Study, Treasure, or the grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two or three:
But long-long practice her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & jamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange evidement,
Et de tous mets surcharge tellement
Son estomach, que rien ne luy profite.

Who readeth much and never meditates
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food
Who so surcloyes his stomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doe him little good.

63

Maint un pouvoit par temps devenir sage,
S'il n'eust cuidé l'estre jà tout à faict.
Quel artisan fut onc maistre parfaict,
Du premier jour de son apprentissage?

How many might (in time) have wise been made;
Before their time had they not thought them so?
What Artist e'r was Master of his Trade,
Yet he began his Prentiship to know?

64

Petite source font les grosses Rivieres:
Qui bruit si haut à son commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent
Qui perd son nom és prochaines fondrieres.

From smallest Springs, the greatest rivers rise:
But those that roar so loud and proud at first,
Runne seldome farre, but soon their glory dyes
In some neer Bogg, by their selfs-furie burst.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la semence,
Ou qui retient le salaire promis
Au mercenaire: où qui de ses amis
Ne se souvient sinon en leur presence.

Cursed is hee that doth defraud the seed:
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:
Or who (ingratefull for the kindest deed)
Thinks never of his friends but in their sight.

66

Ne te parjure en aucune maniere,
Et si tu és contraict faire serment,
Le ciel ne jure, où l'homme où l'element,
Ains par le nom de la cause premiere.

Forswearе thee not, what ever cause be given:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath must take,
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,
But by his sacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le parjure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lon tesmoigne verité,
Par ce qui est mensonger où muable.

For God who doth all Perjury detest,
And justly plagues it as most execrable,
Would not wee should the constant Truth contest
By any thing that 's false or alterable.

68

Un art sans plus, en luy seul t'exercite:
Et du mestier d'autruy ne t'empescant,
Va dans le tient le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n'est pas gloire petite:

To some one Art apply thy whole affection;
And in the Craft of others seldome meddle:
But in thine own, strive to attain perfection:
For, 'tis no little honour to excell.

69

Plus n'embracer que lon ne peut estraindre:
Aux grands honneurs convoiteux n'aspirer:
User des biens, & ne les desirer:
Ne souhaiter la mort, & ne la craindre.

T' embrace no more then one can manage fit,
Not to the top of Greatnesse to aspire:
To use the World, and yet not covet it:
Neither to dread Death, neither death desire.

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaisirs de la couche,
De chasteté restreindre le beau don:
Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon
Ses yeulx, ses mains, son oreille, & sa bouche.

We must not Chastities fair Gift restrain
Onely to th' actuall Pleasure of the Night:
And in the mean while not a what refrain
Our heart, our hand, our tongue, our ear, our sight.

71

Ha le dur coup qu'est celuy de l'oreille!
On en devient quelque fois forcené:
Mesmes alors qu'il nous est assené
D'un beau parler plein de doulce merveille.

O what a hard blow is a box on th' Eare!
Some-time it drives men even besides their Wit,
Especially when (stunned as it were)
With the sweet wonder of smooth words, 'tis smit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,
Pour nous sauver de ces coups dangereux:
Par la s'armoient les Pugiles valeureux,
Quand sur l'areine il leur falloit descendre.

'Tis therefore best our tender Eares to arme,
To shun the danger of those deadly blowes:
Warre Ulysses so eschew'd the Charme
Of those soule-rapting Impet of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,
Dans le cerveau coule soudainement,
Et ne scaurions y pourvoir autrement,
Que tenant close au mal ceste fenestre.

What ere it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediatly into the Brain doth creep;
And th' onely mean to shun the mischiefe there,
Is the Eare Casement, ever close to keep.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut sans mensonge,
Ou pour le moins sans quelque vanité
Le parler brief convient à verité,
Et l'autre est propre à la fable & au songe.

Muc

Much talke is seldome without Lyes among,
Or at the least without some idle bables:
Unto the truth, brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.

75

Du Memphien le grave contenance,
Lors que sa bouche il serre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enseigne comme on doit
Reverement honnorer le silence.

Th' Egyptians grave aspect and sober brow,
When his fore-finger sealet his lips so sure;
Better than Plato, doth instruct us how
To honour Silence with devotion pure.

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte
D'un cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of some great Prince, many rare things wee see,
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,
From either Inde Portugals *bring, or wee:*

77

Ainsi des-lors que l'homme qui medite,
Et est sçauant commence de s'ouurir,
Un grand thresor vient à se descouurir,
Thresor caché au Puis de Democrite:

So when the Wise and Learned doth begin
To open the organs of his plenteous Wit,
A wondrous Treasure suddenly is seen,
A Treasure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:

78

On dict soudain, voilà qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & celà d'un tel lieu,
Et le dernier est tiré de l'Hebrieu,
Mais tout en somme est remply de sagesse.

And Standers by, say by and by, This came (Place,
From Greece, *from* Rome *That, That from such a*
And (lastly) That from th' Hebrew *: and the same*
And all the rest most full of Prudent grace.

79

Nostre heur, pour grand qu'il soit, nous semble
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raisins: (moindre:
Mais quant aux maulx que souffrent nos voysins,
C'est moins que rien, ils ont tort de s'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how ever great) the least do seem,
Our neighbours fields still bear the better Graue:
But others harmes wee always light esteem;
Tush, they are nothing: why should they complaine?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il est de soy le juge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celuy qu'il se donne.

To th' Enuious-man no Torment I assigne;
For, Judge and Hang-man to himselfe he is:
And there 't no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,
Il là faudroit peindre quand on là sent:
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne se ressent,
Croire ne peult quelle est ceste Furie.

To pourtray Slaunder, *to the life, behooves*
To do 't in th' instant while one feeleth her:
For who so happy that her never prooves,
Can scarce imagin what shee is, or where.

82

Elle ne faict en l'air sa residence,
Ny soubs les eaux, ny au profond des bois:
Sa maison est aux oreilles des Roys,
D'où elle brave & flestrit l'innocence.

Neither in th' Ayre hath shee her residences,
Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waves:
But shee inhabits in the eares of Princes,
Where th' innocent and honest shee depraves.

83

Quand une fois ce monstre nous attache,
Il scait si fort ses cordillons nouër,
Que bien qu'on puisse en fin les desnouër,
Restent tousiours les marques de l'attache.

And when this Monster hath once chaunc't to trap-us,
Her spightfull Cords shee can so closely knit,
That though at last wee happen to un-wrap-us;
The print thereof still in our Fannes will sit.

84

Judge, ne donne en ta cause sentence:
Chacun se trompe en son faict aizément:
Nostre interest force le jugement,
Et d'un costé faict pancher la balance.

Never give Sentence in thy proper cause:
In our own ease wee all erre easily:
Our interest our partiall judgement draws;
And ever makes the balance hang awry.

85

Dessus la loy tes jugemens arreste,
Et non sur l'homme: elle sans affection;
L'homme au contraire est plein de passion:
L'un tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beste.

Upon the Law thy Judgements always ground,
And not on Man: For that 't affection-lest;
But Man in Passions strangely doth abound:
Th' one all like God; th' other too-like to Beasts.

86

Le nombre sainct se juge par sa preuue,
Tousiours egal, entier ou departy:
Le droict aussi en Atomes party,
Semblable à soy tousiours egal se treuue.

The sacred Number proveth alwayes even,
Whether divided or intire it be:
So Justice *(shar'd in Atomies) is given*
Still like a selfe, in just equality.

8

Nouuean Ulysse appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:
Maint-un a Scylle & Charybde euité,
Qui heurte au port, & chez soy faict naufrage.

Learn by long Travell (as Ulysses *coming)*
To govern right thy native Ithaca :
Many have Scylla *and* Charibdis *shunned,*
That (after) have at home been cast-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre :
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,
Quoy que ce soit, & fusice aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou promise, ponder what and why :
But having proms'd, what-soever 't were,
Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,
Thou must perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy foubs qui l'estat sa force a prise,
Garde la bien, pour goffe qu'elle soit :
Le bonheur vient d'où lon ne s'appercoit,
Et bien souuent de ce que lon mesprise.

Maintain those Lawes (however rude and plain)
Whereby before thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd :
Good fortune oft comes by the meanest meiu :
How, or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.

90

Fuy jeune & viel de Circe le brunage :
N'escoute aussi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchanté tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abruty qu'une beste sauuage.

In youth and age shunne Circes *banefull Bowle,*
Lend not thine eare to Sirens *wanton Notes :*
Lest then (inchanted in thy sense and Soule)
Become more brute then Hogs, and Dogs, and Goats.

91

Vouloir ne fault chose que lon ne puisse,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Mesurant l'un & l'autre par le droit,
Sur l'eternel moule de la Justice.

Wee must our Will *still limit with our* Power,
And bound our Power within the Lists of Law ;
Measuring both, and what so else is our,
By the Right *line th' eternall* Just *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,
Et faict d'estat est un poinct dangereux :
Et si Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire consequence.

A sudden Change *in any mighty* State,
Is full of Danger unto each Degree:
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No consequent can that Example be.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puissance absoluë,
De plein pouuoir, De propre mouuement :
Aux saincts Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puissance toluë.

I hate these phrases : Of Power absolute :
Of full Authoritie : Full proper motion.
The Divine Lawes they have trod under foot,
And humane-too ; for private mens promotion.

94

Croire leger, & soudain se resoudre,
Ne discerner les amis des flateurs :
Ieune conseil, & nouueaux seruiteurs,
Ont mis souuent les haults estats en pouldre.

Not right-descerning friends from flatterers,
Light-crediting, and sudden Resolution,
Young giddy counsell, and new Seruiters,
Have often caus'd the highest States confusion.

95

Dissimuler est un vice servile,
Vice suiuy de la desloyauté :
D'où sourd és cueurs des grands la cruauté
Qui aboutit à la guerre civile.

Dissimulation *is a servile vice,*
A vice still followed by Disloyalty,
Whence in great hearts doth cruelty arise,
Which always ends in Civill Mutiny.

96

Donner beaucoup sied bien à un grand Prince,
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'à merité,
Et par proportion non par equalité,
Et que ce soit sans fouler sa Province.

Nought more besecmes a Prince then Liberality,
So it be given to those that merit well,
By due proportion, not by just equality,
And without burthen to the Common-weale.

97

Plus que Sylla c'est ignorer les lettres,
D'auoir induit les peuples à s'armer :
On trouuera les voulant desarmer,
Que de subjects ils sont deuenus maistres.

'Tis to be more then Sylla *Letter-lesse,*
To hurry Armes into the Vulgars hand :
For, when again you think them to suppresse,
In stead of Subjects they will All command.

98

Ry si tu veux un ris de Democrite,
Puis que le monde est pure vanité :
Mais quelque fois touché d'humanité,
Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

Sith all the World is nought but meerly vanity,
Laugh if thou list like blythe Democritus :
Yet sometimes touch'd with tender-soul'd humanity,
Weep for our woes with sad Heraclitus.

99

A l'estranger sois humain & propice,
Et s'il se plainct incline à sa raison :
Mais luy donner les biens de la maison,
C'est faire aux tiens, & honte & injustice.

Be kinde to strangers, and propitious,
And to their cause thy willing eare incline ;
But to bestow thy Goods out of thy House,
Is shame and wrong unto thy selfe and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray, si tu veux, en peu d'heure,
Le beau secret du breuuage amoureux :
Ayme les tiens, tu seras aymé d'eux :
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

Ile teach you here (if any list to prove)
A passing Love-drink, any heart to get, ;
Love vertuously, and be assur'd of Love :
And this (beleeve-it) is the best Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reverence,
Est un appuy fermé de Royauté :
Mais qui se faict craindre par cruauté,
Luy-mesme craint, & vit en deffance.

The fear that springs from Love and Reverence,
A firme support to Royall Greatnesse gives :
But he that makes himself fear'd for Violence,
Himselfe fears most, and in distrust still lives.

102

Qui scauroit bien que c'est qu'un Diadéme,
Il choisiroit ainsi tost le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler son chef de ce bandeau :
Car ainsi bien il meurt lors à soy mesme.

Hee that knew righe what were a Diadem,
As soon would seek in a cold Toomb to lie,
As girt his Temples, with that glorious Gem :
For, then begins hee to himselfe to dye.

103

De jour, de nuict, faire la sentinellé,
Pour le salut d'autruy tousiours veiller,
Pour le public sans nul gré tranailler,
C'est en un mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to stand as Sentinel ;
For publike good ingratefull toyle to take ;
Incessantly to watch for others weal :
This is, to Raigne, *if wee it rightly take.*

104

Je ne veis onc prudence auec ieunesse,
Bien commander sans auoir obey,
Estre fort craint, & n'estre point hay,
Estre Tyran, & mourir de vieillesse.

I never saw Wisedome and Youth, but two :
Nor him Command well, that had not obay'd :
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too :
Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toomb be layd.

105

Ne voise au bal qui n'aymerà la danse,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudra manger,
Ny sur la mer qui craindra le danger,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il pense.

Come not at Revels, who delights not Dance :
Nor on the Sea, who feares rough waves and winde :
Nor at a feast, who a good stomack wants :
Nor at the Court, who means to speak his minde.

106

Du mesdisant la langue venimeuse,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la poursuite animeuse :

The soothing hony of smooth Parasites :
The poys'ny Tongues of slanderous Sycophants :
The fleering Buffon that the best still bites :
The brazen-face of begging Cormorants.

107

Hayr le vray, se feindre en touts choses,
Sonder le simple à fin de l'attraper,
Braver le foible, & sur l'absent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roses.

To gull the Simple ; and the Weake to brave :
To hate the Truth ; to halt in every thing :
To under-mine : The Absent to deprave :
These are the Flowers that in the Court *doe spring.*

108

Adversité, des faueur, & querelle,
Sont trois essais pour sonder son amy :
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'est qu'à demy,
Et ne scauroit endurer la coupelle.

An Enemy, Misfortune, and Disgrace,
Are three Essayes to prove if Friends be loyall :
For many have the Name, and beare the face,
That are not so, if they be put in triall.

109

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre :
S'il est royall, ayme la Royauté :
S'il est de peu, où bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naistre.

Commend the State where-under born you are :
If it be Royall, love the Royalty ;
If of the Best, *or meerly* Popular ;
Allow of either where thy Lot shall be,

110

Il est permis souhaiter un bon Prince
Mais tel qu'il est, il le convient porter :
Car il vault mieux un tyran supporter,
Que de troubler la paix de sa Province.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wish good Princes :
But men the while must beare them as they are.
'Tis better beare a Tyrants insolences,
Then to disturb the Common-weal with War.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te iouë :
Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuser :
Qui des faveurs des Roys cuide abuser,
Bien tost, froissé, choit au bas de la roué.

Sport not too boldly with thy Lord and King ;
And though hee bid thee (if thou canst) refuse :
From highest Fortunes sudden down they ding
Who doe presume a Princes grace t' abuse.

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de Fortune)
En un matin t'és haulsé si avant,
Penses tu point que ce n'est que du vent,
Qui calmera, peut estre, sur la brune :

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from lowest place
Dost in a morning to the top attain :
Suppose it but a winde that blew a space
Which yet per night (perhaps) will calme again :

113

L'estat moyen est l'estat plus durable :
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyé,
Et les hauts monts ont le chef foudroyé,
Une petite terre est seur & agreable.

The meane Estate is the most permanent :
We see the Vales with every shower are drown'd ;
And Mountain tops with every Thunder rent :
But Little Hils *are pleasant, safe, and sound.*

114

De peu de biens nature se contente,
Et peu suffit pour vivre honestement,
L'homme, ennemy de son contentement,
Plus a, & plus pour auoir se tourmente.

Nature's with little pleas'd: enough's a Feast :
A sober life, but a small charge requires :
But Man the Author of his own un-rest,
The more he hath, the more he still desires.

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,
Dy hardiment, l'orage impetueux
Viendra bien tost esbranler cest Empire.

When thou shalt see th' Almightie take from hence,
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,
Say boldly thus ; These are the Arguments
Of some dread Tempest of his Wrath at hand.

116

Les gens de bien ce sont comme gros termes,
Ou forts piliers, qui servent d'arcs-boutans,
Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps
Les hauts estats, & les maintenir fermes.

For, Vertuous men are even the Buttresses,
The mighty Columnes, and the Arches strong,
Which against all Times fellest outrages
Support a State, and doe maintain it long.

117

L'homme se plaint de sa trop courte vie,
Et ce pendant n'employe où il devroit
Le temps qu'il a qui suffir luy pourroit
Si pour bien vivre auoit de vivre envie.

Man doth the shortnesse of his Life repine ;
Yet doth not duly spend nor rightly drive
The Time he hath : which might suffice his minde,
If, To live well, *he did desire to live.*

118

Tu ne sçaurois d'assez ample salaire
Recompenser celuy qui t'a soigné
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enseigné
A bien parler, & sur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canst sufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to ;
Nor him, that hath instructed thee aright,
Both well to speake, but chiefly well to doe.

119

Es jeux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenû :
Quand tu seras à son age venû,
Tu trouueras qui fera le semblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feasts,
Give always place unto the hoary head :
So, when like age shall silverize thy Tresse,
Thou shalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy se demonstre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien fait :
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict :
C'est se payer, que du bien fait monstre.

Who, for thy friendship shows himselfe ingrate ;
Unwillingly extols thy Benefit :
But to up-braid one, makes a Man ingrate ;
Who vaunts his kindnesse, payes himselfe for it.

121

Boire, & mangre, s'exercer par mesure,
Sont de santé les outils plus certains :
L'excez en l'un de ces trois, aux humains
Haste la mort, & force la nature.

To eate and drinke, and exercise in measure,
Three props of Health, the certainest stay hath :
But the excesse in these (or other pleasure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth hasten death.

122

Si quelque fois le meschant te blasonne,
Que t'en chaut il ? helas, c'est ton honneur :
Le blasme prend la force du donneur :
Le loz est bon, quand un bon nous le donne.

If evill men speak sometimes ill of thee,
What need'st thou care ? alas ! it is thy praise :
Blame, from the Author takes authority,
And 'tis a good report that good men raise.

123

Nous meslons tout, le vray parler se change
Souuent le vice est du nom revestu
De la prochain' opposite vertu :
Le loz est blasme, & le blasme est loüange.

Wee all confound ; true Language is trans-formed :
Vice oftentimes put's-on the Vertues name :
Next opposite : 'Tis Forme to be de-formed :
Blame is a 'Praise : and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l'imparfait du prochain supporter,
Couurir sa faulte, & ne la rapporter
Prompt à louër, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is spoken, ever make the best :
Beare the defect of Neighbour and of Friend :
Cover their fault ; publish it not (at least) :
Ready to praise, and slow to reprehend.

125

Cil qui se pense & se dit estre sage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui sçauant
Se faict nommer, sonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n'est que langage.

Hee that esteemes and vaunts himselfe for wise,
Think him a foole : and him that doth assume
The name of Learned, whose soundly-tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

126

Plus on est docte, & plus on se deffi
D'estre sçavant : & l'homme vertueux
Jamais n'est veu estre presumtueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philosophie.

126

The better Learned, learn the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne sufficiencie :
And vertuous men are never arrogant,
These are the Fruits of my Philosophy. . . . . .

FINIS.

SONNETS

UPON

THE LATE MIRACULOUS PEACE

IN FRANCE.

Acceptam refero.

TO

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS GENTLEMAN, Master *Anthonie Bacone.*

BOund by your Bounty and mine owne desire,
To tender still new tribute of my zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whose wisedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo, here I tune upon mine humble Lyre
Our Neighbour Kingdomes un-expected weale,
Through sudden ceasing of Wars *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muses to my Muse inspire,*
Miraculous the Work; and so his wit
That firstly sung this sacred MIRACLE:
A gracious Theame (If I disgrace not it)
That your grave eyes may daigne for spectacle.
What e'r it be, accept it as a due,
From him whose all doth all belong to You.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE FRENCH KING, HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONNET 1.

HEnry, triumphant though thou wert in war,
Though Fate & Fortitude conspir'd thy glory,
Though thy least Conflicts well deserve a Story;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerour)
Thy martiall proofs have dimm'd *Alcides* praise;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are:
Yet (match-less Prince) nought hast thou wrought so glorious
As this un-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Whereby thy self art of thy selfe victorious:
For, while thou mightst the worlds throne have aspired,
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like heart hast tamed:
What greater conquest could there then be named?

SONNET 2.

But what new Sun doth now adorne our Land,
And gives our skie so smooth and smiling cheer?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; else his golden brand
Shines brighter now then't hath don many a year.
Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred *Peace*) heav'ns present;
Is 't not the Rising of thy new-com star,
Wch makes the Air more cleer the spring more pleasant,
Zephyre more calm, & *Flora* merrier?
Ah, I perceive the *Olive*, *Dove*, and *Bow*,
Divine presages that the Floud abates (flow)
(The dismall floud where bloud and tears did
And *Janus* now locks-up his Temple gates:
Justice and *Faith* doe kindely kisse each other:
And *Mars* appeas'd, sits down by *Cupids* mother.

SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
Great Umpire that dost either World sustain,
Without whose help all would return again
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confusion bent.
O Mother of the living, second Nature
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)
O Grace (whereby men climb the heav'nly stair)
Whence void, this world harbours no happy creature.
Pillar of Lawes, Religious Pedestall,
Hope of the godly, glory of th' immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;
Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;
Patron of Arts, of Good the speciall spring:
All hail (dear *Peace*) which us all heale dost bring.

SONNET 4.

Com forth (dear *France*) frō thy dark Cell of mone,
Com (as new-born, from Wars unkindly quarrels:
Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to greene, and make thy Grave a Throne.
Let *Ceres* dwell upon thy Desart Plain,
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hils and Groves,
Pomona in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droves,
Secure all Roades, and ope all Gates again.
Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reverence;
Reveest (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;
Rise-up (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;
Come *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercurie*,
Restore us Laws, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET 5.

Most Christian Kingdom, thou wert ne'r so near
Drown'd in the deep Gulphs of thy Civill war,
As in the tempest of this later Jar,
Which past conceit of calming did appear.
When all the Windes adversly armed were,
(Tho selfly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helm, thy selfe a heart didst lack,
On troubled waters tossed here and there:
Then from above (O bountie most admired!)
Saint *Hermes* shin'd: whose gentle light presageth
That then the anger of the Heav'ns asswageth.
O happy PEACE! lesse hoped then desired:
O grace much honour'd! little yet conceiv'd;
O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd!

SON-

SONNET 6.

Who could expect(but past all expectation)
So sudden order from so sad confusion?
So loyall friendship, from false emulation?
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?
Who could expect(but past all likelihood)
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;
From *France* her cinders, such a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandora box to yeeld so rare a balme?
Who could expect(but past all humane thought)
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,
Or certaine Rudder of so rent a State?
True *Æsculapius*, thou alone hast wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdome, much more wonderous.

SONNET 7.

Th' unlookt-for working of all things almost,
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,
Amazeth those whose wits wee chiefly boast,
To see this sudden un-expected change.
Each feels th' effect, but none the cause descries
(No though hee have with stars intelligence):
God to himselfe reserves such Mysteries,
Disposing Kingdomes by his Providence;
O end-lesse Bountie! In the midst of Broyles
He gives us PEACE, when War did us inflame;
And reaves the mischiefe we pursu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,
That when most sharply this extremest Fit
Strove to be cure-lesse, soon hee cured it.

SONNET 8.

Some reasoned thus; No violence can last:
Revolted Subjects, of themselves will quail:
Just Soveraigntie can never be displac't;
And lawfull Princes first or last prevail:
But who could think, that the conjoyned powers
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,
So weak a King so little should encumber?
Others discoursed in another sort,
While all things sorted to another end
Then their imaginations did purport:
That earth may know, it cannot comprehend
The secret depths of Judgements all-divine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine

SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deep Wisedome, and his Mercy dear.
For, with these three, he hath surmounted here
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:
His power appears upon our Lord and King,
As yerst on *David*: for they both attain
By war-like broyls their pre-appointed Reignes;
Strangers, and Subjects, and selves conquering:
His prudence shines, when to preserve us thus,
All humane wit his Wisedome doth convince:
His gracious bounty in our bounteous Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flows from a living Lion; *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conquest void of riot.

SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand
But th' onely work of the great Thunderer,
Who(wise-directing all the things that are)
In us divinely works his own command.
Some men, unwilling, benefit their Land,
Or unawares their Countries good prefer;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth War,
And PEACE succeeds what-ever drifts with-
Th' Arch-Architect, the matchlesse Artizan (stand.
All instruments unto good uses proves:
Man's but a wheel, wch that great Mover moves,
Each gracious gift in that first cause began:
Each good's a gleam of that first light alone,
If ill approach us, onely that's our own.

SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soon hee deaws down rain;
A dreadfull Judge, and yet a gentle Father: (gain,
Whose wrath slow-kindled is soon quencht a-
To move us sinners to repent the rather.
'Gainst hel-bred *Hydra*, heav'n-born *Theseus* brings
The great *Alcides* arm and armory:
Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;
And Mercie still doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *France*, so many Monsters to suppresse,
Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,
Else hadst thou been an *Africk* Wildernesse.
O happy lost Realme! for, it hath ensu'd,
That now thy gain is more, in restauration,
Then was thy losse in all my desolation.

SONNET 12.

But, if I sing great *Henries* fortitude;
Shall I not then be blam'd for over-daring?
If over-slip it, then be taxt for fearing,
Of silent dread, and dumb ingratitude?
What ere befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muse* to rayse:
And if I fall in such a Sea of praise,
What rarer *Mausole* may my bones include?
A sacred rage of some sweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, raps mee boldly to rehearse
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender Verse:
Though his high Theam deserve a consort rather
Of all the Muses, and all Musicks Father.

SON-

SONNET 13.

Great Prince not pleas'd with a vaine vertue-see-
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblnes. (ming:
Happy, all Hap Heav'ns onely gift esteeming;
Warrier, whose wars have wrought his countries
Noble by deeds, and noble by descent; (PEACE:
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Nestor* sage,
Whose ripe-experienc't courage confident,
To knocks knits counsail, and gives rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compassion soft:
Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;
Who sheds no bloud, but sheddeth tears as oft,
Who never fights but still the Field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loves and wars,
Bellona and *Venus* take him still for *Mars*.

SONNET 14.

A spirit, to vertues cheerfully addrest;
Apt to all goodnesse, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceive, ingenious to digest;
Whose tongue is still true trumpet of the mind:
A bodie, resting when it hath no rest;
A waxen mildnesse in a steely minde;
A soule tra-lucent in an open brest, (finde;
Which others thoughts through boany wals can
Whose front reflects majestical-humilities
Whose grave-sweet look commandingly-intreats,
Which in one instant fear and love begets:
A King still warring to obtain tranquillitie,
To save his Country scorning thousand dangers;
Mirror of *France*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers;
If battered Wals, before thy Souldiers, loose;
If hugest Rocks be pierced by thy powers;
If 'gainst thine Armes, no armour be of proofe;
If that our fields flow with *Iberian* bloud;
If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Cæsar*,
Can by no dismall dangers be withstood;
Jousting with Gyants, as it were at pleasure:
If lofty Mountains to thine homage vaile;
If Valleys rise to bulwark thee about;
If for thy sake, Rivers doe flow and fail;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts stout,
Nor strength, nor stomack got these victories:
No, 'twas thy presence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

SONNET 16.

They be too blame then, that thy boldnesse blame,
For having put thy selfe so oft in danger:
Sith against Rebels and against the Stranger,
Thy looks, like lightning, did thy troups inflame.
France fought before, all bloudy, faint, and lame,
Craving thine ayd to venge her hatefull wrong;
When, like a Lion to preserve her yong,
Thou laydst about thee to redeeme the same.
Then hadst thou cause to hazzard so thy life
(In extreme perils, extreme remedies.)
But spare thee now, thy State is free from strife:
Soveraigne, our safety in thy safety lies.
Codrus could keep his, onely by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine own living breath.

SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to become thy crown,
What *Carr-triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble statue meet for thy renown,
Thou that hast rais'd the Lilly of the earth?
What honourable Title of Addition (mildnesse)
Dost thou deserve, who (joyning might with
Hast sav'd this great Ship from a sad perdition,
Nigh lost in th' Ocean of warrs civill wildnesse?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of us thy just deserved meed:
Earth is too base, in Heav'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,
Who thus hast salv'd the universall Ball:
For, th' health of *France* imports the health of all.

SONNET 18.

Pardon mee (*Henry*) if Heav'ns silver raine,
Dewing the pearls, impearle mine humble laies:
And if my Verse (voyde both of price and paine)
Presume thy Vertues passing-price to praise:
Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muse
Stutter thy name; and if with skill too scant
I limne thee here, let zeal my crime excuse;
My steel's attracted by thine Adamant.
For as the Sunne, although hee doe reflect
His golden Rayes on grosser Elements,
Doth never spot his beautifull aspect:
So, though the praises of thine Excellence
Doe brightly glitter in my gloomy stile,
They nothing lose of their first grace the while.

SONNET 19.

Now, sith as well by conquest as succession
France is thine owne; O keep it still therefore.
'Tis much to conquer: but, to keep possession
Is full as much, and if it be not more.
Who well would keep so plentifull a portion,
Must stablish first the heav'nly Discipline;
Then humane Lawes, restraining all extortion;
And Princely wealth with publike weale com-
A Princes safety lies in loving People: (bine.
His Fort is Justice (free from stratagem)
Without the which strong Cittadels are feeble.
The Subjects love is wonne by loving them:
Of loving them, n'oppression is the triall:
And no oppression makes them ever loyall.

SON-

SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, brave Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steel for *France*, and for your King:
Ye sons of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoake the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-descended;
But more, t' have kept ones Country & fidelity:
For our own Vertues make us most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.
Your shoulders shoar'd up *France* (even like to fall)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But now shee stands stedfast on Civill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat do work,
With holy Arms go hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But you that vaunt your antike Pedigrees,
So stately timbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines above the lower Trees)
Over the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is 't lack of love, or is it lack of courage,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your houses,
While over all your Countries Foes do forrage,
And rebell out-rage every corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancestors,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble temper of your stomach stirres,
If in your lives yee never drew your swords
To serve your King, nor quench your Countries flames,
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistook your names.

SONNET 22.

You sacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Mysteries of Heav'n,
From hence-forth all seditious plots dispatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies even.
Though superstition stirre to strife again;
Revolt 's a mischiefe evermore pernicious:
Pluck up abuses, and the hurtfull grain
Sprung from the Ignorant and Avaricious.
Avoyd Ambition (common cause of strife)
Your reverend Robe be free from stains of bloud,
Preach holy Doctrine, prove it by your life:
Fly idlenesse, choose exercises good;
To wit, all works of lively faith and piety.
So, to your Fold shall flock the best Society.

SONNET 23.

You grave assembly of sage Senators,
Right Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *France*;
Who, for the States and Justice maintenance,
Of Sword and Balance are the Arbitrers:
That from hence-forth (against all Enemies)
Our PEACE may seat her in a settled Throne;
Represse the malice of all mutinies,
Wch through th' advantage of these rimes have grown.
At a low tide 'tis best to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence;
'Tis good in health to counsaile with a Leach;
So, while a Peoples calme from insolence,
'Tis best that Rulers bridle them with aw;
And (for the future) curb the lewd with law.

SONNET 24.

People, lesse settled then the sliding sand;
More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing every Noone.
Thou thousand-headed head-lesse Monster-most,
Oft slain (like *Antheus*) and as oft new rising,
Who, hard as steele, as light as winde art tost;
Chameleon-like, each objects colour prying:
Unbinde thy blinde foule, ope thine inward sight;
Be no more tinder of intestine flame:
Of all fantastick humors purge thy spright:
For, if past-follies urge yet griefe and shame,
Lo (like Oblivions law) to cure thy passion, (shion.
State-stabling *Peace* brings froward minds in fa-

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glasse the Rocks to cindars breaking;
Deafning the winds, dubing the loudest thuders;
May ye be bound a thousand years from speaking.
Ye hate-peace Hacksters flesht in Massacres,
Be ye for ever banisht from our soyle;
Ye steeled Tooles of slaughter, wounds, & wars,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and rust a while:
Or (not to languish in so fruit-lesse rest)
Be you transform'd to husband furniture,
To plow those fields you have so oft depreft:
Or (if you cannot leave your wonted ure)
Leave (at the least) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Justice law full Armes.

SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, know thy selfe, and know thy Master,
As well thy Heav'nly as thine Earthly guider:
And be not like a Horse, who (proud of Pasture)
Breaks Bit, & Reans, & casts his cunning Rider,
Who nill be Subjects, shall be slaves in fine:
Who Kings refuse, shall have a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not mov'd with the milde rods divine,
Shall feel the furie of Heav'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatness stands on theirs that wear the crown,
Whereof, th' hast had now seventy (saving seven).
Think one sufficient soon to pull thee down:
Kings greatness stands on the great King of Heav'n.
Knowing these two, then (*Paris*) know thy selfe,
By Wars afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

SON

SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride, O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe City, and thy Soveraigns Throne:
City? nay modell of this Totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdome of thy selfe alone.
The scourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did so mildly beat-thee,
If any more against thy Kings thou stand, (thee.
Shall prove that then God did but onely threat-
Wert thou a hundred thousand-fold more mighty,
Who in th'Olympike court cõmands the thunders,
In his least wrath can wrack thee (most almighty)
Thebes, Babel, Rome, those proud heav'n-daring won-
Low under ground in dust and ashes lye: (ders,
For earthly Kingdoms (even as men) doe dye.

SONNET 28.

But. O my sorrows! whither am I tost?
What? shall I bloody sweet ASTREAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almost,
And new-remember nigh-forgotten wrongs?
Sith stormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget wee (Muse) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempests of our Viper-Warre;
Drown wee those thoughts in deep-deep *Lethè*
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine (floods.
So great, notorious, common miseries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping rain:
But 'mid these hideous hellish out-rages,
Ile show and prove by this strange spectacle,
Our civill PEACE, a sacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As hee that scap't from Ship-wrack on a plank,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeves
(Still faintly shivering on the feareless bank)
That (through that fraile help) certainly he lives:
As hee that new freed from strange servitude,
Returnes again to tread his native allies,
Seems still to fear his Patrons rigout rude,
And seems still tugging, chained in the Gallies:
So alwayes, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror
Of troubles past doe haunt mee every-where,
And still I meet Furies and ghastly Terror:
Then, to my selfe thus rave I (rapt with feare)
From pleasures past, if present sorrow spring,
Why should not past cares present cõfort bring?

SONNET 30.

Wee must not now upbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of warre;
For wee have all (alas) too oftentimes
Provok't the vengeance of the Lord too far:
Some robbing Justice under mask of Reason;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-up Sedition;
Som 'gainst their King attempting open Treason;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, wee know our cause of maladie,
All apt t' accuse, but none to cleanse th' impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedie:
To know a griefe, it is but halfe a cure.
Is it our sins? let 's purge away that bane;
For what helps Physick, if it be not tane?

SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holinesse,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight.
That takes his name to cover wickednesse,
Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,
In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy,
Think'st thou th' Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee (murder,
From th' All-pierce Eye? Are treason, rape, and
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-Order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudest have descri'd thee.

SONNET 32.

'Tis now apparent to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Devotion hunted but Dominion.
'Tis strange to see the heat of Civill brands.
For, when wee arme us brother against brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to mine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainst secret treason,
Or force the forces of a stranger foe,
Alas, how shallow are wee then in reason,
How cold in courage, and in camping slow!
France onely strives to triumph over *France*:
With self-kill Swords to cut each others throat.
What swarms of souldiers every where do float,
To spend and spoyle a Kingdoms maintenance?
But, said I Souldiers? ah, I blush for shame,
To give base Theeves the noble Souldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endlesse scandall to our dayes
(If possible our heires can credit it)
That th' holy name of PEACE, so worthy praise,
Hath been our Watch-word for a fault unfit?
That the pure Lilly, our owne native flower,
Hath been an odious object in our eyes? (wer,
That Kingly Name, & Kings heav'n-stablisht po-
Hath been with us a marke of treacheries?
T' have banisht hence the godly and the wise, (ger;
Whose found direction kept the State from dan-
Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) seeking to serve a Stranger, (in:
T' have stabb'd our own? but (O Muse) keep that
The fault's so foul, to speak it were a sin.

SONNET 34.

I waile not I so much wars wastefull rigours,
Nor all thy ruines make mee halfe so sorrie,
As thy lost honour (*France*) wch most disfigures,
Losing thy loyalty, thy Narive glory.
From *Moores* to *Muscovites* (O cursed change!)
The *French* are called, *Faith-lesse Parricides*.
Th'yerst most Prince-loyal people (ô most strange)
Are now Prince-treachers more then all besides:
With us, *Massacres* passe for Pietie;
Theft, rape, & wrong, for just attain'd possessions:
Revolt for Merit, Rage for Equitie:
Alas, must wee needs borrow the transgressions
And imperfections of all other Nations,
Yerst onely blamed for inconstant fashions?

SONNET 35.

Not without reason hath it oft been spoken, (ment,
That through faire Concord little things aug-
And (opposite) that mightiest things are broken
Through th' ugly Discord of the discontent.
When many tunes doe gently symphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds;
When many hearts doth gently sympathize
In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.
Alas, if longer wee divide this Realme,
Loosing to every Partizan apart;
Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.
For though it seem to breath now somwhat peart,
Our sins (I feare) will work worse after-claps:
And there 's most danger in a re-relapse.

SONNET 36.

O, how I hate these partia-lizing words,
Which show how wee are in the Faith devised:
Is't possible to whet so many swords, (baptized:
And light such flames 'mong th' In-one-Christ-
Christians to Christians to be brute and bloudy,
Altars to Altars to be opposite,
Parting the limmes of such a perfect body,
While *Turks* with *Turks* doe better far unite?
Wee, in our truth finde doubts (whence follow schismes)
They, whose fond Law doth all of lies consist,
Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganismes.
One nought beleeves, another what him list:
One over-Creeds, another Creeds too-short;
Each makes his Church (rather his Sect) a-part.

SONNET 37.

Put off (dear *French*) all secret grudge and gall,
And all keen stings of vengeance on all parts:
For if you would have PEACE proclaim'd to all,
It must be first faire printed in your hearts.
Henry the mildest of all Conquerors
(Your perfect Glasse for Princely clemencie)
Hee, to appease and calme the State from jars,
For his friends sake, hath sav'd his enemie.
Let's all be *French*, all subjects to one Lord;
Let *France* from hence-forth be one onely State;
Let's all (for God's sake) be of one accord.
So (through true zeale Christs praise to propagate)
May *the most Christian King* with prosp'rous po-
On *Sion* wals re-plant our Lilly-flower. (wer

SONNET 38.

O Christian cor'sive! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thousands in *Vienna* plaine,
His mooned Standards hath already pight,
Prest to joyne *Austria* to his *Thracian* Reigne:
Malth, Corfu, Candie, his proud threats disdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in dismay;
While striving *Christians* (by each other slaine)
Each other weakning make him easie way.
Rhodes, Belgrade, Cyprus, and the Realms of *Greece*,
Thrall'd to his barb'rous yoke, yet fresh-declare,
That while two strive, a third obtains the fleece.
Though name of *Christian* be a title faire;
If, but for Earth, they all this while have striv'n,
They may have earth, but others shall have Heav'n.

SONNET 39.

May I not one day see in *France* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of stout activity)
To snatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in strait captivitie?
May I not see the selfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our brave Bloods (yerst one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Musulmans*,
A higher pitch of happy prowesse soaring?
But who (deare *France*) of all thy men at armes
Shall so far hence renew their ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harms?
I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)
That hate-Christ Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soveraigne of all *Christendome*.

SONNET 40.

Mid all these mischiefes, while the friend-foe stran-
With us, against us, had intelligence; (gers,
Henry our King, our Father, voyds our dangers,
And (ô heav'ns wonder) planteth *Peace* in *France*.
Thou Judge that sitt'st on the supernall Throne,
O quench thy furie, keep us from hostilitie:
With eyes of mercy look thou still upon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme stability:
Sith (in despight of discord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, hast thou saly'd us (Lord)
Keep still our *France* (or rather Lord thine own)
Let Princes love, and live in just accord:
Dis-arme them (Lord) or if Armes busie them,
Be it alone for thy *Jerusalem*.

FINIS.

A DIALOGUE UPON THE TROUBLES PAST,

BETWEENE

HERACLITUS and DEMOCRITUS,
The weeping and the laughing
Philosophers.

Acceptam refero.

A DIALOGUE.

Heraclitus.

ALas! thou laughst, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hel:
Ah! canst thou (tear-less) in this yron Age,
See men massacred, Monsters born to rage?

Democritus.

Ha! but why weep'st thou? wherefore in this sort
Dost thou lament amid this merry sport?
Ha! canst thou chuse but laugh, to see the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

Heraclitus.

Hee hath no heart that melts not all in tears,
To see the treasons, murders, massacres,
Sacks, sacrileges, losses, and alarmes
Of those that perish by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all dismaied, swonneth suddenly
To heare or see some fained Tragedie
(Held in these dayes, on every Stage as common)
Is but a heartlesse man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O! would to God our Countries Tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth!
My soule then should not fight to anger Heav'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their personage:
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleasant show;
Sith over all, strange vanities do flow.

Heraclitus.

Those vanities I have in detestation,
As cursed causes of Gods indignation;
Which makes mee alwaies weep, sith on the earth
I see no object for the meanest mirth.

Democritus.

Thus, from one Subject sundry sequels spring,
As diversly our wits conceive a thing.
I laugh to see thee weep; thou weep'st to see
Mee laugh so much, which more afflicteth thee.

Heraclitus.

Laugh while thou list at mortall miseries,
I cannot chuse but even weep out mine eyes:
Finding more cause for tears in bloody slaughter
Then for thy sense-lesse ill-beseeming laughter.

Democritus.

Melt thee, distill thee, turne to wax or snow;
Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voyce to woe;
I cannot weep, except sometimes it hap
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

Heraclitus.

I weep to see thus every thing confused,
Order disordred, and the Lawes abused;
Justice reverst, and Policie perverted;
And this sick State nees utterly subverted.

Democritus.

I laugh to see how Fortune (like a ball)
Plaies with the Globe of this inconstant All;
How shee degradeth those, and graceth those;
How whom shee lifts up, down again she throws.

Heraclitus.

I raine down Rivers, when against their King
Cities rebell, through Subjects bandying:
When Colledges (through Armes) are reft of Art:
When every Countie Kingdomes-it a-part.

Democritus.

I burst with laughter, when (confounding State)
I see those rebels hunt their Magistrate;
When I heare Porters prate of State-designes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

Heraclitus.

I weep to see Gods glory made a vaile
To cover who his glory most assayle:
That sacred Faith is made a maske for sinne,
And men run head-long to destructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming
Of Juggling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*
But, most I laugh, t' have seen the world so mad
To starve and die, when those damn'd *Atheists* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weep (alas) to see the people weep,
Oppreſt with reſt-leſſe weight in danger deep;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to see all cause of laughter gone. (thy mone:
Through those which (yerst thou saidst) have caus'd
Noting th' old guise, I laugh at all their new:
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

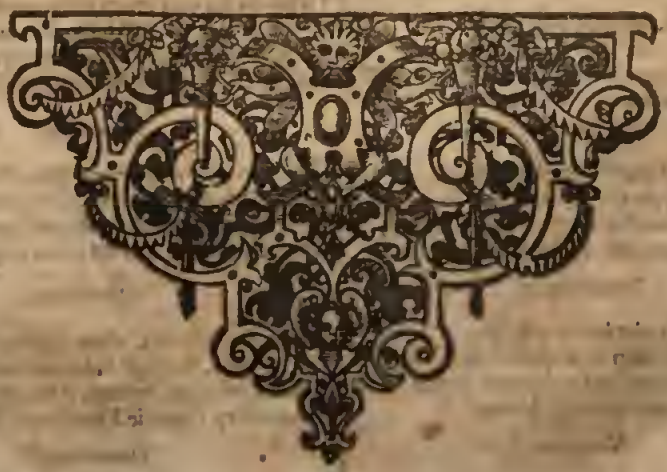
Heraclitus.

Some sorrows also I in silence keep;
But in the Deiare, all my woes shall weep
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will help me then;
For, in these dayes they are more milde then men.

Democritus.

Ile dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for, smiling PEACE provides
Such plenteous store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,
That still Ile laugh, un-leſſe that laughing kill me.

FINIS.



AN ODE OF THE LOVE AND BEAUTIES OF *ASTRÆA*.

Acceptam refero.

TO THE MOST MATCHLESSE

Faire and Vertuous
M. M. H.

Tetrastichon.

THou, for whose sake my freedome I forsake;
Who, murdring mee dost yet maintain my life:
Here, under PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keepst mee still in strife.

An Ode to Astræa.

SAcred PEACE if I approve thee,
If more then my life I love thee,
Tis not for thy beauteous eyes:
Though the brightest Lamp in skies
In his highest Summer-shine,
Seems a sparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of selfe-like-Sunnes,
Past all else-comparisons.

'Tis not (deare) the dewes Ambrosiall
Of those prettie lips so Rosiall,
Make me humble at thy feet:
Though the purest honey sweet
That the Muses birds doe bring,
To Mount *Hybla* every spring,
Nothing neere so pleasant is,
As thy lively loving kisse.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereresse)
Th' Amber circlets of thy tresse,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That so fast my freedome bindes:
Though the precious glittering sand
Richly strow'd on *Tagus* Strand,
Nor the graines *Pactolus* roll'd,
Never were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polisht rowes
Of those Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I still my suite pursue;
Though that in those Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baits of Avarice
Be no pearles of such a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worship at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy bosome panting still:
Though no fairest *Ledas* Swan
Nor no sleekest Marble can
Be so smooth or white in showe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradise)
Thy front (evener then the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-sweet Majestie:
Though the silver Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to sustain disgrace,
If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft Sattin limme,
With blew trayles enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keeps my thoughts in thy subjection,
Though it have such curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would move rocks, and ravish Marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too injurious!)
Makes mee of thy love so curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoë* passing rare,
In the Crystall-flowing springs
Never bath'd so beauteous things.

What then (O divinest Dame)
Fires my Soule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from above
Feeds and feasts my joyes (my Love)
If they taste not of the dainties
Of thy sweet lips sugred plenties?

What fell heat of covetize
In my feeble bosome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy tresses purest gold?
What inestimable treasure
Can procure mee greater pleasure
Then those Orient Pearles I see
When thou daign'st to smile on me?

What?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites
If I over-passe the messe
Of those apples of thy brests?
What fresh Buds of scarlet Rose
Are more fragrant sweet then those,
Then those Twins thy Straw-berry teats,
Curled-purled Cherrylets?

What (to finish) fairer limne,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rather Subject
Makes me make thee all mine object?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppreſt.
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 't is a thing more divine,
'Tis that peere-lesse Soule of thine,
Master-peece of Heav'ns best Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy milde pleasing courtesie
Makes thee triumph over mee.

But, for thy faire Soules respect,
I love Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow locks likewise:
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks:
Which thy lightning smile un-locks:
And the *Nectar*-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I love thy fresh rosie cheek,
Blushing most *Aurora*-like:
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those Ivorie-marble mounts
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh or no.

I love thy pure Lilly hand
Soft and smooth, and slender: and
Those five nimble brethren small
Arm'd with Pearl-shell helmets all.
I love also all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppreſt
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my longing sight doth shroud.

FINIS.

SONNET 1.

SWeet mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;
Whose every glance darts mee a living-death:
Brows, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arks:
Smile, that then *Venus* soonet *Mars* besots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush, wanton *Cupid* lurks:
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smoth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale,
Rare spirit, to rule this beauties Emperie:
If in your force, Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

SONNET 2.

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whose sight doth blind me, & whose nimblenes
Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes mee motion-lesse:
Whose only presence from my selfe absents mee;
Whose pleasant humors, make mee passionate;
Whose sober moods my follies represent mee;
Whose grave-milde graces make mee emulate;
My heart, through whom my heart is none of mine;
My All, through whom, I nothing doe possesse,
Save thine *Idea* glorious and divine:
O thou my Peace-like War, and War-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou hast given mee,
That 'tis my best ease never to have ease. (please,

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHES UPON VVarre and Peace.

Upon the League.

FRance, without cause thou dost complaine
Against the *League* for wronging thee.
Sh' hath made thee large amends again,
With more then common usurie:
For, for thy one King which shee slew,
Sh' hath giv'n thee now a thousand new.

Upon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With small or no endangering,
Such sudden common joy begunne,
That one would say (t' have seen the thing)
Th' King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

2

O rarest sight of joyfull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henrie* with one selfe-same show,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith thee from danger and distresse to free,
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in stern *Mars* his Month;
But in the month that milde ASTREA own'th.

Upon the fall of the Millars bridge.

1

The Millars, in the River drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleaguerd round;
To dye were all resolv'd in minde,
Because they had no more to grinde.

2

Then was their fittest time to dye,
Because they might intend it best:
But their intent was contrarie,
Because they then liv'd so at rest.

3

As, after long sharp famine, some (forlorn)
Of surfet Die, their greedinesse is such:
This Mill-bridge, having fasted long from Corn,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for having ground too-much.

Upon the recoverie of Amiens.

1

I know not which may seem most admirable,
To take or re-take such a Cities force:
But, yet I know which is most honourable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Eachwhere they sing a thousand wayes
The glory of this enterprise,
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The best is still in the Re-prise.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterprise,
To take so soon our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to dye yet the Reprise,
Else had he dy'd for shame to leave it so.

Upon the Reduction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld so soon (they sayd)
Nor be recovered so good cheap:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'T was made to make the *Britton* Leap.

Upon PEACE.

1

Souldiers, late prest, are now suppreſt:
Crest and cashierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of rest)
Take up their lendings by the Way.

2

This PEACE (it seemeth) doth not sound
To all the world; for, every-where
More Sergeants now doe goe the Round
Then Souldiers yerst accustom'd were.

Upon

Upon Captaine Cobler.

A merry Cobler left the Wars,
To turn unto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Customers
The reason of his alteration:
'T hath pleas'd (quoth hee) the King t' ordain
That each his office take again.

Upon Warre.

Here, under this huge heap of stones
Lately enterr'd lyes cruell WARRE:
Pray God long rest her soule and bones:
Yet there is nothing worse for her.

Upon Rowland Rob-Church.

Here lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately slaine,
In robbing of a wealthie Chappell, spy'd:
Yet I beleeve he doth in Heav'n remain,
Sith onely for the Churches Good hee dy'd.

Upon Captaine Catch.

Here under, Captain CATCH is layd,
Who six times chang'd from side to side:
Of neither side (it seem'd) affraid.
He wore a white Scarfe when hee dy'd:
Yet some suspect (and so doe I)
For his inconstance shown before,
That to the Black-band hee did fly:
But now he can revolt no more.

Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Here lyeth hee, who the more safe to prey
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:
Whither his Soule is gone, I cannot say,
Sith hee was not for Divell, nor for God.

Pax omnibus una.

FINIS.

A l'honeur de la Paix, chantee par Monsieur du NESME, & rechantee en Anglois par Monsieur SYLVESTRE.

SAns Paix rien ne subsiste : en Paix tout croist & dure :
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Univers
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si divers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture :
Elle vnit a son Dieu l'humaine creature :
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts :
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nouriture.
Envoy-la donc (O Dieu) à nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maisons, en nous ; & fay que de vne voix
Nous suivions les accords de ton Nesme *admirable :*
Lors (à jamais) seras loué de nos Gaulois
Par ses chants tout-divins : & Sylvestre, en Anglois
Redoublera ce loz d'vn stile inimitable.

P. CATELLE.
I'attens le temps.

THE

THE PROFIT OF IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX,
VVRITTEN IN FRENCH
BY
Odet de la Noue, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in the Castle of TOURNEY

Translated
BY
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Acceptam refero.

TO HIS LONG APPROVED FRIEND, M. R. NICOLSON,

J. S.

VVisheth

Ever all true Content.

TO thee (the same to mee as first I meant)
Friend to the Muses, and the well inclin'd,
Loving, and lov'd of every vertuous minde:
To thee the same, I the same Song present
(Our mutuall love's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephews shall here-after finde
Our constant friendship how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnesse and acknowledgment.
Accept againe this Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection
To Tangley *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-heart
(Perfect good-will supplies all imperfection).
Chameleons *change their colour*; Guile *her game:*
But (in both Fortunes*) Vertue's still the same.*

A SONNET OF THE AUTHOUR TO HIS BOOK.

He Bodie *over-prone to* Pleasures *and delights*
Of soft, fraile, dainty flesh, *and to selfe-ease addicted,*
Abhors Imprisonment, *as a base paine inflicted*
To punish the defaults of most unhappy wights.
The Soule, *as much surpriz'd with love of heav'nly sights,*
And longing to behold the place that appertains-her,
Doth loath the Bodie, *as a* Prison *that detaines-her*
From her high happinesse *among the blessed sprights.*
Then sith both Bodie *and* Soule *their bondage never brook,*
But Soule *and* Bodie *both doe love their* libertie:
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will beleeve our Book?
Hee that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,
And serve our Saviour Christ *in* bodie *and in* spirit,
Who both from thrall *hath* freed *by his owne* ouely *merit.*

A PARADOX,
That Adversitie is more necessarie
Than Prosperitie; and that, of all Afflictions, Close-*Prison is most pleasant, and most Profitable.*

HOw-ever fondly-false a vaine Opinion seeme;
If but the Vulgar once the same for right esteem,
Most men account it so: so (in absurdest things)
Consent of Multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any mean remaines when it is once received,
To wrest it from the most of erring mindes deceived.
Nay, whoso shall but say, they ought to alter it,
Hee headlong casts himselfe in dangers deepest Pit.
For never nimble Barke that on adventure runs
Through those blew bounding Hils where hoary *Neptune*
Was set upon so sore with never-ceast assault, (wuns,
Maintain'd on every side by winds, and waters salt,
When, raging most, they raise their roughest tempest dreaded,
As th' Idiot Multitude, that Monster many-headed
Bestirs it selfe, with wrath, spight, furie, full of terror,
'Gainst whatsoever man that dares reprove her error.
Who undertakes that taske, must make account (at first)
To take hot Wars in hand, and beare away the worst.
Therefore a many Works (worthy the light) have dyed
Before their Birth, in breasts of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but even by foolish threats:
Yet onely noise of words base cowards onely beats.
Then feare who list (for mee) the common Peoples cry,
And whoso list be mute, if other minded: I
(Scorning the feeble force of such a vain indeavour)
Will freely (spight of feare) say, what I censure ever:
And, though my present State permit mee not such scope,
Mine un-forbidden pen with Errors pride shall cope.

Close-

Close Prison (now a-daies) th' extremest miserie
The world doth deem, I deem direct the contrarie:
And there-with-all will prove, that even *Adversities*
Are to be wished more than most Prosperities.
And, for *Imprisonment*, though that be most lamented,
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;
Yet, that's the State most stor'd with pleasure and delight,
And the most gainfull too, to any Christian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, than creditable;
The which my selfe somtimes have also thought a fable,
While guilefull vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,
For strengthning sustenance, with un-substantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I also did detest
All sicknesse and disease that might a man molest,
But most I did abhorre that base esteemed state,
Which to subjections Law our selves doth subjugate,
And our sweet life enthrals unto anothers will:
For, as my fancy wisht I would have walked still.
Death (thought I) soon hath done, and every griefe besides,
The more extreme it is, the lesser time abides:
But now, besides that I esteem'd the Prisoners trouble
Much worse, methought the time his martyrdom did double.
So that, to scape that scourge, so irksome to my heart,
I could have been content t' have suffer'd any smart.
Lo, by blinde ignorance how judgments are mis-led;
Now that full thirty months I have experienced
That so-much-feared ill, 'tis now so us d to mee,
That I, (a Prisoner) live much more content and free,
Then when as (under cloak of a false freedome vain)
I was base slave (indeed) to many a bitter pain.
But now I see my selfe mockt every-where almost,
And feeble mee alone met by a mighty hoast
Of such, as (in this case) do not conceive as I,
But do esteem themselves offended much thereby.
And therefore (Father dear) this weak abortive Childe,
For refuge runs between th' arms of his Grand-sire milde.
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careless of the rest, all that I here desire,
Is onely that your selfe (as in a Glasse) may see
The image of the estate of my Captivity:
Where, though I nothing can availe the Common-weale,
Yet I availe my selfe (at least) some little deale;
Prayfing th'all powerfull Lord, that thus vouchsafes to poure
Such favours manifold upon mee every houre;
Whereof, your self (yer while) so sweet sure proof have tasted;
In cruell bitternesse of bands that longer lasted;

Now

Now, I beseech his Grace to blesse mine enterprise,
My heart and hand at once to governe in such wise,
That what I write, may nought displeasing him containe:
For voyd of his sweet ayde, who works he works in vaine.
Within the wide-spred space of these round elements,
What-ever is indu'd with living soule and sense,
Seeks (of it selfe) selfe-good; this instinct naturall
Nature her selfe hath graven in hearts of Creatures all:
And of all living things (from largest to the least)
Each one to flie his ill doth evermore his best.
Thereof it comes (wee see) the wilde horse (full of strength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And so, by force wee tame each most untamed beast,
Which, of it selfe, discreet, of evils takes the least:
And though that that which seemes to be his chiefe restraint
Hee often-times despise, that 's by a worse constraint:
As, when the Lion fierce, fear-lesse pursues the shining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royall crest declining,
Full of the valiant fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midst a million swords, his whelpings to defend,
More fearing far that they their liberty should lose,
Then on himself the smart of thousand wounding blowes.
But, all things have not now the selfe same goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the same another hurts and kils:
There 's ods between the good that savage Beasts doe like,
And that good (good indeed) wth foul-wise man must seek:
When Beasts have store of food; and free from foes annoy,
Smartlesse, and sound, and safe, may (as they list) injoy
Their fill of those delights, that most delight the sense;
That, that s the happinesse that fully them contents:
But reasonable soules (as God hath made Mankinde)
Can with so wretched good not satisfie their minde.
But, by how much the more their inly sight excels
The brutish appetite of every Creature else,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirst.
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worst,
The Heav'n-born soule the best, wherein mans blisse abides;
In body that of beasts, nought having else besides;
This body stands in need of many an accessorie,
To make it somewhat seem: the soule receives this glory,
That selfly shee subsists, and her aboundant wealth
(Unlike the bodies store) is ever safe from stealth.
Our body took his birth of this terrestriall clod:
Our spirit, it was inspir'd of th' inly breath of God;
And either of them still strives to his proper place,
This (earth-born) stoops to Earth; that flies to Heav'n apace.

But,

Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:
For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth hee.
Who, therefore, covets most such soon-past goods uncertain,
Shall n'er enjoy the joy of goods abiding certaine:
But, whoso seeks to build a true content, to last:
On else-what must else-where his first foundation cast,
For, all things here below are apt to alter ever,
Here 's nothing permanent: and therefore whosoever
Trusts thereto, trusteth to a broken staffe for stay;
For no earths vanitie can blesse a man for aye.
Wee must (to make us blest) our firme assurance found
Else-where then in this World, this change-inthralled ground:
Wee must propose our selves that perfect, perish-lesse,
That true unfained good, that good all danger-lesse
From th' unjust spoyle of theeves, which never, never stands
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.
Now, 'tis with spirituall hands, and not with corporall,
That wee doe apprehend these Heav'nly treasures all:
Treasures so precious, that th' onely hope to have them
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gave them
Fils us with every joy, our sorrows choaks and kills,
And make us feele, amid our most tormenting ills,
A much more calme content, then those that every day
On this fraile earth enjoy their hearts wish every way.
It's therefore in the spirit, not in the flesh that wee
Must seek our *Soveraigne Good* and chiefe felicitie.
Th' one is not capable of any injury:
The other 's thrall to th' yoke of many a miserie:
Th' one end-lesse, ever-lasts: th' other endures so little,
That wel-nigh yer 't be got, 'tis gone, it is so brittle.
For, who is hee that now in wealth aboundeth most,
Or, hee that in the court Kings favours best may boast,
Or, hee that 's most with roabes of dignitie bedight,
Or, hee that swimmes on Seas of sensuall sweet delight,
But is in perill still to prove the contrarie,
Poore, hated, honour-lesse, and full of miserie?
But, one, that scorning all these rich proud pomps & pleasures
About him, *Bias*-like, beares alwayes all his treasures,
Ev'n, like to him, can leave his native Countrey sackt
Without sustaine of losse; and, with a mind infract,
Ev'n vanquished bereave the Victors victories,
Who, though his Land he win, cannot his heart surprise.
Let exile, prisonment, and tortures great and small,
With their extremest paines at-once assaile him all:
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,
Poore, friendlesse, naked, sick (or if ought worse then those)

Hee

Hee doth not onely beare all this with patience,
But taketh (even) delight in ſuch experience,
Regarding all theſe griefes, which men ſo much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and ſcar-crowes voyd of might:
Hee chooſeth rather much ſuch excerciſe as theſe,
Then mid the fleſh-delights to ruſt in idle eaſe.
But, verie few there are, that thus much will admit:
Nay, few or none there are that eas'ly credit it;
The moſt part, taking part with common moſt conceit,
Yet they have heard of this, ſtuſtaine the tother ſtraight:
Not ſeeking, that themſelves ſhun and refuſe as ill,
What unto other men, for good they offer ſtill.
Not one of them will brook his Son in ſloath to lurk,
But moves and ſtirs him up inceſſantly to work:
Forbids him nothing more than ſin-ſeed idleneſſe:
Nor any pleaſure vaine permits him to poſſeſſe
(For well hee knows, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thither-ward who walks, a path of paine muſt tread):
If hee offend in ought, hee chaſtens and reproves him,
In ſo much ſharper ſort by how much more hee loves him.
Thus handleth man the thing that moſt hee holdeth dear,
Yet thinks it ſtrange himſelfe ſhould be ſo handled here.
May we not rather think wee are belov'd of God,
When as wee feele the ſtripes of his juſt gentle rod?
And that, whom here hee lets live as they liſt in pleaſure,
Are ſuch as leaſt hee loves, and holds not as his treaſure?
For ſo, not of our ſlaves, but of our ſonnes elect,
By ſharp-ſweet chaſtiſements the manners wee correct.
In very deed, God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may croſſe his childs deſire,
But what may moſt availe unto his betterment:
So, knowing well that eaſe would make us negligent,
Hee exerciſes us, hee ſtirs us up, and preſſes:
And, though wee murmur much, yet never more hee ceaſes,
Hee chaſtens, hee afflicts: and thoſe whom moſt he ſtriketh,
Are thoſe whom moſt he loves, and whom he chiefly liketh.
No valiant men of warre will murmur or miſlike,
For being plac't to prove the formoſt puſh of pike:
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,
With loſſe of dearest bloud, their dauntleſſe hearts to ſhow.
If any exploit approach, or Battell-day draw nigh,
If ambuſh muſt be laid, ſome ſtratagem to trie;
Or, muſt they meet the foe in eager skirmiſh fell,
Or for the ſleepy hoaſt all night keep ſentinell:
From grudging at the paines, ſo far off are they all,
That bleſt they count themſelves; therefore their Generall

Imployes

Imployes them often-times, as most courageous;
And, them approv'd, he plants in places dangerous:
But, no man makes account of such as shun the charge
Whose pain is not so small as their discredit 's large.
All of us (in this world) resemble Souldiers right,
From day-break of our birth even to our dying night:
This life it is a war wherein the valiantest,
With hottest skirmishes are ever ply'd and prest:
Whom our grand-captaine most sets-by, hee sets a-frunt
The foreward, as most fit to beare the chiefest brunt.
Cares, exiles, prisonments, diseases, dolours, losses,
Maimes, tortures, torments, spoiles, contempt, dishonors, crosses,
All these are hard exploits, and full of bickrings bold,
Which hee commits to those whom hee doth dearest hold:
But, leaveth those behinde for whom hee careth little,
To stretch themselves at ease amid their honours brittle,
Their pomps, their dignities, their joyes, their gems, their treasures,
Their dainties, their delights, their pastimes, and their pleasures;
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage and the stuffe,
While others meet the foe, and shew their valours proofe.
But have not these (say some) in these afflictions part?
No; but of punishment they often feele the smart.
Afflicted those we count, whom chastenings tame, and turne;
The other punished, that at correction spurne:
The first (still full of hope) reape profit by their rods;
The latter (desperate) through spight wex worse by ods.
Boy-stragglers of a Camp, so should be punisht then,
Being naked forc't to fight with troupes of armed men,
Who cannot reap nor reach the pleasure, nor the meed,
Nor th' honour incident for doing such a deed:
To such praise-winning place, brave Souldiers gladly run
Which as a dangerous place these faint-hearts sadly shun.
What Warriour in the world, that had not rather try
A million of extremes (yea rather even to die)
Than with disgracefull spot to stain his Honour bright
In these corporeall Wars? Yet in the ghostly fight
(Of glorie carelesse all) wee shun all labours pain,
To purchase with reproach a rest-nest idly-vain.
Vertue is not atchiev d by spending of the year
In pleasure soft, sweet shades, doun-beds, and dainty cheare:
Continuall travell 'tis that makes us there arrive,
And so by travell too, Vertue is kept alive:
For, soon all Vertue vades without some exercise;
But being stirr'd, the more her vigour multiplies.
Besides what man is hee, that feels some member rotten,
Whereof he feares to die, but causeth straight be gotten

Some Surgeon, that with ſawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to ſave his threatned life :
And ſuffers (though with ſmart) his very fleſh and bones
To be both ſear'd, and ſaw'd, and clean cut-off at once ?
But to recure the ſoule (the ſoule with ſin infected)
All wholeſome remedies are hated and rejected :
With the Phyſician kinde th' impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand hee lets :
Wee are halfe putrefied, through ſins contageous ſpot,
And without ſpeedie help the reſt muſt wholly rot :
Cut-off th' infected part, then are wee ſound and free,
Elſe all muſt periſh needs, there is no remedie.
Moſt happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With ſmart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th' ever-never death, wherein they lye and languiſh,
That here have had their eaſe and never taſted anguiſh.
But many, which as yet the adverſe part approve,
Conceive (if not confeſſe) that it doth more behoove
By faintleſs exerciſe faire Vertue to maintaine,
Than over-whelm'd with Vice, at reſt to ruſt in vaine.
But yet th' extremitie of ſuffrings doth diſmay them,
The force whereof they feare would eas'ly over-lay them :
They love the exerciſe, the chaſtnings likewiſe like them,
But yet they would have God but ſeld' and ſoftly ſtrike them ;
Elſe are they preſt to run, to ruine, with the Divels,
They are ſo ſore afeard of falſe ſuppoſed evils:
Moſt wretched is the man that for the feare of nifles,
All lively-breathing hopes of happie goodneſſe ſtifles.
Of nifles, Sir, ſay they ? ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,
As nothing ? nor their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,
That daily they endure ? were not the wretches bleſt,
If from their heavie loade their ſhoulders were releaſt ?
Who is not happy (ſure) in miſerie and woe,
No doubt proſperitie can never make him ſo :
No more than hee that 's ſick ſhould finde more eaſe upon
A glorious golden bed, than on a wooden one.
Man harbours in himſelfe the evill that afflicts him,
And his own fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks him :
And all theſe outward ills are wrongfully accuſed,
Which fleſh and bloud doth blame ; for, being rightly uſed,
They all turn to our good : but whoſo takes offence
Thereby, hath by and by his juſt rough recompence :
For neither in their power, nor in their proof the ſame
Are evils in effect, but in conceit and name :
Which when we lightly weigh, the leaſt of us ſurmounts them,
Nor hurt they any one, but him that over-counts them.

Neither

Neither ought that (indeed) for evill to be rated,
Which may by accident be unto good translated:
For ill is ever ill, and is contrarie ever
Directly unto good, so that their natures never
Can be constrain'd to brook each other, neither yet
Can th' one be ever turn'd to th' other opposite:
But, plainly wee perceive, that there 's no languor such,
But long continuance and custome lighten much;
Familiarizing so the Fit, that how-so fret it,
Ev'n in the extremitie one may almost forget it.
What better proofe of this then these poore Gally-slaves,
Which, having been before such Rogues and idle Knaves,
As shunning services to labour were so loth,
That they would starve and die rather then leave their sloth;
But being us'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,
Labour that yerst they loath'd, they now desire the more:
Or those that are assail'd with burning fever-fit,
Ev'n then when least of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and cry, and rave, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot swage;
Yet, if it wex not worse, the daintiest bodie makes it:
In eight dayes as a Use, and as a trifle takes it:
Or, those that have somtimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without charge of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did constraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seemes them so easie then, they almost fall a-sleepe.
All are not evils then, that are surnamed so,
Sith evill never can his nature mingle, no;
Nor turne it into good; whereas wee plainly see
On th' other side, that these are changed suddenly.
And, were they ills (indeed) sith they so little last,
Were 't not a very shame to be so much agast?
But here again (say they) th' ones nature never taketh
The others nature on, but still the stronger maketh
His fellow give him place, and onely beareth sway
Till that, return'd againe, drive it againe away.
Nay, that can never be: for never perfect good
Can by his contrary be banisht (though withstood):
For, good is ever good, and wheresoe'r it goe
Evill doth ever strive, but with too strong a foe.
There is no reason then, these, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this sort, and never rest at all:
Neither to blesse or blame them for the good or ill
That ever in her selfe our soule concealeth still.
For, if that from without, our bale, or else our blisse
Arrived; evermore withall must follow this,

That alwayes, unto all, selfe ill, selfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one selfe content: but 'tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their qualitie and kinde
But rather as th' effects of men are most inclin'd.
One, losing but a Crown, hath lost his patience quite:
Another having lost five hundred in a night,
Is never mov'd a jot, though (having lesse in store,
Then th' other hath by ods) his losse might grieve him more.
One, being banished, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.
And, one in prison pent, is utterly dismay'd:
Another, as at home, lives there as well appaid.
Needs must wee then confesse, that in our selves doth rest
That which unhappieth us, and that which makes us blest:
In us (indeed) the ill, which of our selves doth grow;
And in us too the good, which from God's grace doth flow,
To whom it pleaseth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Save those on whom the Lord vouchsafeth to bestow-it:
And that the bitter smart of all the paines that wring-us,
From nothing but our sin, receiveth strength to sting-us,
Yea, surely in our selves abides our miserie:
Our Grand-sire *Adam* left us that for legacie,
When hee enthrall'd himselfe unto the Law of sinne,
Wherein his guiltie heires their griefe-full birth begin.
The Lord had giv'n to him a nature and a feature,
Perfect, indeed, and blest above all other creature:
And of this Earthly world had stablisht him as King,
Subjecting to his rule the reanes of every thing:
His spirit within it selfe no selfe-debates did nurse,
Having no knowledge yet of better nor of worse:
His body ever blithe and heathfull felt no war
Of those foure qualities that now doe ever jar:
Nor any pois'nie plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noysom beast could hurt him any deale:
Hee might, without the taste of bitter death attaine
Unto the haven of Heav'n, where all true Joyes doe raigne.
And, had hee not misdone, hee might have well bequeath'd
The same inheritance to all that ever breath'd:
How happy had hee been, if hee had never eaten
Th' unlawfull fatall Fruit that double death did threaten?
O that hee never had prefer'd the Serpents flatter
Before th' eternall Law of all the Worlds Creator.
You shall bee (said the Fiend) like supreme Deities:
This sweet fruits sugred juice shall open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (envying all your blisse)
Blinds with a filmie vaile of black Obscurities,

Lest

Left that you should become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill, as well as ever hee.
Poore *Eve* beleeves him straight, and Man beleeves his Wife,
And biteth by and by the apple asking-life:
Whereof so soon as hee had tasted, hee begins
(But all too-late alas) to see his cursed sinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then hee had the skill
To know the difference between the good and ill:
Then did hee know how good, good was when he had lost-it,
And evill too hee knew (but ah too dearly cost-it)
Leaving himselfe (besides the sorrow of his-losse)
Nothing but sad despaire of succour in his crosse.
Hee found himselfe falne down from blisse-full state of peace
Into a civill warre where discords never cease:
His soule revolting, soon became his bitter foe.
But (as it oft befals that worst doe strongest grow)
Shee is not eas'd at all by th' inly striving jarres,
Which doe annoy her more then th' irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, envie, feare, sorrow, despaire, and such;
And passions opposite to these, afflict as much,
Distracting to and fro the Princesse of his life,
In restlesse mutinies, and never ceasing strife.
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themselves, augment his miserie.
So that (by their debate) within his flesh there seeded
A harvest of such weeds as never can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subjects) did attend him,
Now, 'mong themselves conspire by all meanes to offend him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortall hee became,
And bound his soule to bide Hels ever-burning flame,
Leaving his wofull heires (even from their births beginning)
Heires of his heavie paine, as of his hainous sinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankinde,
To beare the punishment to his foule sinne assign'd:
And none had ever scapt had not the God of grace
(Desiring more to save, then to subvert his race)
Redeem'd us by the death of his deare onely Sonne,
And chosen us in him before the world begun:
Forgiving us the fault, and with the fault the fine;
All save this temporall death, of *Adams* sinne the signe.
Now in the horror of those ease-lesse, end-lesse paines,
It may be rightly said, that evill ever reignes:
That 's evill 's very selfe; and not this seeming-woe,
Whereof the wanton world complaineth daily so.
Liv'd wee ten thousand yeares continually tormented
In all fell tortures strange that ever were invented,

What 's that compar'd to time that never ſhall expire,
Amid th' infernall flames, whoſe leaſt-afflicting fire
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can think?
Sure, all that wee endure, till *Lethé* drops wee drink,
Is all but eaſe to that: or if it be a paine,
'Tis in reſpect of that a very trifle vaine.

But, were 't a great deale worſe, why ſhould wee evill name
That which wee rather finde a med'cine for the ſame?
Health, wealth, ſecuritie, honour and eaſe doe make us
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake us;
Whereas afflictions are ready meanes to move us,
To ſeek our health in him that doth ſo dearly love us.

'Tis true indeed: (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring us,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extremely wring us,
That th' evill which they feele that doe indure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it juſt to give it that for name.

Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be deni'd)
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth wee bide
In body and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſsions ſtrong, the bodie thouſand paines:
And that 's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaid,
Was juſtly due to us, when *Adam* diſobay'd.

But, hee that 's once new-bome in Jeſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſettled hath,
Who doth beleeve that God gives eſſence unto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriveth
To ſtop his juſt decrees, can ſtand, or ever thriveth;
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,
The which hee takes for due unto his deep offence:
Nor onely is content (if ſuch be Gods good pleaſure)
To feele a thouſand-fold a much more ample meaſure,
But even delights therein; and voyd of any feare,
Expects th' extremitie of all aſſaults to beare:
Whether almightie God abate their wonted vigor
Or (that his may not feele their croſſes cruell rigor)
Doe wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at once.

And, to approve this true; how many daily drink
Of torments bitter Cup, that never ſeem to ſhrink?
Alas, what ſharper ſmart? what more afflicting paines?
What worſer griefe then that, which eaſ-leſly ſuſtaines?
Hee that by ſome miſchance, or elſe by martiall thunder,
Unhappily hath had ſome maine bone broke in ſunder?
What torment feeleth not the ſore-ſick deep-diſeaſed?
One while with cruell fit of burning Fever ſeiſed:

Another

Another while assail'd with Cholick and with Stone,
Or with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none?
Or thousand other griefes, whose bitter vexing strife
Disturbs continually the quiet of our life?
Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish
(Though the most part repine, and plain, and mourn, & languish,
Murmuring 'gainst the Lord, with male-contented voyce)
Some prayse his clemencie, and in his rods rejoyce.
How many such (deare Saints) have fell tormentors seene
To die between their hands, through moodie tyrants teen,
So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,
That in th' extremitie they have expressed laughter?
How many at the stake, nay, in the very flame,
Have sung, with cheerfull voyce, th' Almighties praise-full name?
Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,
Of sinnews, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines
(By nature at the least) as much as any other,
For being issued all from one selfe earthly mother:
What makes them then to finde such extreme smart so sweet?
What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?
No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made us,
Who with his liberall hand of goodnesse still doth lade us,
Some more and other lesse: and never ceaseth space
From making us to feele the favours of his grace.
Accurst are they (indeed) whom hee doth all abandon
To doe their Lust for Law, and run their life at randon:
Accurst who never taste the sharp-sweet hand of God:
Accurst (ah, most accurst) who never feele his rod.
Such men (by nature born the bond-slaves unto sin)
Through selfe-corruption, end worse then they did begin:
For, how they longer live, the more by their amisse,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther off from blisse.
Such men within themselves their evils spring containe:
There is no outward thing (as falsly they complaine)
Cause of their cure-lesse ill: for good is every thing,
And good can (of it selfe) to no-man evill bring.
Now, if they could aright these earthly pleasures prize
According to their worth, they would not in such wise,
For lack, or losse of these (so vaine and transitorie)
Lament so bitterly, nor be so sadly sorrie.
But over-loving still these outward things unstable,
To rest in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth so assaile them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile them,
Then swell their sullen hearts with sorrow till they burst,
And then (poor desperate soules) they deem themselves accurst;

And

And so (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their owne selfe amisse;
Other indifferent things, that neither make nor marre,
But to the good, bee good; to th' evill, evill are.
Is 't not great foolishnesse, for any to complaine
That something is not done, which doth him nought constraine?
Sith, if hee use the same, soule-health it hurteth not:
Or, if hee doe not use 't, it helpeth not a jot.
But needs must we complaine (say some) for we have cause:
Then at your perill be 't; for, that which chiefly drawes
You thereto, 'tis in truth your bruteneſſe in mis-deeming
Things evill, that are good (for sense-contrarie seeming):
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors mist,
Your drowsie spirits doe droope, alas what marvell is't
If evill follow you, and (if injurious) still
To others you impute your selfe-ingendred ill?
Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchsafeth sight
To see the lovely beames and life-infusing Light
Of his sweet sacred Truth; whereby we may perceive
And judge a-rightly, what to love and what to leave.
Such men within their soules, their goods have wholly plac't;
Such goods, as never fire can either burne or waste:
Nor any thiefe can steale, nor Pirat make his prey;
Nor usurie consume, nor Tyrant take away;
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away nor finish,
Nor any accident of sad mischance diminish.
For it is built on God, a Rock that ever stands:
Not on the vanities of these inconstant sands,
Which are more mutable then winde, and more unstable,
And day by day doe make so many miserable.
O, to what sweet content, to what high joyes aspires
Hee, that in God alone can limit his desires!
Hee that in him alone his hopes can wholly rest,
Hee that for onely end, waits for the wages blest,
Wherewith he promiseth for ever (sans respect
Of their selfe-meriting) to guerdon his elect?
What is it can bereave the wealth of such a man?
What is it that disturbe his perfect pleasures can?
What is it can supplant his honours and degrees?
Sith all his treasures, his delights, his dignities,
Are all layd up in Heav'n, where it were all in vaine
For all the sons of earth to warre with might and maine.
No doubt (will some man say) each Christian doth aspire
(After their bodies death) to those dear treasures higher,
That are reserv'd in Heav'n, whereof the sweet possession
Fears not the violence of all the worlds oppression:

But

But, while that here below this fraile flesh-burden tyes him,
But the bare hope hee hath: which how can it suffice him
Against the sharp assaults of passions infinite,
Whose glad-sad crosse conflicts afflict him day and night?
Needs must I grant (indeed) that the same perfect joy
Wee cannot perfectly upon this earth enjoy:
But, that that hope alone doth not sufficiently
Blesse his life where it lives (for my part) I deny.
Some doe not feare (wee see) to spend their stock and store,
To undertake the taske of many travels sore,
To hazzard limmes, and lives in service of some Lord;
Depending oft upon his foole-fat-feeding word;
Or waiting else (perhaps) without all other hold,
Untill it please himselfe his franknesse to unfold;
Not reaking all their paine, they are so inly pleas'd
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not seaz'd?
And, shall th' assured hope of ever-blisses then,
For which wee have the word, not of vaine mortall men,
That teach their tongues to lye; but of the highest God,
The God of truth, Truth's selfe, where truth hath still aboade:
Shall that, I say, not serve to settle our faint hearts,
Against (I will not say) like dangers and like smarts:
But 'gainst these petty griefes, that now and then doe pain-us,
No more like those then Heav'n neer Earth that doth sustain-us?
Ah, shall wee then despise all trouble and vexation,
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?
And, while for earthly things wee can indure all this,
Shall wee not doe as much for an immortall blisse?
Indeed not of our selves: for, selfly nought wee can;
But God (when pleaseth him) doth give this strength to man,
Whereby hee standeth stout; even like a mighty rock
Amid the mounting waves, when *Eóle* doth unlock
Sterne *Austers* stormie gate, making the waters wrastle,
And rush with wrathfull rage against the sturdy Castle,
While it (for all the force of their fell furie shown)
Is not so much as moy'd, and much lesse overthrown.
So fareth such a man: for, if from high degree,
Hee suddenly doe slide to live contemnedly
With the vile vulgar sort; That cannot make him waver:
For well hee is assur'd, that God's high holy favour
Depends not on the pomp, nor vain-proud state and port,
That for the grace of Kings adorns the Courtly sort.
If hee be kept in bands, thrall to the tyrannies
And extreme cruell Lawes of ruthlesse enemies,
Both voyd of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood
Of being ever free'd from their hands-thirsting bloud;

In

In ſpight of them, hee knowes that one day hee ſhall dye,
And then hee ſhall enjoy an endleſſe *Libertie*.
If hee be forced to flie from his dear Countrey-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,
Hee doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Countrey common,
From whence, a tyrants wrath (till death) can baniſh no man.
If that hee muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie hee moſt delighteth in;
Hee knowes that where hee finds a man hee finds a kinſ-man:
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſins-man).
If (being ſpoyl'd of wealth, and wanton-pampering plentie)
Hee finde upon his boord two diſhes ſcant of twentie,
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,
Whereas hee had before, a new for every day;
Hee learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids us be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Job*) into this World wee brought,
Nor with us when wee die can wee hence carrie ought.
If hee be paſsing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of every needfull thing for belly and for back,
Hee learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To give to every one (in time) the thing hee needeth:
And that the fowles of Heav'n, and Cattell ſmall and great,
Doe neither ſow nor reape, yet finde they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire, which grow among the graſſe
Doe neither ſpin nor work, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and Ornament)
The glorious *Salomons* rich roabes of Parliament.
If ſo that hee be ſick, or wounded in the arme,
In body, back, or breaſt, or ſuch like kinde of harme:
If in extremitie of angrie paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, hee bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that ever martyr'd man,
At once on every ſide afflict him all they can:
The more that hee endures, the more his comforts grow,
Sith to his wretchedneſſe hee ſooner comes to know;
That from worlds vanities hee may himſelfe advance,
Which hold all thoſe from Heav'n, that ſtill delight that dance:
Hee fears not thoſe at all that with their utmoſt might,
Having the bodie ſlaine, can doe no farther ſpight:
But onely him that with ten thouſand deaths can kill
The ſoule and bodie both for ever if hee will:
Hee knowes it is their lot that ſeek to pleaſe their God,
To bee afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod:
So that, what ever croſſe, how-ever ſharp, aſſaile him,
His conſtant hearts content and comfort cannot faile him.

But,

But, hee must dye (say you). Alas, can that dismay?
Where is the Labourer (that having wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearinesse oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when hee ſhall goe to reſt?
The Merchant that returnes from ſome farre foreine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as hee ſees his ſhip her home-haven enter ſafe,
Will hee repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought too ſoon home to his native ſoil,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylors ſpoyle?
He knows, from thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe-
That in Heav'ns ever joyes, he ever may repoſe him: him,
That he muſt bring his bark into this Creek, before
In th' everlaſting Land he can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That he can never come to incorruption,
Unleſſe that firſt his fleſh doe feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with joy, having his help ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack hee eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.
But more (perhaps) than death the kind of death diſmayeth,
Which ſerves him for a bridge that him to Heav'n convayeth.
Whether hee end his daies by naturall diſeaſe:
Or in a boyſtrous ſtorme doe periſh on the Seas:
Or by the bloudy hands of armed foes be ſlaine:
Or by miſchance a ſtone fall down, and daſh his braine:
Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day or elſe by night his bones be paſht a-ſunder:
Or burned at a ſtake, or bitterly tormented
By cruell ſlaughter-men, in tortures new-invented:
Alas, alas! for that, much leſſe than leaſt hee careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, hee fareth;
Who, if hee may be drawn up from the noyſome place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes, craule over feet and face,
Reſpects not, whether that hee uſe a ſilken ſcaine,
Hemp-rope, or chain of gold, ſo hee get up againe:
Even ſo, ſo hee may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The manner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doe torture)
If it be violent, hee knowes it is the ſhorter:
But be it ne'r ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To us whoſe poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents doe hyve,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man alive?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe unfain'd bitterneſſe
Brings, to this very life, full many torments fell,
And after dingeth down to th' endleſſe pain of hell)

Should

Should be preferr'd before these seeming-sowrs, that make us
Taste many true-sweet sweets yet this dead life forsake us,
And after, lift us up to that same blessed joy,
That evermore shall last, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I suppose) so deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with these ils falsly-seeming,
Than inly falne-in-love with Heav'n-joyes excellence)
Approving this estate, fly't as the pestilence.
And yet, in this estate is found felicitie
(As far forth as it may, amid the vanite
Of this fraile fading World, where each thing hourly changes):
For, never from it selfe true happinesse estranges:
It never doth decay, it never doth decrease:
In spight of angry warre, it ever lives in peace:
Maugre poore want, it hath ten thousand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inviron'd round with woe, it doth rejoyce and sing:
Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater then a king:
It sits secure and safe, free from heart-pining fears:
For, ever with it selfe it all deare treasures beares.
Not needing any ayde of men-of-armes to watch them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch them.
Whereas, wee dayly see so many men, whose minde
To transitorie trash of worldly wealth inclin'd,
In their abundance beg, and in their plenty poore
(For who hath had so much, that hath not wished more?)
No treasure can suffice the gulfe of their desire;
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aspire;
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled soule doth ever burne and boyle.
For every short content of any false delight,
A thousand bitter throes torment them day and night.
All their estate doth stand abroad in hands of strangers:
Therefore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dangers,
The more their miseries, because the more they need
Much strength and many men unto their hoords to heed;
Dreading (with cause) lest craft, or cruelty, or either
Bereave them of their blisse, and treasure both together.
Needs must wee then confesse, that in adversitie
There is more happinesse than in prosperitie;
Sith that the mind of man so soon it selfe betrayes
Unto the guilefull snares that worldly pleasures layes
Which make us at the last head-long to Hell to runne:
All which, adversitie doth make us safely shunne.
But, here it may be askt, if pleasure, state, and store
(Plunging us in the Pit of vices more and more)

Be

Be subject so to make us more and more accurst,
Must wee esteme that griefe (which sense esteemeth worst).
More fit to better us, and bring us unto blisse,
Then those whose smarting sting is not so strong as this?
Sure, sith that in our selves our cause originall
Of blisse and bale wee hide, it matters not at all:
For, still the faithfull man one and the same remains,
Whether the griefe be great or little hee sustains;
Sith how so e'r it be, hee takes occasion thence,
To seek in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for because our soule (the while shee doth consort
With this grosse fleshly lump) cannot but in some sort
Suffer as sensible, yea, oftentimes so far,
That her best functions all, lesse apt and able are,
Then else at other times; I doe suppose the proofe
Of one, then other ill, availes more in behoofe.
That this is so, wee see a sick man oft to finde
Such joyfull quietnesse, and comfort in his minde,
That hee esteems himselfe the best content-alive:
But yet the sharp disease (which doth his health deprive)
With-holdeth in some sort his senses and his wit,
That freely other-where hee cannot use them fit.
And so it fares with him, that (through-resolved well)
Endures the cruell strains of any torture fell.
Now, for the banisht man, the changing of his dwelling
Never disturbs, his joy. And hee whose wealth excelling
Turns in a trice to want by whatsoever chance,
His courage never shrinks, nor yet his countenance.
So that in their content, all foure are all a-like.
A-like rejoycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two last have odds in their extremities;
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde
To many goodly things, wherein great joy they finde
(I mean, when each distresse offends a man alone,
Not when hee is assail'd at once of every one.)
Yet, perill 's quickly past, danger endureth not,
Exile so easie growes that it is soon forgot,
The greatest losse that is wee minde not many houres:
For, thousand accidents distract this soule of ours,
Which cannot in such sort the senses still restraine,
But that they will goe feed on many objects vaine;
Whereby at un-awares shee oftentimes, surpris'd,
Is over-reacht by those, whose rigour shee despis'd:
And so, the pleasant taste shee doth untimely misse,
Wherewith affliction sweet doth season here her blisse.

Of hatefull foes so fierce in malice and in might,
Himselfe so faint and weake, and so unfit to fight.
For hee, and wee (God wot) in stead of standing to-it
(How-ever in a vein, wee vaunt that wee will doe-it)
When 't commeth to the brunt wee cannot brook the field,
But either fly like hares, or else like cowards yeeld:
The sundry objects fond, which make us soon forget
Each other chastisement, in this doe never let.
For turn wee where wee list, and looke which way wee will,
At all times to our sight one thing is offred still:
Whether on pavement, roof, or wall, wee cast our eye,
Alwayes of our estate an Image wee descrie:
And so it also fares with our news-greedie eare,
One very sound resounds about us every where:
Where-ever hearken wee, wee heare of nought but foes,
Our keepers commonly are not too-kind, God knowes:
By the least noyse that is, continually they tell
In what estate wee stand, and in what house wee dwell.
So that incessantly our hearts are lift on high,
Som-times to praise the Lord for his benignitie,
Who doth not punish us after our foule offence,
Though by a thousand sinnes wee daily him incense:
Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble hearts with such great force bedight,
That wee, in stead of griefe, or grudging at the pains
Of sharpest chastisements, whereof the world complains,
Leaving this loathed Earth, doe mount the highest place,
Where (through true faith) wee taste his honey-sweeter grace:
Somtimes to give him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand wee have to help our needing:
And to be short, *sans* cease to meditate on all
The countlesse benefits that from his goodnesse fall,
Not suffering any houre to passe away for nought
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.
Yet, doth the world esteeme this, a most hard estate,
And him that feels the same, it counts unfortunate:
But I would gladly see some other state wherein
(With such commoditie) so much content is seen:
Wherein lesse hinderance, and lesse incomb'rance lyes,
To make men misse the path unto perfections prise.
Sure sir (will some man say) you set a good face on-it,
One might at length convert, commenting so upon-it,
The cruell'st Prison-house into a Mansion faire,
Where 't were not hard to live content, and voyd of care.
You take your *Prichen* for a practive man of Art:
But such as those (God knows) you finde the fewest part,

You fain him to be friend to solitude and quiet:
But the most part are prone to revell and to riot.
One must be free from noyse that meanes to studie well:
Whereof, who can be sure in such a servile Hell?
Besides, hee must have Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Prisoners* hands are seldome left I thinke;
So that you doe not faine your gail so good and gainfull,
As to finde out the same is difficult and painfull.
I answer in a word (if any so shall wrangle:
I doe not bound all blisse within so straight an angle
I say, great happinesse and heart-reviving joy
Followes th' afflicted sort in every sharp annoy:
But that there is no crosse that doth so much availe,
To make us fit to help our neighbour, as the gaile,
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleasure gives
Meanes to effect the same, unto the least that lives.
But be it so, in bands, that nothing learne wee can,
'Tis to be learn'd enough to be an honest man:
And this is th' onely Schoole, wherein th' Arch-master teacheth,
Himselfe by secret means, rules that the rudest reacheth.
Th' advice of such a one more profit doth impart,
Then of the wicked sort with all their curious Art.
Concerning solitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inclin'd unto the contrarie;
There the assistant grace of God wee chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth also change our minde.
For beeing free from noyse, and for obtaining tooles
To help our knowledge with, as in all other Schooles;
God ever cares for those that feare his name for love:
And, if that any such, such inconvenience prove,
If any money need, or else (through ample distance)
Be destitute of friends, hee gets them (for assistance)
The favour of their foes, whose hearts hee handles so
(How ever they intend his childrens overthrow)
That his, of what they need have evermore enough,
According as hee knowes to be to their behoofe.
Now say, that wee consent (say some) that this is true:
But what if somewhat worse then all this worst ensue?
What, if hee be inforc't his Country to forsake?
What, if continuall fits his sickly body shake?
What, if hee lose at once his wealth and reputation,
Repleat on every side with every sharp vexation?
Can hee still keep his joy, and can hee still retain
Such meanes to profit still, for all his griefe and pain?
Concerning his content, it's alwayes all a-like,
Whether that every griefe particularly strike;

Or,

Or, whether all at once hee feel their utmost anger:
And if hee be surpris'd with so extreme a languor
That(as I said before) the spirit it inforce
(Through suffering of the smart that doth afflict the corps)
To leave his Offices, so that hee cannot write,
Nor reade, nor meditate, nor study nor indite;
It is so quickly past, that in comparison,
Regarding so great good, 'tis not to thinke upon.
For, by a mighty griefe our life is quickly ended;
Or els, by remedie it selfe is soon amended:
And, if it be but mean, then it is borne the better,
And so unto the soule it is not any letter.
Besides, wee must conceive, our spirit (as oppreſt
With fainting wearinesse) somtimes desireth rest
To gather strength againe, during which needfull pawse
Wee are not to be blam'd, sith need the same doth cause:
So, that the time that 's lost while such sharp pangs doe paine,
May be suppos'd a time of taking breath againe.
In prison (to conclude) a man at once may trie
All manner of extremes of earthly misery:
In which respect (perhaps) the worse some deem of it,
Being (as 't were) the Butt that all men strive to hit;
But, I esteem the same the perfecter for that:
For, if one crosse alone can make us elevate
Our groveling earth-desires from cogitations base,
To have recourse to God, and to implore his grace,
Seeking in him alone our perfect joy and blisse;
Much more shall many griefs at once, accomplish this.
For many can doe more then one (without respect):
And still, the greater cause the greater the effect.
Indeed (say other-some) these reasons have some reason:
But, then whence comes it, that so many men in Prison
(With hundred thousand pains, pincht and oppressed sore)
In stead of bettering there, wax worser then before:
In stead of sweet content, doe still complaine and crie;
In stead of learning more, lose former industry?
Though (in appearance great) your saying seem but just,
Yet plain experience (sure) wee think is best to trust.
That hidden vertue rare, that so great good atchieves,
Lies in the Prisoners heart, not in his heavy Gyves;
The good grow better there, the bad become the worse:
For by their sinne they turne Gods blessing into curse.
And that 's the cause the most are male-content and sad:
Sith evermore the good are fewer then the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchsafe his grace?
Proud earth-worms pawse wee there: let 's fear before his face,

Admiring humbly all his holy Judgements high,
Exceeding all too far our weake capacitie.
The Potters vessell vile, doth us our lesson show,
Which argues not with him why hee hath made it so:
Much lesse may wee contend, but rather rest content
With that which God hath given. Hee is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, most just, and perfect wise.
On some, hee pours a Sea of his benignities,
On some a shallow Brook, on other some a Floud:
Giving to some, a small; to some, a greater good:
As from eternity hath pleas'd th' Almighty Spirit
To love men more or lesse, without respect of merit.
For my part, should I live ten *Nestors* yeers to passe,
Had I a hundred tongues more smooth then *Tully*'s was,
Had I voice of steel, and had I brazen sides,
And learning more then all the *Heliconian* guides;
Yet were I all too-weake to tell the many graces,
That in ten thousand sorts, and in ten thousand places,
Ten hundred thousand times hee hath vouchsafed mee
(Not for my merits sake, but for his mercy free):
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty
I have receiv'd so oft, none to compare account I
With this *Close prisonment*, wherein hee doth with-draw mee
Far from the wanton world, and to himselfe doth draw mee.
I posted on apace to ruine and perdition,
When by this sharp-sweet Pil, my cunning kinde Physician
Did purge (maugre my will) the poysony humour fell
Wherewith my sin-sick heart already gan to swell.
I lookt for nothing lesse then for their miseries,
And paines that I have prov'd: the worlds vaine vanities
Had so seduc't my soule with bait of sugred bane,
That it was death to mee from pleasure to be ta'en:
But (crossing my request) God (for my profit) gave
Mee quite the contrary to that which I did crave.
So that, my body barr'd from freedom false and small,
He set my soule at large, which unto sinne was thrall:
Wounding with musket-shot my feeble arme, hee cur'd
The festring sores of sinne, the which my soule endur'd:
Tripping mee from the top of some meane dignity,
Which drew mee up to climbe the mount of vanity,
Hee rais'd mee from the depth of vices darksom Cell,
The which incessantly did ding mee downe to hell:
Easing mee (to conclude) of all the griefe and care,
Wherewith these false delights for ever sauced are,
Hee made mee finde and feel (amid my most annoyes).
A thousand true contents, a thousand perfect joyes.

But

But ſom(perhaps) amaz'd, will muſe what kinde of pleaſure
Here I can take, and how I paſſe my time and leaſure:
For, in ſoule idleneſſe to ſpend ſo large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grievous crime.
Firſt in the morning, when the ſpirit is freſh and fit,
I ſuck the honey ſweet from forth the *ſacred Writ*,
Wherein (by faith) wee taſte that true celeſtiall bread,
Whence our immortall ſoules are ever onely fed:
Then ſearch I out the ſawes of other ſage Divines
(The beſt here to be bad) among whoſe humane lines,
Supported by the grace of Gods eſpeciall power,
I leave the thorne behinde, and pluck the healthſom flower.
Somtimes, I doe admire, in books of Heathen men,
Grave-ſayings, ſavouring more a ſacred Chriſtian pen,
Then many of our age, whoſe bold unlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on every ſide:
Sometimes when I obſerve in every ancient ſtory,
Such vertues preſidents, trim paterns of true glory,
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,
Where vertue is deſpis'd, and vice hath all the praiſe.
Oft I lament to ſee ſo many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praiſe, that beſt their learning fits)
To ſing of nought but lies, and loves, and wanton Theames,
Falſe ſooth-ſin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.
Then, turning toward thoſe, that fill'd with holiet flame,
For onely object chuſe th Eternalls ſacred Name;
Theſe chiefly I admire, whoſe honourable brows
Diſdain the fained crown of fading *Laurel* boughs:
Then full-gorg'd with the Sweets of ſuch a dainty feaſt
(Prickt forward with deſire to imitate the beſt)
Oft-times I exerciſe this Art-leſſe Muſe of mine
To ſing in holy Verſe ſome argument divine.
One while to praiſe my God for all received good:
Another while to beg, that in his deare Sons bloud
My black ſins hee will waſh, and that hee will not waigh
At his high Juſtice beam, how I have gon aſtray.
Sometimes, theſe wretched Times to pity and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones doe flouriſh more and more.
Sometimes, to wail the State of ſad diſtreſſed *Sion*
Imploring to her aid the Tribe of *Judah*'s Lion.
If any other Theam at any time I take,
Yet never doth my Verſe the ſettled bounds forſake
That Verity preſcribes, nor now no more diſguiſe
The ugly face of ſinne with mask of painted lies.
And though that (heretofore) I alſo in my time
Have writ Loves vanities in looſe and wanton rime:

'Twas

Twas as a whetstone that, whereon I whet my stile,
Yet it were ably-apt ought graver to compile:
Yet I repent thereof: for, wee must never tend
To bring by evill means a good intent to end.
When as my weary spirits some relaxation aske,
To recreate the same, I take some other taske:
One while upon the Lute, my nimble joints I plie,
Then on the Virginalls: to whose sweet harmonie
Marrying my simple voyce, in solemne Tunes I sing
Some Psalme or holy Song, unto the heav'nly King.
So that, the idlest houre of all the time that flies
So fast, is never free from some good exercise:
Wherein I joy as much, as ever I have done
In the most choise delights found underneath the Sun.
But, you can never walke, nor goe to take the aire,
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne'r so faire;
But there in solitude you leade your life alone,
Barr'd from the fellowship of(almost)every one:
Which doubtlesse (at the least) must grieve you, needs, I thinke.
A man that never thirsts hath never need of drinke:
So, though I be bereft these other things you speake-of,
I misse nor minde them not as things I never reake-of,
For, I have School'd my heart since my captivitie,
To wish for nothing els, but what is granted mee:
And, what is granted mee, contents mee passing well.
In each condition doth some contentment dwell.
But men of differing states have difference in delights,
What pleaseth common eyes, that irketh Princes sights,
What rashlings doe delight, that sober men despise,
What fooles take pleasure in, doth but offend the wise,
What prosperous people loath, afflicted folke will love,
And what the free abhorre, that prisoners will approve:
But all have equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:
For, whoso presently himselfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither passed ill, nor future ill to feare:
Th' one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray-us.
Th' other which is not yet, as little can dismay-us.
For, what no essence hath, that also hath no might:
And that which hath no power, can doe a man no spight:
Besides, sith this our life is but a pilgrimage,
Through which wee daily passe to th' heav'nly heritage;
Although it seeme to thee that these my bands doe let-mee,
Yet haste I to the goale the which my God hath set-mee,
As fast as thou that runn'st thy selfe so out of breath
In posting night and day, by dales, and hills and heath.

If

If thou have open fields, and I be Prisoner;
T' importeth mee no more, then to the Mariner
Whether hee goe to Sea shipt in some spacious Arke,
Or else (at lesser scope) aboord some lesser barke.
Nay, here the least is best; sith this vast Ocean wide,
Whereon wee daily saile, a thousand rocks doth hide,
Gainst which the greater ships are cast-away full oft;
While small boats (for the most) float over, safe, aloft.
Then may I well conclude with reason and assurance,
That there 's no better state then to be kept in durance.
A sweeter kinde of life I never prov'd then there:
Nor was I ever toucht with lesser griefe and care.
If that I care at all, it is for others cause,
And for the miseries this times corruption drawes:
But, being well assur'd that nothing here betideth
Against Gods ordinance and will, that all things guideth:
And knowing him to be good, just, and most of might,
I gladly yeeld my selfe to th' order hee hath pight.
For hee it is, that now makes mee accept so well
And like of this estate which others hate as Hell:
Hee 'tis, that heretofore vouchsaf't mee like reliefe,
When as I was oppreft with a more grievous griefe:
Hee 'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no lesse,
Although a hundred-fold were doubled my distresse.
Yea, hee it is that makes mee profit every day;
And also so content in this estate to stay,
That of my libertie I am not now so faine
To think by libertie a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit most my friends and countrey so.
Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)
The Lord still towards mee his favour to extend;
And that hee will vouchsafe still to allot like grace,
To all that for like cause are handled in like case.

FINIS.

OF THE WORK, AUTHOUR, AND TRANSLATOR.

LO here a MONUMENT admir'd of all
That weigh the *compass*, *weight*, and *height* of it;
O'r-topping *Envie*'s clouds, and ever shall,
Sith built by deepest *Art*, and highest *Wit*.
The BASE that bears it, is the WORD that stands
True GROUND of highest *glorie*, *truth*, and *grace*:
The BUILDING rear'd by two rare *heads* and *hands*
(Divinely help) to glorifie that BASE.
Here *French* and *English*, joyne in friendly fight
(On even *Ground*) to prove their utmost power;
Who shew such equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,
That hard it is to say who 's conqueror.
But, *English* bound to foot it like the *French*,
And offer nought, but what shall like her foe,
It is as glorious seld to take a Wrench,
As being free, to give an overthrow.
If *French* to *English* were so strictly bound,
It would but passing lamely strive with it;
And soon be forc't to lose both *grace* and *ground*,
Although they strave with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.
Besides, all *Prose* is easier to translate
Then *Verse*; and easier low, then lofty *Lines*:
Then, these LINES, reaching to the top of STATE
Are hard'st of all: yet none of all declines.
O faire *Translation* then, with smoothed face,
Goe forth t' allure TIMES *Turns*, to turn Thee o'r:
So shall they in thy folds unfold thy *grace*;
And grace thee with Fames glory more and more.
If Hee, that churn'd the Cream of *Poetry*,
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muses* feeds,
Divined truly, it should never die;
Then, what shall *This*, that far the same exceeds?
Hee labour'd *Lines*, wch though they doe endure
All turns of *Time*, yet was their stuf profane:
But these are drawn of STUF more heav'nly pure,
That most shall shine; when those are in the wane.
Hee, though his *Brauues* (profanely) were divine,
And glorious *Monuments* of art compos'd,
Was yet exil'd for many a looser *Line*,
That made them wantons, chastely else dispos'd:
But, thou (*clear* BARTAS, *his* dear SYLVESTER,
Whose *Lines* do lead to VERTUES only gaine,
And with sweet *Poesies* strew'st the way to her)
How should the *World* remunerate thy paine?

Ovid me.

And, if *from hearts aboundance tongues do speak*;
And what we most affect, wee most doe minde:
It argues, thou this *Argument* didst seek;
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didst it finde.
So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muse*,
With greater ease to utter her *Conceits*;
For whose dear birth, thou didst all ease refuse,
Worlds-weale, and (being a *Merchant*) thy *Receits*.
This *pain* so pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that
Forsook'st the *Sea*, & tookst thee to the *Soule*, (thou
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'st to plow
Arts furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.
This stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde
In sacred *Raptures* on the *Muses* Hill:
And, went'st out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,
More freely so, to use thy *Wit* and *Will*.
And (O!) how hapless had wee *Britains* been
(Sith here is stor'd such sweet Soule-*ravishments*)
Hadst thou not made them to us clearly seen:
Who give thee for it praising *Discontents*?
If so great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *fame*
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Presse* shall be
Prest but for *Vices* Service (Source of *shame*).
So *Times* to come; in *Print* our shame shall see.
But O! be 't far from this so famous Isle
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;
Sith it doth grace and glorie quite exile,
And is the cause of many a bad effect.
O terrene Gods, as yee to State aspire,
Lift *Learning* up with you; especially
If matcht with *Wisedome*, and divine desire:
So shall yee twice be like the DEITY.
And, weigh what pow'r the PENS of such possesse
(Of such; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)
Their PENS eternize can your worthinesse:
And make yee glorious past succeeding *Times*.
But you doe justly to neglect and scorn
The cursed crue, that doe the Muse abuse:
For, they your praises to dispraises turn;
As Vice, in praising VERTUES grace, doth use.
Their wine-drin'n brains, involv'd in follies cloud,
Fly here, and there (and where not?) with a trice:
And, though both beggars base, yet passing proud;
Constant in nothing but inconstant Vice:

Making

Making loose lines (forsooth) their *Scala Cœli*;
A *Taverne* for a Temple to adore,
Their onely god, their guts, their beastly Belly;
To whom they offer all their slender Store.
The *Lauds* of such, are odious like their Lives:
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they doe but touch;
Whose glory to the foulest shame arrives:
Then, well you fence your fame to keep off such.
But they whose lives, and lauds, and lines are
Of Moral vertue, running by each stone (SOURCE
(Men high, and hard, that let them in their Course)
To Seas of glory, like clear *Helicon*;
O! these ye should support, and still receive
Into the Ocean of your bound-lesse love:
For these (like truest Friends) will take, and give
No more but what true *Vertue* shall approve.
If these should pine away through your neglect,
Your memories shall dye, or live with shame;
Sith such a Muse is the chiefe *Architect*,
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting NAME.
Achilles fame, with him, had been inert'd,
Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Stars*:
And, of *Æneas* wee had never heard,
Had *Virgils* STRAINS not been his *Trumpeters*.
One of the NINE had bin our *Warwick's* Guy,
(The NINE, whose *worth* all *Times* so much com-
And so distrankt great BULLENS GODFERT (mend;
Had hee but had a TASSO for his friend.
LAURA had ne're so greenly growne above
Her *Peers*, as now she doth, to after-times,
Had she not had a PETRARCH to her Love;
Which made her mount, with NECTAR dropping
No, no: ye cannot but out-live your Fame, (*Rimes*.
If ye uphold not FAME's best Notaries:
If these ye scorne, your glory is but game;
For, when ye die, in game your glory dies.
And, though blest PEACE hath turn'd our Spears to
Let it not turn our *pens* to *ploughs*, or worse; (spades,
By *Learning* some should live as some by Trades,
In blessed STATES, that would incurre no curse.
Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice suppreft;
There all to Vice will run; and so to wrack:
For, there the worst shall Lord it ore the best;
And where that is, all goes to utter sack.
Reward, and *Punishment* (like *Armes* of Steel)
Doe still uphold each KING upholding STATE:
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;
But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of *Hate*.
Then may thy HOPES wing'd by thy vertuous
Dear *Sylvester*, expect some cherishment, (Muse,
In this blest *State*, that still those *Armes* will use,
To stay her *Grace*, and grace her *Government*:
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,
Thou art *Christ's* Image, crost for *Glorious* crown

Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.

The unfained lover of thine Art, honesty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

FINIS.

A BRIEFE INDEX,
EXPLAINING MOST OF THE
hardest words scattered through this whole Worke, for ease of such as are least exercised in these kinde of readings.

A

A Byssi, a gulfe or bottomlesse pit.
Abderian and *Abderite*, Democritus, the laughing Philosopher of Abdera, a Citie in Thracia.
Aben-Roes, a learned Philosopher of Cordoba, sprung from Arabian parents.
Abidus, Leanders Towne.
Academian Shades, Plato's school.
Acheron, a river in Hell.
Aconite, Libbards(or Wolfes)bane.
Achilles, the most valiant Captaine of the Myrmidons.
Adonis, a most beautifull young man, beloved of Venus.
Adrian, *Adriatike*, { *Sea*, } the gulfe of *Venice*.
Æson, the father of *Jason*, made young again by the skill of Medea.
Ætheriall, heavenly.
Æsculapius, an excellent Physician, father of Apollo.
Africa, the South-quarter of the World.
Ajax shield, a proverbe, for a sure defence.
Aguvescald, a bath in Gasconie.
Alarbies, and *Arabians*, wilde and upland *Arabian* theeves.
Albion, England, the Ile of great Britaine.
Alcestè, the most chaste and loving wife of Admetus, that gave her owne life to save her husbands.
Alcides, Hercules: *Alcides spires*, Hercules Pillars: *Alcides grief* the falling Sicknesse.
Alcmena, Hercules mother.
Alcaron, the Turks Law and Religion.
Alebaud, a Citie in Caria, of old famous for the best bow-strings.
Alecto, look *Furies*.
Alexanders Altars, were at the foote of the Rypheau Mountains

Almicantharats, and *Almaderats*, Arabian names of Circles, which are imagined to passe through every degree of the Meridian, Parallel to the Horizon up to the Zenith.
Alhidade, a Rule on the back of the Astrolabe to measure heights, breadths and depths.
Amafrosse, *gutta serena*, a disease in the Sinnewes of the Sight.
Amalthean Horne, plenty of all things.
Amblygone, a flat Triangle.
Ambrosia, the Gods meat.
American, the French disease, brought first from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.
Amia, a fish like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Constantinople.
Amphitrite, the Sea.
Amphisbana, a Serpent having a head at both ends.
Amphion, the author of Harmony and builder of Thebes.
Amiclean Harp, Arion, the Lesbian harper.
Amyot, a learned French-man, translator of Plutarch, and other Greek Authors.
Ancossa, a bath in Gasconie.
Andromeda, the wife of Perseus, (with her husband, father and mother) turned into a Star.
Androdus, a Romane slave gratefully requited of a Lion.
Anorexia, a queasinesse of stomach.
Antheus, Antenors sonne, beloved and unwillingly slain by Paris.
M. *Anthony*, competitor with Octavius and Lepidus for the Romane Empire.
Antiperistasis, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumstance.
Antipodes, those people that dwell directly under us.
Antarctike Southerne.
Aonian band, the Muses.

Apelles, an excellent Painter.
Apium rise, a kinde of Crowfoot that kils men with laughing.
Appianus way, one of the broadest wayes in Rome.
Apollo, the Sun, the god of Musicke and Physicke.
Apoplexie, a kinde of dead palsie.
Apogé, the point farthest from the Center of the earth.
Arabians, people of Asia, inhabiting betweene Judea and Egypt, rich in aromaticall spices and sweet odors.
Arcadian scout, Mercurie.
Arcenal, an Armorie or storehouse.
Archelaus, a King much praised by Plutarch and others for wisedome and temperance, and for delight in husbandry.
Archimedes, a famous Mathematician of Syracusa.
Architas, a noble Philosopher of Tarentum.
Arion, a famous Harper and lyrike Poet, born at Methimna in the Ile of Lesbos.
Arne, a River in Italy.
Arcenik, orpine: supposed okar.
Artemisia, Queene of Caria, wife of Mausolus.
Artemisian stem, Mugg-wort.
Armorik, Britain in France.
Armades, Spanish Armies, or great ships of Warre.
Artik, Northern, or of the North.
Aristotle, the most famous Philosopher of Stagyra.
Asia, a third part of the world, in former times most famous for Learning and Religion; but now for the most part miserably yoaked under the turks tyranny.
Asylum, a refuge or defence.
Assur, one of the Sons of Sem: also the Countrey of Assyria.
Astaroth, an Idol of the Philistines.
Astrea, Justice.
Astrolabe, an instrument to gather the motion of the Stars.
Asthma, short windednesse.
Attalus, a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the countrey life.
Atlantik Sea, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.
Atlas, a King skilfull in Astronomy, therefore fained to bear up Heaven: it is also a Mountaine in Barbary.
Athenian, Sage, Socrates.
Attik Muse, Xenophon.
Atheists, those that acknowledge no God, infidels.
Aurora, the morning.
Auster, the South-winde.
Avernus, Hell.
Avicen, a learned Philosopher and Physician, borne at Sevil, of Arabian stock.
Azimuths, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.
Anian, a Streight, or narrow Sea between Asia and America: as yet little discovered.
Aglaia, look *Graces*.
Ætna, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.
Asphaltis, Mare Mortuum, the stinking lake, where Sodom and her execrable sisters stood.
Annals, Histories from year to year.
Arch Colonel, usurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captain of the Hoast.
Anathem, execration, curse, excommunication.
Anatomie, the incision or cutting up of the bodie of Man or Beast, as Surgeons doe, to see the parts.
Amphitrionide, Hercules, begotten by Jupiter on Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryo.
Attick, a Province of Greece; wherein stood the City of Athens.
Atropos, looke *Parca*.
Alecto, looke *Furies*.
Assabinus, Jupiter, with the Assyrians.
Architrave, the crowne or chapter of a Pillar: also a principall beam in any building,
Arabian bird, the Phœnix.
Argolian showers, Jupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danäe, daughter of Acrisius, King of Argives, Argolikes, or Argolians.
Ægisthus, look *Clytemnestra*.
Aspiks, venemous little serpents.
Anchises Pheer, is Venus, on whom he begat Æneas.
Abramide, of the race of Abraham.

B

B*Altik Ocean*, the Danish Sea.
Baignere, a Bath in Gasconie.
Bandans, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent spices.
Bachanalian Frees, Women-Priests of Bacchus the god of Cups.
Bardes, ancient Poets and Sages.
Barege, a Bath in Gasconie.
Barr-Geese, and *Barnacles* a kinde of fowles that grow on rotten Trees and broken ships.
Bek, a Phrygian word signifying bread.
Belgian, of the Neather-lands.
Belgrade, a Towne in Hungary, taken by the Turk.
Bellona, goddesse of warre.
Belus Sonne, Ninus, first King of Assyria, supposed to be inventer of Navigation.
Bitumen, a kinde of oylie, slimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.
Bizantium, Constantinople.
Brontes, one of Vulcans Forgemen.
Briareus, a Gyant with 100. hands.
Brutus, heires, Englishmen, Britains.
Baccons, Poisonie confections, Italian figs.
Bon-jours, Good-morrowes.
Bonarets, a kinde of Beast-plants.
Boötes, a little star in the North Pole neer to

Ursa

Ursa minor, used for the North.
Boreas, the North-winde.
Bosphores, two Straights, so called of an oxes wading over: the one stmamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.
Boulime, a hungry or greedy disease in a cold stomach.
Bucephalus, the courageous Horse of Alexander the Great.
Busiris, a most cruell Tyrant of Egypt, which used to sacrifice stangers to Jupiter.
Butrick, a learned and eloquent Germane (of late dayes) Counseller to Casimirus.
Bombards, great ordnance.
Bubastik, that is, Egyptian.
Bethel, a Mountaine in the South Confines of Israel, where Jeroboam set up one of his Calves.
Birdene, a Wilderneſſe in the West of Egypt.
Babels, indeed Bables, idle Monuments of Pomp and Plentie.
Beelzebub, the god of Acheron, the Prince of Divels.
Brachmans, Indian Philosophers: Moderne writers call them Bramines.
Bigarrian Hils, part of the Pyrene Mountaines between France and Spaine.

C

CAbalistik, mysticall Traditions among the Jewes Rabbins.
Cæsars, Emperours, so called from Caius Julius Cæsar the first Emperour.
Cadmus, sonne of *Agenor*, who slew a serpent, and pulling out his teeth, sowed them in the ground, whereof instantly there sprung up ready armed men.
Cairo, a Citie in the midst of Egypt, of old called Babylon, and thought one of the greatest in the world.
Calamarie, a fish that may well be called the Sea-Clark, being furnished with necessaries for a scribe.
Callicrates, an excellent Carver, especially in small works.
Calpe, a Mountaine within the Straights of Gibralter, just opposite of *Abila*: these two are called the Pillars of Hercules.
Cannibals, people in the South part of America that eat Mans flesh.
Candia, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, subject to the Venetians.
Cana, a Towne in Galilee where Christ wrought his first miracle, at a mariage.
Cantharus, a fish of admirable chastity.
Capharean Rock, a most dangerous and Rockie Coast of Eubœa, now called Negropont.
Carpese, a venemous plant, whose Juice causeth deep sleep, and so strangleth the Patient.
Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Duke of Austria.
Carraques, great Spanish vessels.
Caligula, a most wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.
Cassagale, the City Quinzay, in the East Indies.
Cassiopeia, Mother of Andromeda.
Castalian Well, Springs, Fount; Springs at the foot of Parnassus sacred to the Muses.
Cathay, a large Countrey in East Asia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.
Cataract, a violent fall of any water, causing a deafnesse with the noyse, also a disease in the Eye distilling a tough humour like gelly.
Catline, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conspiracy against his Countrey.
Cato, a reverend and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and resolute death.
Caudrets, a Bath in Gasconie.
Caucasus, a very high Mountaine that divides Scythia from India.
Ceres, Goddesse of Harvest, Inventresse of Tillage and of the use of Corne; sometimes used for the Earth.
Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.
Centaures, halfe men, halfe horses, begotten by Ixion on a Cloud.
Cerastes, a Serpent of sundry colours, with horns like a Ram.
Cerathus, a River in Candie from whence comes the best Malmsie.
Cerbas, a Tree in the Indies, of 15. fadome about.
Cerberus, the three-headed dog of Hell, the Porter there.
Celtike, a part of France.
Chaos, a confused heap, the matter of the World before it received form.
Chaldea, the Countrey wherein Babylon stood: where were great Astronomers, Magicians, and South-sayers.
Charles Martell, K. of France, overthrew 400000. Turks neer unto our Tours.
Chermez, the graine wherewith Scarlet and Crimson are died.
Chimeras, strange Fancies, monstrous Imaginations, Castles in the Aire.
Cincinnatus, one called from the plough (all dustie and almost naked) to the Romane Dictatorship.
Cimmerians, people far North, that are thought never to see the Sun.
Cittadel, a Castle built with a small Garrison to keep a great Town in awe.
Cirques, round Lists to behold publike Races.
Chus, Æthiopia.
Clio, one of Muses, reciting the glorious Acts of Worthinesse.
Clitus, one of Alexanders greatest Minions whom yet in his drunkennesse hee slew.
Cocos, an admirable Nut brought from the Indies.

Cocitus, a River in Hell.
Colchos, Medeas Countrey, from whence Jason fetcht the Golden Fleece.
Codrus, a King of Athens, that gave his owne life for the safeguard of his Countrey.
Colonies, numbers of People sent to inhabite some new conquered Countrey.
Colures, two Circles in Heaven, wherein the Sun-stops are caused.
Cochenel, grain wherewith Purple is dyed.
Colosses, huge Statues erected in honour of any person.
Columbus, a Genoese, discoverer of America for Ferdinando, K. of Castile.
Comitiall-Ill, the Falling sicknesse.
Commodus a most vicious Emperour.
Cones, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and sharpe above, with a Circular bottome.
Concentrick, having one common center.
Copernicus, a learned Germane, that maintained the Heavens to stand still, and the earth to turne round about.
Corvinus, a Romane Orator, that after a great sicknesse forgat his owne name.
Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea, subject to the Venetians.
Critik, and *Crucall*, sharp censurers: all dangerous dayes for health, observed by Physicians.
Crescent, the Moon increasing.
Cresiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.
Ctesibes, an excellent inventer of water engines.
Cubes, geometricall figures foure-square, like a Die.
Cucuio, a strange bird in new Spain.
Cupid, the bastard of Mars and Venus, the little god of love.
Curius, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugality and temperance, who delighted rather to command the rich, then to be rich.
Cylindres, geometricall figures round and long, consisting from top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.
Cyclops, Gyants with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.
Cyprus, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Issa, formerly subject to the Venetians, but now usurped by the Turk, anciently consecrated to Venus.
Cynthia. Phœbe, Diana, the Moon.
Cytherea, Venus.
Cynosure, seven stars in the North Pole, the North Pole, the North-star.
Cimbrians, the people of Denmarke and Norway.
Cyrus, the great King of Persia; conquerour of the Medes, and after slaine by Tomyris, Queen of the Massagets.
Charnes, looke *Graces*.
Clotho, looke *Parca*.
Chamosh, Idoll of the Moabites.
Chyron, a centaur, an excellent both Physician and Musician, the Master of Achilles.
Cornaline, looke *Onyx*.
Clarian, Lot-guider.
Cornich, looke *Frize*.
Crisis, the dangerous, or (as Physicians call it) criticall day for any disease.
Clide, a River running by Dombertan in Scotland.
Cyclades, floating Ilands in the Ægean Sea.
Cedron and *Kedron*, a brook in Judea.
Civik-Garland, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken sprigs, given to honour him that had rescued a City.
Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, whom, with the helpe of her Adulterer Ægisthus, in a sleeveless shirt shee murthered.
Cypris, sap, seed of generation.
Castor and *Pollux*, Twins begotten on Leda, by Jupiter in the shape of a Swan: and supposed Sea-Gods favourable to Saylors.
Crimsin Gulf, the red Sea.
Cecropian, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, first King of Athens.
Cineas, a Thessalian, exceeding eloquent, and of admirable memory, Embassador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.
Carthaginian, of that famous City of Affrica, built by Dido, and by Haniball undone.
Cadmean, by some writers used for Carthage.
Coronæ, that is, Lacedemonian: for Corone was a City of the Messenians, who were subject to that State.
Cest, in Latin *Cestus* and *Cestum*, the Brides Girdle, which the Bridegroome took off at night.
Coloquintida, a kinde of wilde Gourd that purgeth Choler.
Chrysocolle, Boras, Gold-soder.
Cibele, look *Rhea*.

D

Damon, the most faithfull friend of Pythias, both disciples of Pythagoras.
Danae, daughter of Acrysius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Jupiter rayned himselfe in a Golden shower into her lap.
Danubius, the greatest River in Europe, called also Ister.
Dardane Ants, Indian Emmets.
Darius, a King of Persia, vanquished by Alexander the great.
Delian Twins, the Sun and Moon.
Delian Princesse, Diana.
Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, and after suddenly appeared.
Delphian Oracle, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.
Delphos-God, Apollo.

Democritus,

Democritus, the laughing Philosopher of Abidus.
Demosthenes, the best Orator of the Grecians.
Denis, or Dyonisius, a Tyrant of Syracuse.
Deucalion, sonne of Prometheus, who with his wife Pyrrha, escaped the Flood and (as the Poets faine) restored the world.
Diabete, a disease, when one cannot hold his water.
Diapason, a concord of all.
Diarrhea, a Laske or loosenesse of the Belly.
Diameter, a strait line dividing any figure into equall parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.
Dialect, a forme of speech divers from others in any language.
Diana, the Goddesse of virginity, the Moon.
Dircean wals, Thebes.
Disenteria, the bloudy-flix.
Dodechadrons, figures of the twelve Angles.
Druides, ancient learned Priests and Sages of France: supposed to have first issued out of this Ile of Britaine.
Dumbertan, a Towne in Scotland.
Dagon, the Idol of the Philistines.
Demain, Possessions of inheritance, time out of Minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.
Duel, single Combat.
Dems-Gods, look *Heroik*.
Dorik musicke, soft and effeminate musicke, here opposed to the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stirre up a courageous spirit.
Dan, a Towne in the North frontier of Judæa, where Jeroboam erected his other Calfe.
Dithyrambik, a Song in the honour of Bacchus.

E

Eliptik line, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiake, thorough which the Sun runneth his proper course in 365. dayes.
Egyptian flood, the river Nilus.
Electrum, Amber.
Electra, one of the sisters of Phaeton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.
Elixir, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers stone.
Elysium, the fained Paradise of heathen Poets.
Eldchag, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.
Embrion, the Childe in the Mothers wombe before it have received shape.
Encyclopedie, that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences.
Endymion, a young shepheard, the favorite of Cynthia.
Engastrimith, one possessed, which seemes to speake in his belly.
Empyema, an impostume in the breast.
Enyon, the same that Bellona, sister to Mars, and Goddesse of Battaile.
Enthousiasmus, poeticall furie.
Eean Monarch, Alexander the great.
Eolian scouts, the windes.
Ephemerides, Day-books, Registers, Journals.
Ephesian Temple, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.
Ephesian moan, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miseries.
Ephori, a kinde of Magistrates, Protectors of the people.
Epidemik-ills, Universall diseases.
Epicicle, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.
Epicurus, a Philosopher that placed mans felicity in the pleasures of the Sense, beleeving no God but Fortune.
Epilepsie, the falling-sicknesse.
Epithalamie, a nuptiall song.
Epitaph, a funerall song, or an Inscription on a Toomb or Grave.
Epithets, additions to Nounes, expressing some quality.
Epitome, an Abridgement.
Epirus, a Countrey in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the noble exploits of G. Castriot (sir-named Scanderbeg) against the Turk.
Equinoctiall, a Circle in Heav'n, through which when the Sun passeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.
Erotrian foyl, medicinable earth, brought from Eretrea.
Erebus, a river in hell: Hell.
Erithrean Deep, the red Sea.
Erynnis, one of the Furies.
Eridanus, a figure in Heav'n: the river Po, in Lumbardy.
Eurus, the East-winde.
Euripus, a narrow Sea; which ebbeth and floweth seven times in 24. houres.
Euphrates, one of the Rivers of Eden, that runs through Babylon.
Europa, Christendome, or this Western part of the world.
Eccentrick, that hath his centre wholly separated from the Centre of the Earth.
Erisipelas, hot and red swellings, called S. Anthonies fire.
Ericina, Venus.
Euphrosyne, look *Graces*.
Euphorbium, a certain medicinable Plant found and named by Euphorbus, King Jubas Physician.
Ethnick, see *Pagan*.
Entidarium.
Etesian gates, Easterly windes.
Ephod, a linnen garment worn by the Priests and levites of Israel.
Edom, and Idumea, a part of Palestine.

Eleutherian, Deliverer.
Epicarpian, Fruit-keeper.

F

FAbricius, a famous Romane, contemner of Riches and in extreme poverty most puissant for vertuous valour and integritie.
Faustina, a most lascivious Empresse, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.
Fez, a Kingdome in Barbary.
Finland, a Dukedome under the King of Sweden.
Flamine, a Sacrificer, or high Priest, among the Heathen.
Flavio, Melphio a Neapolitan, inventer of the needle in the Mariners compasse, and the use thereof.
Foix, a Country belonging to Navarr, neer the Pyren Mountaines.
Flora, a fair and rich harlot, which made the People of Rome her Heir: in respect whereof, they made her goddesse of Flowrs, and kept yearly Feasts in honour of her.
Furies, 3. (viz.) Alecto, Megera, and Tesiphone (sometimes called also Persyphone) which are said to bee tormentors of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expresse the fear and fury of a guilty conscience.
Frize and *Cornich*, the crests, furniture and finishing at the upper end of a Column.
Farfalla, a Candle-Fly.
Fergusius, Eximus, Donaldus, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.
Fanes, Temples, consecrated Places.
Funambulant, a Rope-walker.
Feretrian, Peace-bringer, or dread striker.

G

GAlen, a famous Physician, borne at Pergamus, whose learned workes through all ages have been honoured.
Galente, one skilfull in Physick, wherein Galen excelled.
Ganges, a great River in India.
Gaules, the ancient name of Frenchmen.
Genius, a mans spirit, or naturall instinct or inclination.
Gemonide, and *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned persons were throwne downe.
Ghihon, one of the Rivers in Eden.
Gnidion, *Idols*, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidos shee was worshipped.
Gonorrhea, a foule and involuntary Flux of seed, the Running of the Reins.
Gordian knot, a knot thought impossible to be undone, wherewith Gordius had fastned his Ox-yoke in the Temple of Apollo.
Gorgons, ugly hellish monsters, in forme of scaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eye, yron talons, and mighty wings.
Graces, look *Charites*.
Gymnosophists, Philosophers of India; so called, because they went naked.
Groen-land, an exceeding cold Countrey, bordering upon the Sea beyond Iceland.
Grave, is as much as an Earle with us; but in this place used for the Generall and Governour JOSUA.
Galactite, a kinde of white Marble, or Alabaster.

H

HAlcion, a little water-bird thought to be the Kings fisher.
Harpies, ravenous Birds, with faces like women.
Hecatombes, Heathen Sacrifices, wherein were offered an hundred Beasts.
Hebe, Joves cup-bearer: the goddesse of youth.
Heber, of whom the Hebrews and Hebrew tongue are so called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the Son of Noah.
Hecuba, the frantike and dis-figured, old withered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and here opposed to the fresh, young, beautifull Helena, the fatall Prize of their Son Paris.
Helicon, a Mountaine sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
Helena, the wanton wife of Menelaus, cause of the tedious siege, and finall sacke of Troy.
Hemisphear, halfe the compasse of Heav'n which wee behold.
Hercules, the most renowned Monster-Tamer of Thebes.
Hermes, Mercury.
Hero, the faire Sestian Nun, for whose sake Leander was drowned in Hellespont.
Heroes, halfe Gods, excellent men for valour and vertue.
Herophilus, a very ancient Physician.
Herodotus, an eloquent Greeke Historiographer.
Hesiodus, an ancient Greek Poet.
Hesperian Plant, golden fruit-trees guarded by a Dragon which was slain by Hercules: but here it is used for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant then those (fained) golden fruits.
Hexameters, verses of six feet.
Hiades, 5. stars (some hold seven) in the Head of the Bull.
Hiero, a King of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
Hieroglyphicks, secret Cyphers, strange characters, mysticall writing by sundry forms of things.
Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for sending Timber and workemen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Jerusalem.
Homer, so called for his blindnesse, the most excellent

excellent of all the Greeke Poets.

Horizon, a Circle dividing the halfe-sphearc of the firmament, which wee see over us, from the other halfe under us, which wee see not.

Hun, furious Attyla, who surnamed himselfe the scourge of God, and terrour of the World.

Hyantian Fount, springs sacred to the Muses.

Hydrantik braule, Musicke artificially made with the fall of waters.

Hyana, a horrible Beast that counterfeiteth mans voyce.

Hydrargire, quick-silver.

Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads slain by Hercules.

Hybla and *Hymetus*, Mountaines abounding in Bees and Honey.

Hymen, the god of Mariage.

Hyperborean, above or beyond the blowing of the North-winde.

Hypocrates, a most excellent Physician.

Hypolitus, the Sonne of Theseus, who shunning the wanton inticemens of his step-dame Phædra, was (through her false accusations) torne in pieces.

Hyren, a faire Greeke Maiden-Captive, on whom Mahomet the second extremly doated.

Hesperus, the Evening-star, the Evening.

Helleborus, an herb, whereof be two kindes, supposed our Ling-wort and Bears-foot.

Heroik, noble; but anciently appropriate to those which were counted Demi-gods, supposed to bee borne and begot of a heavenly and an earthly Parent: as Æneas, of Venus and Anchyses.

Hebridian Wave, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

I

Janus, an ancient King of Italy; whom, in respect of his wisedome and providence, they figured with two faces, as looking back into things past and foreseeing things to come.

Jaffa, (anciently *Joppa*) a notable Haven-Town in Syria, where they land that travell to Jerusalem.

Iapetus, a Thessalian, more famous by his two sonnes (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) then for any great worth of his owne.

Jason, captain of the Argonauts, who by the favour of Medea, surmounting all dangers, brought home the golden Fleece.

Ibis, a certaine high Bird, with a long Bill and stiffe legs, worshipped by the old Ægyptians.

Ibnu-sard, a learned Arabian, not much knowne in these parts.

Iberians, Spaniards.

Icarus, the sonne of Dedalus, who presuming to flee, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.

Ichneumon, Pharaohs Rate: a little Beast, enemy to the Crocodile.

Idalian Fire, the burning desire of Love.

Idea, an Image or Patterne of things conceived in the Fancy.

Idioma, a proper and peculiar forme of speech.

Jessean Harp, the Holy Musicke of David, the Son of Ishai, commonly called Jesse.

Iliaca Passio, a kinde of Colicke.

Ilium, and *Ilion*: Troy.

Imaus, a hill in India, part of Caucasus.

Impartiall Maids, the fatall Sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Ile of Iron, or *Isola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands now called Canaries.

Incubus, a disease oppressing the stomach in out sleepe, which the ignorant have thought to bee a sprite: it is commonly called the Night-Mare.

Individuum, a body that cannot bee divided.

Joves Bird, the Eagle.

Iris-bow, the Rainbow

Juno's Bird, the Peacock.

Isleban, glory of Wittemberg: Martin Luther.

Isthmus, a narrow-strait of Land betweene two Seas.

Ister, Danubius.

Ithacus, Ulysses, the prudent husband of the most chaste Penelope.

Jupiter, the chiefe God of the Pagans.

Jubile, a year of libertie and release, which was every fiftieth year.

Justinian, a learned Emperour, Compiler of the Civill lawes.

Iuverna, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.

Jabok, a little brooke running into the river Jordan.

Isis, the wife of Osiris, both Idols of the Egyptians.

Iuadan.

Jove, Jupiter, chiefe of the Heathen gods.

Juno, the Sister and wife of Jove: Goddesse of Dominion and Wealth, and supposed helper to women in travaile: sometimes taken for the Aire.

Iris, the Rain-bow.

Japhean, (or Jaffian) Seas beating upon the Coast of Zabulon towards Tyre and Sidon, on the farthest North of Judea: here opposed to Tygris in Mesopotamia, the farthest South of the same.

Jaffa, of old called Joppa.

Israelitis, children of Isaac, Israelites.

Iseland, an Iland in the farthest North towards Groonland.

Jebusites, the Heathen inhabitants of Jerusalem, before it came to the possession of the Israelites.

Karos,

K

KAros, a drowsie and stupifying disease in the head.

Kennet, a pleasant River running thorough Barkshire, neer unto whose flowry banks, our callow Cignets had their nest.

L

LAcedamon, (called also Sparta) a City and a common-wealth, most famous and flourishing under the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia, the Country where that City stood.

Lachesis, looke *Parca*.

Leda, the Wife of Tyndarus, who, by the help of Jupiters Swan, layd two egges, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one Pollux and Helena, of the other Castor and Clytemnestra.

Latmos, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is said to have embraced her deare Endymion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

Latonian Twinnes, those children of hers, the Sunne and Moon.

Lais, a beautifull and costly harlot of Corinth, frequented by many Gallants of Greece.

Lee, a neat little Towne in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander, a young man of Abydus, beloved of Hero, drowned in Hellespont while he was swimming to her.

Lers, a River of France of most strange quality.

Lethe, a River in Hell which causeth forgetfulnesse.

Lethargie, the sleepy disease.

Lestrigons, a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were said to feede on Mans flesh.

Lyguria, the Territory of Genoa.

Lycurgus, the famous Law-maker of the Lacedemonians.

Lemnos, Vulcans Iland, now called Salamine.

Limbo, Hell.

Linus, an excellent ancient Musician, Master of Orpheus.

Lynx, a Beast of exceeding quick and piercing sight.

Leucippus, a Philosopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe, a Sea goddesse.

Liquor-God Bacchus.

Lopez, a late Jew-Spanish Physician, executed for infinite treasons against this State.

Lotos, an admirable plant, strangely sympathizing with the Sun.

Lucania, a Province of Italy, now called Basilicata.

Lucina, Juno and Diana, supposed of old to be assistant to women in their travell.

Lucretia, the chaste wife of Collatinus, ravished by Tarquin.

Lucretius, a very ancient Latine Poet.

Luna, the Moon.

Lupercales, Sacrifices and Feasts solemnized to Pan.

Lyceum, the School of Aristotle.

Legislator, a Law-maker, or a Law-giver.

Lesbian Squire, the Lesbians were so perfect workmen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

Lomond, a great lake in Scotland, where they say, their is a floating Iland.

Lucifer, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from Heaven: The Divell, also the morning star.

Locusts, a kinde of Grashoppers.

Libanus, and Libanon, a Mountaine in Syria, famous for the fairest Cedar trees.

M

MAdera, one of the Canaries, from whence come excellent Sugars.

Malta, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, where the knights that were of Rhodes, now keep their residence.

Mania, a disease in the head, causing madnesse.

Martian-field, a field betweene Tyber and the City of Rome, where they used to behold the fight of condemned men with wilde beasts.

Mars, the god of war.

Mark Pole, a notable Venetian Navigator and discoverer.

Maiz, Indian wheat.

Mausole, a sumptuous Toombe, built by Artemisia, Queene of Caria, for her husband Mausolus.

Marcellus, a most noble Romane Captaine, Conquerer of Syracusa, and five times Consull.

Mahomet, the Turkish Emperor, worshipping Mahomet.

Mantuan Muse, the Poet Virgill.

Massacres, horrible murders.

Medea, a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders, crooked turnings, so called of the River Meander, for his exceeding crookednesse.

Medices, the late Queene mother of France, of the House of Florence.

Medusa's Tresse, a head with snake-like hairs, turning the beholders into stones.

Mem, a River in Germany, whereon stands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

Meonian Bard, Homer.

Mecanas a noble Roman, and liberall favourer of Virgill.

Megera, one of the Furies.

Mels,

Mole, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdome of America.

Memphians, *Memphites*, *Memphists*, *Memphitists*. } Ægyptians.

Mercury, one of the Planets, the god of wit, eloquence, invention, and subtilty, and the messenger of the gods.

Mercuriall, (as it were) a Chancery, controuling and revoking false judgements of inferiour Courts.

Meridian, the South circle.

Metaphoras, borrowed speeches.

Metempsychosis, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after Pythagoras.

Metaphysicall, supernaturall.

Milo, a man of prodigious strength, that carried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, and ate him up in one day.

Mince, a river neere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

Minerva, the same that Pallas: goddesse of wit and war.

Moly, an herb brought from Heaven by Mercury to Ulysses, supposed to be our Rue, or herb-grace.

Moloch, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

Moluques, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices and other Treasures.

Moors, the people of Æthiopia, subjects of Prester John.

Morpheus, the god of dreams.

Mummie, a drug, taken for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.

Musculus, a little fish most officious to the Whale.

Musulmans, Arabians.

Mycena, Agamemnons kingdome.

Midas. a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the grant of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: so that at last his gold-turned meat in his mouth choaked him.

Myrmecides, a cunning and curious carver in small works.

Myron, an excellent statuarie, or Image-maker.

Mount-banks, Jugglers.

Meroe, an Iland in the River Nilus.

Mages, Sages, Wise-men, Southsayers.

Morisco and *Mattachins*. Antike and fantastike dances.

Moderatrix, a Regent or Governesse.

MAGNIFICENCE, Greatnesse, State, Glory, Pomp.

Munificence, bounty, liberality.

Medals, Images of wood, stone, or metall.

Musaik worke, a kinde of painting so curiously shadowed, that it seems in some places imbossed, in some carved, in some in-laid, in some graven, &c.

Meteors, or *exhalations*, strange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the Air.

Megaria, where flourished the Philosopher Euclides, in the same time that Socrates in Athens.

N

NAcre, the Pearle-shell, or mother of Pearle.

Nadir, the point directly under us, just opposite to the Zenith or point vertical.

Natolia, Asia minor, now wholly under the Turk.

Nettar, the drink of the gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nepheleum, Crook-horn, the signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herb which being steeped in wine, is thought to expell sadnesse.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a most cruell Emperour of Rome, the Monster of Nature, and shame of Mankinde.

Nestor, a wise and eloquent Greek, who being nie 300. years old, came to the siege of Troy.

Nile and *Nilus*, the famous River of Egypt, used often for Egypt it selfe.

Nimrod, the builder of Babel, the first ambitious usurper of soveraignty.

Nephates, a Mountaine from whence the River Tygris hath his source.

Nitre, a light, white, spongy matter, much like salt, which some have (falsly) thought to be salt-peter.

Norenberg, a City in Germany, especially famous for curious handy-crafts.

Nubian, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Eyypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Affrica, accustomed to live continually in the fields with the flocks, and heards, removing often for fresh pastures.

Numa Pompilius, 2d. from Romulus King of the Romans, and their first Law-giver.

O

OBsequies, funerall ceremonies.

Ocean and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Oedipus, a Riddle-reader of Thebes.

Oedema, thin, waterish, and flegmatike swellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Bishop, stroke dead with Lightning for blaspheming the Deity of Christ.

Olympus, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often used for Heaven.

Ophthalmy, a disease in the Eye through inflamation of the uttermost tunicle.

Optick sinews, is that which brings sight unto the Eye.

Orgies, sacrifices to Bacchus.

Oracles, Mysteries of the Heathen gods, delivered by diverse meanes and in divers manners.

Orion, a tempest-boading star.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, an excellent Poet and Musician of Thrace.
Oromene, a Mountaine in India, full of salt-quarres.
Ortygion Deles, a floating Iland, where Diana and Apollo were borne.
Orithyas love, Boreas, the North-winde.
Ottoman, the first Emperour of Turks.
Ovids heirs, wanton Poets.
Oxygone, a sharp-Triangle.
Omer, a certain measure among the Hebrews.
Ophir, supposed to be Peru.
Onyx, a red pretious stone fit for Seals.
Orient, the East Sun-rising clear.
Oran, a Port-Towne in Barbary, within the Streights of Gibraltar.

P

PActolus, a River in Lydia, which (after the washing of King Midas) is said to have golden sands.
Pallas, the goddesse of Arts and Wisedome.
Palamon, a Sea-god, called also Melicertes.
Palestine, Judea, the holy Land, first called Canaan.
Pan, the god of Shepheards.
Pandects, Bookes treating of all manner of Arguments.
Panchaian Fumes, Incense.
Pannonia, Hungary and Austria.
Panope, a Sea-Nymph.
Pandora, fained (by Hesiodus) to bee the first woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the gods with severall excellent gifts, but afterward by Jupiter (in displeasure) sent to her spoule Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miseries.
Paphos Archer, Cupid, the little god of love.
Paphian Fire or *shot*. } his Arrowes.
Parrhasius, a most excellent Painter of Ephesus.
Parthians, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.
Paros, an Iland in the Archipelago (which divideth Europe and Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.
Parcas, *Parca*, (*à non parcendo*) the Destinies, or three Fatall Sisters, (viz.) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: death it selfe, the inevitable end of all.
Parallels, lines every where like distant.
Paradox, an argument maintained contrary to the common and received opinion.
Pegasus, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straining to flee up to Heaven, with his hoofe raised the top of Helicon, whence immediately gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hypocrene.
Penelope, the most chaste Wife of the wandring Prince Ulysses.
Penetian Vale, is Tempe, a most pleasant valley in Thessaly, on the verge of the River Peneus.
Pentheus, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agave*) murdered.
Peripneumony, the Impostume of the Lungs.
Perige, that point of Heaven wherein the Sun (or other Planet) is nearest to the Centre of the Earth.
Persephone, or *Proserpine*: the Queene of Hell and Horror.
Perseus, a most triumphant champion, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-monster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a god, and placed among the Stars.
Parnassus, the Mountaine of the Muses.
Persian Monarke, with the Heaven of glasse, was Sapores.
Peru, one of the largest and richest parts of America.
Phaeton, the Sonne of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the River Eridanus.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phalaris, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.
Phalec, the son of Heber.
Pharos, a Lanthorne-Tower to beare a light for the guide of Sailers in a haven by night: also an Iland.
Phlegon, one of the horses of the Suns Chariot.
Phlegeton, a River in Hell, taken oft for Hell it selfe.
Philtre-charm'd, inchanted with love-potions.
Phantick, such as are haunted with strange and illuding visions.
Philerian Scout, the signe of Sagittarius.
Philometor, an ancient King of Egypt, much given to husbandry, and delighting in the country-life.
Phlebotomy, blood-letting.
Phlegmons, hot and red inflammations of bloud.
Phrygian Skinker, the signe Aquarius.
Phrixus Sister, was Helle, drowned in Hellespont, which of her is so called.
Phrenzie, a most violent and dangerous disease of the braine.
Phthisick, the consumption of the Lungs.
Phthiriasis, the louzie disease.
Pica, the longing disease of women with childe.
Physon, one of the Rivers in the garden of Eden.
Pigmes, little people of the North a cubit high.
Pyrene, a Princesse from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which divide France and Spain) are so called.
Pindus, a Mountaine sacred to the Muses.
Pierian Maids, the Muses.
Pirrhon, (reade *Pyrrho*) a Philosopher alwayes doubtfull of all thing, yea even of

of those subject to our senses.

Plato, Prince of the Academicks, sir-named divine, and indeed the most neere approaching Divinitie of all the Heathen.

Pleiades, the 7. stars.

Plessis, a noble learned Frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the truth of Christian religion against all Jewes, Turks, Pagans, Papists, Atheists, and Infidels whatsoever.

Pluto, the god of Hell and of riches, the Divel and all.

Po, the River that watereth Lumbardy, the garden of Italy.

Polipes, a subtle Fish called a Many-feet, or Pourcontrell.

Polymnia, manifold memory, in variety of knowledge.

Poles, the imagined Hinges of the Heavens, whereon the World is turned, commonly used for Heaven.

Poetasters, base, counterfeit, unlearned, witlesse and wanton Poets, that pester the world, either with idle vanities, or odious villaines.

Porphyry, Marble.

Porus, a King of India of huge stature, overcome by Alexander.

Polygamie, the having of many wives.

Polypheme, a huge and cruell Gyant, with one eye in his forehead.

Pomona, goddesse of fruits.

Pontik heath, Pontus is a region in Asia minor, fronting Eastward upon Colchis.

Progne, Pandions daughter, sister of Philomele, and wife of Tereus, transformed to a swallow.

Proteus, a Sea-god that taketh on him all shapes.

Problems, mathematicall propositions, referred especially to practice.

Prometheus, is fained to have made the first man, and to have stollen fire from heaven to put life into his creature.

Prienian Sage, Bias.

Ptolemeus Philadelphus, most famous for his learning and love to the learned, and especially for his noble Librarie erected in Alexandria.

Pyramides, exceeding huge and high Spires, built by the Kings of Egypt for fond and idle ostentation of their riches and pride.

Pyrausta, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and living onely in the fire.

Python, a horrible Dragon slaine by Apollo.

Pagan, Heathen, an Infidell, uncircumcised, unbaptized, that knowes not God.

Phidias, a famous carver in wood and stone.

Persephone, look *Furies*.

Pirenes, look *Bigarrian*.

Phrygian Musick, look *Dorik*.

Pellaan Prince, Alexander the Great borne in a City of Macedonia called Pella, as was also Philip his father.

Panomphean, all-hearing.

Phryxian, fugitive.

Proselite, a stranger new-converted to our faith and fashion.

Pharan, a City between Egypt and Arabia: also a Wilderness which the Israelites passed in their Pilgrimage to Canaan.

Pharus, look *Phares*.

Pyrrhus, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemie to the Romans.

Passe-Lamb, the Paschall Lamb.

Heliusian Foord, Nilus, the great River of Egypt.

Pythian Knight, is Apollo, sir-named Pythias, for slaying the dreadfull Serpent Pytho.

Parian Rocks, Mountains of white Marble or Alabaster, in the Ile of Paros.

Patagons, Indian Canibals, such as eat mans flesh.

Posthumus, one borne after his Fathers death.

Prodigies, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.

Picts, ancient Inhabitants of a part of Scotland.

Para-Nymphs, Bride-dressers, too curious prankers of themselves.

Pyrrhik Galiard, a kinde of dancing in armour, invented by Pyrrhus.

Porphire, a kinde of red Marble.

Plynth, a part of the Base of a pillar, flat square like a tile.

R

Rabbines, great Doctours among the Jewes.

Rabican, the name of a gallant horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

Regulus, a noble Consull, and resolute Captaine of the Romans in the Punick-war.

Remora, a little fish (which some call a Suck-stone) that suddenly stoppeth a ship under all her sails in her full course.

Rendezvous, an appointed place of meeting.

Romes Dragon, the Pope.

Rypheian wood, Forrests of Scythia.

Rhea, the same that Cybele, Vesta, Tellus, the Earth.

Rheubarb, an excellent root, and very pretious for the purging quality.

Rubrick, the Titles and Directions in the old Psalters, or service-Bookes: so called, because they are written or printed in red Letters.

S

Saba, chiefe City of the Sabæans in Arabia, abounding in Cinnamon, Cassia, Frankincense and Myrrhe.

Salamander, a spotted beast like a Lizard, whose extreme coldnesse quencheth the fire.

Salmoneus, a King, that with certaine violent engins counterfeited Thunder.

Salust, a notable Romane Historiographer, also

also the sir-name of our noble and renowned Author Du BARTAS.

Samian wise, Pythagoras.

Sardanapalus, a most effeminate King, the last of the Assyrians.

Sargus, a Fish strangely lustfull.

Saturns door, the end of Time.

Saturnalls, Feasts kept in December in the honour of Saturn.

Satyres, nipping Poesies, that reprove vice sharp'ly, without respect of persons.

Scaliger Josephus, now living, a Frenchman, admirable in all languages, for all manner of learning.

Scipio, (sir-named Affrican) a most wise, valiant, and vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who, being ill requited for infinite honourable services, sequestred himselfe to a Country-life.

Scbirrhes, a kinde of hard (yet pain-lesse) swellings in the flesh.

Scolopendra, a certaine fish that casteth forth her bowels, to clear them from the hook.

Scopas, a notable Architect, imployed in the building of Mausolus Tomb, which is numbred among the seaven wonders of the world.

Syrtes, dangerous sands in the Lybian Sea.

Serhan Forrests, (now Cathay and Cambalu) are in Asian Scythia, abounding in the best Silks.

Serranus, a worthy Roman fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorship, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

Sentinel, a scout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Town of Garrison.

Seraphin, an Angell.

Sein, the river of Paris.

Shynar, or *Sennaar*, the Plain where Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.

Sibels, Prophetesses: Varro remembers ten of them.

Semiramis, the proud and wanton Queene of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

Sirius, the Dog-star, at whose rising the Dog-dayes alwayes begin.

Skink Alexandrian, a kinde of Serpent, a land-Crocodile.

Skinker, the signe Aquarius.

Sol, the Sunne, one of the 7, Planets.

Solides, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Circle, Cube, Pyramide, Cilinder, and Dodochædron.

Sostrates, a notable Architect, builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

Stagyrius, Aristotle, there borne.

Stix, } Hell.
Stigian strand, }

Steropes, one of Vulcans Cyclops.

Stoiks, severe Philosophers, pretending to condemne all passions: and esteeming all things to be ordered by an inevitable necessity of Fate or Destiny.

Strymon, a River betweene Macedon and Thrace.

Swisses, (wee call them Swivers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Helvetia.

Sulphur, Brimstone.

Starre-ship, Argos, a Signe or Constellation in Heaven, supposed to have been the Ship that Jason and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

Synonimas words of the same signification.

Symbolize, to resemble or agree.

Sympathy, consent or resemblance of quality.

Symphony, consent of time or harmony.

Symmetry, proportion of parts betweene themselves, and to their whole.

Syracusa, a great, wealthy and wanton City in Sicilia.

Syrens, Mer-Maids.

Satyr, a wilde wood-monster, halfe-man, halfe-goate: also a kinde of nipping Poesie, reproving vice impartially.

Salem, Jerusalem.

Spartans, look *Lacedemon*.

Sina, or *Sinai*, a Mountain in Arabia, the same that Horeb, where the Law was given to Moses.

Salamina, an Iland and City in the Euboike Sea, now called the Gulf of Negrepont.

Stentorian, Homer reports him to have had the voyce of fiftie men.

Signories, Lordships, Dominions.

Sues, a Port in the East part of Egypt upon the red Sea.

Seir, a Mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Asphaltis and Egypt.

Siddim, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom, was taken prisoner, by Chedor-Laomer.

Sanctum Sanctorum, the innmost Sanctuarie, the Holy of Holies, where onely the high Priest might enter once a yeare.

Stratian, Warlike.

Scammonie, aliàs *Diagrydium*, an herb purging Choler mightily.

T

TAgus, the River Lisbone in Portugall.

Tanais, a mighty River dividing Asia from Europe.

Tantalus, a King of Phrygia, whom they fained to stand in Hell up to the chinne in water, and to have delicate Fruits dangling over his upper lip, yet can touch neither; either to ease his hunger, or allay his thirst.

Tambut, a Countrey of the Negros, which is a part of Affrica, extending to the uttermost bounds thereof towards the South and East.

Taprobane, an Iland under the Equinoctiall (now called Sumatra) situate betweene Malca and Java Major, above 450. leagues long, and above 120. broad: abounding in Gold, and very plentifull in other excellent commodities.

Tarentum,

Tarentum, a famous City in Calabria.
Ternasser, is in the East Indies, neer the gulfe of Bengala.
Thebes, a City in Bœotia where Hercules was borne: it was first builded by Cadmus, but more beautifully restored by Amphion.
Thetis, the Sea.
Themis, Justice.
Thersites, the foulest Lubber in all the Grecian Campe, whom Achilles slew with his fist.
Thesens, for valour, another Hercules: but most famous for his kinde and constant friendship to Pirithous.
Thisbes Tree, the Mulbery.
Thule, an Iland beyond the Orcades, the farthest north that was known to the Romans, and therefore then called *Ultima Thule*.
Timanthes, one of the most excellent of the ancient Painters.
Tindarides, Castor and Pollux.
Tygris, a river in Asia, passing by the East of Mesopotamia, through Armenia & Media.
Titan, the Sun.
Tirrhenian, the Tuscan Seas.
Tyrians, Merchant men of Tyrus, a City of Syria, anciently flourishing in trade, and famous for the excellent purple-Die.
Tivoli, a village neer Rome, where the Cardinall of Ferara hath a sumptuous house of pleasure, furnished with infinite Curiosities.
Torpedo, the Cramp-fish.
Tresor trove, Gold, Money, or other riches found under ground.
Trogladytes, a people of Æthiopia, that dwell under ground go naked, and eat Serpents.
Tropiks, two great Circles in heaven in equal distance from the equinoctiall, the one called the Tropik of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at which the Sun turneth either higher (having been at the lowest) or lower (having beene at the highest) whereof they are so called.
Tritons, Neptunes Trumpeters.
Tuscan, Italian.
Tyber, the River of Rome.
Typhis, the Master or Captaine of the Ship Argos, that sailed with Jason to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.
Tymothy, an excellent carver that wrought on Mausolus Tomb.
Typhon, a huge Giant, that indevoured to pull Jupiter out of heaven.
Type, a figure or stamp of any thing.
Tesiphone, or *Thesiphone*, one of the Furies.
TROPHEIS, glorious Monuments erected in honour of some famous victorie.
Timotheus Milesius, an excellent musician, that flourished under Philip of Macedon and Alexander his son.
Theory, Contemplation, Study.
Tully, Cicero, the Prince of Roman Orators.
Thalia, look *Graces* and *Muses*.
Tabernacle, propetly a Tent or Pavilion.

V

VAlois, one of the royal families of France extinguished in the late Henry the third (slain by a Friar before Paris) who in his Monsieurship (with his mother and the Duke of Guise) had been too busie an Actor in the bloudie Massacre.
Venus, the goddesse of Love and Beauty, also one of the planets.
Venus Esclauage, Knights (or nights) service to Ladies.
Venereau mirth, Idem.
Ver, the Spring.
Vertumnus, an imagined god of the Romans that took on him all shapes.
Vespucio, Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, first discoverer of America, of whom it was so called.
Vignere, a learned French-man of late times, translator of Cæsar, Livius, and other Latine Writers.
Vienna, a City in Austria, where usually the Emperour keeps his court.
Urania, one of the Muses, especially handling heavenly things, therefore called the heavenly Muse.
Urim and *Thummim*, two words graven in the Breast-plate of Aaron, signifying Illumination and Integrity.
Ulysses, the Politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.
Vulcan, the god of fire and forge-men.
Uranoscopus, a Fish alwaies gazing up to heaven.

X

XAnth, called also *Scamander*, the River of Troy: there is also an Iland in the Archipelago so called.
Xenian, hospitious, milde-entertainer.

Z

ZEbut, an Iland in the West Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar, and Ginger.
Zenith, the point verticall. the point of heaven right over our heads: the contrary point is called Nadir.
Zeno, the chief of the Stoicke Philosophers.
Zeuxis, a most cunning and exceeding rich Painter.
Zodiack, a biaz or sloaping Circle in the heavens, wherein are the twelve Signes thorow which all the planets passe.
Zones, imagined Circles, dividing the world into five parts.
Zopyrus, a Persian that strangely dis-figured himselfe to doe his Prince an important service.
Zephyrus, the West, the West-winde.

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF JUDITH, IN FORME OF A POEME.

PENNED IN FRENCH BY THAT NOBLE POET, G. SALUST LORD OF BARTAS.

Englished by THO: HUDSON.

Yee Learned, binde your browes with Laurer band:
I preaſe but for to touch it with my hand.

1641.

THE PRINTER
TO THE READER.

Perceiving our divine du Bartas *so generally applauded, even of the greatest and the gravest of this Kingdome; and all* His works *so welcome to all; to make the same* (in this fourth Edition) *more compleat, I have presumed to annex* This Piece; *indeed no part of his incomparable* VVeeks (*neither here apparelled by the same Workman*) *yet doubt-less a Childe of the same Parent, and (if I be not deceived) one of his first-born; which, arriving long since in* Scotland, *was there (among the rest) royally received, and thus (as you see) suited, somwhat to that Countrey fashion. Whose* Dialect *and* Orthography (*considering under what authority it was first published, and now the rather respecting our happy union by the same established*) *I have not dared at all to alter. Accept it therefore, gentle Reader, as it is; and allow at least of my good-will; who, wishing thee the profit of these happy labours, have adventured (to doe thee pleasure) to incur (I doubt) double displeasure.*

Thine R Y.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, JAMES THE SIXT, KING of *Scotland*, his Majesties most humble servant, THO. HUDSON wisheth long life, with *everlasting felicity*.

AS your Majestie, Sir, after your accustomed and vertuous manner, was somtime discoursing at Table with such your Domestiques, as chanced to be attendant; It pleased your Highnesse not onely to esteeme the peerlesse stile of the Greek *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgil* to be inimitable to us (whose tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But also to alledge (partly thorow delight your Majestie tooke in the Haughtie stile of those most famous Writers, and partly to sound the opinion of others) that also the lofty Phrase, the grave inditement, the facund terms of the French *Salust* (for the like resemblance) could not be followed nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and impolished English language. Wherein, I more boldly then advisedly (with your Majesties licence) declared my simple opinion; not calling to mind, that I was to give my verdit in presence of so sharp and cleer-eyed a Censor as your Highnesse is: But rashly I alledged, that it was nothing impossible even to follow the footsteps of the same great Poet *Salust*, and to translate his verse (which nevertheless is of it selfe exquisite) succinctly, and sensibly in our owne vulgar speech. Whereupon it pleased your Majestie (among the rest of his workes) to assigne mee *The History of Judith*, as an agreeable Subject to your Highnesse, to be turned by mee into English verse: Not for any speciall gift or science that was in mee who am inferiour in knowledge and erudition to the least of your Majesties Court: but by reason (peradventure) of my bold assertion, your Majestie, who will not have the meanest of your house unoccupied, would have mee to beare the yoke, and drive forth the penance, that I had rashly procured. Indeed the burden appeared heavy, and the charge almost insupportable to mee: nevertheless, the fervent desire which I had to attemper your Majesties commandement, the

earneſt intention to verifie my raſh ſpeaking, and the aſſured confidence which I anchred on, your Highneſſe help and correction encouraged me ſo, and lightned on ſuch wiſe my heavy burden, that I have with leſſe pain brought my halfe-deſpaired worke to finall end. In the which I have ſo behaved my ſelfe, that, through your Majeſties concurrence, I have not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author: In every one of which, hee hath alſo two ſyllables moe then any Engliſh bears. And this notwithſtanding, I ſuppoſe your Majeſtie ſhall find little of my Authours meaning pretermitted. Wherefore if thus much be done by mee, who am of another profeſsion, and of ſo ſimple literature, I leave it to be conſidered by your Majeſtie, what ſuch as are conſummate in letters, and know the waighty words, and pithy ſentences, the poliſhed termes, and full efficacy of the Engliſh tongue, would have done. Receive then, Sir, of your owne ſervant, this little work at your own commandement enterpriſed, corrected by your Majeſties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highneſſe. If I have done well, let the praiſe redound to your Majeſtie, whoſe cenſure I have underlien: if otherwiſe, let my default of skill be imputed to my ſelfe, or at the leaſt my good intention allowed, whereby others may have occaſion to doe better. To your Highneſſe conſideration referring, Sir, both my diligence done in this ſmall tranſlation, and the inveterate affection which I have, and ought alwayes to bear to your Majeſty, I commit with all humility, your Highneſſe, your Realm, and Eſtate, to the government of God, who governeth all the World.

SONNET

SONNET.

Ince ye immortall Sisters Nine hes left
All other countries lying far or neere
To follow him who from them all you reft:
And now hes caus'd your residence be here;
Who, though a stranger, yet bee lov'd so dear
This Realme and mee, so as he spoyl'd his awne
And all the brooks and banks and fountaines cleare
That be therein, of you as hee hath shawne
In this his Work: then let your breath be blawne.
In recompence of this his willing minde,
On mee; that since may with my pen be drawne
His praise. For though himselfe be not inclin'd,
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer Tree:
Yet well bee merits crown'd therewith to bee.

SONNET.

He Muses *Nine have not reveal'd to mee*
What sacred seeds are in their garden sowen;
Nor how their Saluft *gains the* Lauret *Tree,*
Which through thy toil in Brittain *growid is growen:*
But, sith they see thy travell truely showen
In vertues school, th' expiring time to spend;
So have they to his Highnesse made it knowen
Whose Princely power may duly thee defend.
Then you, that on the Holy Mount *depend*
In crystall air, and drink the cleared spring
Of Poetry, *I doe you recommend*
To the protection of this godly King:
Who for his vertues and his gifts divine,
Is onely Monarch *of the* Muses *nine.*

FINIS. M.V.F.

THE

THE AUTHORS ADMONITION TO THE READER.

Beloved Reader, *it is about fourteene yeeres past since I was commanded by the late illustrate and most vertuous Princesse* Jean, Queen *of* Navarr, *to reduce the* History *of* Judith *in forme of a* Poeme Epique. *Wherein I have not so much aimed to follow the phrase or text of the Bible, as I have pressed (without wandring from the verity of the History) to imitate* Homer *in his* Iliades, *and* Virgil *in his* Æneidos, *and others who have left to us workes of such like matter; thereby to render my Worke so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault upon her who proposed to mee so mean a* Theame *or Subject, and not on mee who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in* France *who in a just* Poeme *hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy favour to receive some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begunne and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be driven to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I have to see the youth of* France *so holily by mine example exercised.*

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong mee, who thinke that in describing the Catastrophe *of this history (truely tragicall) I am become a voluntarie Advocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to serve their temerarious passions, and private inspirations) conspire against the lives of placed Princes.*

Princes. For, so much doe I disassent that this example and the like ought to be drawne in consequence, that I am verily perswaded that the act of Ahud, *of* Jael, *and of* Judith (*who under colour of obeisance and pretext of amity laid their revenging hands upon* Æglon, Sisera, *and* Holophernes) *had been worthy of a hundred gallows, a hundred fires, and a hundred wheels, if they had not beene particularly chosen of God to unloose the chains, and breake the bands which retained the* Hebrew *people in more then* Ægyptian *servitude, and expresly called to kill those Tyrants with a death as shamefull as their lives were wicked and abominable. But seeing this question is so diffuse that it cannot be absolved in few words, and that my brain is too weake for so high an enterprise; I send you to those who have spent more oile and time in turning the leaves of the sacred Scriptures, then I have done for the present. It sufficeth mee for the time to admonish the* Reader, *to attempt nothing without a cleare and indubitable vocation of God against those whom hee hath erected above us; and above all things, not to abuse the law of humane hospitalitie, and other holy bands, for to give place to these frentike opinions, so to abolish a pretended tyrannie. I have also to warne thee of two different sorts of men; of the which, one sort is so depraved that they can heare nothing but that which is altogether profane; and the other is so superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to reade of holy things in verse, as though the measure and jointure of syllables were so constrained, as it were unpossible to keeep the sense unperverted, or at least not excessively obscured. Now if I perceive that this my first assay may be to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort, that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrary fall, in time to come I will beware to lay out my small pack in this ample* Theatre *of* France, *where there are almost as many judgements as beholders. A Dieu.*

GSSDB.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE HISTORY OF *JUDITH.*

Fter that the Children of *Israel* were delivered from captivity, and returned to their Land, the City of *Jerusalem* re-edified, the Temple builded and prepared to the service of the Lord, the multitude of the people being scattered in sundry towns and places of the Land, where they lived in peaceable rest, the Lord (knowing man to be negligent of God and his salvation, chiefly when hee lives at ease, and all things frame unto his fraile desire) to the end that his people should not fall into such an inconvenience, would exercise them with a fearefull affliction and temptation, sending upon their Countrey an Army so great in number and puissance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was under the *Persian Monarch*, named in the history *Nebuchadnezzar* (which nevertheleſſe is not his right name). His chiefe Lieutenant generall and Conductor of the whole Army, was *Holophernes* who (wheresoever hee came) overthrew all religion, permitting none to invocate or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Master; whom hee enforced to constitute and establish for the onely God. So entred hee *Judea* with intent to destroy it all: which the people perceiving, and that his power was so great that no nation could resist him, and also knowing his cruell hatred; were sore affraid, and almost driven to extreme desperation; seeing none other thing present before them, but ruine and destruction. And this the Lord suffered, to show (in time) his worke to be more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and having called to the Lord for mercie and succour at his hand, hee both heard and succoured them at need. The meane was not through strength and stoutnesse of some worthy Captaine; but by the hand of *Judith*, a tender feeble woman, to the shame of this most proud and cruell tyrant and all his heathen hoste. For shee cut off his head, put all his

campe

campe to flight, destroyed his men of Armes, in such wise that they fled here and there; and, seeking to save their lives, left all their tents and baggage. Thus the Lord, by the weake, and those that are not regarded, makes his workes admirable. By one selfe meane hee saved his owne, and executed his justice against his enemies. In which wee have to consider his singular providence and goodnesse, and the care which hee hath in especiall for the faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Historie is intituled by the name of *Judith*, because it containes the narration of her great vertues, and for that the Lord used her as an instrument for the deliverance of his people. It is not certaine who was the first Author hereof: nevertheleſſe, the reading of it hath beene received in the Church, for the doctrine and utility of the same.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HOlophernes, *Lieutenant generall and chiefe of the Army of* Nebuchadnezzar King *of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue divers people, and amongst others the Jewes. All the Nation is seazed with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then, as it fals out in bruits of war, all the whole people were troubled: some saving themselves in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and tragicall end: the last sort cals upon God. This while* Joachim *the chiefe Priest governed the people: hee by his letters and expresse commandement recals those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Jerusalem: where, in presence of the Levits, he made sacrifice and earnest prayer unto God to withdraw his ire, and to be mercifull to his people: which done, hee enters in counsell, and requires his Princes to consult upon the cause, and consider what is most expedient, and to prefer the love of Gods law and the countrey, before all private things: the first that gain-stands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and favourer of the enemy, who gives counsell to render them to* Holophernes, *calling him a Prince gratious to those that applaud to him, and invincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detecteth his false hypocrisie and careless security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godless enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked* Nimrod, *consummate in all impiety and wickednesse, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse: For he proves that if the Nation should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honoured in the death of the Jewes, then in their lives; and that it is more worthy to dye Hebrews, then to live Infidels; and freemen, then slaves: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honour and duty before feare and a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: whereof* Joachim *gave thanks to God, and (resolving himselfe upon a just defence for the conservation of the service of God, and the freedome of his Nation, and the lives of the innocent against this villanous invasion) wisely departed the Regiments of Towns to persons convenient, who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power unto the war with courage, paine and diligence.*

THE FIRST BOOKE OF JUDITH.

I sing the vertues of a valiant Dame,
Who (in defence of *Jacob*) overcame
Th' *Assyrian* Prince, and slew that *Pagan* stout
Who had beset *Bethulia* wals about.
O thou, who kept thine *Isaac* from the thrall
Of infidels, and steeld the courage small
Of feeble *Judith*, with a manly strength;
With sacred furie fill my heart at length:
And, with thy *Holy* spirit, my spirit inspire,
For matter so divine. Lord, I require
No humain stile; but that the Reader may
Great profit reape, I joy, Thou, praise alway.

And since in vulgar verse I prease to sing
This godly Poeme to a Christian King,
To him whom God in goodnesse hath erect
For princely Pillar, to his owne elect:
For lawfull Lord, to raign with truth and right:
For lovesome Lauer, to the vertuous wight:
Him (I beseech) this travell to defend,
That to his pleasure I the same may end.

Prayse, vertue and reward of this work.

Invocation of the true God.

Dedication of the Autor also to his Translation.

VVHen *Isr'el* was in quiet rest and peace,
And fruitfully the ground gave her encrease,
Which seaventy year untilled lay beforne.
And nothing bare but thistle, weed and thorne;
It pleased God (upon his just correction)
T' awake his owne that were of his election;
Left that the longsom peace should them withhold
And dull their spirits, as doth the warriour bold,
Who spoiles his horse with pampring in the stable,
That makes him for the manaige more unable:
Hee spred their land with bands of enemies stout,
Whose clouds of shot bedim'd their land about.
Their *Hoast*, with arrowes, pikes, & standards stood
As bristle-pointed, as a thornie wood.
Their multitude of men, the rivers dri'd,
Which throw the wealthy *Juda* sweet did slide;
So that floud *Jordane* finding dry his bank,
For shame he blusht, and down his head he shrank,
For wo that hee his credit could not keep,
To send one wave, for tribute to the deep.
Scarce had the Harvest-man, with hook in hand,
Dispoyl'd the fruit and let the stubble stand:
Scarce had the hungry Gleaner put in binde
The scattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:
And scarce the flapping flaile began to thresh,
When unto *Jacob*, newes was brought afresh,
That *Holophern* his frontiers did invade,
And past all Rivers, straits, and murders made
So vile, that none he left, that drew the breath;
But old, and young hee put to sodaine death:
The sucking babes upon their Mothers knee,
His cruell cut-throats made them all to die.

The Army of Holophernes.

Then

Then like a flocke of sheep, that doth behold
A Wolfe come from the wood upon their fold,
Shapes no defence, but runs athwart the lands,
And shortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:
So *Isaac's* sons, in dreading for to feel
This tyrant, who pursued them at the heel,
Dissundring fled, and sought their lives to save
In hils, and dales, and every desart cave.
The shepheard of his flocke had now no care:
But, fearing death, fled to some mountaine bare.
The Crafts-man now his lumes away hath layd:
The Merchant left his traffique and his trade,
To hide himselfe more safely in a vault
Then in a Rampier, to sustain th'assault.
The Lords esteem'd themselves in surer hold
In Dens of Beasts, then castles gilt with gold.
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Feare made the wofull women for to beare
Their cradles sweet to hils that highest were:
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,
For want of speed, on foot and hand to creep:
All-where was nothing heard but hideous cries
And piteous plaints that did the hearts agrise.
O Lord (said they) wilt thou still, day by day,
The arrowes of thine anger never stay?
Wilt thou that *Chalde* conquer us againe?
Shall *Juda* yet the *Heathen* yoke sustain?
Wilt thou againe that they make every towne,
But stony heaps of houses casten down?
Againe shall sacrilegious fire devoure
Thy holy house where wee doe thee adore?
Then *Joachim* the Priest of God most hie,
Who over *Juda* then had chiefe degrie,
Stood like a Pylot stout in tempest great,
Who seeing winde and weather for to threat,
Yet to his matter, his fear no terrour drawes,
Not leaves his ship unto the wrackfull waves:
But, with disguising fear, his face up casts,
And stoutly doth gainstand the balefull blasts:
Right so this prudent prelate sent, in haste,
Two hundred men to passe where men were plac't
In places strong, and thence commanded them
For to repaire unto *Jerusalem*.
Now since th' Eternall did reveale his will,
Upon the sacred top of *Syna* hill,
The Arke of God which wisedome more did hold,
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* have told;
And more then ever *Rome* could comprehend,
In huge of learned books that they ypend:
Long wādred it through tribes, through kin & kin,
And found no certain place of resting in.
Yea, somtime it the shamefull spoyl hath been
To sacrilegious hands of *Palestine*,
Untill that time, that *Jesues* holy race,
For ever lodged it in *Jebus* place.
But, for that *Davids* hands with bloud were fild,
Through infinites of humains hee had kild;
The king of peace would have a king of rest
To build his *Temple* far above the best:
His house, whose front upreard so high and eaven,
That lightlied earth, & seem'd to threat the heav'n,
Untill that wicked time a tyrant vile,
Of name and deed that bare the semble stile,
That did this king, that building brave he wrack't,
And to the sacred ground all whole it sackt.
Yet when long after, *Abrahams* holy race, Ezr. 6.
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captive place,
Which combers great they reedifi'd with paine,
That most renowned house of God againe.
Which though unto the first it seem'd as small,
As to a Princes house a shepheards hall:
And though the hugenesse were not as it was,
Yet sure the height and beauty did surpasse.
And overseil'd the famous worke of *Pharie*,
Ephesus Temple, and the tomb of *Carie*,
The *Rhodian Colosse*, and the *Caldean* wall,
That *Semiramis* set up with tourrets tall.
Also the wondrous work of this same Temple
Might serve a *Ctesiphon* for his exemple:
Lysippus eke to carve by square and line,
Or guide *Apelles* pensile most divine.
Here in this place, all *Israel* most devout,
Withdrew themselves to *Salem* round about;
As when the Heav'n his sluces opens wide,
And makes the floods upon the ground to glide,
The brooks that break adoun from divers hils
With course impetuous till one deep distils.
Amongst the Dames, that there devoutest were,
The holy *Judith* fairest did appear:
Like *Phœbus* that above the stars doth shine:
It seem'd that shee was made on mould divine.
This primate then assisted with the kin
Of great *Eleazar* (priests whose head and chin
Was never shav'n) devoutly on hee preast:
A pearled Myter on his balmed creast,
And with a holy Aid, with garnets spred,
And golden Bels, his sacred body cled:
And slew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guise)
Of many a kid, and calfe for sacrifice:
And with their bloud, the Altars hornes hee dyed,
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed:
"O Lord of Hostes, wee come not unto thee, A prayer.
"To weigh our merits with thy majestie:
"Nor to protest before thy heavenly might,
"That sackleslly, thy scourge doth on us light:
"But rather wee confesse (as true it is)
"Our sins have justly merit more then this.
"But Lord, if thou thy covenant would forget,
"Which thou with *Abraham* made, and so wilt set
"For mercy great, thy justice most severe,
"Thou should a greater plague upon us rear.
"Change then our processe from thy justice seat,
"And save us at thy throne of mercy great.
"Forgive us Lord, and hold far from us all,
"These plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.
Alas, what helpeth us thy heavie stroke,
To binde our necks to such a servile yoke,
Wherewith the *Assyrian* tyrants long have grived
Thine *Israel*, till their bondage thou relieved;
If so this native ground that new is tild,
If so these hosttries new with folke refild,
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,
Should be a prey to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierce;
If that wee see this Altar made profane,
And witches it abuse with Idols vaine:

The Hebrews.
Fear of the enemie.
Affliction chaseth Prayer.
1. Sam 4.
2. Sam. 6.
Jerusalem
2. Sam. 7.
Nabuchadnezzar.

Yet

Yet Lord if thou no pity on us take,
At least great God, do (for thy glories sake)
Have pity on this holy building now,
Where not a God hath sacrifice, but thou:
Where not a God but thou hast residence,
To feel the savour sweet of frankincense.
Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldeans* cresset bright
From these rich *Cedar* vaults of stately hight,
Preserve these vessels, ornaments of gold,
From sacrilegious hands of neighbours bold:
And let the bloud of beasts before thy face,
Thy justice stay, and grant thy servants grace.
This prayer done, the people went their way.
Then *Joachim* conven'd, that present day,
The Princes of all *Juda*, and them praid,
'Gainst this mischiefe for counsell, and thus said:
Companions, if your former zeal remaine:
If ardent love to God yee still retaine:
If wife, or childe, may cause your care to love,
Which should the Centers of your senses move:
If in your breasts a noble heart doth bide,
Let deed bear witnesse at this wofull tide.
For, saving God and your foresight, in deed
'Tis done 'tis done with us, and all our seed:
And after this, th' *Immortall* shall not see
This altar fume before his majestie.
When th' *Air* is calme, and still, as dead and deafe,
And under Heav'n quakes not an aspin leafe;
When Seas are calme, and thousand vessels fleet
Upon the sleeping seas with passage sweet,
And when the variant winde is still and lowne,
The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.
But when the cruell storm doth threat the Bark
To drown in deeps of pits infernall dark:
While tossing tears both rather, mast, and sail:
While mounting seems the Azur sky to seaile:
While drives perforce upon some deadly shore,
There is the Pylot known, and not before.
Alas, I pray you then what care and strifes
Have we to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?
Forget not then the care of this same place,
Your Countreys weale, Gods glory and his grace:
But humbly give your selves into the hand
Of God most high, and with a holy brand
"Repurge your spirits from every hatefull sin,
"Which causeth God his Justice to begin:
And see what may to God be agreeable,
For *Jacobs* weal, [illegible] you profitable.
This said, an a[illegible]t traytor, from his youth,
Who fostred gall [illegible] heart, with hony in mouth,
Enforcing from his eyes some fained tear
(To cloak his malice) spake as yee shall hear:
My tongue me fails, my hair for dread up-starts,
My heavie spirit from pensive corps departs,
When I bethink mee of yone tyrant stout,
Who hath bedrownd the world with bloud about.
Approaching threats our towns with fiery flames,
Our selves with death, dishonour to our Dames:
Yet when I call to minde the curtsie great,
That this great Lord doth use, who doth intreat
Not onely those that bestiall are become,
And have their hope in brutall Idols dumbe,
But even to zealous folke, who doe embrace
The faith, and law (like us) of *Abrams* race:

Who, being well advis'd, did humbly sue
His pardon, and escap'r his vengeance due;
Then thanke I God, who sends us such a foe,
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:
For wee assoone shall vanquish him with tears,
As will be long to wrack him with our wears.
Then whil'st wee may have choice in either state,
Of peace or wars, his favour or his hate;
Let us not follow (seeing skath at hand)
The folly of our Fathers to gain-stand:
But rather let us bear another saile,
And serve his king as best for our availe.
But think not yet, that I this counsell give
For craft, or warrant for my selfe to live;
For I have els my dayes so neetly spent,
That for to dye I could be well content.
Th' *Assyrian* need not in my breast to strike
His feathered Dart, not yet his trembling pike:
Yea, if my youth to mee should eft returne,
And make my youthly bloud within me burne,
So honour I my God, and countrey dear.
That for to die for them, I would not feat,
As *Samson* did, if so my death might yeeld
The victory of the *Viceroy*, and the field.
But most I feare, lest wee, with curious zeale,
Fight for the law, yet fight against her weale,
Against our selves, to bring so great a wrack,
That proud, and cruell tyrants shall us sack,
And grow in pride (suppressing *Judas* strength)
For to contemn the glory of God at length.
For, *Israel* being lost, who shall ensue,
To tender here to God devotions due?
What people sparsed on this earthly ball
From *Indian* shore to where the Sun doth fall,
Or from the Climate of the Northren blast,
Unto that place where summer ay doth last;
Hath God elect, save *Israel* for his owne
Upon his Hill to have his glory showne?
As this the valiant *Cambrus* of renowne,
With righteous rage grew pale and 'gan to frowne,
And brake the silence with a vehement stile,
His courage mov'd the Princes all the while.
Nay rather where I stand let ope the ground,
(Quoth hee) to swallow mee in pit profound:
Yea, rather righteous Heav'n let fiery blast
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* cast,
Ere I my malice cloake or overspile,
In giving *Isaac* such a counsell vile.
For, if the Leader of this folk profane
Upon our bodies onely sought to raigne,
Although that wee have dearly bought alway
Out freedom from our first maternall day
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)
I would assent the holy Church except;
But since more pride this tyrants heart enroules
To lay a greater burden on our soules,
Who are the vassals of that onely King,
That Thunder sends and scepters down doth thring;
'Should wee forget him who made us of nought,
'More then all wodrous things that he hath wrought
Who treats and loves us like our Father and King,
Still under shadowes of his wondrous wing?
Will hee that wee receive a Prince ambitious?
For God, a gods contemner, *Ninrod* vitious?

Whose

Comparison.

The bravery of a fabrill worldling.

Whose beastly life is of so vile a fame,
That of a man hee merits not the name?
Goe to, goe to, let men for men assay
With sword and shot to deale it as wee may:
The victory lies not in mortall hands,
Nor barbed horse, nor force of armed bands.
These are but second instruments of God;
Who, as him list, may send them even or od.
But if our soveraigne God wils such annoy;
That folke uncircumcis'd our land destroy,
Because wee him offend while wee have breath;
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death,
And, if wee lose and all be overcome,
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.
Forsooth, though *Assurs* souldiers brave and bold
Extinguish quite the race of *Isaac* old,
Yet shall they not deface the living Lord,
As these *Apostats* falsly doe afford.
For hee, who peopled first this world so round,
But with one man, from whom the rest abound;
And who long after, in an arke of wood,
Repair'd the waste, made by the generall floud;
May hee not eke transforme the hardned stone,
To people who will honour him alone?
And may not hee doe now, as hee hath done,
Who gave to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?
Them giving Children moe, then in the Heaven
Are starry Circles, light as fiery leaven: (Rack)
And moe, then Northern winds (that drive the
Of *Cyrene* sands in number can compack;
Who will observe his law, an hundreth fold
More zealously then wee, who should it hold.
'Then, fathers chuse you wars: for better tels,
'To lose like *Jewes*, then win like infidels.
'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts attame,
'To leave the right: preferre not fear to shame.
Scarce ended was th' Oration of this Lord,
When all the Princes (with a sound accord)
By word and deed confirm'd his good advice.
The chief Priest, gladdest of this enterprise,
Unto the Heav'n held up his hands and face,
And said, I thank the Lord, who of his grace
'Conjoynes no lesse our wils, then holds our hearts:
'A sure presage that God is on our parts.
This done unto his Princes hee divides
The tribes and towns, and ordains them for guides;
For feare least some of them led with ambition
In *Israel* might stir-up some sedition.
So they withdrew, and stoutly did provide,
This furious storme of *Mars* for to abide.

Then as yee see somtime the hony Bees
Exerce themselves on buds of sweetest trees, Comparison.
Where they somtime assault the buzzing wasps,
That comes too neer, their flowers away to clasps;
Or when they hony draw from smelling Thyme,
Or from the Palme, or Roses of the prime:
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,
Observing jointure just in every part,
Both up and down they build ten thousand shops,
With equall space fulfil'd up to the tops:
Or where the master Bee of thousand bands,
Conducts the rest in legions through the lands,
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,
Their house, their work, their lawes & manners all:
So thus the sons of *Jacob* ply'd their paine,
With hot desire their quarrell to sustaine.
Some built the breaches of their broken town, Preparation of defence.
That Heav'n, and *Panim* ire had casten down.
Some other found a cautell, 'gainst the Ramme,
To save the wall unbroken, where it came.
Thus *Jacobs* towns on all sides had their flanks,
With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarks & with banks:
Some others busie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, some under baskets louts:
Some others also, wanting time and might
To strength their towns, yet us'd all kind of slight,
To dig up ditches deep, for cisterns good,
To draw to them the best and neerest floud.
While th' Armorers with hammers hard & great
On stithies strong the sturdy steel doe beat,
And make thereof a corpslet or a jacke,
Somtime a helm, somtime a mace doe make,
While shepheards they enarme unus'd to danger,
While simple birds & while the wandring stranger;
The tilling Culter then a speare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an evened blade:
The people food forgets, no ease they take,
Some on a horse, some on his proper backe,
Some on a Cart, some on a Camel bears
Corne, wine, and flesh, to serve for many years;
As done these *Emets*, that in summer tide,
Comes out in swarms their houses to provide: Comparison.
In harvest time (their toyle may best be seen
In paths where they their carriage bring between)
Their youth they send to gather-in the store:
Their sick and old at home doe keep the score,
And over grainels great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a [illegible]ber large
(When it is dight) lest it dot[illegible]ut of seed,
Or come againe, or Weevels [illegible] breed.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE SECOND BOOKE.

WEe have heard before, how the people of God used all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true Religion and their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreme pride of Holophernes, *who thought with one word to overthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, hee assembleth his Counsell to understand of them what people they were that inhabited the Mountaines in the frontiers of* Judæa, *that durst make him resistance. Upon this hee is enformed by the mouth of one of his chiefe Captaines, of that which hee looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the History of the* Jewes, *from the time of* Abrahams *comming out of Caldea to enter into the land of Promise, unto their deliverance from the Captivity of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy Scriptures, with the praises of the providence of almighty God, in defending of his Church, and a sharp threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellors of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captaine. But* Holophernes *with vaine ambition deferreth their bloudie request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, hee further blasphemeth the living Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so carried neere to the City of Bethulia: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the City, and there declareth his case; exhorting them to continue constant to God and their Countrey, and promiseth his assistance to his lives end.*

THE SECOND BOOKE OF JUDITH.

NOw *Holophern* in *Scithique* Rampier stood,
With stãdards pight of youthly heathen blood,
Of nothing thinking lesse, then war and fight,
But in devising pastime day and night:
Till hee was war, that *Jacob* would advance,
Against his *Panim* force and arrogance.
A pack of what? a pack of countrey clowns
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battell bownes,
With beggers, bolts, and levers to arrest
My warries strong; with whom I have suppreſt
Both *Tygris* swift and fair *Euphrates* stream,
With frosty *Taurus*, and Rock *Nipatheane*,
Are they not wrackt? yee Chiefs of *Moabites*,
And valiant *Ephrem*, yee strong *Ammonites*:
Yee that, as neighbours, know this folke of old,
That scattered thus, doe all these Mountains hold:
Tell mee what men are they, of what off-spring,
What is their force, their customs and their King?
'For, wise is hee that wots with whom hee plaies,
'And halfe is victor, as the Proverb sayes.
The Lord of *Ammon* then with reverence due,
Right wisely, spake the Duke; and yet, for true,
Hee was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:
But so (with fained tongue) hee spake his mind,
And all the *Hebrews* acts discourst so well,
That *Esdr'* and *Moses* seem'd in him to dwell,
As did that sprite that made the Prophet blesse
The *Israelites*, whom *Balac* did addresse
To curse them all, and wage his covetous tongue,
Which spake contrary that hee would have song:
So please it you my Lord I shall discry
The story of *Isr'el*: yet, so doing, I

People of Asia.

Num. 23.

Am

Am like the modest Bee, that takes but small
Of every flower, though shee have choice of all:
For where shee list, the sweetest off shee crops.
These people that yee see on mountain tops,
A briefe discourse of the estate of the Jews.
Encamped in these crags, are of the line
Of *Abraham*; who (serving God divine,
That mighty God of gods who create all,
And firmly knit and built this mighty ball)
Gen. 12.
Came to this Land that then was tild and sown,
And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowne:
Where onely God his wealth did multiply,
In goods, and silver, gold, and family.
And when of age hee was an hundred year,
His wife eke barren, never childe did bear;
God gave them *Isaac*, swearing that his seed
Should many Scepters rule, and Land bespreed:
But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,
And hoped well the promise made should hold
(O piteous case) *Th' immortall* voyce him spake,
Gen. 22.
And bad him sacrifice his sonne *Isaac*.
Then like a ship between two windes heset,
Upon the raging Sea on both sides bet,
In douhtsom fear, ne wots what way to keep,
Left one of them confound her in the deep:
Makes close her ports, and slides on *Neptunes* back;
At pleasure of the boysterous windes to wrack:
So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight
Both love, and duty, reason, faith, and right.
Nor wist hee way to take: his troubled soule,
From this to that, continually did roule,
Untill the time, his heav'nly fear and love
His natural earthly pitie did remove.
Then having built the fire and all, anone
His sonne hee layd upon the sacred stone,
And with a trembling hand the curtlasse drew,
With heav'd-up arm the stroke for to ensue;
When, lo, th' Eternall staid the halefull knife,
And down it fell, and spar'd the guiltlesse life.
Then God content to have so great assay
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.
Of *Isaac*, *Jacob* came, and *Jacob* than
Of valiant sons had twelve in *Canaan*,
Who (forc't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:
Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand:
And grew so great in number, that they were
A fear to those that had them harbour'd there.
And though th' *Egyptians* daily them oppreft,
Exod. 1.
And burthens on their sweating backs were dreft:
Yet like the valiant *Palme* they did sustaine
Their peisant weight, redressing up againe.
This mov'd King *Pharo* to command through all
Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth never fall,
Hee bad his folke should slay (wherefo they came)
All children males, the seed of *Abraham*;
Assoon as they from mothers wombes were free,
Their day of birth should be their day to die.
O cruell *Tyger*, thinkst thou that this deed,
Exclamation.
Of *Isaac* may cut off th' immortall seed?
Well may it slay the sucklings for to live,
And kill th'accustom'd fruit that heaven doth give:
But, spite of this, men *Jacobs* seed shall see
In flouring state to rule all *Canaanes*:
The first of every house shall feel the hand
And wrath of God against this law to stand.

It fortun'd *Pharo*'s daughter with her traine
Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,
Upon the shore where *Gossan* floud doth slide:
Where, after many pastimes they had tride,
Shee hears an Infant weep amongst the reeds.
Then, judging it for one of *Isaacs* seeds,
As so it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)
Against his piteous plaint shee clos'd her eare:
But after, viewing in that Infants face
I know not what of favour and of grace,
Which did presage his greatnesse to ensue;
Love vanquisht law, and pity dread withdrew.
So from the floud not onely she him caught,
But curiously shee caus'd him to be taught,
As her owne son. O son elect of God,
Admoniction.
That once shall rule the people with thy rod,
Thou hast not found a servant for thy mother,
But even a Queen to nurse thee, and none other.
"Now see how God, alwayes for his elect,
Note.
"Of wicked things can draw a good effect:
"His providence hath made a wicked thing,
"Unto his owne, great profit for to bring.
"When *Josephs* brether sold him like a slave,
Gen. 41.
"Hee after came a kingly place to have.
"Of *Haman* proud the darke envious hate
Hist.
"Brought *Mardoche* the just to great estate:
"For, where his enemy sought his shamefull end,
"The same unto the worker he did send.
This *Hebrew Moses*, once as hee did keep,
On *Horeb* mount his father *Jethro*'s sheep,
Father in Law.
Hee saw a fearfull sight, a flaming fire
Enclose a thorny bush whole and entire:
From whence a mighty voyce unto him spake,
Which made the ground betweene the *Poles* to shake:
Exod. 3.
I am that One is, was, and ay *shall* be,
Who create all of nought, as pleaseth mee.
I can destroy, I am the great and just,
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to trust,
Whose strong right hand this world hath set in frame.
I am th' *Almighty God of Abraham*:
I plague my foes, and grant my servants grace,
All those that knowledge mee, and all their race.
Then follow thou my will and quickly goe
From mee, to that profane King *Pharao*,
Who holds the towns of *Memphis* and the field,
Of *Nilus* shore, that rich encrease doth yeeld;
And bid him let my people freely goe:
But, if with hardned heart, hee will not so,
Stretch out thy staffe for to confirme thy charge,
And it shall turne into a *Serpent* large.
And this hee shortly did, the thing to prove:
It quickned, lo, and on the ground 'gan move.
(O miracle) hee saw without all faile,
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:
Which crangling crept, and ran from trod to trod
In many a knot, till time the almighty God
Commanded him the same for to retaine,
Which to the former shape return'd againe.
Thus filing humain sight, it changed form;
One while a Rod, one while a creeping Worm.
Then armed with his staffe, the Lord him sent,
The proud idolatrous Princes to torment.
Hee, in the name of God, full oft did pray
The King, to let the *Hebrews* goe their way

Unto

Unto the Desart, where hee did devise,
To offer God a pleasant sacrifice.
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare against the Lord,
And to his holy word would not accord.
Exod. 4. Then God th' Eternall wroug'ht by *Moses* hand,
T' approve his word, great wonders in that Land.
Exod. 7. For hee not onely Rivers turn'd to bloud:
But also all the heads of *Nilus* floud:
(Which watereth wealthy *Egypt* with his sources)
Was turn'd to bloud amid their silver courses:
So that the King himselfe, his life to feed,
Was faine to use such water for his need.
Exod. 8. This *Moses* made the frogs in millions creep,
From floods and ponds, & craule from ditches deep:
Exod. 9. Who cled all *Misraims* with their filthy fry,
Even on the King and all his family.
To young and old of either Sex that while,
He sent a plague of scalding botches vile:
So that the *Memphites*, laid on beds to rest,
With uncouth venim daily were oppreat.
To *Medciners*, the med'cine vailed not;
So sore the poisond plague did undercot.
Hee also smote the forrests, herbs, and grasse,
The flocks of sheep and every beast that was:
Through poyson of th' infected ground so fell,
The Morrain made them all to dye or swell:
So that the Shepheard, by the river side,
His flock hath rather dead then sick espide.
Hee, earthly dust to lothly lice did change,
And dim'd the Aire, with such a cloud so strange
Exod. 10. Of flies, grashoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,
That day and night through houses flew in flocks,
That with incisions sharp did sheare the skins
Of *Egypt Pauims*, through their proudest innes.
And when the Heaven most quiet seemd & fair,
Th' Eternall sent a tempest through the aire,
And (at this *Hebrew*'s prayer) such a reare
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.
Here lay a Bull, that woodran while he hrast:
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blast:
And now the forrest high, that hid the air
With many a spreading arme, is spoyld and bare:
So that the sap that grafters keep with paine,
Which should restore the stock, and leafe again,
Is lost (alas) in lesse then halfe a day,
The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.
What more? th' Eternall darkned so the sky,
For three dayes space none could another spy:
That cloud, so thick, the *Memphis* rebels fand,
That they might firmly feel it with their hand:
It seem'd that *Phabus* left his ancient Round
And dwelt three dayes with men of underground.
"And as the Sun at one selfe time is fair,
"With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:
"So *Amrams* sacred son, in these projects,
"Made one selfe cause, have two contrair effects.
"For *Isaac* humbly knew the Lord divine:
"But *Pharo*, more and more, did still repine;
"Like to the corpslet colde, the more 'tis bet
"With hammers hard, more hardnesse it doth get.
Yet when his son was slaine by th' *Angels* hand,
Exod. 11. Heere. Amongst the eldest heirs of *Egypt land*;
Hee was afraid, and let them goe that night,
Where pleased them to serve their God of might:
Who sent a cloud before them all the day,
By night a Pillar of fire to guide their way.
But suddenly this tyrant did gain-stand
His former grant, and arm'd all *Egypt* Land
With hot pursure against all *Jacobs* hoast,
That were encamped on the Red-sea coast.
Such noyse was never, since the forrain tide
Brake through *Gibralter*, when it did divide
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* strand
Divorced was from her *Italia* Land;
As was in these two camps: that one, with boast;
That other with their wailings fild the coast:
It seem'd the sounds of furious horse and men,
With hornes and pypes, to Heav'n resounded then.
O Jugler, said the *Jews*, what hatefull strife
Exod. 14. They murmur. Hath moved thee to change our happy life?
What? are wee fishes, for to swim the seas?
Or are wee fowles, to fly whereas we please,
Beyond the Seas or over hills to soar?
Were there not graves for us on *Gessen* shore;
But, in this desart here to die, or have
The bloud-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our grave?
Then *Moses*, with his quickned rod, that tide,
Hee smote the Sea, which (fearfull) did divide;
Discovering land that Sun had never seeth,
And staid the Sea, as there two wals had been:
Which made a passage dry of ample space,
For all to passe who were of *Isaacs* race:
But contrary the Red-sea did devoure
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,
Who proudly durst himselfe to that present,
Which opened but to save the innocent.
O happy race, since God doth arm for thee,
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and sea,
(Which all unto thy pay have whole inclinde)
Let not consuming time weare out of minde
So rare a grace; but let thine elders shew
This to their noble seed that shall ensue:
And let their sons, unto their sons record
Through all the world these wonders of the Lord.
God, with Celestiall bread (in time of need) Exod. 8.
His loved *Jacob* forty years did feed:
And gave them water from the solid stone,
Which of it selfe had never moisture none:
Their caps, their coats, & shooes, that they did wear,
God kept all fresh and new full forty year.
And farther, lest their soules, for want of food,
Should faint or faile; hee, of his mercies good,
Gave them his Law, pronounced by his voyce,
His spirit to theirs, in him for to rejoyce: Exod. 20.
So teaching them, and us in precepts ten,
Our duty first to God, and next to men;
To th' end that man to man should truly stand,
And joyne with God, and never break that bond.
This mighty Prophet dead: Duke *Josua* than, Josuah.
Their Captaine stout, this *Palmy* province wan:
Through might of God, hee Scepters did subdue
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all hee slew.
At his commandment like the thunder sound,
The Rampers strong fell fearefully to ground,
Before the *Tortuse*, or the horned Ramme,
Had bet, or myned, from their wall a dramme:
For, even of hornes, full hoarse, their simple blast
An engine was, their towers adown to cast.

Hee

Hee pray'd the Heav'n for to prolong the day,
And made the horses of the Sun to stay;
To th' end, the night should not with cloud be cled
To save the faithlesse that before him fled.
Now when this *Panim* scourge (with age at last)
Had left this life, and unto Heaven past;
Then *Isaac* had of Rulers sundry men,
Whose glorious acts deserve eternall pen.
Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Baruc*, and *Othoniel*?
The valiant *Delbor*, *Ahud* and good *Samuel*?
What Land (O *Sampson*) rings not thy renown,
Who sole, unarmed, bet an Army down?
What laud to *Jephthe* justly might we 'low,
Had hee not hurt his own through hasty vow?
What hill or dale, what floud or fixed ground,
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praise resound?
In later time, their Kings, some good, some bad,
Of all the *Hebrew* state they ruling had.
Had I the Harpe of *David* (holy King)
None other sound but *David* would I sing.
But, even as all the deeds that *David* did,
Could not be done by none, but by *David*:
So none but *David*, on his yv'rie harp,
The glorious praise of God could onely carp.
But, here, his praise I prease not to proclaime,
Least I through want of skill obscure the fame:
Yet leave I not his Son, whom grace divine
Made no lesse rich, then wondrous of ingine:
Whose doctrine drew to *Salem* from all where,
A hundred thousand wyzards him to heare:
From *Araby*, from *Inde*, to *Affrik* shore,
His tongue entic'd them with his cunning lore.
Shall I forget the King, who overthrew
Idolatrie, and plac't religion dew?
Shall I forget that King, who saw descend
A winged *Hoast*, *Solyma* to defend?
Shall I forget him, who before his een,
Enchast the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* Green?
Shall I forget him, who preparing fight
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moab* Idoll might,
Saw each of their three hoasts on others fall,
And with themselves their selves discomfit all?
Yet, for their sins God gave them in the hands
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:
And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end
Of that impire; till God did *Cyrus* send,
Who set them free, and gave them of his grace
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place
Is kept by sacred *Joachim*, whose powers
Consists not onely within *Sions* towers;
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and wee all
Do know his strength and knowes him principall.
Now Sir, you heare the progresse first and last
Of *Isaacs* race in order as it past.
One while the Lord enhaunc't them to the skie,
One while hee drew them down in deep to lie:
'But where he Judge, or Prince, or King of might,
'Who rul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright;
'While they observ'd th' alliance made before
'By their forefathers, who to God them swore,
'In happy state all others they surpast;
'And under foot their proudest foes were cast:
'And all the world, that their destruction sought,
'Against their state, and name prevailed nought.
'But, contrary, as oft as they astraid
'From God their guide, he on their shoulders laid
'The Barbare yoke of *Moab*, and oft-times
'Of *Palestine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,
'The heavie hand of God was seen to be,
'On their ingratefull infidelity.
Now, if so be that any odious sin
Provoke their Lord his Justice to begin:
Then mine not you their towers and tourrets tall,
Nor bring the wracksome engine to their wall:
Nor place thy battries brave, nor yet adventer,
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.
For, if *Lebanus* mount, or *Carmel* faire,
Or *Niphathei* should parke them from repaire:
If *Inde* and *Nilus*, with the *Rheine* and *Rhone*
To close them round about, should run in one,
For their defence: yet shall they not withstand
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand:
But if they have not broke the band indeed
That God with *Abraham* made and with his seed;
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or move
These people that the Lord so much doth love.
For, though *South Auran* would dispeople his lands,
And bring the blackest *Moores* to swarm in bands:
If *Northren Boreas*, under his banners cold,
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bold:
If *Zephyrus* from sweet *Hesperia* coast,
Would send his chosen armed men to *Hoste*:
If *Eurus*, for to aid thine enterprise, (rise:
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth
Yet all their numbers huge, and forces strong,
Can never doe to *Isr'el* any wrong,
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God say nay.
That God will them defend, because hee may
With one small blast confound all Kings that dare
(As thou dost now) provoke him unto war.
Then like as yee behold the quiet Sea
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:
But, blaunceth first, then growes in little space,
In wallowing waves to flow with foamy face,
And lastly beats the banks, and ships unshrouds,
With wrackfull waves uphoist to highest clouds:
So, almost all the Princes of that hoste,
With inward anger 'gan to be emboste,
As oft as they the praise of God did heare;
So to his speech encreast their spitefull cheare:
Which, in the end, to blasphemie them brought,
Th' immortall God of gods to set at nought.
Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytor sine,
Whose subtill talke, with all his whole ingine,
Pretends to save these *Hebrews* from our hands,
And threats us with vaine Gods of forrain Lands:
For if it please you (noble Prince) to send
But twenty men of value that are kend,
Within your camp, these reckless rebels then
Shall be a prey to all your warlike men.
(O wicked wight!) but then the *Viziey* stout,
With power appeas'd the murmur of the rout:
And to him said: O shamelesse *Prophet* thou
What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell me now?
What Divell or *Daemon* so doth thee inspire,
That *Isr'el* shall of us have his desire?
Such men, as with no God can be content,
But such as pleased *Moses* to invent,

Of

Of his owne head: a God that hath no power
For to deliver them, nor thee this hower.
Have wee another God or King of kings
Then our great Persian *Monark* now that rings?
Whose barded horse ore-runs the Nations all,
Whose armed men, out of these mountains tall,
Shall rake these rebels that from *Egypt* came
To this, where they unjustly keep the same.
Die, die, thou shalt, O wretch: thy tongue untrue,
And double heart shall have their wages due.
But, foole, what speake I thus? no haste, a while:
Thy bloud (O villaine) shall not mee defile,
So just a paine, so soon thou shalt not have,
For thy deceit, so soon to goe to grave.
'For in a wretches sudden death at once
'Their longsome ill is buried with their bones.
But to that end I may prolong thy strife,
In *Bethul* town I will prolong thy life:
Where every houre, thou shalt have such affray
To die undead a thousand times a day, (thought,
Till time with them who thou so strong hast
To shameful end with them thou shalt be brought.
What? wherefore trembleſt thou and art so pale?
What sorrow makes thy heart so soon to faile?
If God be God, as thou right now hast said,
Then of thy faith give witnesse undismay'd.
A Marshall of the camp then being prest
(Who was not yet so cruell as the rest)
There took this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)
And sent him bound to *Bethul* (with a cord).
Then even as in his clawes the kite doth beate
The chirping chicken, through the weather cleare,
While that the cackling hen, below on ground,
Bewailes her bird with vain lamenting sound;
So in like woe his worthy men were left,
For that so worthy a Chief was them bereft.
The Townsmen then beholding neer their wall
These *Miscreants*, to armour straight they fall,
Yclad in plate and mail, they run in bands,
And fiercely front their foes with steel in hands;
As fast as done the rivers downe the hils
That with their murmurs huge the deeps up-fils.
The Heathen, seeing this, retyr'd away,
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a prey
To th' *Hebrew* souldiers; who did him constraine,
Though he was willing, with them to remain.
When all the folke with prease about him past,
His eyes and hands up to the pole hee cast,
'And thus hee spake: O God that great abides
'Upon th' Immortall seat, and justly guides
'The ruled course of Heav'n, whose living spreet
'Reviving, spreads, & through all things doth fleet;
'I render thee, O God, immortall prayse,
'For that before I end my wofull dayes,
'Now from th' unfruitfull stock thou dost me race,
'To graft mee in thy fruitfull tree of grace;
'Where in despight of all contrary strife,
'I shall bring forth the fruits of lasting life.
And yee, O *Jacobs* sons, think not at all
That I of purpose captive am and thrall,
So that I mean hereby your wrack to bring;
For, God hee knowes, I think not such a thing:
But I am captive thus, because I told,
What wondrous works the Lord hath done of old,
To you and your forefathers ever still,
Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.
Then doubt not you a thousand flaffing flags,
Nor horrid cries of hideous heathen hags:
Coole not your hearts: For, if the world about
Would compasse you with all their warriors stout
(Providing first yee seeke your help at need
At power divine, and not at mortall seed)
You surely shall see *Mocmurrs* renning floud,
Made red with *Assurs* hoste and *Ethniques* bloud:
Yee surely shall see men, not us'd to fight,
Subdue their foes, that seem of greater might.
The hand of God assails you not with hate:
But, for your weale, your pride hee will abate;
To let you wit, it is within his power
To leave or to relieve you every hower.
As on th' unsavory stock the lilly 's borne:
And as the rose growes on the prickingthorne:
So modest life, with sobs of grievous smart
And cryes devout, come from an humbled heart.
For, even the faithfull flock are like the ground,
That for good fruit, with weeds will still abound,
If that the share and culter idle lie
That rives the soyle, and roots the brambles bye:
But, in the end, God will his ire relent,
Assoone as sinners truely will repent;
And save you from these plagues that present be,
In shorter time then yee doe think to see. (tears:
Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with
And, after, wee shall vanquish with our wears
These enemies all. Now, if there rest in mee
The former force that once was wont to be:
If elde have not decay'd my courage hold,
That I have had with great experience old:
I render mee to serve you to my end,
For *Jacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

IN this third booke, the Poet *setteth forth the siege of* Bethulia, *and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, thereby to give an entry to his miraculous deliverance; who is accustomed to lead his people to the gates of death, & from thence to retire them above all humane expectation, to the end they should confesse that the arme of flesh, nor worldly wisedome, maintaines not the Church: but the onely favour of the Almighty, to whom the whole glory of duties should be rendred. Further, three principall things are to bee noted: first, the preparation of the besiegers, and the defences of the besieged; and how after, through the counsell given to* Holophernes *for the restraint of the water from the Towne, ensues a furious assault, which the Jewes repelled with great paine: Secondly, the extreme desolation through want of water, whereof proceedeth sundrie sorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the Citie, and how the governour endeavours himselfe with wise and godly admonitions to appease the same: But the commons, in this hard estate regarding no reason, required to render the Citie, rather then to perish in such apparent misery. The Governour, being carried with a humane prudence, promiseth to render the Towne within five dayes, if God send them no succour. Yet such is the estate of Gods Church in this world, that when all things fail eth, God manifesteth his power. And therefore in the third part is* Judith *introduced, who (being especially moved by the reading of holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliver her Countrey: But when she understood the resolution of the Magistrates, She (being in estimation honourable) modestly reproves them. After their excuse, shee promiseth to attempt something for the publike weale: not shewing her devise, but onely desired to have passage by night unto the enemies campe, and this is granted.*

THE THIRD BOOK OF JUDITH.

THe snoring snout of restlesse *Phlegon* blew
Hot on the *Inds*, and did the day renew
With scarlet sky, when *Heathen* men awook
At sound of drum: then pike and dart they took,
In order marching, and to combat cals
Th' undaunted sons, within their Cities wals.
The meads in May with flowers are not so deck't
Of sundry savours, hews, and seere effect,
As in this campe were people different far
In tongues, and manners habits, tents, and war.
Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,
Of members more confuse, was not compounded:
Yet soundly they in union did accord
To wage the war against th' *Almighty* Lord,
Who shakes the *Poles*, whose only breath doth beat
Libanus mount, and makes *Caucasus* sweat.
There came the *Ketrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,
Joyn'd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*,
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall
Assaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.

The

The *Persians* proud(th' Empire was in their hands)
With plates of gold, surbraved all their bands.
The *Medes* declat'd through fortunes overthwart
They lost their Scepter, not for lack of heart:
And that no costly cloth nor rich array,
Nor painting fine that on their face they lay,
Nor borrowed hair, of faire and comely length,
Might ought impair their ancient pow'r & strength.
There were the happy *Arabs*, those that build
In tharched wagons, wandring through the field.
The subtill *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,
That stayd the wandring words in leaves and barks.
The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and
The People sparst on large *Elimia* Land.
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell
Neet to the *Æthiopians* black and fell:
In short, the most of *Asia*(as it were)
Encamped was within that army faire.
So that this Duke more forrain souldiers led
Then all the *Hebrews* native people had.
But they, who did the *Hebrews* greatest wrong,
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:
Who fought with hatefull hearts, them to deface,
Lest they should be esteem'd of *Israes* race.
Then, as in time of spring the water's warme,
And crouping frogs like fishes there do swarme;
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To hit the streame, there crouping stayes as fast:
So while *Judea* was in joyfull dayes,
The constancy of them was worthy praise:
For that in every purpose yee should heare
The praise of God. resounding every where:
So, that like burning candles they did shine
Among their faithfull flock, like men divine.
But, look how soon they heard of *Holophern*,
Their courage quail'd, and they began to dern:
Their ardent zeal with closed mouth they choake;
Their zeale too hot return'd to fuming smoak:
The feare of losse of life, and worldly good,
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers bloud.
Alas, how many *Ephramites* have wee,
In our unhappy time, all which wee see
Within the Church like hypocrites to dwell,
So long as by the same they prosper well;
Who feine a zeale, th' Evangelt to maintaine,
So long as serves their honour or their gaine!
But turne the chance with some contrary winde,
So that their browes but halte a blast doe finde;
Then faint their hearts, and they seek other way
Like bankers-out their God they disobey,
Discyphring then their malice to be more
To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;
And fight against the Lord with greater hate,
Then *Celsus* did, or *Julian* Apostate.
The *Hebrews* now, from height of houses faire,
Who saw so many banners beat the aire,
And men to march against their forces small,
Who now might well discerne their feeble wall;
They swoun with fear, and found none other aid,
But of that God, to whom their fathers pray'd.
O father (quoth they) father, holy King,
Who sheelds us alwayes underneath thy wing;
Since now the world against us doth conspire,
Defend us mighty Lord wee thee require.
Thus having humbly prayd the Lord of might,
The *Governour* renforc't his watches wight,
And fires at midnight built in every way;
Which made the night appear as clear as day;
And wakerife through the corps-guard oft he past:
And thought that *Phœbe* hyed her course too fast
With horses pale to steale away the night,
To leave the *Hebrews* to their enemies sight.
Again, the *Pagan* thought shee did but creep,
Or that with *Latmus* son shee was on sleep.
"But humane wishes never have the power
"To haste or hold the course of Heav'n one hower.
Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,
And our *Horizon* did the day renew;
The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,
To draw his scattered Cornets to a Round,
Who from all parts with speed assembled were
About the Generals tent his will to heare;
As doe the hounds about their Hunt at morne
Come gladishing at hearing of his horne.
Now when the town his summons did disdain,
To conquer it perforce hee plyde his pain:
And there, th' *Inginers* have the *Trepan* dreft,
And reared up the *Ramme* for batt'ry best:
Here bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,
There Crosbowes were uprent with yron Racks.
Here crooked *Corvies*, fleeing bridges tall,
There scathfull *Scorpions*, that ruine the wall.
On every side they raise with joynture meet,
The timber tow'rs for to command each street.
The painfull Pioners, wrought against their will,
With fleaks and fagots, ditches up to fill:
Or under ground they delve in dust with pain,
To raise a mount, or make a mount a plaine,
Or Caverns cut, where they might souldiers hide,
T'assaile the town at sudden un-espide.
Some ladders dresse to scale the wall, or els
To steal upon the sleeping *Sentinels*.
Some undermine, some other undertooke
To fire the gate, or smore the town with smoak:
The greatest part did yet in trenches lurke,
To see what harme their ingines first would work;
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile
With brave assault the Citie to assaile.
There *Mars*, tow'r-myner, there *Bellona* wood,
Enforced feeble cowards to suck bloud.
There hideous horses, braying loud and c'ear,
There *Pagans* fell, with clamour huge to hear,
Made such a din as made the Heav'n resound,
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.
Yet, God who keeps his watch above the skies
For his elect, who never idle lyes;
Tooke pitie on his people in that tide,
Repressing (part) this cruell Princes pride,
In causing all the Chieses of *Moabites*,
Of *Edom* strong, and awfull *Ammonites*
To speake him thus, and thus him terrors dreft:
O Prince, that Scepter bears above the rest,
And gives them law, and holds the world in thrall,
Set not thy souldiers to assault this wall.
For neither bow, nor sling, nor weapons long,
Nor sword, nor buckler, will be found so strong
As is this threatning rock whose mighty corse
Sustaines their wall of such eternall force.

That thou canst make no scallade on no coste,
But on the corpses dead of halfe thine hoste.
' The victor can no honour justly claime
' To lose the men who should advance the same,
' O valiant Prince, that fisher is not fine,
' Who for a frog will lose a golden line.
' The holy headband seems not to attire
' The head of him, who in his furious ire
' Prefers the pain of those that have him teend
' Before the health and safety of one friend.
You may (my Lord) you may in little fight,
Subdue these Rogues and not to lose a knight.
Surprise mee first their chiefest water-spring,
From whence these rebels do their conduits bring;
Then drought shall drive them from their whole
Incords to yeeld them to thine excellence. (defece,
' The noble Lion never slaies the least;
' But alway preys upon some worthy beast.
' The thunder throwes his sulphred shafts adowne
' On *Atlas* high, or on cold *Rophes* crowne.
' The tempest fell more fervently doth fall
' On houses high, then on the homely hall:
So you, my Lord, need not to prease your power,
Against such foes as will themselves devour.
Sir, this is not for favour or for meed,
Nor that this Cities sack may cause our dread:
Nor that wee mean thy high attempts to stay.
For, ere wee from thy standarts stir away,
For thee th' immortall Gods wee shall defie:
For thee, wee shall breake down their altars high:
For thee, wee frankly shall pursue and thole
Th' eternall heat and cold of either *Pole*:
For thee, our hardy hands shall help to tear,
From *Jove* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle & spear:
For thee, the son for father shall not care,
Nor father son, nor brother brother spare.
Now, *Holopherne*, to conquest whole inclin'd,
And weighing well this counsell in his minde;
Dismissed from his camp a galliard rout
Of men to guard the Rivers round about,
This stratagem the *Hebrews* well might know,
To see their fountains run with passage slow.
Then manfully their souldiers out they send
Against their foes, the water to defend.
There fought the *Pagan* for to win him same:
The *Hebrew* meant, hee would not die with shame.
Together soon they shock with hatefull ire,
And first they forc't the heathen to retire:
Who (turning face) again doe them pursue,
And win the vict'ry from the victors new.
So doubtfull was the fight none could define
(Save God) to whom the vict'ry would incline;
Till *Isr'el* was on all sides overcled
With clouds of shot: then to their town they fled,
As doth the *Pilgrim* passing through the Plain,
Who is beset with tempest, hail, or rain,
Who leaves his way, and seeks himselfe to hide
Within some cave, or hollow mountain side.
The *Panims* them pursu'd without all pitie,
And *Pel-mel* entred almost in the Citie,
At open gate. Then rose the cry unsweet
Of fearfull folke who fled in every street,
And rent their hair and their affrighted face,
As *Panims* else had won that holy place.

How flee you cowards now, and leave your port?
(The Captain sayes) have yee another fort?
Think yee to finde for safety of your crowne
In this *Bethulia* another *Bethull* town?
(Alas) if yee make no defence at all.
While time this tyrant is without your wall;
How dare you him resist, when hee hath won
This fort of yours, from which yee feeble run?
The cõmons wth this check, brought to their powrs,
Where *Cambris* and Sir *Carmis*, like two tow'rs,
Stood at th' assaulted gate, & did withstand
The heathen hoste with each of them in hand
An yron mace (in stead of launces long)
And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:
Their habergeons like stiddies stithe they bare
With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:
Of equall age they were, and equall length,
Of equall courage, and of equall strength;
Like Poplers twain that reacheth up their tops,
And hold their heads so high that none them crops;
But on the Rivers side doe sweetly sway
Like Germain brether hailsing oft a day.
The *Heathen* seeing thus the *Jews* descend,
With edge of sword their Citie to defend;
They left th' assault, and thence retiring went
(As they commanded were) unto their tent.
But when I think how thirty dayes that town
Tormented was with mischiefe up and down:
Too sad a song I cannot here invent
So great a sadnesse right to represent:
My hand for horror shakes, and now no more
Can lead my sacred pen as erst before.
For now mine eyes that watred are with tears,
Declare my matter all of mischiefe bears.
Oh Sprite, from whence all sprite & life doth com,
Thou loos'd the tongue of *Zacharie*, quite dom;
And sent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach,
Guide thou my pen, and courage to mee lend,
That to thy honour I this work may end.
Although that *Isa'ac* saw on every hand
A world of folke against his town to stand;
Yet (tracting time) hee thought hee would provide
No lesse to keep, then coole th' Assiegers pride:
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,
By which, their water to their town was sent;
Their courage bold and all their cracks (alas)
As liquor fail'd, so did their stoutnesse passe.
Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,
Made them beleeve the thing did them beguile:
To wit, they gave men hope that they might keep
Sufficient wat'r in wels and cisterns deep
Through all the town, the people to relieve,
That thirst should not the souldiers greatly grieve.
The Magistrates indeed had great regard
To see this water wisely spent, and spar'd
That Bottell swet, which served at the first
To keep the life, but not to slocken thirst.
When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage, Arire de-
And sought out every sink their thirst t' asswage: scription
And drank with longsom draught the pools, in haste of drink.
To quench their thirst with ill contented taste:
Which poysoned air, infect their purest breath;
Whereby the drinker drank his present death.

O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!
Drink, or not drink, both waies must lose their life.
For, hee that drank, and hee that did restrain
Had of their enemies both an equall pain.
For why? the water vile slew them throughout,
No lesse then did their enemies them about.
That wretched towne had never a street nor rew,
But *Parcas* there hath found some fashion new
To murder men, or martyr them with fears,
As mov'd the most indurate heart to tears,
If so much water in their brains had been,
As might forbear a drop to wet their een.
There plain'd the old man, that the souldier strong
Had rest his Bottell from his head with wrong:
But while he spake, his heart (for thirst) did faint,
And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.
The souldier brave, Oh heart breake for to tell,
His proper uryne drank, thirst to expell.
The wofull mother with her spettle fed
Her little childe halfe dead in cradle-bed.
The Lady with her Lord at point of death,
Embracing falls and yeelds their latest breath.
"For, cruell thirst came out of *Cyrene* Land,
"Where shee was fostred on that burning sand,
"With hot intracted tongue, and sonken een;
"With stomack worn, and wrinkled visage keen,
"With light and meigre corse, and pallid veins,
"In stead of blood that brimstone hot reteins;
"Her poyson'd mouth blew, throw that holy rown,
"Such hellish air, that stifled up and down.
The Arters of the *Jewes* in such a way
That nought was seen but burials night and day:
So that the Heav'n to see their dolours deep,
Could scarcely keep his course, but preas'd to weep:
And would have joyn'd his tears to their complaint
If God of hosts had made them no restraint.
Yea, I my selfe must weep, who cannot speak
The woes, that make my heavie heart to break,
And so will silent rest, and not rehearse,
But counterfait the Painter (in my verse)
Who thought his colours pale could not declare
The speciall woe, King * *Agamemnon* bare,
When sacrificed was his only race;
With bend of black, hee bound the fathers face.
Now while the people were in this estate,
And with their Princes wrangling in debate,
They thus besought the Lord for to decide
Between their simplesse and their Princes pride:
The Lord be Jndge of that which ye have wrought,
And what your wicked counsels have us brought.
If you had offred peace to this great Lord
At first, wee might have won him to accord;
Then happy happy dayes wee might have seen,
And not so many souldiers murdred been.
Alas, what hope have wee within this hold?
Our enemies are more meek a thousand fold,
Then are our owne. They, haps, would us preserve:
Our wilfull owne pretends to see us sterve.
Our children doe our childrens weal denay,
And headlong haste unto their owne decay.
We know, O Lord, the breaking of thy Law,
Hath caused thee this sword on us to draw:
And justly thou thine irefull bow dost bend,
On our unloyall heads the shot to send.

* Looke Table.

But thou, who dost not long retain thine ire
Against thine own, thy mercy wee require.
Change thou the purpose of our foolish guides,
And of these *Heathen* armed at our sides:
Or else let us upon their weapons fall,
And of their hands to be destroyed all,
Ere wee this drougth and deadly venim have,
With languishing to send us to the grave.
My brethren dear (the Rulet then 'gan say)
Our whole desire hath been, both night and day,
Not for to see the seed of *Abram* lost,
For which wee fight against this furious hoste.
What? have ye pain? so likewise pain have wee:
For in one boat wee both imbarked be.
Upon one tide, one tempest doth us tosse;
Your common ill, it is our common losse.
Th' *Assyrian* plague shall not us *Hebrews* grieve,
When pleaseth God our mischiefe to relieve:
Which hee will doe if yee can be content,
And not with grudge his clemency prevent.
Then strive not you against that puissant King
Who creats all, and governs every thing
For comfort of his Church and children dear,
And succours them, though time doe long appear.
Somtime an Archer leaves his how unbent,
And hung upon a naile, to that intent
It may the stronger be to bend again,
And shoot the shot with greater might and main:
Right so th' Eternall doth withhold his ill
A longer time (perchance) for that hee will
More eagerly revenge him of their crime,
Who do abuse his long forbearing time;
When men applaud to sin, they count it light,
And but a matter small in sinners sight:
But in the end the weight doth so encrease,
That Justice leaves the sinner to release;
Like th' *Usurer* who lends upon the score,
And makes the reckless debtors debt the more.
What if the thundring Lord his justice stay,
And (for such sin) doe not this tyrant slay?
The waters of the ground and in the aire
Are in the hand of God: then who is there,
That dare seditiously his yoke refuse,
Although yee have nor water now to use?
No, no, though Heav'n doe seem serene and clear,
On every part, and wet doth not appear;
Hee may with moisture mildely wete the Land,
As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand. 1 Sam. 12.
For, all the stars that doe the Heav'n fulfill,
Are all but executors of his will.
All this could not the peoples thirst asswage;
But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:
What? shall wee die, O sacred souldiers hold,
For pleasure of our Lords, these traytors old?
What? shall wee die on credit, for to please
These wizards fools, who wink at our unease?
Who, with our bloud, would win themselves renown
So lovable, as never shall goe downe?
Nay, nay, let us cut off this servile chain:
To free our selves, let us in hand retain
The ruling of this towne, the sort and all;
Lest wee into these deadly dangers fall.
Then like a wise *Physician*, who perceives
His patient that in fervent feverraves,

Yet hights him more then Art can well performe:
So Prince *Ofias* in this rurall storme,
He promis'd to the people their intent
If God within five dayes no succour sent:
Then *Isaac* left their sorrowes all and some,
And present woe and fear of chance to come;
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,
At least they would avoyd the greatest ill.
But *Judith* then whose eyes (like fountains two)
Where never dry, which witnest well her woe;
Right sad in sound th' *Almighty* shee besought,
And on the sacred Scriptures fed her thought.
Her prayers much avail'd to raise her spreet
Above the sky: and so the Scriptures sweet,
A holy garden was where shee might finde
The med'cine meet for her molested minde.
Then *Judith* reading there, as was her grace,
Judicum. She (not by hazzard) happ'ned on that place,
Where the lame handed *Ahud* (for disdain
To see the *Jewes*, the *Heathen* yoke sustain)
Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,
And from his flank the bloud and life bereft.
The more she read, the more shee wonder had
Of *Ahuds* act, and hot desire her lad
T' ensue his vertue: yet her feeble kinde
Empeached oft the purpose of her minde:
Proposing oft the horrour of the deed,
The fear of death, the danger to succeed,
With hazzard of her name: and more then that,
Though shee likewise the peoples freedom gat;
Yet for a man, this act more seemly were,
Then for a wife to handle sword or spear.
While *Judith* thus with *Judith* did debate,
A puffe of winde blew down that leafe by fate;
Discov'ring up the story of *Jael*, how
Shee drove a nayle into *Siseras* brow.
And slew that Pagan sleeping on her bed,
Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoast was fled:
In teaching us, albeit a tyrant flee,
Yet can he not avoid the Lords decree.
This last example now such courage lent
To feeble *Judith*, that shee now was bent
With wreakfull blade, to slay and to divorce
The *Heathen* foule from such a sinfull corse.
But while shee did her carefull minde imploy
To finde some means to murder this *Viceroy*,
Shee heard report (that made her heart so swoon)
Of the determination of the town.
Then all the present perils to prevent,
Unto the Rulers of the town shee went;
Reproving them with words of bitter sweet,
What doe yee mean, O Princes indiscreet?
Will yee the helping hand of God restraine,
And captive it within your counsels vaine?
Will yee include him under course of times,
Who made dayes, years, all seasons & their primes?
Doe not abuse your selves: his power profound
Is not to mens imaginations bound.
God may all that hee wils, his will is just:
God wils all good to them that in him trust.
Now fathers: that which doth my hope revive
Is onely this; there is no wight on live,
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands
To serve dumbe gods, like folke of forrain Lands.
All sinnes are sinne: but sure this sin exceeds
Our former faults; by which, our blinde mis-deeds
Offends the Heav'n; by which the Lord of might
Is frauded of his honours due and right,
In wresting of the title of his name,
To stocks and stones, and metals men doe frame.
Since *Is'ac* then from such a fault is free,
Let us to Gods protection cast our eye.
Consider that all *Juda* rests in feare,
Aspecting onely our proceedings here.
Consider that all *Jacob* in this tresse
Will follow either our force or feebleness.
Consider that this house and altar stands
(Next under God) upholden with your hands.
Think, that if *Isr'el* whole yee keep the kay:
Which if yee quite and give this tyrant way,
Who more then death hates all of *Is'acs* kin,
Yee shall the name of kin-betrayers win.
Then sayd the Captaine, I cannot deny,
That wee offended have the Lord most high,
Unwise are wee our promises are vaine:
But what? wee may not call our word againe:
But if thou feel thy heart so sore oppreft,
That moveth thee to tears for our unrest,
Alas, weep night and day and never tyre;
So that thy weepings may appease the ire
Of that high Judge, who hears in every part
The perfit prayer of the humble heart.
I will, quoth shee; and if God give mee grace,
Repell the siege of this afflicted place
By famous stroke. But stay mee in no wise,
But bide the end of my bold enterprise:
And let me goe, when night his mantle spreeds,
To th'enemies Camp. Qouth he, if thou wilt needs;
The great repressor of oppressors pride,
Preserve thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FOURTH BOOKE.

According to the promise that Judith *made to the besieged Captains in* Bethulia, *shee prepareth her selfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprise: to wit, The invocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliver her Countrey from the hand of the* Tyrant; *whom shee deliberates to overcome with the sweet and faire apparence of her amiable beauty and behaviour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our* Poet *introduceth one of the chiefe Captaines of the towne describing, to another, her stock and upbringing, with the progresse of her three estates,* Virginity, Mariage, *and* Widowhood: *Thereby setting forth a singular example of all womanly behaviour and vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, shee is brought to* Holophernes, *who was curious to know the cause of her comming there. And after audience given, hee is so surprised with her beautie and eloquent language, that shee attaines licence to withdraw her selfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuing this exercise, shee requireth strength of the Highest, that in taking away the Chieftain, shee might at one instant destroy all the* Heathen *Army. Herein giving example, that the beginning and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded upon the favour and earnest calling upon him, without whom all wisedome and humane force is nothing but winde: and who, contrariwise, may by the most feeble instruments of the world execute things most incredible and incomprehensible to humane capacitie.*

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

THen wofull *Judith*, with her weeping eyes
Beholding Heav'n, and prostrate on her knees,
Held up her guiltlesse hands and God besought,
Discov'ring him the secrets of her thought.
O God (quoth shee) who armed with a spear
Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his sister dear;
Lend mee the blade in hand that I may kill
This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill:
Who not content to soyl the sacred bed
Of wedlock chaste; but more with mischiefe led,
Entends thy holy name for to confound,
And race *Solima* temple to the ground;
Ambitious *Satrap* hee, whose hope doth stand
In mortall men, led with unrighteous hand:
Who rules a hundred thousand stalworth steeds,
That combat craves, and in our pastures feeds;
Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,
And kils and captives them when they ween least;
Who strengths poor, & pridful men down thrings,
And wracks at once the pow'rs of puissant Kings.
Grant, gracious God, that his bewitched wit
May with my crispedhaire be captive knit.
Grant that my sweet regards may gall his heart
With darts of love, to cause his endlesse smart.
Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beautie small,
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.
Grant that my artificiall tongue may move
His subtill craft, and snare his heart in love.
But chiefly Lord, grant that this hand of mine
May be the *Pagans* scourge and whole ruine;
To th' end that all the world may know, our race
Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,

That never none against us durst conspire,
That have not felt at last thy furious ire:
Even so good Lord, let none of these profane
Returne to drink of *Euphrate*, nor *Hytane*.
Thus *Judith* pray'd, with many a trickling teare,
And with her sighs her words retrenched were.
At night, shee left her chamber sole and cold,
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* gold.
O silver *Diane*, regent of the night,
Dar'st thou appear before this lucent light?
This holy star, whose contr' aspect most clear
Doth stain thy brothers brightnesse in his *Sphear*?
While thus shee meant (unseen) away to slide,
Her Pearls and Jewels caus'd her to be spy'd:
The musk and civet Amber, as she past,
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.
A *Carbuncle* on her Crystall brow shee pight,
Whose fiery gleams expeld the shady night.
Upon her head a silver crispe shee pind,
Loose waving on her shoulders with the wind.
Gold, band her golden hair: her yv'ry neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphyrs blew did deck.
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew (low.
There hung, then that the Egyptian Queen did swal-
And through her collet she shew'd her snowy brest:
Her utmost robe was colour blew Cælest,
Benetted all with twist of perfit gold,
Beseeming well her comely corps t'enfold.
What else shee wore, might well be seen upon
That Queen who built the tow'rs of *Babylon*.
And though that shee most modest was indeed,
Yet borrowed shee some garments at this need,
From Dames of great estate. to that intent
This *Pagan* Prince shee rather might prevent.
Achior then, who watched at the gate,
And saw this Lady passing out so late,
To *Carmis* spake, who warded eke that night,
What is shee this? where goes this gallant wight
So trim, in such a time? hath shee no pitie
Of this most wretched persecuted Citie?
Quoth *Carmis* then, there flourisht here of late
Merari, one, that was of great estate;
Who had no childe but one, and this is shee,
The honour of that house and family.
The fathers now doe venture body and soule,
That treasures upon treasures they may roule:
But for the wit or learning, never cares,
That they should leave to their succeeding heirs:
Like those that charely keeps their rich array
In coffers close, and lets it there decay;
While that the naked bodies dye for cold,
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and sold.
But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,
With share and culter sheating through the soyle
That cost him dear, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it under-sprout,
And ne'er stayes to ward it from the weed,
But most respects to sow therein good seed;
To th' end when summer decks the medows plain,
Hee may have recompence of costs and pain:
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep
The budding flower that first begins to peep
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it seemly show the head aloft;

Comparison.

That it may (when shee drawes it from the stocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:
So wise *Merari* all his study stilde,
To fashion well the manners of this childe;
That in his age hee might of her retire
Honour and comfort, to his hearts desire.
For, look how soon her childish tongue could chat,
As children doe, of this thing or of that;
Hee taught her not to read inventions vaine,
As fathers daily doe that are profane:
But in the holy Scriptures made her reade;
That with her milk she might even suck the dread
Of the most high. And this was not for nought:
In so much as in short time shee out-brought
Apparent fruit of that so worthy seed,
Which chang'd her earthly nature far indeed:
As done the pots that long retaine the taste
Of liquor such, as first was in them plac't:
Or like the tree that bends his Elder braunch
That way where first the stroke hath made him
So see we wolfs, and bears, & harts full old, (launch:
Some tamenesse from their daunted youth to hold.
Thus ere the Moon twelve dozen changes past, Virgin. 17.
The maydens manners fair in form were cast.
For, as the perfit pylot fears to run
Upon the rocks, with singling sheet doth shun
Cyanes straights or *Syrtes* sinking sands,
Or cruell *Capharois* with stormy strands:
So wisely shee dis-haunted the resort
Of such as were suspect of light report;
Well knowing that th' acquaintance with the ill,
Corrupts the good. And though they ever still
Remain upright: yet some will quarrell pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For look, how your companions you elect;
For good, or ill, so shall you be suspect.
This prudent Dame delighted not in dance,
Nor sitting up, nor did her selfe advance
In publike place, where playes and banquets been
In every house to see and to be seen:
But rather understanding such a trade
Had been the wrack of many a modest mayd,
Who following wandring *Dina* wanton dame,
Have oft time put their Noble house to shame;
Shee kept at home her fathers habitation,
Both day and night in godly conversation.
Shee piteous Nurse. apply'd her painfull thought,
To serve and nourish them that her up-brought:
Like to the gratefull stork that gathereth meat,
And brings it to her elders for to eat;
And on a fir-tree high with *Boreas* blowne,
Gives life to those, of whom shee had her owne.
But if shee might some houre from travell quite,
At vacant time it was her chiefe delight
To read the Scriptures, where her faithfull minde
Might comfort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.
Somtime shee broyded on the cahvas gall,
Some bird or beast, Elephant, Eagle tall:
While, subtlely with silver needle fine
Shee works on cloth some history divine.
Here *Lot* escaping the devouring fire,
From sinfull *Sodom* shortly doth retire
To *Segor*; where his wife, that was unwitty,
Cast back her eye to see the sinfull Citie:

And

And for her mis-beliefe, God plagu'd the fault,
Transforming her into a Pillar of salt.
Here shee *Susanna*'s story vively wrought,
How neer shee was to execution brought;
And yet how God the secret did disclose,
And made the mischiefe fall upon her foes.
Here *Josephs* story stands with wondrous art,
And how hee left his cloake, and not his heart,
To his lascivious Dame; and rather chose
The prison, then her armes him to enclose.
Here cruell *Jephthe*, with his murdring knife,
To keep his vow, bereaves his daughters life.
(Her travell done) her lute shee then assayes,
And unto God shee sings immortall prayse:
Not following those that plye their thriftlesse pain
In wanton verse and wastefull ditties vain;
Thereby t' entrap great men, with luring lookes:
But, as the greedy fisher layes his hookes
Along the coast to catch some mighty fish,
More for his gaine, then holesom for the dish
Of him that buyes: even so these sisters brave
Have lovers moe, then honest maydens have.
But none are burnt with their impudent flame,
Save fooles, and light lunatikes void of shame.
Of vertue onely perfect love doth grow:
Whose first beginning though it bee more slow
Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast;
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The straw enkindles soon, and slakes againe:
But yron's slow, and long will hot remaine.
Thus was the holy *Judiths* chaste renown
Happily spred, through *Isr'el* up and down,
That many a man disdain'd the damsels fine,
With Jewels rich and hair in golden twine,
To serve her beauty: yet loves fiery dart
Could here unfreize the frost of her chaste heart:
But, as the *Diamant* hydes the hammer strong,
So shee resisted all her suters long;
Unminded ever for to wed, but rather
To spend her dayes with her beloved father;
Till at the last her parents with great care,
Withstood her will, and for her did prepare
Mariage. *Manasses*, one who was of noble race,
Both rich and fair as well of sprite as face.
Her mariage, then was not a slight contract
Of secret bils, but by a willing act
Before her friends. "The chance that once befell
"To wandring *Dina*, may be witnesse well,
"That secret mariage, that to few is kend,
"Doth never lead the lovers to good end.
"For, of our bodies, wee no power may claime,
"Except our parents doe confirme the same.
Then see how love so holily begun,
Between these two, so holy a race they run
(This chaste young man & his most chastest wife)
As if their bodies twain had but one life.
What th' one did will, the other will'd no lesse;
As by one mouth, their wils they doe expresse.
And as a stroke, given on the righter eye
Offends the left: even so by *Sympathie*,
Her husbands dolours made her heart unglad,
And *Judiths* sorrowes made her husband sad.
Manasses, then his wife would not controule
Tyrannously: but look how much the soule
Exceeds the corse, and not the corse doth grieve,
But rather to preserve it and relieve:
So *Judith* with *Manasses* did accord,
In tender love and honour'd him as Lord.
Their house at home so holy was to tell
It seem'd a Church, and not a private Cell.
No servant there, with villain jests uncouth,
Was suffered to corrupt the shamefast youth.
No idle drunkard, nor no swearing wight
Unpunisht durst blaspheme the Lord of might,
No pleasant scoffer, nor no lying knave,
No daily Dycer, nor no Ruffian brave,
Had there abode: but all the servants were
Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.
Manasses, hee who saw that in his time
All justice was corrupt with many a crime,
And that the most perverse and ignorant,
For fees, or favour, would none office want
Of high estate, refus'd all publike charge;
Contenting him with ease to live at large,
From Court, and Palace, free from wordly pelse:
But, since hee thought him born not for himselfe,
But also that some charge hee ought to bear
For comfort of his friends and countrey dear;
Yet did hee more, not being magistrate,
For publike weale, then men of more estate:
So that his house was even the dwelling due
Of justice, and his mouth a sentence true.
Th' afflicted poor hee daily did defend,
And was the widowes aide, and tutor kend
To *Orphelines*, and was the whole support
And chiefe comforter of the godly sort.
The vaine desire of *Indian* treasures great
Made neer his ship to sayl nor oar to beat.
The greedy hope of gaine, with ventrous danger,
Made neer his sword bee drawn to serve the stran-
He never sold, within the wrangling Bar, (ger.
Deceitfull clatters, causing clyents Jar;
But quietly manur'd his little field,
And took th' encrease thereof that time did yeeld.
He sow'd and planted, in his proper grange
(Upon some savage stock) some frutrie strange.
The ground, or common Dame, hee undermines:
On stake and ryce, hee knits the crooked vines,
And snods their bowes: so neither hot nor cold
Might him from labour in the chamber hold.
But once as hee beheld his harvest train,
With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;
The Sun a distillation on him sent,
Whereof hee dyed: his soule to heav'n it went.
Hee that the number of the leaves could cast,
That in *November* fals by winter blast:
Hee that could tell the drops of rain or slete,
That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete
Sheds on the ground, that man might onely tell,
What tears from *Judiths* eyes incessant fell:
What wealth and gold, and what hee left her tho, Widow-hood.
In place of pleasure, caused all her woe.
The sight of them made her in heart record
Their old possessor and her loving Lord.
Though shee had had a much of gold and good,
As *Lydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;
Yet, losing him, of treasure shee was bare:
For whom, all other treasures caus'd her care.

Yet

Yet in this state shee stoutly did sustain,
(Like patient *Job*) contemning all her pain.
Three times the Sun returned had his prime,
" Since this befell: and yet the sliding time,
" That wonted is to wear walloes away,
Could never for his death her dolour stay:
But alwaies in some black attire shee went
Right modestly, and liv'd on little rent.
Devout shee was, and most times sole and sad,
With dole in heart, and mourning vesture clad,
Out shedding tears, as doth the turtle dove
On with'red stalke, that wails her absent love;
And widow-like all pleasures doth forsake,
And neer intends to take a second make.
Thus *Judith* chaste within her house abode,
And seldome was shee seen to come abroad;
Unlesse it were to see some wofull wife,
Whose child or husband was bereft of life:
Or for to visit some in sicknesse rage,
Their longsom pain and dolours to asswage:
Or for to goe to Church, as God allowes,
To pray and offer, and performe her vowes.
Thus have I shortly told you, brother dear,
The state of her, on whom our City here
Have fixed all their eyes: but I can nought
Tell where shee goes, much lesse what's in her
But if wee may of passed things collect (thought.
The things to come; then may wee well aspect
Great good of her, for that even in her face
Is signe of Joy, and great prelage of Grace,
Or some good hap. With this and other talke,
They cut the night as they together walke.
This while, the worthy widow with her maid
Past toward th' enemies camp not unaffraid:
For, ere shee had two hundred paces past,
The *Syrian* Souldiers in her way were cast:
Who spake her thus; O fair excellent wight,
Whence? what art thou? what dost thou here this
In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth shee, againe) (night
An *Israelite*, whom dolours doe constraine
To flee this towne, and for my lifes reliefe
Submits me to the mercy of your Chiefe.
They took her to the Duke. But who hath seen
The throngs of folke where proclamations been
In som great town, or where som monstrous beast
Is brought and wondred at by most and least;
That man might judge what flocks of souldiers
From every part to see that *Hebrew* Dame; (came
To see that fair, so chaste, so amiable:
The more they gaz'd, shee seem'd more admirable.
Her wav'ring hair disparpling flew apart
In seemly shed: the rest with reckless art
With many a curling ring decor'd her face,
And gave her glashie browes a greater grace.
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right,
Two lucent stars that were of heav'nly light,
Two geaty sparks where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtill shafts that from his quiver glides.
'Tween these two sunnes and front of equall sise,
A comely figure formerly did rise
With draught unlevell to her lip descend,
Where *Momus* selfe could nothing discommend.
Her pitted cheeks appeard to be depaint
With mixed rose and lillies sweet and faint.
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath replete,
Excell'd the *Saben* Queen in savour sweet.
Her *Corall* lips discov'red, as it were,
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with smiling cheer.
Her yv'ry neck, and brest of *Alabastre*,
Made Heathen men, of her more *Idolastre*.
Upon her hand no wrinkled knot was seen;
But as each nayle of mother of pearle had been.
In short, this *Judith* was so passing fair,
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had bin there,
And seen this Dame, when hee with pensile drew
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture true
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Asia* fought, Helen.
This onely patern chief hee would have sought.
No sooner *Judith* entred his Pavilion,
But in her face arose the red vermilion.
With shamefast fear: but then with language sweet
The courteous Generall mildely 'gan her greet:
My love, I am, I am not yet so fell,
As falle report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.
They are my sonnes, and I will be their father
That honours mee; and them I love the rather,
That worships for their God th' *Assyrian* King:
They shall be well assur'd to want nothing.
And this shall *Isaac* know, if they will render
Unto that bounteous King as their defender.
For thy (my love) tell mee, withouten fear,
The happy motive of thy comming here.
O Prince (quoth shee, with an assured face)
Most strong and wise, and most in heavens grace,
That drawes the sword with steel upon his brest,
With helm on head, and launce in yron rest:
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,
Cannot long time indure the cruell drouth,
The wakrife travels, frayes, and hazzards great,
That day and night our Burgesses doe threat:
Yet ne'rtheleste this is not whole the cause
That from my Cities bodie mee withdrawes,
To this your Camp: but that most grudging grief,
Which burnes my zealous heart without reliefe,
Is this, my Lord; I have a holy feare
To eat those meats that God bids us forbeare:
But, Sir, I see that our besieged town
Is so beset with mischiefe up and down,
The people will be forc't to eat in th' end
The meats that God expressly doth defend:
Then will the Lord with just revenge him wreake
Upon all those that doe his statutes breake.
Withouten fight their Cities hee will sack,
And make one man of thine ten thousand wrack,
That flies his furie, and thy furious face.
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place
Beseech thy noble Grace, if so thee please,
With courteous aide, to give my dolours ease.
'Of common sense hee is deprived clean,
'That fals with closed eye on danger seen;
'And hee that may both pain and hurt eschew,
'Is vaine if hee his proper death pursue.
Then in this quiet dale if I may bide
In secret for to pray each evening ryde
To God; I shall, as hee doth me inspire,
Assure you when enkindled is his ire,
Against our folke. Then shall I take on hand
To lead thine army through all *Juris* Land.

And

And streaming standarts set on *Sion* hill,
Where none with weapons dare resist thy will.
No, not a very dog, in evening dark,
At noyse of harnesse shall against the bark.
Thy onely name shall fray the armies bold.
Before thy face the mountain tops shall fold.
The flouds shall dry, & from their running stay,
To make thine Hoast a new and uncouth way.
O Jewell of the world (quoth hee) O Dame,
For gracious speech and beauty worthy fame,
Now welcom here: would God it might you please
Long time with us to dwell in rest and ease.
For if your faith and troth concurrent be,
To this your talke which greatly pleaseth mee;
I will from this time forth with you accord
To serve your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;
And will my service whole to you enroule,
Not of my Scepter onely but my soule.
I will your name and honour ay defend,
From *Hebrew* bounds unto the world his end.
This said: with silence, as the moon arose,
This widow her withdrew, and forth shee goes,
Unto a valley close on every part,
Whereas she washt her corse & cleans'd her heart;
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,
And to the God of *Isac* thus shee praid:
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand
From those that at thy mercy onely stand.
O Lord defend them that desire to spend
Their goods and bloud, thy cause for to defend.
O Lord grant that the cries of Children may,
With plaints of Old men weeping night and day,
And Virgins voyces sad in shroud of shame,
And laudes of *Levites* sounding forth thy fame,
Mount to thy throne, and with dissundring breake
Thy heavie sleep. Wherefore dost thou awreake
Thy selfe on *Hermon* with thy burning blast?
Or why dost thou on carefull *Carmel* cast
Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the space,
These *Gyants* that thy Scepter would displace.
Ah wretch, what say I? Lord ah pardon mee.
Thy burning zeal (and none hypocrisie)
That frets my heavie heart at every houre,
Compels my tongue this language out to poure.
O thou, the everlasting God and Guide
Of all our race, I know thou wilt provide
For our relieſe against this furious hoste,
And justly kill the Captaine of this hoste.
I know that thou wilt help my onely hand,
To be the wrack of all the heathen Band.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FIFTH BOOKE.

HOlophernes, *being surprised with the sweet language and excellent beautie of the chaste* Judith, *becommeth altogether negligent of his charge and government. wherein is represented the unability of the reprobate, who cannot withstand such temptations as the Lord sendeth upon them. But as they become slaves to their owne affections, so by the same they are inforced to fall into perdition. In place of some faithfull servant to warne him of his vices,* Holophernes *conferreth with* Bagos *an* Eunuch, *who feedeth him in his humour, and bringeth* Judith *to his Tent. And here the* Poet *reproves all flatterers and bawds, with the vices of all Courts in generall.* Judith *seeing her chastitie in perill, and the time unmeet to execute her enterprise, subtily drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. Hee thinking to insinuate himselfe the more into her favour, taketh pleasure to crack of his conquests, and of his speciall worthinesse; discoursing so long till supper time approched, and she avoided the inconvenience. And here is to be noted, that whilst the tyrants boast of their Cruelty against the Church, God provideth for his owne, and preserveth them for that work hee hath ordained by them to be done.*

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

IN stead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,
Great *Holopherne* doth feed his cruell paines:
Hee boodlesse flees, and feels; but he ne knowes
The quenched fire that of his ashes growes.
For, so the charming Image of this Dame,
The onely marke whereat his soule did aime,
Transported him in passions of despaire,
That of his mighty camp hee quits the care,
And goes no more his matters to dispatch,
Nor views his corps-gard, nor relieves his watch,
Nor Counsell cals, nor sends to spy the coste,
Nor views the quarters of his spacious hoste.
But as the sheep that have no heard nor guide,
But wandring straies along the rivers side,
Throw burbling brooks or throw the forrest green,
Throw medows closures, or throw shadowes shene:
Right so the Heathen hoste, without all bridle,
Runs insolent to vicious actions idle,
Where none obeys, each one commanding speaks,
Each one at pleasure from his banner breaks.
What doe you *Hebrews* now within your wall?
Now time to fight or never time at all,
To pay these *Pagans*, whose confused corse
Combats against themselves with deadly force.
Nay, stay a while: of such a great victory,
Your onely God will have the onely glory.
Before this tyrant was with love yblent,
To win the towne hee plide his whole intent:
But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame
To conquer this most chaste unconquest Dame.
So lust him led. Th' undaunted *Theban* knight,
With waighty mace, had never him affright:
But now a womans look his heart enfears,
And in his brest the cureless wound hee bears.
Ambition, erst, so had him overcome,
That made him daily rise by sound of drum:
Now *Cupid* him awakes with hote alarmes,
That him withholds to doe the *Hebrews* harmes.
Before, hee rul'd, above both Prince and King:
Now can hee not himselfe in order bring.

Alas

Complaint.

Alas (quoth hee) what life is this I have,
Becomming captive to my captive slave?
(Unhappy chance) what life is this, I say?
My vertue gone, my forces fall away.
Nay sure no life it is, more pain I feele
Then *Ixion* torn upon th' *Eternall* wheele:

Prometheus.

My life is like the thief's that stole the fire,
Upon whose mortall heart doth alwayes tire
A rav'nous fowle that gnawes him to to bone,
Reviving still, bound to the *Scythian* stone. (ted?
What serves it me, t' have won where I have haun-
What serves my victor arme, for to have daunted
The people situate 'tween *Hydaspe* large,
And port where *Cidnus* doth in sea discharge;
Since I am vanquisht by the feeble sight
Of captive *Judith*? what availes my might,
My Targe of steel, my Burguinet of brasse,
My guard of warriours stout wherefo I passe;
Since her sweet eye hath sent the pointed dart
Through men & weapons, piercing throw my heart?
What serve my Coursers, who with swiftnesse light
Exceed the swallow swiftest bird of flight;
Since I on him cannot avoyd one ynch,
The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?
Then change (O *Hebrews*) change your tears in song,
And triumph ore my hoste and army strong.
I am no more that Duke, whose name alone
Hath made great warriors quake both lim & bone:
But I am hee, whose heart was somtime brave;
Now lesse than nought, the slave but of a slave.
I come not here your *Isaac* to annoy,
With fire and sword your houses to destroy:
But to require your *Judith*, her to render
More milde to mee. What? is my wit so slender,
Bereapt with love? have I not here my joy,
That onely may relieve mee from annoy?
Yet ne'rtheless I cleave the aire in vain,
With plaints, & make mine eies bur fountains twain

Tantalus.

I wretch am like the wretched man indeed,
The more hee hath, the greater is his need.
Although hee deeply plunge in water cleare,
To quench his thirst: yet hee is not the neare.
For, so do I respect the heav'nly grace,
That largely is bestow'd upon her face,
That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,
My tongue doth stay and in the palate fold.
Why have not I a heart of *Crystall* cleare,
Transparent through, to let my paine appeare?
That there shee might of all my torments read,
Which love with-holds within my heart in dread.
Now since that *Judith* to this camp arriv'd,
The light of Heav'n had thrice his course reviv'd,
And darkned thrice, and 'gan with saffron hew
To light the *Inds*, the fourth day to renew;
When thus the Duke, who left repast and rest,
Unto his *Eunuch* this like purpose dreat:
O *Bagos*, sonne adoptive, not by chance,
Whom I have chose of nought thee to advance,
By speciall grace and made thee (though I boast)
First of my heart, and second of mine Hoast;
I rage, I burne, I dye in desp'rate thought,
Through love, by this same strangers beauty
Goe, seek her then, and shortly to her say, (brought.
What secret flame torments mee day by day:
Shew that I shall her to such honours bring,
As hee that bears the Scepter of a King:
But chiefly see thy talke be framed thus.
That shee do come this night and sup with us.
Now should it not to mee be folly, shame,
To have within my hold the fairest dame,
That ground doth bear, if I dare not aspire
To quench the burning flame of my desire?
I should but serve my souldiers for a Jeast:
And *Judith* fair would count mee but a beast.
Then *Bagos* well acquaint with such a cast,
He fed that lamp that burnt but over-fast.
If private men (quoth hee) and people poore,
That goe not o're the threshold of their doore,
But spend their dayes in travell and debate,
And never seek to win a better state,
Live not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame
Do not somtime their frozen hearts inflame;
What slaves are those then, on whose backs are
The burdens of this world, who take no rest (dreat
For Publike weale, but wake with *Argus* eyes,
For others ease that to no care applies;
If they, among so many great vexations,
May not receive in love some recreations?
Pursue your love, my Lord, and make no let
To take the fish that else is in your net.
And as ere this you have mee faithfull found,
In like Ambassads when yee them propound:
So shall you finde mee in this love of new,
To be as faithfull, secret, trest, and true.
Alas, how many such are in our times
In Princes Courts, that high to honour climes,
More for their handling such an enterprise,
Then for ther being valiant, learn'd, or wise?
Somtime the courts of kings were vertuous schools:
Now find wee nought in court but curious fooles.
O you whose noble hearts cannot accord
To be the slaves to an infamous Lord:
And know not how to mixe with per'lous Art,
The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:
Whose natures being free, will no constraint;
Nor will your face with flat'ring pencile paint,
For weal, nor woe, for pitie nor for hire,
Of *good my Lords*, their favours to acquire;
Goe not to Court if yee will mee beleeve:
For in that place where yee thinke to retreve
The honour due for vertue, yee shall finde (hinde.
Nought but contempt, which leaves good men be-
Yee worthy Dames that in your breasts do bear
Of your all-seeing God no servile fear:
Yee that of honour have a greater care,
Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not there.
Let men that in their purse have not a mite,
Cloathe them like Kings, and play the hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and feined chear,
Court-cozen them whom they would see on bear.
Let there the *Pander* sell his wife for gaine,
With service vile his noblesse to attaine.
Let him that serves the time, change his entent,
With faith unconstant faile at every vent.
Yee sonnes of craft, bear yee as many faces
As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,
And force your natures all the best yee can
To counterfait the grace of some great man;

Chamalion like, who takes to him each hew
Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,
That comes him next: So you that find the fashion
To hurt the poor with many-a great taxation:
You that do prease to have the Princes eare,
To make your names in Provinces appear:
Ye subtill *Thoriens*, sell your sumish winde,
To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde:
Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelous*,
Who wrack the wisest youth with charming vois:
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,
In stones and swine, your lovers true do change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth uptakes:
You ravens that from us our riches raks:
Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife put *Castors* sister in place:
Ye *Mirrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semiramies*,
And if there rest yet moe defamed dames,
Come all to Court, and there yee shall receive
A thousand gains unmeet for you to have.
There shall you sell the gifts of great Provinces,
There shall you sell the grace of graceleſse Princes.
Stay here my Muse: it thee behoves to have
Great constancy and many-a *Here'les* brave
To purge this age, of vices more notable,
Then was the stalls of foule *Ægeans* stable.
Return to *Judith*, who, to bring to passe
Her high attempt, before her sets her glasse,
And 'gins to deck her hair like burnisht gold,
Whose beauty had no peer for to behold.
Then went shee to his tent, where shee espide
The gorgeous tapestries on every side,
Of *Persian* Kings, of *Medes*, and *Syrian* stories,
How *Ninus* first (prickt forth with great vain glories)
Subdu'd the East: then next in order came
(Disguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;
Who took the Scepter and with tourets high
Great *Babylon* erected to the sky.
Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,
In womens weed the tender twist doth twine,
Who late a Rock insteed of Royall mace,
And for a man with woman changeth grace
In gestures all: hee frisles and hee fards,
Hee oynts, hee bathes, his visage hee regards
In *Crystall* glasse, which for his sword hee wore,
And lost his crowne without all combate more.
Amongst his vertugals, for ayd hee drew,
From his Lieutenant, who did him pursue,
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble ire,
Hee burnt himselfe, and ended his empire.
Behold, a Bitch then feeds a sucking childe,
Amongst the prieking thornes and brambles wilde;
Who grew so great, and was of such a fame,
That bond and free, his waged men became,
And afterward subverted to his law,
The *Median* Scepter under *Persians* awe.
But what is hee that so deformed goes
Before the camp, and wants his eares and nose?
That was that servant true, who by that slight,
Brought *Babylon* againe in *Darius* might.
While *Judith* fed her eyes with figures vaine,
Her heart repleat with passions and with paine;
The *Generall* came, and with a visage gent,
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,
And caused her sit down upon a chaire,
The more at ease to view her beauties rare.
Then, when hee saw himselfe so neere his pleasure,
He burnt in heart, and scarce could bide the leasure
Till *Venus* with her garland shew'd in sight,
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.
This widow finding then the time unmeet,
Gods just determination to complete;
Made much delay, and found full many-a skuse,
With sundry talke this tyrant to abuse;
And said, My Lord, I pray you shew to mee,
What furie just hath mov'd your majestie?
What have our people done (please it your grace)
By whom or when that *Israes* holy race
Might so provoke a Prince to wrack full war,
In tongues and lawes, so sep'rate from us far?
Then said the Duke, uncourteous should I be
If I deny (O faire) to answer thee.
Now as the Heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe;
So in the Earth two Kings cannot remaine
Of equall state. So doth ambition crave,
One King will not another equall have.
My Prince is witnesse: who at wars did fall
With King *Arphaxat*, cause hee rais'd his wall
Of *Ecbatane*, so high, that it did shame
To *Ninive*, and *Babel* fear'd the same:
For which, hee undertooke to spoyle his throne,
And raze his Scepter to the lowest stone:
With spite, his buildings brave hee cast adowne.
Arphaxat then, a man of great renowne,
And worthy of his Scepter and his state,
Thought better in the field to make debate,
Then beare a scorne, his *Medes* to battell drew:
Thus 'tween them two did cruell war ensue.
Arphaxat armed all the Iles of *Greece*,
Where *Jason* was, but sought no golden fleece,
But golden ingots with abundant gaine,
Where *Phasis* stream bedeaws the pleasant Plaine.
The *Harmastans*, and *Albans* strong and wise,
That sowes but once, and have their harvest thrice:
The men that neere to *Oxus* banks abide,
And those that *Antitaurus* horns divide:
And those that man the mount upon whose brest
The ship that scap't the generall floud did rest:
And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,
Where proud *Jaxartes* flowes with furious stream:
In short; the *Medes* brought men to ayd their plea,
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:
And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was Commander,
With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.
My Prince desirous then to win or dye,
Left nought undone that furthered to supply
His troubled state. Hee armed *Syracene*,
And waged Archers out of *Ofrohene*:
Ye Lords of Lands that yeeld the hundredth corne,
Leave *Euphrates*, and bounds where ye were borne:
Ye *Carmans* bold that all on fish doe feede,
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;
Leave *Hyran* bounds, go seek the golden sands:
Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,
That of your *Magi* Prophets think ye know
Their spels divine, your selfe for pikemen show.
O *Calde* change thine *Astrolabe* and square
To speare and sheeld: for, wee no wight will spare

Sardanapalus.

Cyrus.

Of

Of able age, of high or low degree
That trails the pike or lance layes on his thigh.
Let women, children , and the burghers old
At home alone, let them their houses hold.
Wee summon'd eke the *Persians* and *Phœnicians*,
The soft *Ægyptians*, *Hebrewes*, and *Cilicians*,
To come in haste, and joyne their force to outs:
But they disdainefully detein'd their powers;
And with their wicked hands, and words unsage,
They did our sacred messengers outrage.

Battell. My master for a time put up this wrong,
Attending time, to quite these en'mies strong;
With purpose more at leasure to provide
T'abate this sacrilegious peoples pride.
Two greatest Kings were never seen beforne,
Then camped were in *Ragau* field at morne,
With haughty hearts enarmed all in ire:
Each souldier set another so on fire,
That scarcely they could keep them in their bound,
Till Pype, or Cymball, or the Trumpets sound,
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,
They threat their foes a far with fell menaces,
And strokes at hand: two thousand Lads forlorne
(To blunt the sword) were down in battell borne.
Upon their flankes flew fervently the stones,
That bet their bucklers to their bruised bones.
The squadrons then step sternly to the strokes,
With hearts inhumane all the battell yokes,
And are suppli'd with many mighty bands:
Some counters them, and sternly them with stands:
With foot to foot each other other plyes:
Both *Medes* and *Caldès* clasp, with ghastly eryes;
Like *Nilus* stream that from the rocks doth rumble
Or *Enceladé*, when hee in tombe doth tumble.
Here some lie headlesse: som that cannot stand,
Trails on his womb, and wants both foot and hand
Cut off wth strokes, som pierc't throw plate & mails:
Some shoulder slasht; som panched in th' entrails:
Some brains out-bet; some in the guts were gor'd:
Some dying vomit bloud; and some were smor'd:
Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend
What place it pleaseth God their soules to send:
So loth the little life, that doth abide,
Is from the dying body to divide.
The ground that erst was yellow, green, and blew,
Is overcled with bloud in purpure hew.
While this man gives some one his deadly baine,
Hee of another gets the like againe.
The rage increasing growes with irefull flame:
The field is spred with bodies dead and lame.

Comparison. Like as yee see the wallowing sea to strive,
Floud after floud, and wave with wave to drive,
Then waves, with waves, the flouds with flouds doe
And eft returne unto their former place: (chase,
Or like the crops of corne in mids of May
(Blowne with the western winde) aside do sway
Both to and fro, as force doth them constraine,
And yet their tops redresseth up againe:
So, whiles the *Syrians* are by *Medes* displaced;
And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechased.
Then like two raging flouds that down do fall,
From two contrary mutine mountaines tall;
Down bearing bridge and banke, and all destroyes,
And strives which one may do the most annoyes:
So these two Kings, in force and courage stout,
Excell the rest with slaughter them about;
Wherefo they preast they left on either side,
Behinde them, two long opened wayes and wide;
For all their bucklers, *Morions* and *Quirasses*
Were of no proofe against their puisant maces.
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* so fiercely fought
That they th' *Assyrian* bands in terrour brought,
And pauld his souldiers hearts, & brake their might;
Who (overcome) tooke them to shamefull flight.
The *Medes* pursu'd, and wounded in that chace,
Ten thousand men; but none upon the face.
In short, this day our Scepter had depriv'd,
Had I not like the thunder dint arriv'd
In battels brunt. Their maile and their vantbrasse,
Their helme and shield, before my Courelasse,
Were fraile as glasse: and nere a stroke I lent
But deadly was, and them more terrour sent
Then all our camp. The souldier then in feare
With trembling hãd could scarcely wield his spear.
The Pal-hued knight with hart in breast that quakes
His thighs in saddle, feet in stirrops shakes
For dread of mee. There som with trenchant glave
From height of head, to middle down I clave.
And some so farre I foyned through the Jack,
The blade appear'd a foot behind his back;
So that the *Medes*, affraid at such a thing,
In heat of fight they fled and left their King.
Who seeing himselfe betray'd, his clothes hee rent,
And bloudy towards *Ragau* towne hee went;
Where wee him met, yet (*Brave*) did him defend,
And sought amongst his foes a famous end;
As doth the *Tyger* wilde who sees her den,
Beset about with hunters, dogs, and men,
That turns her feare to furious raging rife,
And will not vnrevenged lose her life:
So hee them thundet-bet wherefo hee went,
That nere a stroke in vaine his right-hand spent;
But ere with murd'ring blade they could him quell,
Full many-a bold precursor went to hell.
At last *Arphaxat* 'gan of slaughter tyre,
And (wounded sore) left both his life and yre,
And fell, as doth some huge high planted oak,
That long hath byd the windes, and many-a stroak
Of many an axe; yet stoutly doth sustain
Their travels long, and frustrates all their paine;
The root doth sigh, the dale doth roaring sound,
And to the Heav'n the noise doth high rebound;
His head now here, now there, seems to incline,
And threats him here and there, with great ruine;
Yet stands upright above the highest oakes
Till, vanquisht with a thousand thousand stroakes,
Hee fals at last, and brings with him to ground
Both trees and cattell to the plain profound;
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empire.
My King, the King of kings, then in his ire
Raz'd *Ecbatan*: and now grows weed and herbe,
Where somtimes stood his Palaces superbe.
So that where erst the Lute and loud *Hautbois*
Were wont to sound with sweet concordant noise,
Now shriking owles, and other monsters moe
In funerall sound fulfill the place with woe.
My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceast,
Consumed mon'ths full foure in Royall feast,

In *Ninive* the great : which banquet done,
Hee mee commanded to assemble soon
His Royall hoste, to punish all and some,
That to his former aid disdain'd to come :
And that I shortly should with sword and flame
Revenge his honour ; but alas, *Madame*,
Full farre am I from that I should pursue.
For, comming here thy nation to subdue,
If you not (with a loving kisse) to mee
Restore my life. O worthy Prince, quoth shee,
Continue your discourse, and to mee tell
What great adventures to your hoste befell.
Then hee re-tooke his tale hee left a-late,
And made a long discourse of all his state,
Part true, part false ; as do some warriors brave,
Who speaking of their Acts will lye and rave.
Oration. My campe assembled, then 'gan I t' enflame
My souldiers hearts thus, for to win them fame :
Companions, now, if ever yee pretend
To winne renowne that never shall have end,
Go forward now, plague those inhumane Lands,
That on our sacred Legats laid their hands.
Revenge, revenge yee men, your most high Prince,
That ever Scepter bare in rich province,
That ever came adowne with mighty arme,
From circled starrs, *Alarm'* sould'ers, alarme :
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning ire,
To waste the western world, with sword and fire.
With bloudy seas bedew each mount and wood,
And make your horses fierce to swimme in bloud.
Receive the Scepter great and crowne of might
Of all this world which is to you behight.
Receive this laud, that for your conquest brave,
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull grave.
Receive yee valiant men the noble spoyle
Of many-a land that yee shall put to foile.
Let men behold that see you day by day,
How yee are cloyd with honour, spoyle and prey.
Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,
They bet their bucklers, shewing them content
With courage bold, to fight with mee and byde.
Then sixscore thousand men I had to guide,
Or more, and so from *Ninive* wee past
And marched unto *Bestilé*, at last.
I through *Edess'* *Amad'* and *Carran* came,
Where sometime dwelt your father *Abraham* :
I wan the mount whose thwarting horne divides
All *Asie*, and serves for bounds on sundry sides,
To many great Empires : I slew, I brent
All in my way, My fellow-souldiers went
Like mowers with their sithes in sowple hands,
Who leave not after them a straw that stands ;
But ample swathes of grasse on ground doe cast,
And show what way their sharped sithes have past.
All *Lidia* knowes that nought now growes in it
But weeds : And *Phul'* and *Thorsis* feele it yet.
I was wel-neer the straights that closeth all
Phenice, and th' *Ishque* Rovers, like a wall,
When *Rosia Solea*, *Mops Auchial'* and *Iscia*,
And sweet *Egei* and (short) the whole *Cilicia*,
This passage took before, and lay in wait
To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.
If I the harmes and hazzards all should tell
Of all th' affaires and bloudy fraies that fell,
And succour sent ; the day should slide away
Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say, (row,
Through great advantage of their ground so nar-
Defended them from both the speare and arrow :
So that my Hoste that gave before the chace
To puissant Kings, now fled with great disgrace.
Then foaming in dispite, despaire and ire, Cracking
I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fire :
And though they hurt mee in an hundred parts,
And though my bucklet bare a wood of darts :
Yet left not I, but with audacious face
I bravely fought and made them all give place.
My Army followed, where my arme made way
With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.
The greatest coward that my Captains led,
Pursu'd and slew the most of them that fled.
The *Cidnus* streame (who for his silver floud
Esteem'd a King) ran now with humane bloud.
The *Pyram* fierce, in seas discharged than
Full many-a helme, and sword, and worthy man.
In shorte as your own river seems to rest,
With swelling tydes, and frothy flouds represt,
Within his bank ; yet furiously him wreaks
With weighty force, and banks and bridges breaks,
And stroyes the plains and makes for many-a day
More wrack, then if his channels open lay :
In semble sort their bands I did enchace,
That kept the entrance of that craggie place.
I brunt, I slew, cast down all that I fand ;
And *Asia* spoil'd, I entred th' easter Land,
I wan *Celi*, and raged piti-lesse
Upon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.
I bet the desart *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,
Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.
From thence to sea-ward sewing mine entent
I wasted *Madian*. North-ward then I went
Lo *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* over-rinning,
With other towns, *Abilia*, *Hippas* winning.
From thence, with curious mind my standard flyes
The hill, where sunne is seen to set and rise.
And so from thence I forward led mine hoste,
To th' *Occident* on the *Phœnician* coste.
Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Berpte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,
With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze
For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,
Wise messengers, my favour to intreat.
Wee come not here, my Lord, said they with armes
For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d' armes* :
But, Prince, wee come, of thee for to resave
Both life and death, and what law wee shall have.
Our townes are thine, our cities and our hils,
Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wils.
Our service, and our treasures, great and small,
Our selves, our wives, and out fair children all,
Now onely rest to thee, if so thee please
To take us thus. O God what greater ease,
O God, what greater good may us befall,
Then unto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,
Who wields the valiant lance and balance right,
With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might !
So were to mee, as gracious to behold,
Their townes and cities both : for, young and old
With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,
And costly odours, humbly did mee greet.

At sounds of hornes, and pypes they dancing went,
With goods and bodies mee for to present.
Then I abusing not the law of armes,
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,
Nor to their Lands: But first their forts I mand
With men of mine, and theirs took in my Band.
For where that I my people fartheſt drew,
My camp in bands; from bands to armies grew,
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow
By *Rawrack* fields with snakish crangling flow,
Then swell his floods with sixty rivers large,
That in the *Gulfe Euxinus* doth discharge.
I weend *Madame* that *Isr'el*, like the rest,
Would yeeld to mee, that I should not be streſt
Against their breſt to move my murd'ring speare:
But as I came the *Scythique* rampier neer
(The Tombe of her whose milk had such a hap
To feed the twice borne *Dewe* in her lap)
I heard their wilfull rage first in that place:
Which doubtlesse will destroy all *Abrams* race.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE SIXTH BOOKE.

JUdith, *having escaped the perill of her chastitie, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by* Holophernes *for the entertainment of her, and farther provocation of his filthy lust. In which the abominable vice of gluttony is by the* Poet *vively described, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the* Tyrant *thought by such excesse to overcome the chaste widow; himselfe is so overcome with wine, that upon a very simple delay hee lets her goe till hee was in his bed. And here is noted, that the snares the wicked lay for others, they fall in them their selves. while the* Tyrant *contemplated his lust,* Judith *in trouble called upon her God, who made way for her works through the* Tyrants *own wickednesse: who heaping sin upon sin, approached at last to the end of his Tragedie; and mounting upon the scaffold of the ire of God, fals asleep in his sinfull bed, and is by* Judith *beheaded in his beastly drunkennesse. True it is that in this execution shee felt her great infirmitie: but likewise shee found that God was able to strengthen the most feeble for the execution of his Justice. And as before she was preserved in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord, to make a miraculous end of his worke, brings her safe home to her people. The* Bethulians *give thanks to God. The* Ammonite *ravished with this miracle, embraced the true religion. The head of* Holophernes *(that* Judiths *servant brought) being set up for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen, encouraged the Citizens to give assault upon the camp.* Bagos, *who had been an instrument of the* Tyrants *wickednesse, is the first that finds his masters head-lesse Carkasse, and puts the camp in such affray, that they all fled before* Israel, *in such sort, that scarce one was left to bring newes to* Ninive, *of the fortune of the battell. And that was Gods justice, that those that had followed this* Tyrant *in his wickednesse, should be companions of his death.* Judith *last of all celebrates the deliverance of God, with a song, to the honour and glory of his almighty name.*

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpose ended, (ded,
The night obscure from mountains high descen-
And sewers set the board with costly meate,
Of passing price so delicate to eate,
That *Holoperne* unto his joyous feast
Appear'd t' have call'd the Kings of West and East.
O glutton throats! O greedy guts profound!
The chosen meats within the world his bound
By th' *Abderos* invented may not staunch
Not satisfie your foule devouring paunch:
But must in *Moluke* seek the spices fine,
Canary sugar, and the *Candy* wine,
Your appetites (O glutton) to content,
The sacred breast of *Thetis* blew is rent:
The Aire must be dispeopled for your mawes:
The *Phœnix* sole can scarce escape your jawes.
'O plague, O poyson to the warriour state!
'Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate.
'While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curiues* and *Fabrices*,
'Who fed on roots and sought not for delices:
'And

Exclamation.

Glossary

'And when the onely *Cresson* was the food
'Most delicate to *Persia*; then they stood
'In happy state, renown'd in peace and war,
'And through the world their triumphs spred afar:
'But when they after, in th' *Assirian* hall,
'Had learn'd the lessons of *Sardanapall*:
'And when the other given to belly cheare,
'By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitels* govern'd were,
'Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,
'Then kill a *Pyrrhus* or a *Mytridate*,
'Then both of them were seen for to be sacked
'By Nations poor whom they before had wracked.
'Of little Nature lives: superfluous meat
'But duls the spirit, and doth the stomack freat.
When they were set, then throw that royall rout
The *Malvasie* was quaffed oft about.
One drinkes out of an *Alabaster* Cup:
One out of *Crystall* doth the *Nectar* sup:
Some out of curious shels of *Unicorne*:
Some spill the wine, and some to beds were borne:
But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,
But more hee drank, the more hee had desire:
Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it resaves
All *Nilus* flouds, yea all fresh water craves
From East to West, yet growes hee not a grain,
But, still is ready for as much, again.
One glasse drawes on another glasse: and when
The Butler meant to cease, hee but began
To skink god *Bacchus*: thus this drunken wight
Among his drunkards tippled till midnight:
Then each of them with stackering steps out went,
And groaping hands, retyring to his tent.
This Tyrant wisht them oft away before:
To whom each moment seem'd to be a skore.
Assoone as they were gone, then 'gan hee prease
The trembling *Judith*. Cease, great Prince, O cease,
The widow said: what haste need you to make
To reape the flower that none can from you take?
My Lord, go to your bed and take your ease;
Where I your sweet embracings will complease,
As soon as I my garments may remove,
That bind my body brunt with ardent love.
Now, if that sober wits and wylie brains
Cannot avoide the female tricks and trains:
Abash not Reader though this reckless Roy
(Bewitcht by *Semels* sonne, and *Venus* boy)
Was thus beguil'd: considering, both these twain
Confound the force of those that them retain.
So letting *Judith* slide out of his arme,
Hee 'gins to loose his garments soft and warme:
But throw his haste, his hand came lesser speed;
And though hee was deceiv'd, yet took no heed,
But weening well t' untrusse his peevish points,
He knits them twyfold with his trembling joynts;
So long, till hee, with anger discontent,
Cuts mee them all, and off his clothes hee rent,
And naked went to bed. Then as yee see
The bloody bowman stand behinde a tree,
Who warily, watches for wandring Deer:
To every part, where hee doth thinke to hear
Some trembling bush, some beast or *Lezard* swall,
That motion makes, so turneth hee withall
His face and hand to shoot, but all in vaine
For to releive his long aspecting paine:
Even so, this foolish Tyrant when hee heard
Some rat or mouse, then thought hee to himward,
His Mistresse came: and when hee heard no more,
Yet thought shee came, whom most hee did adore.
While up hee lifts his head, while lets it fall:
While lookes about, while counts the paces all
That shee should passe, to come unto his bed.
Thus turning oft, as ardent lust him led, (thorne:
Hee thought his bed was sowne with pricking
But now the drink that hee had drunke before,
Brew'd in his braine, and from his minde it took
The sweet remembrance of her loving look.
So fell on sleep: and then to him appears
Ten thousand flames, ten thousand dinnes be hears,
And dreams of Divels, and *Demons* dark and dim,
Medusaes, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.
This while, the heart of *Judith* 'gan to beat
Incessantly, beset with battell great:
One while her feare resel'd her first intent:
One while her action just her courage lent.
Then said shee, *Judith*, now is time, goe to it,
And save thy people: Nay I will not doe it.
I will, I will not: Go, fear not againe:
Wilt thou the sacred gestning then profane?
Not it profane; but holier it shall stand,
When holy folke are helped by my hand.
But shamefull lives the traytor evermore;
No traytor shee who doth her towne restore.
But murd'rers all are of the heav'n forsaken:
All murder 's not for murder alwayes taken.
Alas, are they not murd'rers slay their Prince?
This tyrant is no Prince of my Province;
But what if God will have us under aw?
Hee 's not of God that fights against his law.
For then should *Abud*, *Jael*, and *Jehew*
Be homicides, because they tyrants slew.
But what? they were commanded of the Lord:
To such an act, my hearts should soon accord.
Alas, my heart is weak for such a deed; (need.
Th'are strong enough whom God doth strength at
But when 'tis done who shall my warrant be?
God brought mee here, God will deliver mee.
What if the Lord leave thee in Heathen hands?
Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death not bands.
But what if they pollute thee like a slave?
My body with my heart they shall not have.
Thus shee resolved in her minde at last,
Her hands and eys unto the heav'n shee cast,
And with an humble voice to God shee pray'd;
O gracious God that alwayes art the aid
To thy beloved *Israe*, I thee pray
To strength my hand, even my right hand this day,
That I may make this bloudy tyrant dye,
That to discepter thee would skale the skye.
But since thy goodnesse hath preserved mee,
And brought my boat so neer the shore to be;
Grant that some sleepy drinke I may provide,
To dull this tyrants heart and daunt his pride,
To th' end that I may free thy congregation;
Unto thy honour and our consolation.
This prayer done, shee looked round about,
And heard this drunken Prince in sleeping rout:
Then stept shee to his sword that by him stood,
Wch oft had bath'd the world with humane blood:

But as she preast the tyrant for to quell,
Fear reft the sword from her, and down shee fell,
And lost at once the strength of heart and corse.
O God (quoth shee) now by thy mighty force
Restore my strength. This said (with pale annoy)
Shee rudely rose and stroke this sleeping *Roy*
So fell, that from his shoulders flew his powle,
And from his body fled his *Ethnique* soule.
Hie away to hell. His bulk all bloud bestain'd
Lay still, his head in *Judeths* hand remain'd;
The which her maid put up into a sack:
Thus throw the campe they close away doe pack,
Empeacht of none. For those that had her seen,
Suppos'd shee went (as shee had wonted been,
The nights before) unto the valley, where
They thought shee went to serve *Diana* cleare.
When *Judeth* chaste came neer the *Hebrew* wall;
Let in (quoth shee) for our great God of all
Hath broke this night the whole *Assyrian* power,
And rais'd the horne of *Is'ac* at this houre.
Then men, amaz'd of her unhoped state,
About her ran assembling at the gate,
Where holy *Judeth* on a hill was mounted,
And all her chance from point to point recounted;
And there discov'ring drew out of the sack
The bloudy head of th' en'my of *Is'ac*.
The Citizens that saw how shee did stand
With th' end of *Assurs* head in her right hand;
They prayfed God, who by her hand had slain
And punished that traytor inhumane.
'But, most of all Duke *Asmon* did admire
'The work of God. Then hee t' escape the ire
'Of *Jacobs* God, who aids the weakest part,
'Hee shortly circumcis'd his flesh and heart.
'O God, that rightly by foresight divine
'Repels the purpose of all mens engine:
'Who for to lead th' elect to destyn'd health
'(Even when it seems them farthest from their
'Of ill, thou draw'st the good, & som in ill (wealth)
'Thou lets them runne thy justice to fulfill;
'(O Lord) the vile desire of bloud and sack,
'Made *Holoferne* to war upon *Is'ac*:
'But where that hee would *Is'acs* bloud have shed,
'Hee lost his owne for *Is'ac* on his bed.
'Thus thy good grace hath made his vain invention
'To take effect contrary to 's intention.
'So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Pharisee*;
'And, of a tyrant teacher of thy veritee:
'So was the theefe, that hung with our *Messias*
'(For all his sinne) preserved with *Elias*:
'His vitious corps could have no life here downe;
'His soule by grace yet got a heav'nly crown. (ces,
'Change then (O God) the hearts of christian prin-
'Who shed the faithfuls bloud in their provinces;
'Let thou that sword, that thou giv'st them to
'Upon thy en'mies onely be apply'd; (guide,
'Upon those tyrants whose unrighteous horne
'Dereins the Land where thy deare Son was born:
'Not on the backs of those, who with humility,
'Adore the *Triple* one great God in unity.
Then at commandment of this widow chaste,
A souldier tooke the tyrants head in haste;
And for to give the *Hebrews* heart withall,
Hee fixed it upon the foremost wall:
Their fathers came, and sons, and wives, and maids,
Who erst had lost amongst the *Heathen* blaids,
Their sons, their parents, makes, and lovers dear;
With heavy hearts, and furious raging chear,
They pill'd and pair'd his beard, of palid hew,
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,
Which us'd to speake of God great blasphemies,
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.
The rife remembrance of so late an ill,
Made vulgar folke such vengeance to fulfill.
This while, *Aurora* ceased to imbrace
Her ancient love, and rose with ruddy face,
Upon the *Indian* heav'n: the warriours strong,
That kept the towne, now sorted forth in throng,
Enarmed all with such a hideous sound
As seem'd the elements foure to confound,
And brak the bands that keep them in their border,
Retyring them unto their old disorder.
The *Pagan* watches next the Citie side
(Awaked with this din) start up and cride
Alarme, Alarme, like fearfull men agast:
Then through the Camp the hot Alarum past.
Some takes his neighbours armour first hee findes, Confusion.
And wrong on armes the bracelets both hee bindes:
Some takes a staffe for haste, and leaves his lance:
Some madling runnes, some trembles in a trance:
Some on his horse ill sadled 'gins to ride,
And wants his spurrs; som boldly do abide:
Some neither wakes nor sleeps, but mazing stands:
Some brave in words, are beastly of their hands.
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,
Unto the *Pagans* Court at last it ran.
Then *Bagos Eunuch*, sadly forth hee went
T' awake the sleeping *Ethnique* in his tent: (hand:
And knockt once, twice, and thrice, with trembling
But such eternall sleep his temples band,
That hee had past already (miserable)
Of *Styx* so black the floud irrepassable.
Yet *Bagos*, hearing *Is'acs* cry encrease,
Hee with his foot, the door began to prease,
And entred: where the bed hee did behold
All bled with *Holofernes* carkasse cold:
Hee tore his hair, and all his garments rent,
And to the heav'n his howling cries hee sent.
But when hee mist the *Hebrew*-Dame away,
Then raging hee began a ghastly fray,
And from the bloudy tent as hee ran out,
Among the heathen thus began to shout:
Woe, woe, to us, a slave (they *Judeth* call)
In slaying *Holoferne*, hath slain us all,
That daunted all the world. These novels last,
Joyn'd to the former fear that lately past,
Affrighted so the souldiers one and all,
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,
And fled throw mountains, valleys, & throw heaths,
Where ev'ry chance procur'd them worser deaths.
Then all th' assieged folk in flocks descended,
And on their en'mies backs their bows they bēded.
Both parties ran: but th' one that other chased,
The weary flyers flight themselves defaced.
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they lost;
But they bet down and slew the Heathen hoste:
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood
Bespred the land with worried beasts and bloud,
So

So long as hee may finde a beast abide,
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride. (Rocks,
Some headlong throw themselves from craggie
And break their bones & all their brains out knocks;
Some have forgot that *Parcas*, every where
Wait on their end that drown in water cleare:
But if that any scape by some great hap,
Hee scapt the first, but not the after clap:
For all the streits and passages were set,
That none should scape alive where they were met:
Yea scarcely one was left to tell the King,
At *Ninive*, of all this wondrous thing.
This battell done, all those whose *Sex* and age
Withheld at home (their dolours to assiwage)
Came forth out of their fort to see and hear
What God had done for them his people dear.
They found some men dismembred having breath,
That cry'd in vain a hundreth times for death.
Another gnashes with his teeth, in pains:
Some dead in face their former rage retains.
And some are shot directly throw the heart.
Each soule departs to his appointed part,
According to the valew, or the chance,
That fortun'd them to dye, on sword or launce.
In short: to see this sight so dreadfull was,
That even the *Hebrews* would have said Alas,
If they had vanquisht any en'my els.
This while, amongst the corses infidels,
Among a hundred thousand, there was found
The chiefstaines carcasse rent with many a wound
Of spear and sword, by th' *Hebrews* in their ire.
There was no sinew, arter, veine nor lire,
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:
No time nor moment might their ire assiwage.
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,
Or like in lims unto *Briarius* strong;
Yet had his body been too small a prey,
To satisfie their fury ev'ry way.
For, in that Camp was not so small a knave,
But of his flesh some colluphee would have.
O tyrant now (quoth they) give thy right hand
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media Land*:
Leave thou thy left. And to *Celea* sweet,
To *Ismaell* and *Ægypt* leave thy feet:
To th' end that all the world, by thee offenced,
With such a present may he recompenced.
But here I faile thy corps thus to devise
In *Atomy*: for, it will not suffice.
This thankfull widow then, who never thought
To smore this wondrous worke that God had
Entun'd her verse, & sung to sweet cósort (wrought,
Of instruments, and past with gracious port
Before the chosen Dames and Virgins there,
That were esteem'd for honest, chaste and fair.
Sing, sing, with heart & voyce and sounding strings,
And praise the Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Who doth dis-throne the great, and in their place
Erects the poore that leane upon his grace.
Who would have thought that in a day one town
Could overcome a camp of such renown,
Who daunted all the world, whose pride was felt
From *Indian* shore to where the *Calpees* dwelt?
Great God, who will beleeve that *Holopherne*,
Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,
Should be disceptred, slain, left in a midow,
By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?
Great God, who will beleeve that hee who rain'd
From North to South, and in his hands retain'd,
Both East and West; now gets not grace to have
An ynch of *Gazon* ground to be his grave?
This Conqu'rour, that came with no army small,
Now lies on ground abandon'd of them all;
Not sole: for, those companion him in death,
That follow'd him while hee had life and breath.
Not now the ground, but Ravens hunger-serv'd,
Are now his tombe as hee hath well deserv'd.
No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphir* pure,
That hee had built, could be his sepulture.
Even so good Lord from henceforth let us finde
Thee not our Judge, but for our Father kinde:
But let all tyrants that against thee gather,
Find thee their Judge; but not their loving Father.
Here *Judith* ends: *And also here I stay,*
With thanks to God. So, for his grace I pray
At whose command I undertooke this deed,
To please his Grace, and those that will it read.

The Translator.

FINIS.

A TABLE OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF SOME VWords as they are used before.

Aderois, profane and delicate Epicures.
Abile, a Hill in *Affrica*, one of the *Pillars of Hercules*.
Abraham, Father of the Jews, or the faithfull.
Achelois, Imps, *Sirens* or *Mermaids*.
Amram, the father of *Moses*.
Assur, *Assurs head*, the Countrey of *Assyria*, or their King.
Assyrian Prince, *Holophernes*, Vizroy or Generall.
Agamemnon, the Generall of the *Greeks*, being present at the sacrificing of his onely daughter was painted with a bend about his eyes, either for the painters unskilfulnesse, who could not sufficiently expresse his speciall tears; or els for that he thought it undecent to paint so mighty a Prince weeping; or unnaturall, not to weep.
Aconite, a poisonable herb.
Auster, the South or south-winde.
Aurora, the morning.
Arphaxat, supposed to be *Arbactus*, King of *Medes*.
Atlas, a great Gyant.
Argus, had a hundred eyes.
Alexander, the Great.
Apelles, an excellent painter.
Bethull or *Bethulia*, the City where *Judith* dwelt.
Babel, *Babylon*, or the whole Countrey.
Bellona, goddesse of Battell.
Briccoll, an ingine of war.
Briarus, a Gyant with a hundred hands.
Bacchus, Wine or drunkennesse.
Boreas, the North or North-winde.
Chamelion, a beast that changeth his colours.
Ctesiphon, a cunning *Architect* or builder.
Chaos, a confusion before the worlds creation.
Capharois, *Cyanes straits*, } two perilous Rocks.
Calpe, a Hill in *Spain*, one of the pillars of *Hercules*.
Cyprian Dame, *Venus*, love or lust.
Cupido, Love or lust.
Corvies, crooked irons to draw down buildings.
Castors sister, *Helen*, the dishonest wife of *Menelaus*.
Canaces, incestuous women.
Circes, Witches, abusers of lovers.
Cyrene, a dry sandy countrey, or drouth.
Carmel a mountaine in *Judea*, or the whole countrey.
Danow, *Danubius*, a river in *Germany*.
Denis, twice born, *Bacchus*.
Diana or *Cynthia*, the Moon.
Dina, the daughter of *Jacob*.
Ægyptian Queen, *Cleopatra*, the Concubine of *M. Antonius*, who swallowed a rich pearle.
Elimia Land, the Elamits.
Eurus, the East, or East-winde.
Ægeans stable, where horses devoured men.
Encelade, a Gyant buried under mount *Ætna*.
Generall, *Holophernes*.
Gibralter, a City in *Spain* neer to *Calpe*-hill, one of the Pillars of *Hercules*.
Holoferne, Vizroy, chief of the Army.
Hermon, a Hill in *Judea*, or the countrey of *Judea*.
Hesperian coste, the West.
Hyade, a water-Nymph or watry star.
Heraults, Apostles or Preachers.
Jacobs sonnes, the people of *Israel*.
Israel or *Jacob*, the Land of *Judea*.
Isaac, the people of the *Jewes*.
Ismael, *Idumeans* or *Edom*.
Ixion, one tormented in Hell.
Jebus place, *Jerusalem* or *Sion*.
Judith, of *Bethulia*, of the tribe of *Reuben*.
Jesses race, *David*, and his seed.
Jethro, Father in law to *Moses*.
Latmies sonne, *Endymion*, the long sleeper, supposed to lie with the Moon.
Lysippus, a cunning carver.
Monarch, one sole Governour.
Memphis, men of that City in *Ægypt*.
Mesraim, the Land of *Ægypt*.
Mocmur, the river neer *Bethulia*.
Momus, a scornfull detracter of all things.
Mars, god of strife or battell.
Mirrhaes and *Syllaes*, women betrayers of their countrey.
Minotaurs, unnaturall monsters.
Medusaes, furies of Hell.

Neptunus,

Neptunes back, the Sea.
Niphathas, a mighty strong rock or mountaine in Syria.
Palestine, the Land of the Philistins.
Pharia, a famous tower in *Ægypt*.
Phlegon, one of the foure horses that was supposed to draw the Sunne.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phœbe, his sister the Moon.
Proteus, a man changing himself into sundry forms: there is a fish of like nature.
Priams wife, *Hecuba* the honourable.
Pelmell, all mixt confusedly together.
Ramme, an ingine of war for battery.
Sina hill, *Sinai-hill*.
Salem, *Jerusalem*.
Solyma, *Jerusalem*.
Sichem, the ravisher of *Dina*.
Sabean Queen, Savours of *Saba* land.
Simeon, *Dinaes* brother.
Seythique Rampier, the tomb of *Semele*, mother of *Bacchus*.
Styx, a River in hell.
Sympathy, concordance of natures and things.
Sentinels, Watchmen.
Semiramis, Women *Viragues*.
Syrtes, dangerous sands.
Satrap, Prince.
Stymphalides, ravenous fowles with female faces, *Harpies*.
Syrian Camp, the Hoste of *Holophernes*.
Semels sonne, Bacchus or wine,
Transparent, that which may be seen through and whole, like glasse.
Tortuse, an ingine of war.
Trepan, an ingine of war.
The forraine tide, supposed to have beene the flood of *Noah*, or the deluge of *Deucalion* that divided *Affrica* from *Europe*, and *Sycilia*, from *Italia*.
Thetis, the Sea.
Thurims, deceitfull Advocates.
Theban knight, Captaine of the Greeks army.
Theefe that stole the fire, *Prometheus*, who stole fire from *Jupiter*.
Zedechias, last King of the Jewes.
Zephyrus, West or West-winde.
Zeuxis, a painter of *Italy*, who being required to paint the picture of *Helen*, desired to have all the fairest women of *Creten* to be present for his patterne.

FINIS.

LITTLE

BARTAS:

OR, BRIEFE

MEDITATIONS

ON

The Power,

Providence, Greatnes,

AND,

Goodnesse of God,

IN THE

CREATION;

Of the VVorld, for *Man*:

Of Man,

For HIMSELFE.

Translated; and dedicated

TO THE

Most Royall Ladie,

ELIZABETH.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE MOST ROYALL LADY ELIZABETHA INFANTA of England; Princesse PALATINE of RHINE.

SWeet Grace *of* GRACES, Glory *of Your Age*,
Lustre *of* VERTUES *(Morall and Divine)*
Whose Sacred Raies *(already) far* out-shine
Your Princely State, *Your* Royall Parentage;
Here, to your HIGHNES *(with all Good-Presage,*
Congratuling Your little, PALATINE)
I consecrate *This* LITTLE-*One of Mine*,
To serve Your Self *first*; *then* Your Son, *for Page.*
Your gracious Favours *to my former* Brood,
So binde *my Thoughts*; *so* bolden *my Desires*,
To shew Mee gratefull, *as I know You* good;
That Thus *to* You, *This* LITTLE *Mine* aspires:
Little in Growth, *yet of so great a* Spirit,
As (happily) Your Graces grace may merit.

To your Highnesse service,

Duely and Truely devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Sou haits
Royaux & Loyaux

Au Roy.

AInsi, *l'Ancien des Temps*, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,
Comblant ce Chef Royall ; couronne voz Labeurs :
Qui, pour le *Droict des Roys*, d'un Glaive tout divin,
Combattez *l'Antichrist*, & son grand BELLARMIN.

Au Prince Charles.

AInsi, le Tout-puissant, de sa main de PANDORE,
Face d'un *Charle-moindre*, un *Charle-magne* encore ;
Qui, suivant Voz *Vertuz*, derive, perennel,
Saincts-Sages-Preux STUARTS au Sceptre paternel.

Aux Princes Palatins.

AInsi, le Ciel benin de ses *Tresors* benisse,
L'Hymen heureux & sainct de FRED'RIC & d'ELIZE ;
De sorte, que d'Iceux, leurs *Filz* & leurs *Neveuz*,
Nous naissent desormais des EMPEREURS heureux.

Aux Anglois & Allemans.

AInsi, *Lions* ANGLOIS & *Aigles* d'ALLEMAGNE
(Triumphants, pour *la Foy*, de ROME & de l'ESPAGNE)
Terrassent coup à coup les *Lunes* du TURQUOIS,
Pour planter tout par tout les *Lauriers* de la CROIX.

LITTLE

LITTLE BARTAS.

I Fwanton Lovers so delight to gaze
On mortall Beauties brittle little blaze;
That, not content with (almost) daily sight
Of those dear Idols *of their Appetite;*
*Nor with th'*Idéas *which th' Idalian Dart*
Hath deep imprinted in their yeelding hart;
Nor with their Pictures (with precisest charge)
Done by De-creets, Marcus, *or* Peak, *at large*
(And hang'd of purpose, where they most frequent,
As some faire Chamber's choicest Ornament)
They must have Heliard, Isaac, *or His Sonne,*
To doe, in Little, what in Large was done;
That they may ever, ever bear about
A Pictures Picture *(for the most, I doubt):*
Much more should those, whose Soules, in Sacred Love,
*Are rapt with Beauties-*Proto-Type *above*
(Sith, heer, they cannot see th' ORIGINALL;
Nor, in themselves, now, finde his Principall)
Thirst for Their Object; and much lesse content
With th' ample Table *of the Firmament,*
And various Visage of this goodly Globe,
Wherein, they see but (as it were) His Robe
Embroidered rich, and with Great Works embost,
Of Pow'r, of Prudence, and of Goodnesse, most;
Yea, so far-off, so mighty, so immense,
As even-fainies Their weak Intelligence:
Or with that lesser Tablet *of their owne*
(The Little-World, wherein the Great is show'n)
Which, neer and dear, though still about they bear,
Such Clouds of Passion *are still crowding there,*
That fold or never can they ought perceive
Of those pure Rays it did at first receive
Long for their Long-home, past the Gates of Grace,
To see their Love, in Glory, face to face:
Till when; awhile to entertain them here
With Prospects fairest Their faint Thoughts to cheer
(In stead of Their Great Universall Table,
Made in Six Dayes, with Art so admirable;
*And, by My*BARTAS, *in His* Weeks *divine,*
So large and lovely drawn in every line)
Du-VAL, *and I (too short of* Isaac *'s Art)*
Have Thus Essaid *to play the* Limners *part,*
And draw in little (like a Quinessence)
That goodly Labours glorious Excellence:
For ease of Such, whom Publike Charge denies
Leasure to view so large Varieties:
And Such whose Means may not afford their Minds
So costly Pleasures of so Gainlesse kindes:
And (lastly) Such, as, loving BARTAS *best,*
Would glad and fain still bear Him in their Brest,
Or in their Bosom, were Hee Pocket-size;
As well Hee might; would Printers Gain *permit.*
Nowtherefore, Thou, All-forming ONELY-TRINE,
As, in the Large, Thou didst His Hand and Mine;
Lend likewise here Thy gracious Help upon,
To guide aright my Pencil and my Pen;
To suite my Colours, sweet my Shadows, so,
That This my Little, Thy Great Works may show.
And grant, the while, I be not like the Hand
Which at S. Albons, *in the Street, doth stand*
Directing Others in the ready Way;
But, void of minde, it Selfe behinde doth stay:
Nor, like a Buoy, *which warneth from a Shelf;*
But lies still wallowing in the Sea, it Selfe.

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,
How infinite! how excellent-ly-rare!
How absolute Thy wondrous Works they are!
How-much Their Knowledge is to be desir'd!
How, THOU, in All, to be of All admir'd!
Thy glorious Pow'r so suits thy gracious Will:
Thy sov'rain Wisedome meets thy Goodnesse still:
Thy Word effects thy Work; and, void of Pair,
Turns round the Heav'ns, & doth the Earth sustain.
Thy Spirit, infallible and infinite,
Filling the World (yet not contain'd in it)
By Pow'r and Presence, all, in All things dwels;
In Essence though, the Heav'n of heav'ns excels.
Eternally, before All Form began,
Thou, onely God, wert in Thy-self, even than,
As absolute; as after all the Term
Of All thy Works: They, changeful All; Thou firm.
The Revolution of This ample All,
Heav'ns hight, Stars light, the Oceans flood & fall,
To all Mankinde, in some kind, make Thee known;
But adde not Thee more Glory to Thine own.
To make a World, or mar it, Thou art free.
All coms and goes by Thy divine Decree.
Thou, at Thy pleasure, hast made All of Nought:
All at Thy pleasure, shall to nought be brought.
Thy Name is (right) I AM: for without Thee,
Is None: all beeings of thy BEAING be:
All perfect *Unity*, proper *Existence*,
Is onely found in Thine owne sacred Essence.
Although the *World* a goodly Piece appear,
T hath, to Thy Greatnesse, no Proportion neer:
'Tis but a Point to Thine immense Infinity.
Then, what (alas!) is Man to Thy DIVINITY?
Yet hast Thou Him a Tongue and Reason giv'n;
And Eyes erected towards Thy glitt'ring Heav'n,
To read and ruminate Thy Wonders there;
And afterwards proclaim them every-where.
The Heav'ns declare Thy Glory, and they preach
To Man, Thy *Works*, Thine *Excellence* in Each:
The Elements accorded Discords sound
How good for us thy goodly *Works* are found.
The radiant Stars, in their eternall Sway,
Th' alternate Changes of the Night and Day,
The birth of beasts, the growth of plants, each hour,
Teach every where Thy Providence and Pow'r.
From THEE, the Sun receives his Beauty bright,
And Soveraigne Rule of Each celestiall Light;
Whose Yearly Course, in certain Circulting,
Makes Winter, Summer, Autumn, and the Spring.
Be't cloudy, cleer, Eclipse, or Night, or Day;
His lovely brows are equi-lucent ay:

If shee bur Smile the fourth day, 't will be fair;
If then Shee blush, wee shall have blustring'air:
If then her brows be muffled with a Frown,
Most of that month shall sad tears trickle down.
Thus doth the Vigour of the Signs superiour
Rule in the Vertues of these things inferiour:
But All are govern'd by Thy soverain Might:
O! happy Hee who understands it right.
Thrice happy Hee, who sees Thee every-where;
In Heav'n, and Earth, in Water, Fire, and Air:
Who, due admiring Thy wise Works (of Yore)
Thee above All, Thee onely, doth adore. (too;
Who knowes Thee so, so needs must love Thee
And, with his Will, Thy sacred *Will* would doe:
Still lifts his eyes to Heav'n-ward, to contemple
The stately Wonders of Thy starry Temple:
Admires the set and measur'd Dance of Thine
All-clasping Palace, Azure-crystalline,
Rare-rich imboss't with glittering studs of Gold;
And, more admires, the more Hee doth behold.
'Tis a wondrous thing to see That mighty Mound,
Hinge-less and Ax-less, turn so swiftly round; (ding)
And th' heavy Earth, prop-less (tho downward ten-
Self-counter-poiz'd, mid the soft Air suspending.
On th' ample Surface of whose massie Ball
Men (round about) doe trample over all,
Foot against Foot, though still (O strange effect!)
Their Faces all be towards Heav'n erect.
Those dwelling under th' *Equinoctiall*, they
Have, all the Year long, equall Night and Day:
Those neer the *Tropiks* have them more un-even;
The more, the more that they are Nor-ward driven.
But those, whose Tents to either Pole are neer,
Have but One Night, and One Day, in a yeer:
Yet All well compast by due ruled Rite,
Neither, then other, hath more Dark or Light.
Thus have thy Works, O All-disposing *Deity*,
Som-whar conform, for all their great variety:
Which Harmony, amid so diverse things
In All, aloud Thy wondrous Wisdom rings.
But, specially, wee wonder at the Place
Which here thou hast bestow'd on *Adams* race:
To see our selves set on so Round a Ball,
So firmly hang'd just in the mid'st of all.
For, This our Globe hangs Prop-less in the Air;
Yet, but thy *Self*, can nothing shake or sway-her:
No roaring Storm, nor rumbling Violence,
Can move the *Centre's* sad Circumference.
Which, whoso should oppose in Disputation,
Might be convinc't by easie Demonstration:
So, far doe they from Sense and Reason erre, (stir.
Who think the Heav'ns stand, and th' Earth doth
The Parts and Whole of same-kind bodies, have
Same or like Motions; be they light, or grave:
Upward, or downward; round or overthwart:
Needs must the Totall move as doth his Part.
So, if wee see the Sun and Moon to veer;
Their Ample Heav'ns have even the like Career:
But, who hath seen a Selfly-turning Stone?
How then should *Earth* turn her whole lump alone?
Let's therefore, boldly, with old Truth affirm,
That th' Earth remains unmoveable and firm:
And (if wee credit the Geometer)
Three thousand leagues is her Diameter:
This Measure of her vast thick Depth, is found
By th' admirable Compasse of her Round;
Which hath, by Test of Arts Experiments,
More then nine thousand leagues Circumference.
Yet, learned Mappists, on a Paper small,
Draw (in Abbridgement) the whole Type of all;
And, in their Chamber (pain-lesse, peril-lesse)
See, in an hour, and circuit, Land and Seas.
This mighty Globe is but a Point, compar'd
With th' upper Globe: yet on his Point are shar'd
Millions of millions of Man-kinde, which plow
With Keel and Coulter its Twin Back and Brow.
Man, placed thus, in This Mid-Point, so even,
Sees alwaies Halfe of God's great Hall of Heav'n:
Th' other 's beneath him; yet abides not there
But in a Day doth to him all appear.
Ah, Soveraign Artist! O how few of us
Know right the Place where Thou hast plac't us thus!
Alas! how many know not, to what end
Thy gracious Wisdome did them hither send!
Yet, giving Man a quick Intelligence,
Thou sett'st him just in the World's Midst; that,
Seeing thy Wonders round about him so, (thence
Knowing himself, hee might Thee better know.
By th' usuall Circuit of the Heav'nly Ball,
The Stars appear unto us (almost) all;
That Wee in time, observing all their Figures,
Might contemplate their Courses, Natures, Vigors.
To view the Stars, is honest Recreation:
To search their Course, deserveth Commendation;
So wee beware, with some presuming Sects
To pick things future out of their Aspects.
Wee must renounce That Errors patronage,
That what som Dreamers by our Births presage,
Must needs betide us; tying to their Lawes
Our nature, govern'd by a Higher Cause.
Perhaps the Signes some inclination bring,
Inducing hearts to some Affectioning:
But, by Gods grace, well may wee vary that;
As, never forc't by necessary Fate.
For, sure if Man, by strong Necessity,
Doe any Ill, ill meriteth not Hee:
Did Stars constrain us, neither Vertue, then,
Nor Vice, were worth Praise or Reproof in Men.
If any way the Will of Man be free,
On These Effects what Judgement's ground can be?
What Certainty can from the stars be knowne
Of Weal, or Woe, Life, Death, or Thrall, or Throne?
When Kings are born, many are born beside:
Must all be Destin'd to be Kings, that tide?
Oft, many at-once are hang'd, or drown'd, or slain:
Did all at-once their groaning Mothers pain?
Who can conceive, that such on such Aspect
Is good, or bad; boads Life, or Deaths Effect?
Who can produce so sure Prognostications
Of our frail Life, so full of Alterations?
Certain's that Art which shews the daily Course
Of restlesse Stars, their Influence and Force:
But, Divination 's an uncertain Skill,
Full of fond Errour, false, and failing still.
What hooted, Lord, our humblest Vows to Thee,
Were their Conclusions certain Verity?
Disastrous Fate would mate us with Despair,
And frustrate all religious Faith and Prayer.

Were it their Sayings, were right certain true,
Then of necessity must all ensue:
But, if Events their Verdicts often thwart,
False is their Aim, and fallible their Art.
Observe the Works those subtill Authors write;
Th'are so ambiguous, or so false out-right,
That if somtimes som truth they chance to hit,
They'll counterpoiz a hundred lies for it.
Too-buse-bold with Thee, Lord they presume;
And to themselves Thine Office they assume,
Who, by Star-gazing, or ought else below,
Dare arrogate the Future to foreknow.
Wee hardly see what hangeth at our Eyes:
How should wee read the Secrets of the Skies?
None knowes To-morrow what betide him shall;
How then fore-tell Yeers Fortunes yet they fall?
Then leave wee all to God's high providence;
Not list'ning for To-morrow-Daies Events:
Better then Wee, He knowes what's meet to send.
Then fear wee nothing, but him to offend.
O! Thou All-knower! Nothing more doth thrust
Proud Man from Thee then this Ambitious Lust
Of knowing All: for, by that Arrogance,
In stead of Knowledge, got Hee Ignorance.
Man nothing knowes, nor nothing comprehends,
But by the Power which Thy pure spirit him lends.
If then, Thy Wisdom have so bounded His;
Why would Hee hold more then His Measure is?
Let's humbly stoop our Wits, with all Sincerity,
Unto thy *Word*: there let us seek the Verity;
And all Predictions that arise not Thence,
Let us reject for impious Insolence.
Let us repute all Divination vain,
Which is derived from mans fuming brain,
By Lots, by Characters, or Chiromancy;
By Birds, or Beasts, or damned Necromancy.
Let's also flee the furious-curious Spell
Of those Black-Artists that consult with Hell
To finde things lost; and *Pluto*'s help invoke
For hoorded Gold, where oft they finde but smoke.
Hee's fond that thinks Fiends in his ring to coop:
Or in a knife them by a Charm to hoop.
Such as have try'd those courses, for the most,
Have felt in fine Their malice, to their cost.
Woe, woe to them that leave the living God,
To follow Fiends, and Mountibanks abroad;
Seeking for light, dark, dreaming Sorceries,
And, for the Truth, th'erroneus Prince of Lies.
Condemning therefore all pernicious Arts,
Let's be contented with our proper Parts:
Let's meekly seek what may be safely knowne,
Without usurping Gods peculiar Owne.
W' have Stuffe enough (besides) out time to spend,
And Our short life can hardly comprehend
The half of half the Wonders licenst us
To search, and know, and soberly discusse.
The smallest Garden usually contains
Roots, Fruits and Flowrs, sufficient for the pains
Of one mans life, their natures to descry:
When will hee know all Creatures property?
Earth's but a Point, compar'd to th'upper Globe;
Yet, who hath seen but half her utter Robe,
Omitting All her Inwards, All her Water?
When shall wee then see All this vast Theater?
What here wee see, wee see is Exquisite:
What 's This to That so far above our Sight?
Excelling fair, what to our Eye is sensible;
Even to our Soule, the rest's incomprehensible.
Who then can vaunt himselfe Omnificient?
More then All, sin-lesse, Pure and Innocent?
As none 's all-guiltlesse, in thy glorious Eyes,
There's none all-knowing thy high Mysteries.
Yet must wee praise and glorifie thee fit,
For that wee know; and for our good by it:
There is no Pleasure can be compatable
To Contemplation of Thy Wondrous Table.
Thereon the more wee muse, the more we may;
So our Delight, Desire encreaseth ay
Of finding Thee: and that divine Desire,
Calming our Cares, quencheth our fleshly Fire.
All other Pleasures have Displeasures mixt:
Joyes meet annoyes, and smiles have tears betwixt:
Yea, all Delights of Earth have ever been
Feslow'd or follow'd, by som tragick Teen.
But, who of Thee, and Thine, contemplates ever,
Scapes all the Fits of th' hot-cold cruell Fever
Of Fear, of Love, of Avarice, Ambition,
Which haunts all others, with small Intermission.
Man, labour-lesse, receives a rare Delight,
When hee observes the settled Order-right,
Whereby all Creatures (with, or wanting Sense)
Subsist, through thine Unchanging Providence.
What more content can Wee have here below,
More high, more happy? then, but This to know
(This certain Sum) That, when This world began,
Thou mad'st Man for Thy-Self, and All for Man?
Th' Horse was not made to glorifie thy Name,
Nor th' Elephant to magnifie the same:
Man, onely Man, hath mem'ry, voyce and wit
To sing thy Praise, and sound thy Glory, fit.
And, to serve Thee, as Hee is sole ordain'd;
So, to serve Him, Thou hast the rest detrain'd:
All things that flee, that walk, that craul or swim,
Yea, Heav'n and Earth, and All, are vow'd to Him.
For Him, the Earth yeelds Herbs, Trees Fruits, &
(To sundry purpose, and of sundry powrs) (Flowrs,
Corn of all kindes, in Vallies far and wide
(For Bread and Drink) and dainty Vines beside.
For him, the Rocks a thousand Rivers gush:
Here, rouling Brooks; There silver Torrents rush;
Indenting Meads and Pastures, as they passe,
Whose smiling Pride peeps in their liquid Glasse.
For Him, the Mountains, downs, & Forrests breed
Buffs, Beefs, Sheep, Venzon; and the lusty Steed
To bear him bravely thorough thick and thin,
And silly Worms, his Silken Robes to spin.
For Him, the Bullock bears his painfull Yoak:
For Him, the Weather wears his curled Cloak:
For Him, the Birds their brooding-chambers build:
For Him, the Bees their Wax and Honey yeeld.
For Him, the Sea doth many millions nurse;
With whom, the Air helps both his panch & purse:
The Fire 's His Cook, to dresse th' aboundant Cheer
Which Air, and Sea, and Earth, doe furnish here.
Yea, Dragons, Serpents, Vipers venemous,
Have Fel, Fat, Blood; or somwhat good for us;
In Leprosie, or Lunacie apply'd:
And Triacle is also hence supply'd.

Hee

Hee (briefly) Hee hath use of all that is;
Winnes the most savage of the Savages;
None so fierce Lyon, but to tame hee wonts;
Nor Elephant so high, but that hee mounts.
And makes, besides, of his huge Bones and Teeth,
Hafts, Boxes, Combs, and more then many see'th.
Nay, more; for Him, the fell *Monocerote*
Bears in his brow a soveraine *Antidote*.
Yea, many soverain Remedies Hee finder,
For sundry Griefs, in Creatures of all kindes.
All (in a word) wilde and domestick too,
Som way or other him som service doe.
For food, Hee hath the flesh of Beasts and Birds:
For clothes, the Fleece, the Hair & Hide of Heards:
For house, each Quarr, and every Forrest offers:
For mettals, Mines furnish his Camp and Coffers.
For Him, the jarring Elements agree;
Fire cleers the Air: Air sweeps the Earth wee see;
Earth bears the Water: Water (moistly milde)
Cools Fire, calms Air, & gets the Earth with-child.
So, All is made for Man; and Man for Thee:
To love, and serve and Laud thy Majesty;
Thee above all, Thee onely to obey:
With thankfull soule walking Thy sacred way.
This doth He well, that yeelds his Will to thine;
Full of desires, if not of deeds divine:
Striving to stop, under the Spirits awe,
The members stubborn and rebellious Law.
For, Man consists of discordant accords
(What the great World, the little World affords.
There heav'n & earth; here earth & heav'n there are:
There War and Peace; Here also Peace and War.)
Hee hath a heav'nly soule, an earthly Sheath:
That, soars above; This ever pores beneath:
That, lightly wing'd all creatures comprehends;
This, leaden heeled, but to corruption tends.
The Spirit oft against the Flesh doth fight;
And somtimes, vanquisht by his Opposite,
Is carried Captive with the most dishonor,
After his Foe; and forc't to wait upon her;
Till rouz'd again, and raised by Thy Grace,
His striving Will recovers wonted place;
With better watch, and braver resolution,
To stand it out untill his dissolution.
Survaying then both heav'n and earth about,
Hee bringeth in what hee hath seen without;
And marking well th' Effects of natures visible,
Ascends by those unto their cause invisible.
For, but two Organs hath our soule whereby
To finde and know th' eternall Majesty:
Faith which beleeves the sacred *Word* of God;
And *Reason*, reading all his *Works* abroad.
Those Wonders send us, to their Author over;
Those certaine Motions, to their certaine Mover:
Then *Faith* conducts us, where our *Reason* leaves;
And, what th'eie sees not, that our *Faith* conceives.
Faith, firm and lively, doth our soules persuade,
That Thy high pow'r of nothing, all hath made:
Thine ESSENCE is eternally-Divine:
The *World* beginning had, and shall have fine.
Wee must not say, *Of Nought is formed Nought*
(Although to Man it may be justly brought.)
Th' eternall Spirit can all of nought produce;
And instantly, to nothing all reduce.
Nor may wee aske, *What th' eviternall-One,*
That space-lesse Space could find to doe alone.
His TRINE-ONE-Selfe to know and to partake,
Is (Countless) more then Thousand *Worlds* to make.
A passing Artist is no lesse compleat,
Then in composure, in his rare Conceit:
For, in the Knowledge, Art's perfection lyes;
And, *Works* deferr'd vail not the *Work-man's* Prize.
The minde's not idle, though the Hand awhile
Use neither Pen, Pencill nor Gouge, nor File.
The Mind's before the Work; and works within,
Upon th' *Idea* yet the Deed begin.
Would wee not say, the *World* were God indeed,
If from no other it did first proceed?
Eternall, onely is God's proper teame;
Alone preceeding Time, exceeding Term.
The *World* supports not Thee, nor Thee supplies:
Thou dost Thy-Self sustain, Thy-Self suffice:
And grosly errs who-ever shall suppose,
Thee, Infinite, within a *World* to close.
And, as wee may not match the heav'ns extense
Unto Thy Circle; infinite, immense:
No more may wee to Thine eternall-age,
Compare the *World's* short, brittle little age.
Before all time, Thou *Everlasting-One*,
Decree'dst in time to make the Sun and Moone.
The *World's* few dayes and ill (with little cumber)
Thy sacred Book will teach us soon to number.
What Book, what Brass, what marble ought can (show
But of an hundred thousand years ago?
Had Man been here, from an eternall Line,
Here must have been (sure) some perpetuall Signe:
Of years, Millions of Millions must have past
From th' endlesse Clue of th' eviternall-Vast:
In all these years, of all that did survive,
Of all their acts, could none to us arrive?
Wee hear (and often) of the *Babylonians*,
Medes, *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Macedonians*:
But, where's the Nation whose renowned glory
Hath liv'd an hundred thousand years in story?
Seek all *Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*) Authors round,
Of All, will MOSES be the Senior found:
Who (To his times) in expresse termes hath cast
Th' age of the *World*, with the *Descents* that past.
Now from his dayes to ours, what years amount,
Wee may with ease within few hours account;
And, adding Both, soon by the total finde
Th' age of the *World*, and of our crooked kinde.
Five thousand years, five hundred, forty eight,
This yeer are past; since first this *World* took date:
Since all the Heav'ns, Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, 1620.
Had, by thy WORD, their being and their birth.
Then was the *Heav'ns* Azure *Pavilion* spred,
And with *Star-Royals* spangled over-head:
Then those twin-*Princes*, with their train of *Light*,
Began their Kingdoms over day and night.
Then was the Air, the Earth, and Sea repleat
With birds, and beasts, and fishes small and great:
With plants, & trees, and fruits; each yeelding seed
To propagate their Kinds that should succeed.
Then (lastly) *Man* thy *Master-piece* of Art,
Thou did'st appoint to his Imperiall part;
Innobling him with *Sense* and *Reason*'s light,
And in his *Soule*, graving *Thine Image* right:

Gav'st

Gav'st him *Possession* of this earthly Throne,
And gracious *Promise* of the heav'nly One:
Immortall Soule, thou daign'st him to inspire,
Equall (almost) to thine owne heav'nly Quire.
And, as thy Spirit all other Spirits excels
(Angell, or other that in body dwels:)
So doth his body all else bodies passe
For comely forme, and for Majestick face.
All creatures else low on the ground doe pore,
And groveling feed: but (as was toucht before)
Man hath an *Upright* and a stately *Stature*,
With head aloft, agreeing to his nature;
Which properly is to behold the Skies,
To lift to Thee his heart, his hand, his eyes;
And by his Soule's discursive pow'r to peiz
Things past, and present, and of future dayes.
For, onely Man can measure, number, waigh;
True, False, Good, Evill: know, cast, sound, survay.
Man onely hath an in-reflecting Knowledge
Of his owne selfe (from Natures onely *Colledge*:)
Knows his own fast, his form, his load, his strength;
Knows that he lives, knows he must die (at length:)
And, that a ruled sober life and sage,
Preserves his health, and may prolong his age:
Knowes how to finde ease in his owne disease;
And, if need be, his neighbour to appease:
And for himself and others, make of flowrs,
Fruits, herbs and roots, Unguents of passing powrs.
But none so powrfull (when his Term is spent)
As can his owne or others death prevent:
For, our short Date (*Childe-age*, or *Wilde-age*) ends;
And now but seldome to *Old-age* extends.
Yet what is *Old-age* to ETERNITY?
To Man, expecting IMMORTALITY,
What is'r to live some three or fourscore yeer?
Or yet ten more (in Languor) linger here?
Of all our time-past underneath the Sunne,
Nothing remains, save good or evill done:
Hundreds of years, once past, are lesse (in Summe)
Then a few daies, or a few hours to-come.
For, to say truth, of Times three pointed Powrs,
Onely the Present (instant) Point is ours.
W'have of the Past, but vain imagination;
Of that To-com, but doubtfull expectation.
But, to th' Eternall, are all times alike
Instant, and present, dead as well as quick;
Ay is To-day with Thee: Lord, in Thy sight,
Both Past and Future are even equall bright.
Though in times, terms, the heav'ns revolved be;
A thousand years are but one day with Thee:
And shortest moment of one onely day
With Thee is as a thousand years (for ay.)
But, our set dayes, to us are long, or short;
As them good accidents, or bad consort:
Sobriety and Peace prolong our life:
Which is abbridg'd by Surfet and by Strife.
Excess or cares, now so cut-off our lives,
That of a thousand, not a man arrives
Neer to the Tythe of the admired age
Of those that liv'd in *Natures Pupillage*: (more;
Eight hundred years, nine hundred, some, some
In minde and body full of Natures store;
To stock the earth with Issue rationall,
And learn the course of heav'ns Star-spangled ball:
Which first of all, Their long observance found:
Then by degrees, they taught their heirs the ground:
And wee, from them (so eas'd of end-lesse pain)
Derive that Art, wee could not else attain.
In their long age they learn'd heav'ns full Careers
(Not to be compast in our span of years)
Whence one of them might in his life know more,
Then in our dayes, successively, a score.
Of their so long age who so doubtfull is,
Let him but looke in sacred *Genesis*:
Where *Moses* mentions divers famous men
So old; and shews their years as ours were then.
Th'all-drowning-floud-year did 12 months con-
And every month did his due daies retain: (tain,
Which made up one year of that *Patriarch*,
Who liv'd sev'n fifties, having left the *Ark*,
And was six hundred when hee came aboord:
Teaching his Sons his wondrous skill, by word.
See, see, (alas!) how our unhappy life
Is now abbridg'd, and charg'd with mischiefs rife.
Had wee not pleasure in thy works O God,
Soon must wee sink under the heavy load
Of Cares and Crosses (in a thousand things) (brings.
Which this our wretched, sad, short, Way-fare
O! let us therefore bend our best and most
To magnifie Thee, Lord, in all thine Host:
And so contempling all thy goodnesse giv'n,
With true content, begin (in earth) our heav'n.
Man knowing Thee, knows all that can be known:
And having Thee, hath all that is, his owne:
To long for Thee, is endlesse joy, internall:
Dispos'd to Thee, to dye, is life eternall.
Not knowing Thee; to Live, is daily Dying:
To rest without Thee, is continuall flying:
But all extremes of torments passing measure,
In Thee, and for Thee, are exceeding Pleasure.
Yet, no man ought to offer wilfull force
To his own Self; nor his owne soule divorce:
But patiently attend thy cheerfull Call;
Then, to Thy hands gladly surrender all.
Nor may wee ween our souls (as beasts) to dye;
And with our bodies vanish utterly:
Death's but a passage from a life of pains,
Unto a life where death-lesse joy remains.
W' have, after death another life to see:
As after Storms, a calme and quiet Lee:
As, after Sicknesse, Health: as, after Durance,
Sweet Liberty, with Safty and Assurance:
Two Contraries, oppos'd, in their Extreme,
Have this unfailing property in them:
That th' one's *Privation* is the others *Ens*:
So, death concluding, doth our life commence.
For, on each-other Contraries depend,
Chain'd (as it were) unto each others end;
Day after Night: Attonement after Strife;
And, after mortall Death, immortall Life.
Our soule's immortall then (wee must infer-it)
Having beginning of th' Immortall Spirit:
And they are brute (as beasts) that do contend,
That with our bodies, soules for ever end.
If there be God immortall, All-scient,
All-mighty, just, benign, benevolent;
Where were his wisedom, goodnesse, justice, power,
If Vice Hee damne not, nor give Vertue Dower?

Here

Here, for the most, the godly suffer still:
Th' ungodly here have most the winde at will:
Shall they not one-day change their difference?
And one-day look for diverse recompence?(presse:
Here, proud, rich, mighty; meek, poor, weak, op-
Lions kill Lambes; Fox strips the Fatherlesse:
O! is there not another life imperible,
Sweet to the guiltlesse; to the guilty terrible?
Who, for Thy sake their lives have sacrific'd;
In all the torments Tyrants have devis'd;
O! how unhappy were they, were there not
Crowns kept with Thee, for their eternall lot!
Then were we beasts, or worse then beasts indeed:
For Hee were best that could the worst exceed.
Then, *Let us eat, drink, dally*, might wee say:
If after this, there were no Shot to pay.
But leaving now that song of *Sensuality*,
Beleeve wee firm our blessed *Immortality*;
Blessed for those, that in Perseverance,
To Thee alone(Lord) their whole hopes advance.
Blessed for those, who in sincere Humility,
Acknowledging, as knowing their Debility:
Through th' old corruption of all *Adams* race;
Them-selves distrusting, onely trust thy *Grace*.
Thou Lord(alas!)know'st all our Imperfections,
Our vain Desires, our mutable Affections,
How prone wee are to fall; how wilde, how wood,
Pursuing evill, and eschewing good.
Th' incessant sway of our continuall ill,
Requires the grace of thy prevention still;
And th' odious fruits our Nature wonts to breed,
Lord, of Thy mercies have continuall need.
Of frailty therefore, when our foot shall slip,
Oe sway, or stray, or turn-awry, or trip;
Yet flat wee fall, vouchsafe thy helping hand,
To raise us, then; and make us, after, stand.
For, without Thee, our Force is Feeblenesse;
Our Wisdome Folly, Will is Waywardnesse:
Our Knowledge Ignorance, our Hope Despaire;
Our Faith but Fansie, and our All but Aire.
Without Thee, Lord, meer Idols are wee all;
W' have Eyes, but see not; Feet, but cannot craul:
Ears, but wee hear not; Senses without sense:
Soules without soule; without intelligence.
Without Thee, all our Counsels and Designes
Are but as Chaffe before the boyst'rous Windes;
Our preparations quickly come to nought;
Our enterprises vanish with a thought.
Without Thee, boot neither our foot, nor horse;
From Thee alone all things derive their force:
Thou only giv'st Vertue, Wisdome, Wealth,
Peace, Honour, Courage, Victory and Health.
Thou hold'st the hearts of Princes in thy hand,
Their strength, and state is all at thy command:
No chance of war, no pow'r, no policy;
But, changelesse, Thou giv'st losse or Victory.
By Thee *Kings raign*: bound equally to all
To weigh just Justice both to great and small;
To reach the good their Scepters helpfull vigour;
And teach the lewd their swords severest rigour.
Who them reject, or their just Lawes repugne;
Thine honour, and Thine ordinance impugne.
They owe their Subjects justice and defence;
Their Subjects Them, honor, obedience.
Each ought to pay Them(in degree and manner)
Tribute, where Tribute; Honor, to whom Honor;
And to the people; They their best protection,
And each his Owne; without mil-fond affection.
And thinke themselves (the while) thy Subjects
And bound the more thy sacred Lore to doe:(too,
To shew the more their vertues excellence,
The more their charge is, and their eminence.
Justice due Dooms slackly to execute,
Makes some disloyall, others dissolute;
Some too out-ragious, in wrongs greedinesse,
Others(on th' other side) in all Excesse.
'Thath oft been seen (*and in our times and climes*)
Good Princes smart for wicked peoples crimes:
And sometimes also for their Princes sin,
Subjects are plagued outward and within.
But, O! how highly happy is the Land
Where a just Prince doth Prudently command!
And where the people in a Love-bred awe,
Pay willing service, and obey the law.
O happy! both, People and Prince (in fine)
Where both obey thy sacred Lawes divine:
Who gratefully using blessings great and small;
Acknowledge Thee Owner and Lord of All.
Of Thee, in Fee, all Princes of the earth
Hold their Estates, Goods, Honors, Beeing, Birth;
And, without Thee, can neither keep, nor get,
Least point of honor, nor of earth least bit.
Their *Arsenals*, without Thee are but vain,
Their hoords of Treasure, and their heaps of Grain:
'Tis vaine without Thee, to affie in force
Of Men, Munition, Champions, Charrets, Horse.
Without Thee, Order is dis-order'd soon,
Valour soon vanquisht, Policy undone,
Number but Cumber: and a multitude
Of beaten Souldiers, beaten by few rude.
Thou, at thy pleasure, mak'st the deepest sea
Divide it selfe, to give thy servants way;
And suddenly, againe it selfe to close,
To over-whelm Thine and their stubborn foes.
Thou from the rock mak'st plēteous rivers spout,
For Thine to drink in sandy desarts drought.
And there, from heav'n send'st them exceeding store
Of Quails, for meat, till they can eat no more.
Thou fed'st them there, with Angels bread (a-
And gav'st them then a milk & hony soile: (while)
There, without stroak to conquer in the field;
And mine-less make their tumbling wals to yeeld.
To shew the use and pow'r of humble prayer;
And how to Thee behooves us still repaire;
While heart and hands *Moses* to heav'n doth strain,
Renowned JOSUAH conquers in the plain.
Thou, at thy pleasure, mak'st the Sun to stay;
And without night, to make one double day;
To give thy servants compleat victory;
And ever-raze their foes foul memory.
Thou to expresse thy pow'r(in *Gedeons* Raign)
Hast by three hundred, six-score thousand slain;
And by one man, one Goad-groom(Silly *Sangar*)
Destroy'dst six hundred in religious anger.
Thou canst in one a thousands strength compress,
And place it strangely in his slender Tresse;
Which cut, hee lost, and then re-grown, re-gain'd;
And dying, more then living, foes hee brain'd
Thou

Thou turn'dst to grasse a King of *Babylon*:
And set'st a Shepheard on a Regall Throne.
Thou slew'st a Gyant, by a gentle Lad,
Who, for a *Pistoll*, but a Pebble had.
How many troubles had that Prophet-Prince!
For happy service, hatefull recompence;
Through hill and dale, hunted from place to place:
Yet still preserv'd by thine assisting grace;
And set, at last, upon his Masters Throne,
Subduing all civill and forrain foen:
Then, in Thine honour warbles many-a Psalm;
And hoary, leaves his Son, his Kingdome calm.
By thee, his Son, renowned *Salomon*,
Obtain'd the Name of *Wisdomes Paragon*:
For, asking only That, Thou gav'st him wealth,
Honour and peace withall, and pow'r and health.
And, as good Princes thus Thou dost advance;
So bring'st thou down fell tyrants arrogance:
Such as, transported in their Pride extreme,
Dare wrong thy Saints, or thy drad Self blaspheme.
Senacherib must this confesse, and rew,
With nine-score thousand which thine Angel slew,
Of his proud Hoast; besides th' unkindly slaughter
Of his owne Selfe, by his owne Sons soon after.
So that *B'al*-blinded, blood-soild, sin-soild Pair
(In whose sad dayes the zeal full *Thesbits* pray'r,
For sev'n six months, seal'd-up thy heav'nly dewes)
Thy pow'r, truth, justice, in their judgement shews.
Oft-times, thy hook hales moody Tyrants back;
Oft-times themselves by their own swords to wrack:
Sometimes, by Womens weake unwarlike hands,
Thou conquer'st Captains, & cõfound'st their bands.
Yea, Lord, at all times, in extremest straights,
Thy sacred Arme, or secret Army waits,
To succour Thine (from famine, sword, and fire:
And all the plots that foes or fiends conspire)
And them so daily, to supply, support
(Their wants, their weakness) in so various sort,
That all thy wonders of this kinde to count,
Even past examples, past all numbers mount.
But, All thy mercies, unto all, and each (reach!
Of thine elect; what words, what thoughts can
What thou hast said, and done unto Thy *Vine*,
Thy *Love*, thy *Dove*, that little flock of thine!
To whom thou spakest divers waies of old;
In Visions, Dreames, Types, Figures manifold;
By Priests and Prophets; sealing oft thine Oracles
Of wrath, or mercy; with respective miracles.
And last of all, when Times full term was run,
Sent'st us from heav'n Thine owne and only SON;
Whom co-eternall God Thou didst ingender, (dor;
Thine owne *grav'n Image*, Thine own glories splen-
Th' eternall Word, by whom, when all began,
Thou madest All; and since, re-madest Man:
The *Mediatour*, and the *Umpire*, giv'n
To reconcile revolted earth to heav'n.
Who to impart to us his Immortality,
Took part with us in this our fraile Mortality;
And, in all things (except all sin alone)
A perfect Man, put all our Nature on.
Borne in the world, to make us born-a new:
In poverty, us richly to endue:
Humbling himselfe, that wee might raised be:
In servant's form, to make us ever free:
Came down to earth, us up to heav'n to mount:
Was tempted here, our tempter to surmount:
Dy'd to destroy the strength of death and sinne;
And rose againe, our righteousnesse to win.
How oft did hee visite the poore and sick!
Cure the Distracted, and Paralitique;
Restore the Blinde, Deaf, Dumb, and Dead revive;
And Satans Captives from his rage reprive!
How many Idiots did hee make excell
The *Wisest Masters* in all *Israel*!
How many rude, plain, silly fisher-men,
Rare pow'rfull Preachers; fishers (then) of Men!
How many sin-sick did hee inly cure;
And deep soule-wounded binde-up, and assure!
How many Proud, Loose, Cruell, Covetous,
Made hee Meek, Modest, Gentle Bounteous.
By him, dear Father, come wee Thee to know,
Thy *Word*, thy *Will*; to frame our own Will so:
By Him alone, Wisedome wee seek and find:
In cares and crosses, to confirme our mind.
By Him alone, Thy sacred truth wee learn
From subtlest errors cleerly to discern:
By Him all clouds of darknesse are dispell'd;
Idolatry and Heresie resell'd.
By Him, wee pray to The, and what wee crave
In lively faith, wee are assur'd to have:
Heav'ns kingdom first, soules feast, and bodies food,
Grace, Comfort, Peace, and every needfull Good.
By Him, be wee Thy Children of Adoption,
Co-heires of heav'n, and vessels of Election,
Becomming Man, Hee is become our Brother;
So, happy wee, have also Thee our Father.
By Him, of Thee, thine holy Spirit wee have;
Which in our hearts thy Law doth lively grave:
The Comforter, the Spirit of truth, of love,
Of Pow'r, of Peace, of Wisdome from above:
The Spirit, which stayes us, when in storms wee
And steers us steddy in our calmer Tyde: (ride;
Which kils the flesh, and chils insatiate fires;
To quicken soules, and kindle heav'ns desires:
Which brings the straies home to Thy holy Fold,
Gives Stutters Tongues, & makes the bashfull bold;
Opens the Sense of sacred Mysteries;
Gives form or life to every thing that is. (ceiling,
In Him, Thou built'st Thy heav'n of heav'ns ex-
Thy Court prepar'd for Saints eternall dwelling:
In Him Thou mad'st the World and All to move
In every part, as doth it best behoove.
Hee, to the fainting heart new heart procures,
Confirmes the feeble, fearfull soules assures;
Gives faith and hope, love, grace and godly zeal.
Happy those soules where hee delights to dwell.
For, Those Hee fils with his aboundant treasures,
In divers manners, and in divers measures:
As divesfly befits thy Churches state,
To *Plant*, or *Prune*, or *Prop*, or *Propagate*.
To some hee gives a cleer, quick apprehension:
To som, deep judgement; som, divine invention:
To som, the door of gracefull Eloquence;
To som, the store of Wisdoms excellence:
Som, to interpret with divine dexterity
The sacred secrets of th' eternall Verity:
Som (School-lesse, Scholler; Learned, studi-lesse)
To understand and speak all Languages;

Som

Som (to confirm their Office, and Thine Oracles)
To work strange Wonders, great & many Miracles;
Revive the dead, recover native evils,
Cure all Diseales, and even cast out Devils.
Such are th' effects, works, vertues, gifts, & graces,
Which by degrees, in divers times and places,
Thy holy Spirit to silly men hath giv'n;
From them, to Thee, to raise our hearts to heav'n.
And as in our fraile bodies (through variety
Of members fitted into one Society)
One very soule doth actions different,
Some more, some lesse, noble or excellent:
So in the mystick body of Thy Sonne
(Where many Members Love unires in One)
Thine owne One Sp'rit, works actions admirable,
Among themselves more or lesse honourable.
Yet orderly, each his owne Rank observes;
And properly, each his owne office serves:
Not boasteth any, other not to need:
For oft the least, the most of all doth steed.
Therefore the stronger must the weak support:
The safe and sound, cheer the afflicted sort:
The rich and mighty, not despise Inferiours;
Neither the mean, envie or hate Superiours.
Were All a Head, in this faire frame of *Man*;
Where were the Foot, the Hand, the Stomack than?
Were All a Tongue, where should the Eye becom?
Were all an Eye, where should the Ear have room?
O Spirit Eternall! which hast all compos'd;
In Number, Measure, Order, All dispos'd:
Make Charity Us (mutuall members) move;
Unite our Spirits in thy perpetuall Love.
Quench all contentions, errours, heresies,
Which o're our mindes and bodies tyrannize:
Quench all concupiscence, and foule desire,
Which both our bodies and soules death conspire.
Vouchsafe our souls rest, without Schismick strife;
Our bodies health, through chaste and sober life.
What could wee ask? what should we rather crave,
Then in sound bodies as sound soules to have?
Sound is the body kept, by keeping chaste,
With mod'rate exercise, and mean repast:
Sound is the soule, which resteth (sober-wise)
Content in Thee, un-vext in vanities.
Sound is the soule, free from all self-sedition
Of Pride, Hate, Envie, Avarice, Ambition,
And all the crowd of Mans concupiscence;
Binding His will to Thy obedience.
Who is so bound (Thy Servant) is most free:
Most rich, who leaves all riches else, for Thee:
Most easie rests, who most for Thee endures:
Most self-distrusting, most Thy strength assures.
So Thee to Serve, is even to *Reign*: in brief,
So to obey, is to command in chief.
To walke thy wayes, is onely *Liberty*.
To learn Thy *Learning*, ENCYCLOPAEDIE.
O! happy those that stand in such a state,
And in Thy Statutes alwaies meditate:
Or, if they slip, or trip, or faile or fall,
Return betimes, and for Thy mercy call.
For, though thy Law in fiery thunder giv'n,
Threat still the stubborn, with revenge from heav'n,
Thy gracious Gospel offers pardon free,
To humbled soules that sigh in faith to Thee.
And Thou, who wilt not sinners die, but live,
Hast promis'd all, so suing to forgive.
This Word is truth: Thy promise to fulfill,
Thou (God of truth) hast ever Pow'r and Will.
O! bounteous Thou, which dost so oft repaire
Our broken soules, and keep'st them from despaire:
And blessed wee, whose faith in Love's Physicion,
Assures our hope of all our sins remission.
Who-so hath sorrow for his sinfullnesse,
Purpose to mend, desire of holinesse,
Trust in Thy mercy; hath no need to doubt
But by Thy grace his sins are wiped out.
O Cordiall word! O comfortable breath!
Reviving soules, even in the gates of death!
From jawes of hell, raising our hope to heav'n!
Therefore, dear Lord, to Thee all praise be giv'n.
Who shall accuse us now, if Thou acquight?
God being with us, what can us affright?
Our faith in Thee (O!) what can shake, or shock:
So surely fixt upon so firme a Rock?
What shall divide us, Lord, from love of Thee?
Shall shame? shall sorrow? shall adversity?
Shall famine? plague? war? wealth, or want? (in sum)
Shall life? shall death? things present, or to come?
Stay, stay us, Lord, and steel our feeble hearts
Against the sting of temporary smarts:
Draw, draw our soules neer to thy self, O Lord,
With powrfull touches of Thy Spirit and Word.
Guide, guide our steps still in Thy gracious way,
During our durance in this house of clay:
That when this Prison shall be broken down,
Wee may with thee receive a glorious Crown.
So shall wee ever, with a voice divine,
Sing *Haleluiahs* to th' ETERNALL TRINE:
Record Thy mercies, which all thoughts surmount:
And thus the glory of Thy deeds recount:

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,
How infinite! how excellently-rare!
How absolute Thy Works, thy wonders are!
How-much Their Knowledge is to be desir'd!
How, THOU, in All, to be of All admir'd!

FINIS.

Micro-cosmo-graphia:

THE LITTLE-VVORLDS DESCRIPTION;

OR,

THE MAP OF MAN

(From *Latin Saphiks* of that Famous, late, *Preacher* in London, Mr. HENRY SMITH.)

Translated;

AND

Dedicated

To the Right Honourable,

HONORIA,

Lady HAY,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO

THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE

HONORIA,

VVife of JAMES, Lord HAY, Sole Daughter and Heire of EDVVARD Lord DENNY.

EQually bound, *in humble* Gratitude,
To two *dear* Equals (*to You equall Dear*);
Unable (*yet*) *with* Both *at once to* cleer,
Unwilling *yet*, *with* Either *to be* rude:
Faine would I crave *to have my* Bond *renew'd*,
For a more Happy, *or more* Hopefull *Year*,
When gracious Heav'n *shall daign* to *set me* freer
From old cold Cares, *which keep my* Muse *unnew'd*.
Would You *be pleas'd* (Madame) *to interpose*
Your gentle breath, *I would not doubt to* speed:
Such vertue hath Your Vertue *still with* Those.
Therefore in Hope *of* Your *kinde* Help (*at need*)
This simple Pledge *I* Offer *at Your* Feet;
Altar of Love, *Where* both *Their* Vowes *do meet*.

Your Honourable Vertues

humble Votary

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE MAP OF MAN.

Sing not, but (in sighes abrupt)
Sob-out the State of MAN, corrupt
By th' old Serpent's *baneful breath;*
Whose strong Contagion still extends
To every creature that descends
From th' old Little-World *of Death.*
Dread-dear Creator, *new-create*
Thy Creature: Saviour *expiate*
This, *and all our Owne* Addition:
O sacred Spirit, *Our Spirits renew;*
Informe, reforme, and tune Mee true,
To condole our sad Condition.
In earth Man wanders (Pilgrim-wise)
Hopes, doubts; desires, faints; freezes, fryes;
Crossed, tossed to and fro:
Hee turnes, hee windes; hee findes no good:
Hee ay complaines that Evill 's floud
(Farre and wide) doth over-flow.
His Birth (in sinne) begins in tears;
His Life is rife in pains and fears;
Will-hee, nill-hee, spoyling sport:
His Death with groans, in doubtfull-case,
Sends him, God knowes, unto what place:
Blest none rest, but in the Port.
The Flesh against the Spirit rebels:
The Spirit againe the Flesh repels;
Ever striving, never still:
And suddenly, while these contend,
Their common Foe, the cursed Fiend,
Findes advantage Both to kill.
Earth (Step-dame-like) sharp Rods doth yeeld,
To scourge her Sonnes: the Sea is fill'd
(Both above and under too)
With hideous Horrors, past report:
Th' Air whirling in tempestuous sort,
Beats, and threats All to undoe.
The Countrey's rude, and foe to Fame;
The Court more brave, and more to blame;
Painted Faces, graces fain'd:
The Citie (There, O! bad's the best)
Seat of deceit, and Misers nest;
Gold their God, ungodly gain'd.
Jarre at the Barre: Stews at the Stage;
In Way-fare, Theeves: in War-fare, Rage;
Noyse abroad: Annoyes at home:
In Churches, Purchase Profanation,
Fiends seeming Saints; Abomination;
Every-where, no feare of *Doome.*
The Throne 's not given unto the Just;
The faithfull is not put in trust;
Prophets are not held for true:
Nor loyall lov'd, nor learned grac't,
Nor weary eas'd, nor Worthy plac't:
Nor hath any here his due.
The impudent, the insolent,
The foole, the friend in complement,
And the sly, wee see (by proofe)
Held eloquent, magnanimous,
Right pleasant, kinde, ingenious;
And the Wealthy wise enough.
Reward is heard: words are but winde:
Each Art is long; Life short confin'd:
Might makes Right in every Cause.
Physick is vile, and vilely us'd;
Divinity disdain'd, abus'd;
Under-foot men tread the *Lawes.*
The Rich with rage, the Poore with plaints,
With hate the Wise, with scorne the Saints,
Evermore are curstly crost:
With painfull toile the Private-man,
The Nobler states with envie wan,
Without end are torne and tost.
If good, hee fares no better for't;
If bad, no worse they him support:
Fortune serveth all alike.
Though shee simper, though shee smile,
Though shee laugh outright awhile,
Shee is alwayes slippery-sleeke.
Who lately served, Lords it now:
Who lately beeked, now doth bow:
Valleys swell, and Mountains sink:
Who lately flourisht, now doth fade:
Who late was strong, now feeble made,
Feeding Worms, in Dust doth stink.
So Lowly rests: so, Lofty rues,
Say that one might his fortune chuse,
Under Heav'n to have his will;
'T would be a doubt among the Wise,
Whether it better were to rise
To high state, or so sit still.
Phant'sie conceives, Reason receives,
Passion repugnes (and patience reaves).
What I wish, What I desire,
I see: and Sense importunes so,
I covet, I commend it too:
Then againe it doth retire.
Sense, whither now? 'Tis griefe to see
What flits so fast so suddenly.
Reason, whither roams thy reach?
What hurts, were better still be hid,

And

And still unknowne: O! ill-bestid!
Poor in store, in Wealth a wretch.
When Fortune comes, shee meanes our Wrack;
And when shee goes, shee breaks our back:
Comming, going, all is one.
For, what shee gives shee takes away,
Unkinde and blinde, inconstant ay;
Frank to few, and firme to none.
Oft have I canvas'd, whether Case
Is Worst; the Fall'n, or th' ever-Base:
Yet, scarce can I it decide.
The Fall proves plainly for the first:
Want pleads, that ever-Want is worst;
Partiall to their proper side.
It irks the Fall'n to have been High;
Th' ay-Poor could wish hee had been By;
Either others state would glad.
If even in gladnesse sadnesse grow,
Were not I somewhat glad also,
How extreme should I be sad!
If Care wee take, it Health impaires:
If not, it takes us un-awares:
Whether should wee seek or shun?
Whether (to passe unto the next)
The good or bad be most perplext,
Is another Question.
The Guilty suffers for his fault:
The Guilt-lesse doubts no lesse assault
By Mis-fortune: both desire
To live on earth, to draw this breath;
Both feare to dye; and after death,
Torment of eternall Fire.
Hence, slow dayes labour wears us thin:
Hence, lightly, nightly fears begin:
Hence, rathe Rising, and late Rest:
Hence, toughest storms, and roughest streams;
Hence, griping Cares, and ghastly Dreams,
Waking, sleeping, doe molest.
Winter's too-cold: Summer's too-hot;
Autumne too-moyst (which breeds the Rot)
All the hope is in the Spring.
The lively Spring is lovely faire:
But if keen yce, then chill the Aire,
Little pleasure doth it bring.
Seas drowne the Vales; the Winds do heave
The Hils to heav'n; the Rocks they cleave.
Bold Ambition stands amaz'd,
Expecting where to build a Fort
So strong, and rampyr'd in such sort,
That it never may be raz'd.
Peace is too-drown'd in lust and sloth:
Warre is too-drunke with blood and wrath;
That, too-gandie: This, too-grim.
Mens mindes are all so delicate,
So soft, and so effeminate,
Small things, all things, grievous seem.
Either the Head doth alwayes ake,
Or Palat slip, or Palsey shake,
Or our Belly roars within;
Or else with Choler wee abound,
Or else with Phlegm, or else (unsound)
Tumour's humours, scald our skin.
What dread of Death, What greedy Lust,
What Surfeit, Sloth, and Deeds unjust,
Daily plunge in perils rife;
What sword consumeth every houre,
And what the Plague doth quick devour,
Lengthens Phylick, shortens life.
Where 's now *Æneas*? Where 's his Son?
Where 's *Hercules*? Where 's *Salomon*?
Where is *David*? Where is *Saul*?
Where 's *Cyrus*, *Caesar*, and the rest?
Ah! Hee and Theyare all deceast:
I must follow: so must all.
Hark: Thou, whom most the People hailes;
The wisest erres: the justest failes;
Strongest limpeth now and than:
The humblest swels; the sobrest sips:
The holyest sins; the wariest slips:
God is fault-lesse; never, Man.
Too-curious or too-carelesly,
Too-lavish or too-slavishly,
By the Foole or by the Knave;
Too-craking or too-cravenly,
Too-hatefull or too-gratefully:
Haste or waste marrs all wee have.
Ambition 's end is Rule and Reigne:
Crueltie 's Conquest: Guile's is Gaine,
To grow rich by hook or crook;
Juggling, and struggling, strife in all:
No Triumph without Fight will fall;
War-lesse, none for Peace may look.
Wee think, but never can intend,
Good thoughts well to begin; or end
If perhaps they be begun:
Or, if wee end them, never finde
(How-ever rare, in any kinde)
Recompence when wee have done.
Our heart it hath an in-borne Guest,
Will-ill (it hight): it posteth prest
To the Tongue, ill words to vent:
Desire, then rushes to ill Deeds:
Vengeance anon the Fact succeeds:
Thus comes Ill to punishment.
If safe, this Snake, wee choak or charm;
Within, againe wee hug it warm,
Daring, doubting, up and downe;
Till Lust, as lighter, up doth surge:
And th' horror of the fearfull scourge,
Fall, as heavier, to the ground.
Come flesh, be frolike, take delight,
Let 's revell now: 't will once be night:
Shall a little Gout, or Colick,
Or sudden Qualm, or sullen Care,
Or addle fit of idle Feare
Mar thy mirth? Come Flesh be frolick,
What seeks, wee shun; What shuns, wee seek:
What helps, wee loath; What hurts, wee like!
Bird in hand wee leave for bush,
For, what wee want wee panting crave;
And loosely lavish what wee have:
Brag of that should make us blush,
With-child with mirth, wee bring-forth scorn;
Wee bring up Furie; over-born
(Mov'd and moving) either way:
Too-sorry, or too-merry-mad:
The happy Meane is never had,
While wee wretches here doe stay.

Wee reigne and serve; wee want and flow:
Wee joy and mourne; wee freez and glow:
Vowes wee make and break (together):
Wee build and batter; joyne and jarre:
Wee heap and scatter; make and marre:
And wee flourish, and wee wither.
Wee look to Heav'n, and leap to Hell:
Our Hope and Feat (by turns) rebell;
Plunging down, or puffing-up:
Please would wee faine, but finde demurre;
Please might wee well, did Will concurre:
Sloth doth stay, and Lust doth stop.
So still wee stand, and whine the while;
Nought labour boots; nor love, nor wile:
All is lost, when 'tis too-late.
Evils to th' evill, and the good
Are dayly sent: and if with-stood
Wee but faster foster *Fate*.
I will at once give-over quight
Both to be wicked and upright,
To doe either right or wrong:
For, goods well-gotten, grow but thin,
Get hardly up, come slowly in:
And th' ill-gotten last not long.
What shall I doe? If I forbear
My cause-lesse Foe, I blush, I fear
His Despight and my Disparage.
If to revenge mee, I resolve;
It satisfies, when I revolve
None 's all-faultlesse, in all Carriage.
When I have spar'd, I wish t' have spoke:
And when I speak, I would revoke;
Better pleas'd t' have held my peace:
Would God I could (as Wiser-ones)
Both speak and hold my peace at once;
So to live at quietnesse.
Deare Minde, how dost Thou? Frayle and sick,
My Flesh implores thy succour quick:
Canst? O! canst thou cure her griefe?
O! daign (I pre-thee) then with speed
To help thy servant now at need;
Send her Reason for reliefe.
For, *Faithfull* Minde 's firm Resolution
Cures oftentimes th' ill Constitution
Of a body sick-inclin'd:
But, then the Body (late deplor'd
For weak estate) to health restor'd,
Grows a burthen to the Minde.
O Sin-bred hurt! O in-bred Hell!
Nor full, nor fasting, never well?
Never sound? what shall I say?
Once all was well, and would be now
Better then ever, if that Thou
Cursed sin wert quite away.
But now (alas!) all mischiefe lyes
In Ambush with all miseries,
Mans Confusion to conspire:
Desire and *Feare* at-once torment:
Feare is a Tyrant; Mal-content,
And insatiate is *Desire*.
Who fears? who mourns? who wants? who wanders?
Ah! onely Men (Wilie ill-Commanders).
Man alone abounds therein.
Loud Lamentations, lasting Terrors,
Heart-wounding Wants, and wilfull Errors,
Had not been; had Man not been.
Here Pestilence, there Hungers Jaw;
Here Drink, there *Duel*, there the Law,
Snatches one or other hence.
Here crosse, there care: or (better blest)
Who hap these Haps to scape the best,
Age devoures without dispense.
Perpending This in minde perplext,
The miserable (Envie-vext)
Cryes, *O Beasts, O Fowles, O Fish!*
You happy, harmlesse, stormlesse things,
Precise in *Natures* Lessonings,
Live you long: You life may wish.
But, I think, better not be borne;
Or, born, hence quickly to returne
To our Mothers dusty lap;
Then living, daily here to dye,
In cares, and feares, and miserie,
By Mis-heed, or by Mis-hap.
While hunger gripes mee gut and gall,
While burning thirst for drink doth call,
While for cold I quake: alas!
In languor long I linger-on.
O! happy Those, whose Woes, whose Mone,
Ridding quick doth quickly passe.
The Stout, the Coward, and the Meek,
All skirmish under *Fortune* like,
Striking all with Mischiefs ay;
The Stout repugns, the Patient prayes,
The Hare-like Coward runs his wayes;
Fortune differs not, but They.
Too-peevish This, Too pleasant That,
(Too-fierce, or too-effeminate)
Golden Mean can hardly stand
Betwixt these Two Extremes, upright;
'Tis worn so weak, and waigh'd so light:
Error playes on either hand.
Wedlock, with Wife and Children clogs:
The Single-Life, Lusts heavier Logs:
(Rare's the Gift of *Continence*):
The Young-man stalks, the Old-man stoops,
That over-dares, This ever droops:
Th' Infant craules through Impotence.
Masters taxe Servants, proud, slut, slow;
Servaots, Churle Master, Mistresse Shrow:
Either Others Fault can finde.
The Daughter thinks her Mother froward;
Mother her Daughter deems un-toward:
Kit (they say) will after kinde.
Princes doe envie Subjects Wealth;
Subjects doe envie Princes Health:
Each doth envie others Good;
All, all doe envie *Learnings* Honour
(If any be confer'd upon her)
O! ô wicked, wretched Mood!
The Souldier likes the Rusticks Calm;
The Clowne affects the Souldiers Palm:
Thus doth *Envie* inly fret-her:
Our Pastures parch, our Heards be poore;
Our Neighbour thrives in every store:
Others Crop is ever better.
Fond Lovers languish at their eyes:
The Wrathfull fosters and defies

Frenzies, Furies, (wayward Elves:)
What need yee call for Whip or Scourge?
Their punishment what need wee urge?
Their Selves-errors scourge themselves.
Fear hunts the Coward at the heel;
The Cruell, still revenging steel;
Ruine Him that Ruine seekes;
Heavy Revenge on haynous Crimes:
Yea, in the sin, the Plague, some-times;
Heav'ns just hand so justly strikes.
Sorrow and Shame, for what is past;
Care, of the present; Fear (fore-cast)
Of the danger yet to-come;
Make all false pleasures shorter seem,
And sharper too in pain extreme.
Then even Paine it selfe to some.
If I be merry, I am mad
(Say the Severe:) if Sober-sad,
Merry Greeks mee Meacok call.
Is't possible for any-Man,
At-once to please (do what hee can)
God, Himselfe, the World, and all?
Who *Greatnesse* hautily affects,
Who *Great things* happily effects;
That is hated, This envi'd:
But, hoping *Greatnesse*, who so haps
To faile (or fall in After-claps)
Him the Vulgar dare deride.
VERTUS is vanquisht by her foes,
Whose Triumph even their Fore-head showes,
'Tis a shame to be ashamed;
But shall I tell (and tell thee true)
Thy Fate (the fruit that shall ensue
Shame-lesse shamefull life untamed)?
This Fate then falls to be Thine owne,
Such shalt thou reap as thou hast sowne:
Wages like thy Work expect.
Who here their Dayes in evill spend,
Shall suffer evills, without end;
Such is *Minos* Doom direct.
Then, swagger, flagger, spend and spoile;
Steal and conceale, and keep a coile.
Quickly shalt thou all forgoe;
Kill, conquer, triumph: down againe
Shalt thou be cast; bouz, beat, disdaine:
Th' End's at-hand, and comes not slow.
The wise bewaile mens follies rife,
And faine would cure their vicious life
With *Recens* of heav'nly Skill:
But sin-sick Fools (what-ever prick,
Benum'd by Custome) lethargike,
Care not, fear not, feel no ill.
Who knoweth much, much ill hee knowes:
Who little reaks, much good forgoes.
Hence perplexed doubts hee casts;
What is great Knowledge? What so much
Of Learning? or of Book-skill such?
But great Blazes, and light Blasts?
While *Plato*, sportive, doth despise,
The sullen *Cynics* Sloven-guise:
Hee as fast (on th' other side)
Doth *Plato*'s pomp as much condemn
And trample-on: Were both of them
Who can tell mee?) Wise, or Wide?
Democritus, here, laughs a-good:
Heraclitus, there, weeps a flood.
Glad and sad would mend us faine:
But now, so stubborn-stiffe is Man,
That Tears, nor Tunes, nor ought else can
Faults restore, nor Fates restrain.
Sloth here wanteth Want for Mate;
Thrift, Sweat and Labour macerate;
Either in their issue languish:
So, Health is never without sin,
Nor Sicknesse without paine with-in:
Outward Ache, or inward Anguish.
Service is to th' lofty minde
A Curb, a Spur to th' abject Hinde;
Seld or never stoops the Will:
The Vulgar voice, the Common cry
Is, *Welcome*, *Welcome*, *LIBERTY*;
Good for good, but ill for ill.
A griefe it is alone to be;
But more, to have ill company:
More or lesse (alas!) by This,
Appeareth plaine, when all is done,
(As Proofe hath found) that under Sunne,
Here 's no full, no perfect *Blisse*.
Who never yet himselfe could please,
What can content? What use? What ease?
What availeth Wealth at will?
Needy and naked here I live:
To die, it doth mee nothing grieve;
But to perish, and live still.
I look to heav'n and there (alas!)
With feare I see my Judges Face,
Auditing my summes of sin:
I thinke of Hell, and then I burne
Like *Ætna*: then to earth returne,
Cares and Fears there never lin.
This feel I, thus I justly fare:
O Man! learne quickly, and have care
Sacred Duties to observe,
This life is rife in troubles sore:
But yet (alas!) a Million more
Our Rebellion doth deserve.
Much like, or worse then *former* Age,
The *futures* Face wee may presage:
Better seldome comes, they say.
Now right, now wrong; now Good, now ill;
Now Fiend, now Friend; now Good, now Will,
Seem to have alternate Sway.
Nothing is *gratis* given nor got:
Each labours more or lesse (God wot)
With the hand or with the head:
None without Art or Vertue thrive;
Nor Art, nor Vertue all atchieve:
Onely, these, not alwayes sped,
What should I seek or sue for much,
To live at Rest? Content is Rich.
Fortune often is too-free,
And often kils where shee's too-kinde:
But, had wee once an equall Minde
VVee should all contented be.
But every one is too-secure,
In sunny Dayes; and in obscure.
Too-dejected in Desire:
Hence, over-faint, or over-full;

Too-

Too-pyned, or too-plentifull,
  Fry wee all with inward Fire.
Now, Duſt her duſtie Brood expects:
Come, Earth to Earth (of either Sex).
  Pleaſure trembles at her Call;
Cryes-out of Haſte, complains of Heav'n:
But Paine and Sorrow (narrow-driven)
  Are well pleas'd, and ear'd withall.
Who gives mee grace to guſh-out Tears,
And lends mee ſpace to poure forth Prayers;
  Yet, both ſeeming to neglect?
'Tis God the dreadfull, Sinners Scourge;
The gracious God, which oft doth purge
  Ills with Pils, in his Elect.
Behold mee, Thou that didſt beſtow
Thy Son on Mee; Forgive mee, Thou
  That didſt ſuffer for my Sin:
Aſſiſt and ſtay mee evermore
Thou, Thou that here ſo oft before,
  In my breſt a Gueſt haſt bin.
Regard us, Lord, unworthy though;
Thy Glory ſeek, thy Mercy ſhow;
  Enemies approach apace:
Wee faile, wee fall, wee cannot ſtand,
Our Foes will have the upper hand;
  But Thou help us with thy Grace.
Witneſſe my Self that here lie ſlain,
But, by Thy Touch reviv'd again;
  Glad to live, to live to Thee:
And yet deſire to be diſſolv'd
(When my due Date ſhall be revolv'd)
  As more happy far for Mee.
Shew mee the *Holy Land*, which flowes
With Milke and Hony (*Saints Repoſe*)
  Traine mee in the new commerce,
In the New Art of *Better Life*:
Then fare-well *Muſes*, fare-well Striſe:
  In Thy Courts I will converſe.
I cannot ſtrike Apollo's *ſtring*,
Study for Heav'n and timely ring
  Sacred Aaron's *golden Bell*;
Nor ſing at-once the Theſpian *Songs*;
And ſerve my Countrey, as belongs:
  Therefore, MUSES, *here Fare-well*.

FINIS.

CERTAINE EPIGRAMS OF
The same Master *H. S.*
Translated; and Dedicated
To my dear-affected, due-respected,
Dr. HALL, and Dr. HILL.

Owe you Each *a larger Summe:*
Why bring I then to Both *a crumme?*
To shew you Both, *my* Shifts, *to live,*
Even faine to Borrow, *what I* Give:
But Better so, then (illushlesse) steale
Others Conceits; *or Debts* conceale.
Till more my Might, divide *this Mite*:
A Larke (*they say*) is worth a Kyte.
Some Greater, greater things present,
Of lesser Worth, *or worser* meant;
GOD measures *not our* Work, *but* Will:
Doe You *the* like: *and* love *mee still.*

J. S.

1. Of a King.

Extirp, extoll; know, keep; love, learne (from High)
Bad, Good; Thy Self, The Lawes-path; Peace, to Dye.

2. Of a Lawyer.

Live just (Justinian) *still: shield, shun, suppresse;*
Good-mens Good-Cause, Bribes, Brawling-Peevishnesse.

3. Of a Physician.

Hee that can Cure the Sick, *and keep the* Sound,
Shall be My Leach (Whether Hee Kill, or Wound).

4. Of a Divine.

Know God; know'n, teach Him; as thou teacheſt, tread;
So shall thy Flock be as well taught, as fed.

5. Of a Judge.

Both blinde and lame I judge Thee best to make;
Lest that thine Eyes mis-give, thy Hands mis-take.

6. Of a Husbandman.

Good-morrow bids the Cock, th'Owle bids Good-night,
To Countrie-Cares: I bid, GOD *speed them right.*

7. Of a Captaine.

In War and Peace, CHRIST *is the sole Commander,*
To lead *to God-ward: follow still His Standard.*

Of all the Seven.

So *Rule, Plead, Practise, Preach, Doom, Delve, Direct;*
Climes, Causes, Cures, CHRIST, *Crimes, Turves, Troops select.*

FINIS.

THE

MAIDENS BLUSH;

OR,

JOSEPH,

MIRROR

Of Modestie, Map of Pietie,

Maze of Destinie,

Or rather,

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

From the Latine of *Fracastorious*,

Translated;

AND

Dedicated

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE HIGH HOPEFULL HAPPY PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE OF VVALES, Duke of CORNWALL, and Earle of CHESTER.

AMong the Preace that to Your Presence flowes,
With joy-full Honours, as this time requires;
Instead of costly Suits, of curious showes,
Of precious Gifts, of solemne Panegyres:
Accept a Heart which to Your Highnesse *owes*
Whole Hecatombes of Happy-most Desires;
Praying All prosperous to your blowing Rose,
In All, to equall or excell Your Sire's:
That in All Vertues *of a* Prince *complete,*
All Princely Glories *may attend you still:*
All that may make a KING *as Good as Great:*
All JOSEPHS blessings (*from th' Eternall Hill*)
Whose Happy Legend *comes to gratulate*
Your High Creation, *and Your* Birth-dayes *Date.*

Prince ARTHURS Castle, chiefest ARTS chast LURE; *Now, Now, or Never,* Daign my Hearts last CURE.

LIke sad Arion *on his* Dolphins *back,*
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,
Nigh stript of all, Now stept in hoary haires;
Sit (I poore Relique, of Your Brothers *wrack.)*
My Harp-strings quaver, while my Heart-strings crack:
My Hand growes weary, and my health it wears;
To stir Compassion in some Powerfull eares,
At last to land mee, and supply my lack.
You, You alone (Great PRINCE*) with Pities grace*
Have held my Chin above the Waters brinke:
Hold still, alas! hold stroniger or I sinke.
Or haile mee up into some safer place,
Some, Privie-Groom, *some Room within your Doores:*
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.

In Effect, as in Affection, To your Highnesse
service, Ever humbly devoted;
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE MAIDENS BLUSH; OR *JOSEPH.*

CHaste *Muse* of *Muses*, that in sacred Layes,
With streins unwonted, dost delight to raise
From black *Oblivion*'s sad and silent Tents,
Th'Heroick Gests and Noble Monuments
Of antike *WORTHIES*, and their fames revive
Through every Age to all that shall survive;
Now, Now revolve th' Authenticall *Records*
Of th' *Holy Nation*, whom the Lord of lords
Chose for his owne, (Whose Line directly came
From Princely Loins of faithfull *ABRAHAM*):
And sweetly tun'd to th' sacred voyce of Truth,
Sing That Religious, That rare-Modest *Youth*
(Good *Isaac*'s Grand-child, and great *Jacob*'s Son)
Whom *God* indu'd, by *Dreams*, of things yet done
To tell the issue: Tell, O! tell Thou All
That Hee indur'd through swelling Envies Gall;
Till at the last, triumphing of his Foes,
Through *Pharao*'s grace to Princely Place hee rose
(As *Egypt*'s Viceroy) by divine Decree
Fore-sent a Friend and Founder there to be
Of th' happy People and the holy Seed,
From whence should hope of future Life proceed;
And whence *Salvation* should be freely given, (*vow.*
Through th' heav'nly Key that should re-open *Hea-*
And, O! Thou Glory of Great STUARTS stem,
Great Jacobs *Herre*, Great-Brittains *Joy and Gem,*
CHARLES, King of Hopes, and hopefull Prince of
My great Mecœnas, *to encheere my Pen,* (*Men,*
Assist Thou aist: and with gentle Gales
Of Help-full Favour, fill my Hopefull Sailes:
That, maugre Envie's *Rock and* Fortune's *Storm,*
My sacred Voyage I may safe perform,
To th' onely glory of my Ghostly Guide.
His Churches Profit, and Your Praise beside;
While under JOSEPH's Wondrous Temperance,
His Pietie, His Prudent Governance,
I prophecie Your Princely Vertues Crop
(Your Parents Prayer, and Your Peoples Hope)
God say Amen. But, Tide for none doth stay:
I must aboord, I must my mine Anchor waigh.
Away to Sea; the Winde is wondrous good:
Spread all our Canvas, O how swift wee scud!
Through all the Western, and the Mid-land Seas,
Arrir'd already to descry (with ease)
The Coast of *Joppa*, and *Samarian* Hills,
With wealthy *Sichems* goodly Groves and Fields.
Already (running 'twixt his winding banks)
Jordan begins to wash our wel-come Planks,
Where *Hebron*'s valley our glad Welcome sings,
And even *Mount Tabor* with the Eccho rings.
Th' Old Serpent knew (for, much to know is given
Unto that Hell-god, by the God of Heaven)
It was decree'd by everlasting Date,
And promised, that there should propagate,
From *Abraham*'s happy Stock, a holy Stem
Which should confound th' Infernall Diadem.
In doubt whereof, perplext and vexed sore,
His Jealousie of *Jacob* grew the more.
The more hee envies *Sichem*'s Shepheard-Prince
As well because, with duer Reverence
Did None observe and serve th' Eternall Lord,
Nor juster liv'd, nor righter him ador'd;
As for the goodly blessings of his bed,
(Twelve lusty Sons) likely alone to spread
Into a People holy and devout.
Therefore hee labours, and hee layes-about,
With all the Engines of his hellish Hate,
That, That dear Issue to exterminate.
Especially, that lovely Lad (whose Birth
Had happy Stars, presaging holy Worth;)
JOSEPH, the darling of his Fathers age,
Borne of his (first-lov'd) second marriage:
Whom, *Nature-grac't*, the *Graces* nurtur'd fine
In liberall Arts, and love of Law divine;
Inspir'd his Soule with skill of future things;
His minde aspiring with celestiall wings:
To elders modest, to his equals milde,
With *Piety* and *Prudence* past a Childe. (make,
Now, as from flow'rs whence Bees their honey
The loathsome Spider doth his poyson take;
Hence did the Fiend in th' other Brethren hatch
Close deadly Hate, him harm-lesse to dispatch:
Nor would Hee let the first occasion slip,
That might advance his wily workmanship:
For, for the most, to each mans Inclination,
Hee knowes in time, to offer his Temptation.
It hapned then, upon a Summers day,
When as the Sun had with his parching Ray

Driven

Driv'n all the Brethren all their flocks to drive
To the coole Covert that the Woods would give;
Them-selves set round under a shady Oake,
Young JOSEPH thus gently the rest bespoke:
Brothers, I'le tell you my strange dream to night;
Heare it, I pray you (what ere meane it might,
It was an odde one.) Early when the Stars
Were all call'd in (excepting *Lucifer's*,
Dayes daily Usher) slumbring sweet this morne,
Meethought Wee all were in a field of corne,
All binding Sheaves; and when wee each had One,
My Sheafe, mee thought, stood bolt upright alone,
And all your Sheaves did instantly incline,
And lowly bow their bended tops to mine.
Then *Judah*, nettled with no little hate
Against the Lad, began him thus to rate:
Why, saucy Boy, What phant'sies dost thou fable?
Is this your Dreame, you deem so admirable?
Hath not perhaps some Spirit inspir'd you so?
No doubt there hath: the spirit of Wine I trow.
But, pray, what *Augure* doth your wonder bring?
That you (belike) shall of us all be King.
Good King of crickets, line thy Crown with baies,
Lest drinken Vapors some Rebellion raise.
The rest concurr'd to gird the harmlesse Boy
With flouts and shouts of *O God give you joy:*
God save your Grace, your Majesty to come;
And tell, in Scorne, their Father all the summe.
Hee, good old man, (not without *God* within)
Hee ponders all that hee had heard and seen;
As if discerning somewhat in the Lad
Of higher straine, then every stripling had:
Yet to conceale it from the rest hee seems,
And bids the Boy beware of guilefull *Dreams*.
But, Hee, to whom GOD greater Honors meant,
Soon after dream'd of graver Argument.
Him seem'd, that, set in stately Eminence,
Before his Feet, with humble Reverence,
The Sun and Moon and Eleven Stars hee saw,
Stooping unto him in obsequious awe.
Which well recording (for by heav'nly grace
That Gift hee had) within a little space
Hee tels his Brethren of his second Transe:
Who, re-incens't with ragefull Arrogance,
Soon shew their Father, with his fatall *Dream*,
Their rancor, spleene, and cank'red spite extreme.
Jacob at first, amazed, calls his Son;
And, as interp'ring, thus to chide begun:
What! Sirra; shall I, and your Mother too,
And all your Brothers bow our Necks to you?
Shall you be mounted on your Chaire of State,
And Wee come All base Beggars to your Gate?
If such a folly hath besum'd your brain,
And fill'd your phant'sie with presumption vain,
With idle Hopes: away with those Conceits,
Trust not to *Dreams*, lift not to such Deceits
So reason-lesse, ridiculous, and light;
Monsters, *Chimera's*, shadows of the Night:
Which (if not good) it is not *God* doth send,
But som Illusion of the subtle Fiend,
To train our Weaknesse to some sinfull Trap;
Or, to betray us to some dire mis-hap:
As from his Cels false Oracles hee wrests,
From flight of Birds, & Tripes of mangled Beasts.
Hast thou not heard of *Belus*, *Ammon*,
Ops, *Hecate*, and other *Deities*,
Whom the blinde *Heathen* in their Temples have
Frequent their Altars, and their Rites observe;
Waiting their Altars with the humblest Awe,
All which is harefull to our *Holy-Law*?
Therefore be Wise: and look henceforth wee hear
No more such *Dreams* of such phantastike gear.
Hee, thus dismist, the rest hee milde bespake
To calme their storme, and kindly bade them take
The Flocks to Field, and drive them soft and fair
To *Sichem* Woods, to feed in cooler aire.
Their Fathers bidding they est-soones obay'd
(Young JOSEPH yet at home with him hee staid)
Passing the fruitfull Vales and flow'ry Greens
Of plenteous *Hebron*, to those shadie Screens.
But, nor the Verdure of those Hills nor Dales,
Nor song of Birds, nor shade of Woods, nor Gales
Of whisp'ring Winds, could kill or cancell quite
Those odious *Dreams* they dream-on day & night:
Rather, they gather daily more disdain,
Sharpen their Envie, give their Rage the rain,
With Threats and Vows; while th' evill spirit too
Still stirs and spurs their hatefull Jealousie. (nigh,
Now, twice the Sun had run his Journy swift,
When the next morning they prepare to shift
To *Dothan*'s pleasant Downs for fresher Feed,
And to be further off from home (indeed);
And so the longer ere they could revert;
Which they even loath'd, and hated at the heart.
Wherefore (night after night, day after day)
When, past their wont, their Father saw them stay;
In musefull care his JOSEPH calls hee quicke,
And bids him thus; I pre-thee Boy go seeke
Thy Brethren out (on *Sichem* Downes they feed,
Or neer about) and bring mee word with speed,
What uncouth Reason of their stay there is:
My minde mis-gives mee somewhat is amisse
With them, or with their Cattle thye thee Lad.
Away feuds JOSEPH (no lesse swift then glad)
As far as *Sichem*: but there looking round,
Neither his Brethren, nor the Flocks hee found.
Perplexed then, hee calls them one by one;
Hoaw, Brothers! *Reuben! Levi! Simeon!*
Then, whoops and hallooes with a treble throat,
So loud and shrill, that, to his warbling Note
With doubled *Ecchoes*, Woods and Caves reply:
But not a Brother answers Eare or Eye.
By chance, a Wood-man that an Oak did shrowd,
Hearing the Lad, and knowing, call'd him loud,
And told him thus; I heard your Brethren say
They would to *Dothan*: Thither, that's the way;
There shall you finde them with their Cattle safe,
In better Pasture then is here by halfe.
Thanks thinks the Lad: and *Sichem* out of sight,
As swift as Roe hee runs to *Dothan* right.
When, from a Hill, his hatefull Brethren spi'd
Him yet far-off: O! yonder comes (they cry'd)
Our King to-come, whom both the Sun and Moon,
And all the Stars must serve and worship soon.
Wee, wee base Hinds, born but for Heards & Neat,
Drudging all day in the Suns scorching heat,
Lodging all night in holes or hollow Trees,
Clad but in Lether, or in coarsest Freeze,

And

And meanly fed with Bread and water moist;
While hee is set-up with his Sod and Roast,
His Messe of Goats-milk, and his fill of Wine,
In change of Coats, pranked and painted fine;
Snoring all night upon his ease-full bed,
Where, from the Forge of his phantastike head,
Hee feignes these *Dreams* in meer disdain of us:
But, Brethren, shall wee, shall wee suffer thus
Him and his Scorning? Shall wee be so blinde
T'indure him still, till grown a man, his minde
Grown big withall, and bearing proud upon
His Fathers fondnesse, Hee supplant anon
Our Haps and Hopes, usurping All our due,
And so (in fine) fulfill his *Dreams* too-true?
O! Wee are Buzzards, Blockheads, Cowards all.
Why rather here, where none descry us shall,
Where all things sort, where hee is come so pat,
Shall wee not kill him, and make sure for that?
For, in this Pit wee may him deep interre,
And say (at home) some hungry Wolfe or Beare
(Whereof the Desarts, not far off, have store)
Him quick devoured, and to peeces tore.
While these dire Counsels they together cast,
Reuben (who all, in years and pity, past)
Cry'd, GOD defend, O Brethren, GOD defend,
Against our Brother wee should so offend;
O! in his bloud doe not your hands imbrue,
Left Heav'ns drad Vengeance that dire fact pursue
On Us and Ours. Though no man witnesse be,
GOD, GOD himselfe is witnesse, and doth see
And heare us all: from him is nothing hid;
Hee's all an Eye that never closeth Lid.
But, if you needs will of the Lad be quit,
Sans bloud or slaughter, put him in this pit,
There leave him to his Fate. This hee advis'd,
That, rescu'd thus from present death devis'd,
Hee, late at night returning to the Cave,
Might hale him up, and th' harmlesse strippling save,
To bring him safe unto his aged Sire,
And calme at length his Brethrens envious Ire.
Their Elders Words them All a little mov'd,
And his advice they all at once approv'd:
Him down unslain, into the pit to slide,
His worse or better Fortune to abide.
Then *Ruben* said; BeWitnesse GOD for mee,
How clear I am from this your Cruelty:
And as hee spake, him from them far withdrew
Into the Woods to wait what would ensue.
By This, was JOSEPH (full of lively cheer
For having found them) even arrived neer:
When, fell and furious, they inclose him round,
Lay hands on him, his tender hands they bound,
With braving Threats; Now shall you see (say they)
Your *Dreams* fulfill'd: Must not wee all obey
Your Mightinesse? *Our sheaves must stoop to you:*
[illegible], to your State, Sun, Moon, and Stars must bow.
Wondring & frighted with their uncouth guise,
In vein (alas!) in vain hee calls and cries
To them for pity of his Innocence;
While inly Rage, with more Impatience,
Still egg'd them on, with fell *Erynnis* brands:
And hellish *Pluto* (who too-ready stands,
Weening to crosse the *Destinies divine*)
Doth all their Edge 'gainst him alone incline.
When he perceiv'd (poor Boy!) no vows, no tears
Could mollifie those stony hearts of Theirs
To hold their hands, already heaving him
With violence unto the Dungeons brim;
His eyes lift up towards th' *Emperiall Pole*
Thus loud hee groaned from a grieved soule:
Great GOD of *Abr'am*, *Is'ac*, *Jacob* too,
Who kennest all things, and canst all things doe;
If I sincerely have ador'd thee still:
If I have gladly done my Parents Will;
If I have lived pious and upright:
Lord looke upon mee in this wofull plight.
Or, if it please thee, that I here expire;
Yet spare, O Lord, O spare mine aged Sire.
And, O! my Brethren (whom, with due respect
Of Eldership, I ever did affect)
How-ever Mee you pity not, I pray
Pity our Father (left untimely gray
His hoary head come to the grave for griefe)
Let not him heare it: rather say some Theefe,
Or knot of Theeves, Mee (by the way) bereft;
That some false hope may of my life be left,
To lengthen his: though here alas!) I lye
Dead in these sands, and hid from any eye:
And as hee spake, his tears so fast did fall,
They stopt his speech, and almost staid withall
His Brethrens rage; till Ruth-lesse *Issachar*
Re-fand the fire. Nay having gon thus far,
Wee may not now, Wee cannot safe desist;
For why? whereon I need not now insist;
Your selves (said hee) can quickly ghesse, I trow,
Mischiefs enow, if now wee let him goe.
Let us therefore go on as wee decreed,
Let's let him down. Hereto they all agreed,
With heart and hand, and did it instantly;
And then remorselesse, on the Grass hard by
Made no more bones, but fare them down to dinner.
O! the dull Conscience of a hardned sinner!
But, from th' *Emperial*, through th' *Ætherial* Pole,
GOD looking down upon the harmlesse Soule,
In tender pity, and eternall love
Towards his Owne, among the Troops (above)
Of winged Heralds that are ever prest,
Expecting gladly his Divine Behest,
To one hee beckens, and hee bids him Thus;
Right Trusty, hy thee quickly down from us,
Toward *Samaria*, well thou knowest where,
And whom thou know'st one day ordain'd to bear
A glorious Part, in honourable Place,
Good *Is'ac's* Grand-Child, now in piteous case,
Crying for succour from a dark deep Cell,
Against his Brethrens envious Furie fell:
Goe comfort him, poor heart; but in what kinde
I need not say. Thou seest, thou know'st my minde.
So, with his gratious All-directing Nod,
Th' Angell, dismist, in th' instant spreads abroad
Æthereall wings on his Aëreall sides,
And through the woundlesse Welkin swifter glides
Then *Zephyrus*; or, than (when mounted high
With many Turnes, and towring in the Skie)
The stout *Ger-Faulcon* stooperh at the *Herne*,
With sudden Souse, that many scarce discerne:
Such was the speed of this Celestiall Bird
(To prosecute, and execute the Word

Of his great Master) towards *Dothan* Down,
Alighting first upon *Mount Tabor*'s Crown,
Amaz'd to see his Groves so sodain green,
And Lawns so fresh, with flow'ry tufts between.
The Hill-born *Nymphs* with quav'ring warbles sing
His happy *Well-come*: Caves and Rocks doe ring
Redoubled Ecchoes; Woods and Winds withall,
Whisper about a joyfull Madrigall.
But th'Heav'nly Herald from the Mountain eying
The Vale about, sees there the Brethren lying
Along the Grasse, and busie at their Vittle,
And from a Hill(thence distant but a little)
Th' *Arabian* Merchants with their Camels,hard
(As God would have it)driving thither-ward:
Thence instantly hee casts his gentle Eye
On wofull JOSAPH; and immediately
Descending swift, stands on the dungeons brim,
Now shining bright with sudden light from him.
Wherewith the Lad at once dismai'd and joy'd,
The sacred Torch-man(to that end imploy'd)
In lovely Shape, with sweet and lively grace,
Thus cheers the Lad (himselfe a Lad in Face).
Feare not, dear JOSAPH, dear to God above.
Thy Fathers God, who All doth guide and move,
Hath sent mee hither from his heav'nly Throne,
To comfort and confirm thee, in thy Mone.
First, Hence thou shalt be freed: yet, behold,
Twice,as a Slave, thou shalt be bought and sold,
Transfert'd to *Memphis*, and for many a year
Shalt live a Servant and a Pris'ner there.
But if thou still have in abhomination
Strange Womens Love,and strange gods adoration:
If still with all thy strength, with all thy heart
Thou serve the Lord, and from him never start:
If in his Wayes thou walk, and doe his Will,
Hee will be with thee, for thee, in thee still:
So that where-ere thou goe, what-ere thou doe,
Favour and Fortune shall attend thee too.
And that thou maist with greater confidence
Contemne thy wrongs, and trust his Providence;
Know for a certain, hee hath destin'd thee
A high Estate, and glorious Emperie;
And time will com,when thou with me shalt view
Thy former *Dreams* in every part prove true;
When as thy Brethren with selfe-guilty brow,
And thy good Father shall before the bow:
When thy Compassion,paying good for ill,
Shal save their lives (meant thee first to kil:(sterve,
Shall feed their mouthes that thought thee once to
And buy them seats that sold thee forth to serve;
And not alone receive themselves to grace,
But them and theirs within thy Kingdome place;
That grown at length in number like the sand,
Thence the Almighty with a mighty hand
(In spight of *Envie* and *Ambitious* sway)
May bring them dry-shod through the crimson sea,
Directed safe in all their uncouth Way,
By Fire by Night, and by a Cloud by Day;
Through the dry *Desart*, plentifully fed
With Quails from Heav'n,& *Manna*(Angels bread)
Into a Land where milk and hony flow;
The happy signe of happier substance though:
Where, in due Time(O haste yee Times away.)
A *Golden Age* shall see a *glorious Day*,
A *Day* full oft to be fore-typ't, fore-told,
Fore-promised by Prophets manifold;
When from the Bosome of th' Eternall SIRE,
Th' Eternall SON(What may wee So admire!)
(The Spirit o're *shadowing of a Virgin-Mother*)
Shall take mans Nature, and become your Brother;
Old Adams Guilt, and Yours to expiate,
And wide re-open Heav'ns long-locked Gate.
Concluding here, to Heav'n the Angell hy'd.
JOSAPH, though first distract and stupefi'd
With such a glory(and confus'd a-space)
Him re-collects, and re-erects his Face;
Inly rejoycing, deeply rumining,
All in his minde maturely pondering.
And future Hopes confirm him passing strong,
'Gainst present fears, and all his Woes and Wrong;
That cheerly thus, with heart and hands erect,
His holy vowes hee doth to Heav'n direct:
Great King of kings, that rulest All-abroad;
My Fathers, Grandsires, and Great-grandsires God,
Almighty Guide and Guard, still gratious be
To Us and Ours, whose trust is all in Thee.
Especially, thy Favour, Lord I crave
Towards my Father, ready for the Grave:
And as for mee; how-ever please thee, deale
Mee sowre or sweet, or send mee woe or weale;
It shall be welcome, and I well content.
Onely deare Father, if that death prevent
Mine eyes(unworthy)of that wished Day,
That long long-hoped, happy *Holy-Day*,
When from thy Throne(whose glory hath no end)
Thine onely *Son* shall into *Flesh* descend;
At least vouchsafe mee, though in shadow dim,
As in a glasse to see and knowledge Him;
And(thorough Faith)to feel the *saving Savour*
Of this thrice-sacred, gratious,pretious *Laver*,
So,with an inward and deep sigh, hee ceast.
The while, *Arabians* (Merchants of the East)
With Camels loaden with their Countrey Ware,
Myrrhe, *Storax*, *Incense*, the most choyce and rare,
Comming from *Madian*, towards *Ægypt* bound,
Were passing by, where on the grassie ground,
The Shepheard Brethren sate to eat and talke:
And busie yet, their Teeth and Tongues did walk,
Till on the sudden they descry'd the men.
Whence *Judah* thus begins: O Bretheren,
Behold how GOD doth better far provide,
Then wee could plot(more safe for either side).
For, to these merchants if wee sell the Lad,
First, a good peece of money will be had;
Next, of our Brothers bloud wee shall be cleer:
And last of all, be sure no more to hear
Or news, or noise,or name of JOSAPH here.
Whether to *Memphis* or *Marmorid's* they wend.
Therefore forthwith one to them let us send,
The mart to offer, and the price to make,
As of a Slave; and bring their answer back.
They all agree, and one is sent away
To drive the Bargaine; while the rest assay
About a Tree-trunk fastning fit a rope,
And letting 't down to hale their Brother up.
And up hee comes as fresh as Mayey-Rose,
Or Daffadill that in a Garden growes;
As lively Form as yerst, as lovely Face,

Shining

Shining with signes of GODS assisting Grace.
By this, the merchants with their Broker came.
To see the Ware; and did so like the same,
They stood not hucking, of the price to bate
(So good, and so good cheap, who would not ha't!)
But, who would ween (*good God!*) that ever Hee,
That was pre-destin'd to such dignitie,
To whom such Wealth and Honour should befall,
Should thus be sold, and for a price so small?
Save that my *Saviour*, Heire of Heav'n and Earth,
That *God*-begotten, holy *Virgins*-Birth,
Whom Angels serve, whom Cherubins adore,
To *Jews* his *Judas* sold for little more;
(Woe to His Soule, Woe to my Sins therefore!)
As, *Twenty Pence*. O base and cursed Thrall!
But, both sides pleas'd, *Joseph* must suffer all.
Now must hee mount on his new masters pack
Upon his Camels double bunched back,
To trot to *Nile*-ward (never heard-of *Nile*)
As proud and glad of such a Load, the while
His gentle Beast, now easiest of the Troop,
Apteſt to stop, humblest at need to stoop
To this new Rider, with a cheerfull Neigh,
Lifts light his feet, and still hee leads the way.
Well: Now the Brethren have their Brother rid,
How shall his Fate, how shall their Hate be hid?
Who to their Father the sad news shall bring?
This is the doubt: This they are hammering.
In fine, they jump; first to send home his Coat
(For they had stript him) and in bloud of Goat
Deep dipping it, *Dan* is instructed fit
In this sad manner to deliver it
To aged JACOB, doubting nothing lesse,
Then His mis-hap, or their so Hatefulnesse.
Father (said *Dan*) ranging within a Wood,
Our Cur did find this Coat, thus stain'd with blood.
Not knowing therefore, whence, nor whose it is,
Nor how it came, wee thought it not amisse
To shew't you first, and after hearken further,
As you think fit, in case of Maime, or Murder.
But, Father *Jacob* had no sooner spy'd
The spotted Coat, with bloud and dirt bedy'd,
But, drown'd in Tears, hee teares his hoary haire,
With Ashes sprent, and rent his garments there,
And cries, Alas! dear JOSEPH, staffe and stay
Of all mine Age, so sudden ta'n away!
O! O! My Son, Who? How? What did befall,
To murder Thee, to murder Mee withall?
Doubtlesse, no Man: some savage Beast it was,
Som hungry Boare, some hairie Beare, alas!
Where are your Brethren? Quickly all of you,
Through all the Woods go take a thorow view:
You may perhaps at last yet light on him,
Or finde at least som Part, som mangled Lim,
Som wofull Relique, which I pray bring home,
That I may give it his last Rites, a Tombe:
Or rather, let mee goe my selfe to seeke,
And finde my dead Son, or a Death, his like:
And saying so, downe in a swoune hee slid,
With much adoe to be recovered.
On th' other side, sad *Reuben* towards night,
When th' Evening Star began to twinkle bright,
When Sheep and Shepheards to their Cotes were (gone
All but himself, himself comes all alone
Unto the Cave, and calling twice or thrice,
Why! *Joseph, Joseph*; when as none replyes,
Dismaid, and doubting, lest in their disdaine,
His Brethren there the silly Lad had slaine;
Hee makes a shift to cut an Holmen Pole,
And by that help, gets downe into the hole,
Lookes round about; but finding nothing there,
Gets up againe, as full of griefe and feare:
Then hopeless, leaves that search to seek the others;
And by the Sheeps track, tracking of his Brothers,
Soon findes them out; and out of them will know
Both how, and where, they JOSEPH did bestow.
They tell him truely how it did befall.
A little eas'd (though little pleas'd withall)
To heare the Lad was yet alive and safe
(Though for his thraldome hee did inly chafe)
Hee thus advises; Brethren, let us hye
Home to our Father, and our best apply
To comfort him; Let us informe him this
That the *Arabians* (as their manner is)
Spying the Lad alone upon the Way,
Pursu'd him, took him, stole him quite away;
And while hee struggled from them to have got,
With a light hurt hee bloudied all his Coat.
Which let some Shepheards boy or other bring
(As having found it) to aver the thing;
For there be many can affirm (no doubt)
They lately saw *Arabians* here-about.
This fitted thus, together home they goe,
And doe their best to cheer their Fathers woe.
But though perhaps with som small hope reliev'd,
Perpetually (alas!) hee mourn'd and griev'd,
Nor could the Torrent of his tears retain,
Nor outward Solace inly entertain;
But day and night a bitter life hee led,
Mostly alone, although alive, as dead.
Mean-while, the Merchant well content and glad
Holds on his Journey, bears away the Lad;
Wondring to see all things so sute his will,
Weather so temp'rate, and the Winds so still,
The Wayes so dust-lesse, and so dirtlesse faire,
The Sun so friendly, and so fresh the Aire;
Above their wont: for, having Heav'n to friend,
With JOSEPH, *Graces*, *Hope*, and *Hap* do wend.
Now, having past *Judea*'s confines quite,
From a steep Hill, they have anon the sight
Of stately *Memphis* lofty Tow'rs and Walls,
With glitt'ring roofes of high and sumptuous Hals.
Amid a rich and pleasant Plaine, replear
With goodly Heards of Cattell, Sheep, and Neat,
With goodly Corn-fields, here and there between:
And, neer the City, on a spacious Green,
They might behold, as in som Martiall Muster,
Thousands of Youth in severall Troops to cluster;
Attending all, som manly Exercise;
Some, light and speedy, running for a prize:
Some, strongly active, wrastling for a fall,
Some, hurling Sledges, till they sweat withall:
Some, on swift Horse-back to out-swim the wind;
Some, to shoot backward at their foes behinde:
Some, with their Launches ready coucht in Rest,
Wheeling about, to charge in Flank or Breast:
Some, at the Tilt, in strong and steady course,
To break their Staves, or bear down man and horse.

Wheron th' *Arabians*, with th' *Italian* Lad,
(Now very neer) stood gazing, as right glad,
And almost greedy of so various sorts
Of Manly Proems, of so warlike sports.
An *Eunuch* of the Kings, one much esteem'd,
And master of those Martiall Games (it seem'd)
Seeing those Strangers, with so much delight
Stand still so long in viewing all the Sight,
Sends to invite them kindly to com neer;
And then perceiving that they Merchants were,
Began to ask What Ware, what rare device,
They had to sell? Nothing, said they but Spice,
And this young Lad; Whom, if Your Lordship like,
Accept as Yours, and freely, wee beseek;
Or, if you nill accept him *gratis*, prize
As please your selfe; your favour shall suffize.
Yes, said the *Eunuch*, I accept your Love,
And of Your Present I so well approve,
And prize it so, You could not bring mee better:
The more my hope, the more am I your debter,
Such grace his face presageth to my minde;
So shall you never mee ungratefull finde,
Said *Potiphar*: and then hee takes the Lad;
And, causing him to be right seemly clad,
In Silken suit gives him a Livory
Of Purple, guarded with Embroderie.
Then on a goodly Horse hee sets him up,
The stillest yet the statelliest in the troup.
JOSEPH right joyfull, from a bashfull Brow
Returnes dumbe *Homage*, with a gracefull Bow
Unto his Lord: then, re-erect, appears
Taller and trimmer then were all his Peers.
Him, home before (thus furnisht) with a Guide,
Sends *Potiphar* unto his lovely Bride.
Now *Hesperus* the Evening on did bring;
When, leaving Fields, the youthfull troops do ring
About their Captain, and attend, in State
To guard him home triumphant to his Gate.
And lovely JOSEPH, having had by this
A view of his faire *Lady-Mistresse*;
And of his Office, tutured at large,
What him belong'd in his *Lords Chamber* charge,
Him humbly ranked (of his owne accord)
Among his fellows to go meet his Lord.
As burnisht Gold amida heap of Sand,
Or Orient Pearle among the Pebble Strand,
Such seemed Hee, among ten thousand Squires,
Whom men and matrons, young and old admires:
His pase so grave, his Face so gracious,
His eyes and Feet still so officious
About his Lord, as fixed still on Him,
With steady Looks, and with as ready Limbe:
No lesse within doores then hee was without,
Active and apt in all hee went about;
On all occasions, in what-ever kinde,
Of bodie's labour, or of birth of minde.
But above all, his faithfull diligence,
And mature Wisdome in all managements,
So well accepted and admired are,
That not alone unto his trusty Care
His Lord committed what before hee had:
But over All, him onely *Steward* made.
For, *Potiphar* perceiv'd that under him,
What-ere hee had did thrive and prosper trim:
His Fields and Flocks more fruitfull then before;
His Favours greater, and his Honours more:
All which inspired by some secret Test,
To this young JOSEPH hee ascrib'd, as Blest.
And th' *Oracles* of *Egypt*, then a-foot,
Seem'd even to point at, and perswade unto't.
There was a *Peach*-Tree growing then amid
God-Camosh Temple, to him consecred,
Which, brought from *Persia* long agoe, they say,
When *Isis* yerst did all the World survay,
By her own hand was planted, for Posterity,
To be a famous Monument of Verity.
Hereon, arriving from far wanderings,
Bright-shining *Apis* with change-colour'd wings,
Faire *Apis* settled; after whom did muster
A mightie Swarm, which hung all in a Cluster
Upon one Bough. This wonder blown abroad
Among the *Bards*, they vouch that it did bead,
Some stranger should from forrein parts arrive;
And after him, a mighty people hyve;
Through whom the house of *Potiphar* should rise
To wondrous Wealth and goodly dignities.
Weening therefore these *Augures* all fulfill'd
In JOSEPH now, him every one well-will'd,
Him every one accordingly respected,
Him every one for this the more affected.
But, fair *Iempsar* (wife of *Potiphar*)
Above the rest, his Parts did high prefer;
Him more then All shee inly did admire,
And still beholds him with a young desire.
Yet, ignorant what surie would ensue
The pleasing Passion shee did so pursue;
What wily *Godling* to beguile her, sought
To snare her freedome in a servile thought;
As yet shee vented neither Sigh nor Teare:
All yet was sweet, no bitter Fit, no Feare.
Which th' envious Prince of *Styx* and *Acheron*,
Malignant Father of confusion,
Mans deadly Foe, observing; and beside,
That *Isaac*'s seed still happy multiph'd;
In fell despight and full of desp'rate rage,
Hee calls a bird of his infernall Cage,
A cruell Harpy, full of wicked Wile,
A thousand wayes the wisest to beguile.
Goe, hye, saith Hee my darling hye thee quick
To faire *Iempsar*; shee is *Phant'sie-sick*
Already: Therefore so insinuate,
That more and more thou her intoxicate:
Breathe in her bosome, blow-in new infection,
Kindle the Tindar of her light affection,
To such a flame, that neither Gods nor men
May be of pow'r to put it out agen:
And doe the best (for that I most desire)
If possible, set JOSEPH (too) a fire:
But if on him, thou nothing canst prevaile,
Return to her, her Phant'sie re-assaile,
Fill her with Phrenzie, and with furie double
Still burn her fell, till all her Friends shee trouble:
Till with disgrace disdain'd, and desperate,
Shee turn her dear Love to as deadly Hate:
Till then, desist not; but persist and ply
To play thy Parr with Art and Subtility.
Hee, glad and ready for the worst of Ills,
With *Stygian* puddle halfe a Viall fills,

Blending

Blending some bitter, sharp-sweet wine withall.
Then snatching quick one of the snakes that craule
About *Alecto*'s grim and ghastly Browes,
Away hee hyes to *Potiphar* his House,
Within his bosome hiding what hee had,
And formally just in the Form him clad
Of *Iphicle*, the Lady *Iempsars* Nurse;
With better credit, to beguile the worse.
Then to her Lady having made a Duck,
Sweet *Madame* (said shee, fie on all ill luck)
What sad disaster, what misfortune rise,
Hath made poor JOSEPH weary of his Life?
My selfe, of late have seen him oft, forlorne
Sit sole and sighing, and have heard him mourn,
Wishing for Death. And when I sought to know
The secret cause of his exceeding woe:
O! Mother (said hee) whether I conceale it
Needs dye I must, or whether I reveale it.
Inquire not therefore; for, 'tis better end,
With my sad life my sorrow's cause unkend.
Not so, my Son (said I) for oft a wound
Discover'd, is recover'd, and made sound;
Which, hid a while, would gangrene to the bone:
Tell boldly (Lad) art thou in love with none?
If that be cause of thy distresse; Why Boy
Be of good cheer, Thou shalt thy Dear enjoy,.
Hope well, and have well: So shalt thou; or else
I'll charme *Loves Passion* with some stronger spel.
With bashfull Blush, then said hee, Yes, I love:
Be witnesse, *gods*, how earnest I have strove
To strangle it! How I have labour'd long!
How loth (alas!) my Lord in thought to wrong!
More wishing Death: Death, now make good my (triall:
Happy were I to live and dy so loyall.
And, saying so, on his fair Cheeks hee pours
A Sea of Tears, in Pearl and Crystall showrs:
So that I see, without quick Remedy,
For love of you, *Madame*, the Youth will dy.
Alas! then said the Lady, Woe is mee
For his Misfortune and his Misery;
To mee right tragick is the tale you tell:
For, truth to say, I love him but too well,
And would enjoy him if I could or durst;
But, O! I cannot: O! I may not: first,
For sacred Lawes, for *Hymen*'s secret yoke,
(Which never any yet, unpunisht, broke)
For fear of danger, and dis-honours brand,
And dreadfull vengeance of my Husbands hand.
Why, my dear Daughter, damned Nurse replies,
The gods do laugh at Lovers injuries:
And with thy Wedlock thou maiest well dispense,
On so good ground of so great consequence,
As is the saving of a Life so young,
So innocent, that never yet did wrong;
Unlesse it be a wrong to love too much,
Or dy for love. (Who would not die for such?)
Lovers must dare, and Wise-men must not dread
The worst of dangers that is threatened:
For, even the gods have Lovers in their guard,
And *Love* and *Pay* they will still reward.
I have a *Water* of a soverain use
(Th' extracted Spirit of many a *Chymick-Juice*)
Which inly ta'n in a perplexed Case,
Expels the Doubt, and shews *Truth*'s naked Face:
That, far from *Ambage*, th' undistract affection
May of the better freely make election.
If therefore, *Madame*, yet you stand divided,
What Part to take; to have your doubts decided,
I'll give it you: and, as shee spake, shee gave
The hellish *Philtree*, made of *Stygian* wave.
Thanks, dearest Mother, said her Ladiship:
And, taking all, not with a fearfull sip,
But full Carouse, lifting her hand on hy,
Quaft off the poison, drew the goblet dry.
This done, the *Daemon*, with a Beldams face,
Tow'rds *Josephs* chamber hies with hobbling pace;
Where hee was praying, and devoutly praysing
The God of gods, for his so gracious raising:
But when the false Fiend in his Portall spi'd
A heav'nly Warder (both his Guard and Guide)
With threatfull brandish of a shining Blade, (made
More speed then good, headlong hee downward
In dreadfull Maze; and, as the foulest Fowle,
Transforms him quick into a *Scrieching-Owle*,
Night's horrid Monster, hov'ring long aloof,
At last pearcht on *Iempsars* Chamber roof,
Wretched *Iempsar*, having quaffed up
The brim and bottome of the *Stygian* Cup,
Now all alone, shee feels her all a-fire,
Bloud, bones and Marrow, burning in desire;
Sad, silent, sighing: in a wondrous Fit;
And all for *Joseph*, nigh beside her wit:
Now on her bed shee fals, and by and by
Flings up again; and to and fro doth fly
From place to place; soon weary of the best,
Runs every where, and no where findeth rest;
Like one whole brest a burning Fever fryes,
Or whom some Serpents sting doth agonize.
At last shee breaks out; and Alas! quoth Shee,
What, what is this that thus tormenteth mee?
O! is it Love? or was it not the Drink
I took right now? No: it is Love I think,
'Tis surely Love, Love in extremity,
And but fair JOSEPH gently help, I dye.
Then help, Sweet-heart, come, be thou boldly mine:
Come be my Love, and I will still be thine.
Both living loving, wee 'll die guiltlesse both
Of either's bloud: Be witnesse gods how loth
I would incur so fell, so foul a stain,
To kill such Lover with unkinde disdain.
Duly and truly, while I ought and could,
I served *Hymen*, till (alas!) controul'd
By higher Godheads more Imperiall Right:
Hee favour mee, as now I feel his might
Far, far exceed weak Womans opposition.
Hee will no doubt; and daign us both Tuition.
Sith wont, him selfe, to love, hee as a Lover
Will pity Passions and our pleasures cover.
Thus having said, impatient of delay,
Efren shee calls (*Efren* a Maid, that aye
Us'd, as most trully, diligent and charie,
Her Mistresse Errands to and fro to carry)
Goe quickly *Efren*, seek mee JOSEPH out,
And if the businesse hee is now about
Be not too earnest, and too instant too,
But what hee may as well hereafter doe,
Bid him forth-with to come and speak with Mee.
Wing'd with her words, about it strait runs shee,

And after summons, JOSEPH comes anon
Up to his *Lady*; who then all alone,
First with a Blush, and bashfull glance among,
From quiv'ring bosome with a shiv'ring tongue,
Thus breaks the Yce (still bidding him com neerer)
Dear, my dear *Joseph*, then mine owne Eyes dearer;
Shall I intreat thee, what I might command,
To answer truely what I shall demand?
Madame, said hee, Should I be false to you?
What ere it be, I sweare to tell you true.
I hear (quoth shee) that thou art deep in Love:
If it be true (thou must thy Truth approve)
Thou maist not hide ie; though my selfe were shee,
For whom thou suffrest, thou must tell it mee:
Confesse it freely: and I must confesse
As much to Thee; for, Thee I love no lesse:
So, loving Both, wee shall have mutuall Fewell,
Nor thou to Mee, nor I to Thee be cruell.
Joyne hands, joyne hearts, how happy manifold!
How great! how grac't! how will I heap thee gold!
Thus shee protests, and with a sudden kisse
Upon his Lips shee seales her Promises.
Hee, red for shame, selfe-sadly ruminates
His heav'nly Angels sacred *Caveats*
Against temptation and Attempts unjust,
Of Idols service, and unlawfull Lust:
Internall praying for supernall Strength,
In modest manner Thus replies at length:
Madame, what ever of my Love you hear,
How-ever fervent, or how deeply-dear;
If you have heard it as (perhaps) impure,
Unchaste, unhonest Love; I you assure
None love I so: not wish I (I protest)
So to be lov'd: and of my Lady, least.
My Lord, you know, hath nothing from mee kept,
I all command, onely your selfe except:
And shall I then, disloyall, Traitor prove
Unto my Lord; and to my *God* above?
No, *God* forbid: No; rather let mee dye;
And in the sands unburied ever lye,
A prey to Birds and Beasts: and as hee spake,
Her and her Chamber did hee quick forsake.
Shee, seeing then her Hopes so sudden dasht,
Her selfe deluded; as with Lightning flasht,
Stands first a while moveleste, amaz'd and mute;
Then grindes a Groan, and many sighes pursue't;
Then wrings her hands, falls backward on her bed,
Distract in minde, her colour pale and dead.
All which observed by that *Divell-Owle*,
Upon the Roofe, hee putteth off the Fowle,
And re-puts on Nurse *Iphicle* a space,
To see *Iempsar* in so piteous Case.
Alas! quoth shee. What ailes my Lady deer?
My tender Nursling, what hath hap'ned here?
Why are you daunted and dejected so?
Be of good Cheer; be of good comfort: Lo,
I, I am here; look on mee, look, my Lamb,
Your help at need, your loving Nurse I am.
At name of Nurse, her somwhat shee erects,
And with these Taunts a frowning glance reflects:
Nurse, once a Nurse, or Mother more then Nurse,
But now a Step-da me, or some Furie worse. (me:
Thou, thou hast kill'd mee, thou hast quite undone
Thou told'st mee *Joseph* was enamour'd on mee
Deep, to the Death; and when I come to prove him,
Alas! hee loves not, nor will let me love him:
Nay, Prayers, Proffers, Presents cannot move him.
Thou, thou hast made mee make my selfe a mock,
To shame my Name, to stain my House and Stock,
To wrong my Lord, to break my Faith, to fall;
Thou wert the Author, thou the cause of all.
What wanteth more. but with a murd'rous blade,
This guilty Soule to send to endlesse shade?
False *Iphicle* doth her as sharp reprove;
Ah, foolish woman, unexpert in Love!
What wonder was it, if a bashfull boy,
Untrain'd, untoucht (as Virgin) first were coy
To heare of Love, a Novice, yet, a Stranger,
Doubtfull of you, perhaps; fearfull of danger.
'T was not the course: you have miscarried it.
Then be not heartlesse, neither hopelesse yet;
For I will once more undertake the matter,
I'll chide his rudenesse, and instruct him better
How to behave him: Have you Patience
But for three dayes, and on the fourth from hence
Will reigne a gracious Star, whose milde Aspect
On Love and Lovers gently doth reflect;
Under whose Radiance, in Conjunction sweet,
Hymen and *Cupid* in one instant meet.
With these her Words *Iempsar* part re-chear'd,
Her sinking heart again a little rear'd:
Then Goe, said shee, the Gods grant better speed:
And that wee may the better now succeed,
Wee will the while the sacred Pow'rs implore,
Frequent their Altars, and their Shrines adore.
Next morning therefore, by what time the Sun
With glitt'ring Rayes had gilt the *Horizon*,
Iempsar decks her, goodly to behold,
In Scarlet, set with Jewels and with Gold
(But much more goodly, for her lovely grace,
And native Beauties of her Forme and Face)
And to the Temple with a Train shee tends,
Of Matrons, Maidens, Servants, Nighbours, Friends.
Among the rest the Steward also went,
Faire-featur'd JOSEPH, with his Eyes down bent,
As inly pitying with a griefe unshown,
His Ladies Passions as hee did his own:
For, hee suppos'd her gaite to Church had bin
To seek for Mercy and forsake her sin:
But, nothing lesse; Shee all the gods requires,
To friend her love, and further her desires,
And so the next day, and the next ensuing,
And every day still greater Gifts renuing,
The reaking Entrailes of her Offrings viewing.
But, when the fourth, long-wished wel-com day
Tytan 'gan burnish with his burning Ray,
Haile, happy day (said shee) haile holy Lights,
That favour Lovers, and that love delights:
And by your pow'r and gracious Influence,
Preserve the Worlds perpetuall Increments.
And then shee sends for the beloved Lad:
Who, selfely good, suspecting nothing bad,
Supposing now his Mistresse minde reclaim'd,
At least from daring what before shee aim'd,
Comes instantly: Shee, by the Nurse seduc't,
Presuming All to her content conduc't;
No sooner spies him, but shee springs for haste,
About his neck her Ivory Armes shee cast:

Shee

Shee holds him, hugs him, saying, Welcome Mine,
Mine, Mine thou art, and I am onely thine:
Then, Why delay wee? Why defer wee thus
Our joynt-delights, sith none can hinder us?
Why burn wee day-light? Hence with fear & sloth,
Let's mixe our loves. This bed will serve us both.
Shee leaps upon't; and like a nay-lesse Wooer,
Holding his Cloak, shee puls him hard unto her.
The goodly Youth, as beautifull as blamelesse,
Amaz'd, asham'd, to see his Lady shamelesse,
Replies, Alas! (Thus sharp reproving her)
Late Noble Wife of Noble *Putiphar*,
What mood, what madnesse hath obdur'd your mind,
To dare these Pranks, uncomly and unkinde?
To shame your Selfe, your Sex, your House, your State,
To wrong my Lord, and mee unfortunate? (
These are the fruits of easefull Idlenesse,
Of wanton Pride, of wastefull Pampredness:
From whence the Fiends (our foes) advantage cull,
To kill our Soules, and fill our Sins-sack full:
For, 'tis not *Iphicle*, your Nurse, your Friend,
As you suppose: no, 'tis a hellish Fiend,
A Hag, a Furie sent from Sulph'ry *Styx*,
That thus deludes you with deceits and tricks:
Shee dar'd, and did attempt to tempt mee too;
But, God forbad: shee mee no hurt could doe.
I saw her shrinking out as I came in:
I know the fained forme shee masketh in:
I feele the Sulph'ry fume, the filthy Sent
Shee left behinde her, when away shee went.
Hee having spoken from behinde the dore,
The subtle Fury (lurking there before)
With sudden rush did crush the posts in sunder;
And comming in, fills all with feare and wonder;
When ghastly squinting, griezly, Thus shee spake
With hellish voyce: Indeed you doe mistake,
False, *Iphicle* I am not: I am one
Of th' odious Sisters, sent from *Acheron*,
I'll make you prove it now: then forth shee drew
A pois'nous Snake, and it at JOSEPH threw:
But th' Heav'nly Warder still repell'd it back,
And all th' endeavours frustrate still did make.
Unable therefore Him to hurt at all,
Towards *Tempser* doth it softly craule,
With slippery windings, wriggling to and fro:
Into her skirts at length it twineth so,
That up it creeps, and quick into her gets,
Gnawes all her bowels, and despiteful spets
His hellish poison in her inmost heart.
The Lad, thus frighted, quick away did start,
To his owne Chamber: and perplext in minde,
Forgetfull hee had left his cloak behinde.
Seeing him fled, and feeling in her wombe
The fretting Venome; wholly overcome,
In ragefull fury, suddenly shee falls,
And, *Help, Help, Help*, with a loud Cry shee calls,
So loud and shrill, that all the Court it heard,
And all the house, and neighbours neer, it scar'd;
As if within had been som sudden fire
Which instantly would to the roof aspire.
Help, Women, Help, quick, quickly. O! the Slave,
The Jew, the Rascall, the young Hebrew Knave,
Even now (O Gods!) finding mee here alone,
(O the bold Villaine! Hath the like been know'n?)
Dar'd t' have defil'd great *Putiphar* his Bed;
And, but my Nurse mee timely rescued,
Had ravisht mee (O, horrid thing to think!)
But hearing Help, away the slave did slink,
And left, for haste, his cloak behind him here,
With Hue and Cry, pursue him far and neer,
Lay hold on him, and lay him fast in Hold;
And let my Lord of his abuse be told.
Thus fell *Tempser* her complaint prefers,
All which, and more, false *Iphicle* avers,
And aggravates adjudging him exempt
From pitie, fit to hang for such attempt
So insolent, so impudent; and whets
The hearers hearts. Then close away shee gets,
Unseen, and *Owl-like* in a Clowd involv'd,
Her borrow'd Body into Air dissolv'd:
Descending swift from whence shee came, to tell
Her good-ill service, and successe, in Hell.
Poore JOSEPH then his fellowes selly seaze;
And, hasty, hurry him tow'rds Little-Ease:
Fain would hee speak, but none wou'd hear a word;
None, none at all, and least of all his Lord,
Whom the Report already had incenst;
Yet not with Death to have him recompenc't:
But, in a Dungeon (worse then Death) to dwell,
For worst Offendors the most loathsom Cell;
There, kept close Pris'ner to be barely fed
With puddle-water, and with barly-bread.
But, better kept by his supernall Keeper
(Yet more his dear, the more their woes be deeper)
A winged Watch-man shining heav'nly bright,
Is sent to JOSEPH (when the first sad night
With sable Courtain had beclowded all)
Who entring (through the Wicket and the Wall)
Into the Prison, with a new-come Ray
Lightning the dungeon, driving Night away,
With spirituall Comforts, and with speeches kind,
Cancels his fears, and well confirms his minde.
This, from a Tow'r th' Egyptian Keeper spy'd:
Som God, som God is in the Light hee cry'd.
I know, such Splendor, and the speech I heard,
If it be God it must be needs inferr'd
This Lad is guiltlesse of the crime pretended.
For, Innocence just *JOVE* hath ay defended.
Thenceforth, to JOSEPH bare hee great respect,
A kinde of Reverence, with a kinde Affect;
Took off the Irons from his hands and feet;
Fed, lodg'd him better, made his Prison sweet;
Visit shim oft, intreats him friendly fair
With loving Comforts, lets him take the Air.
Now, twice four Roundles *Phebe* had compleat,
When on suspicion of some treacherous seat
Of pois'ning *Pharao*'s Bread (as went the Fame)
Two were committed from the Court (by name
The Kings chiefe Baker, and chiefe Butler, too)
To the same Gaole where JOSEPH hath to doe.
For, now his Keeper trusted him so deep,
Hee made him Keeper, and of nought took keep.
In short time after. Either, in one night,
Dreamed a Dream; whence the next morrow light,
Pain'd and perplexed, what they might portend,
Too sadly serious seem'd they to perpend.
Which JOSEPH noting; Gentlemen, I pray,
How hap (quoth hee) you are so sad to day.

To night(said they)wee dreamed each a Dream,
But none wee finde that can interpret them:
And that's our trouble. Can you tell them mee?
Come let mee heare them,if you can, quoth hee;
It may please God wee may have sight therein.
Right gladly, said the Butler, I'll begin.
Mee thought I saw a green and goodly Vine,
With three fair Branches, budding, blowing fine,
Then flowring fresh, then swelling Clusters blush,
Whose spumy Juice in *Pharao*'s cup I crush,
Which with my hand into his hand I raught,
Whereof the King took-in his wonted Draught.
Then,thus the Lad:I'll tell your Dreams portent.
First, by that goodly Vine your Life is Meant;
The Buds, Flow'rs, Fruits, be fruits your self have
Your Services, your Vertues here-tofore, (bore,
Which shall be guerdon'd, you restor'd to grace;
The three fair Branches are but three dayes space,
When in your wonted manner you shall bring
The wonted Cup unto your Lord the King.
Then, when with *Pharaoh* you shall gracious be
(If I be worthy,but remember mee,
And that unworthy I am here detain'd.
The Baker,hearing This thus right explain'd,
Said, Let mee also, if you please,I pray,
Report my Vision; and your Verdict say.
Mee thought I had three Baskets on my head:
Two full of Flow'r, the third of finest bread,
Made with most Art and Cunning that I might;
But, all anon the Birds devoured quite.
Then said the good Interpr'er: Things to come
Are known to GOD; Men often faile in some:
Yet, what I ghesse and gather of this matter,
I'll tell you true; I cannot, may not, flatter.
That which you saw the Baskets filled with,
Of divers kindes, your Life betokeneth:
The Flow'r your former, simple and sincere;
The Bread,your later,compound(as it were)
Of all deceits, Theft,Plotting, Poysoning,
Treason, and all discover'd to the King;
Who, for reward of these foule Crimes,by Law
Will hang you up: and then the Birds you saw
Rav'ns,Vultures,Eagles,Kites,and carren Crowes,
Shall eat your Carcasse,peck your Eyes and Nose.
Within three dayes, your Baskets number notes:
Yet I may erre, and you may change your Lots.
For,God doth change,when men doe change from
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will. (ill.
This past,their Parts,Both,divers pondering,
On the third day came Warrant from the King,
To clear and to declare the Butler Quit,
And hang the Baker, at first sight of it.
Accordingly from Prison both are brought;
But, to a divers End, with divers thought:
Th'one with reproach,th'other with good report;
Th'one to the Cart, th'other to the Court;
Th'one to the Gallowes, the other to be grac't
Of Prince and Peer, and in his room re-plac't;
With Caps & Claps,with cheerfull shouts and songs
Welcom'd,rewarded, honor'd for his wrongs.
Thrice through the *Zodiak* had *Hyperion* prance't,
And fourthly now his fiery Teem advanc't,
When quiet stretcht upon his Ivory bed,
In sweetest sleep, well toward morning-sted,
To mighty *Pharaoh* the Almighty sent
A double *Dream*, of so deep Consequent,
That wondring much, the King awoke withall,
Conceiving it some high *Prognostiall*.
Wherefore,forth-with he summons far & wide,
Through *Ægypt* and *Chaldea*, from each side,
All that had knowledge in *Astrologie*,
Cunning in Spels, or skill in Prophecie,
Or could fore-tell by Magick from below;
Or from above, by Oracles fore-show;
Or by in-sight of sacrificed Heards,
By Fire, by Water, or by flight of Birds,
Or by their songs; by Sand, by *Geomancy*;
Or by what-ever *Heathen* Feat or Phant'sie.
Then swarm'd the Court with Sages of all sorts,
Of divers habits, and of divers ports:
Som on their heads wore hornes,hairy and horrid;
Som wth thick Turbands did surroud their forehead,
Som with high Miters, som with trailing whoods,
Som with rich Garlands set with precious Studs;
But, broad long-bearded all adown their Chin,
With sad aspect, and of a sallow skin.
Whom when before him *Pharaoh* had admitted,
Hee tels his *Dreams*, first then(as him befitted)
Propoundeth Honours and rich Recompence
To whomsoever shall expound the sense,
And sets them dayes,& nights,& times,and houres,
To bring their Answer:But,(beyond their pow'rs)
Dais,nights,times, hours ,they break,none doth appeare
T'explaine the *Dream*,or the Kings doubt to clear:
Neither their Spheres,Spels,Circles, Sorceries,
Birds, Beards, nor Miters could decypher This.
Angry therefore, and thence-forth grieving deep,
The King would heare none, but did private keep.
The Butler then remembring(at the last)
During his Durance what before had past,
(Which hitherto,as Courtiers, yet, for most,
Good turnes receiv'd, hee had forgot, or crost)
How truly JOSEPH by their Dreams did tell,
What to the Baker and himselfe befell;
Fell on his knees, and eryes unto the King,
Pardon, my liege, my stolid lingering
To tell your Highnesse, in this manner mov'd,
What(late)in prison I both saw and prov'd.
Your Majesty(no doubt)remembers yet
Your Baker and my selfe you did commit (found
To your High Marshals Tower; where then wee
An Hebrew Youth, a Pris'ner(on false ground,
As may be ghest)late Page to *Potiphar*.
Both grown in time with him familiar,
Both of us dreamed in one very night;
Both of our Dreams to Him wee did recite;
Both hee expounded; and both did succeed
To both of us, as hee of both did reed.
To mee,said hee,Thou shalt in three dayes space
Returne to Court, recover Place and Grace:
But, to the Baker; Thou(said hee)that day
Shalt be hang'd up, for rav'ning Birds a Prey,
Unlesse thy faults thou canst so quick repent,
That change of life thy threatned death prevent:
(For, God doth change, when men do change from
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will. (Ill,
All which for True, before your Eyes is cleer;
The Baker hang'd: and I your Butler, here.

Upon

Upon my Life, my Lord, your hidden Dream
That Lad will read: hee hath som Spirit supreme.
Herewith the King re-cheer'd, and inly glad,
Commands him straight, Go, quickly fetch the Lad,
And in Our Name him instantly inlarge.
Forthwith hee hies him to performe his charge;
Gets forth the Pris'ner, shifts him, suits him prest,
Of his owne cost, and hath him barb'd and drest;
And then conducts him, bashfull, to the King;
Who well beholds the Lad, likes every thing;
Then questions thus: They tell mee, Youth, that you
Interpret Dreams; now, tell mee, Tell they true?
My gracious Lord, said JOSEPH, God alone
Immediately knowes dreams; and other none,
Save onely such, to whom that sacred Gift
Th' Almightie daignes: I may my prayer lift
Unto my God for you, my Lord, and shall:
It may be, Hee will grant this grace withall:
For, ay with speciall care hee guides the things,
That long to Kings; as onely King of kings.
A while then inly did hee meditate:
Then prayes the King his Visions to relate.
Mee thought, said *Pharaoh*, by *Nile's* bank I stood,
And suddenly from out the silver Floud,
Came seven fair Kine, which ranging fat and wide,
Fed in the Meads along the Rivers side,
On Ox-lips, Cowes-lips, Trifole and the rest,
Which for the Altar fat our Beasts the best.
Scarce had I turn'd mine eye, when on the shore,
Me-thought in th' instant came up seven Kine more,
With staring haire, too-weak to stand alone,
Ill-favour'd, lank, and leane, bare skin and bone;
As, poorly fed, with Holly, Broom, and Heath,
Anatomies, or living forms of Death.
Amaz'd with this, yet was I more anon,
When these (mee thought) for hunger set upon
The former seven, and so to work did fall,
That suddenly they had devour'd them all.
Here-with I waked: and anon agen
Sweet slumber caught mee, and I dreamed then
I saw seven goodly full faire Ears of Corne,
Rise from one straw, scarce able to be born:
And by and by, seven other Ears there sprung
Light, chaffie, blasted, thin and closely clung,
Which in like manner greedily did eat
And quick consume the seven full Ears of Wheat.
These were my *Dreams*, which I have oft propoun-
To many, yet by none can be expounded. (ded
Now, if for Thee this Honour be reserv'd,
If Thee alone my deeper *Dreams* deserv'd;
Then, happy Youth, rejoyce with all thy heart,
Eternall Fame shall trumpet thy Desert:
And with reward wee shall so richly store thee,
That in all Ægypt none shall be before thee.
Great King, said *Joseph*, both your *Dreams* be one,
Sent down from God, to be reveal'd by none
(How-ever wise, how-ever full of Parts,
How-ever compleat in all depth of *Arts*)
Save by some Vessell of his owne election,
To whom hee daignes the grace of his direction:
And therefore could your Sages nothing show,
Not knowing God, though all things else they know.
Know this, O King: God by this Vision sends,
To let you know what shortly hee intends.
Your seven fat Bullocks are seven fruitfull years;
Which through all Ægypt shall oreflow your shiers.
While *Nile*, far fatter then fore he wont,
Shall farther spread his slimy sweat upon't;
When happy *Memphis* shall such plenty see,
That your old Barnes shall all too little be:
Your Ricks, your Garners, and your Bartons all,
Too narrow for your Crops; too short, too small:
And, to confirme it, that it shall be so,
Your seven full Ears but the same thing fore-show.
Now be you pleas'd, my great and gracious Prince,
To heat the rest with heed and patience: (low.
For, seven poor years these seven rich years shal fol-
Whose Penury their Plenty soon shall swallow;
When *Nile* shall shrink into his Channell, nye
Leaving the Ridges and the Furrows dry,
Fields scorched, parched, burned even to dust,
Both Solstices like deawlesse and adust:
No Torrents gushing from the Mountain tops,
Nor (under *Cancer*) on the *Æthyops*
Any return of Winter's Moist again,
Nor any help of sweet and timely Rain:
So that the Husband cannot plough his Land:
Or if hee could, hee should but plough the sand,
And cast his Seed amid the flame to burn,
Without all hope of any Crops return,
Or of increase: but rather prest for need,
To quit his Plough, and on his Oxen feed.
Your seven leane Bullocks, and seven slender Ears,
Devouring, shew these seven devouring years.
This is your dreame, O King; and doubled thus,
That more assured, more solicitous,
More speedily you may provide before
(Thus warn'd by God) a salve unto this Sore.
Which, how to doe (of mee if you demand):
I would advise you first through all the Land,
To build new Garners, long and large enough,
From time to time to store up all the stuffe,
That may be spared throughout all your State,
During those years of Plenty fortunate;
Allowing onely for each Housholds need,
And for their Land a Competence of Seed.
You must have also Treasure ready still
To buy this store, if well proceed you will:
And to this end, let there a man be sought
Discreet and wise, to wield it as it ought.
Let him have pow'r as in your Royall Name,
Through all your Kingdome to dispose the same;
And underneath him to subordinate
Sub-Officers, to serve him and the State. (King,
Thus JOSEPH counsell'd: and the while the
With silence, all maturely pondering,
At last breaks out in joyfull admiration,
There is (no doubt) a Divine inspiration
In this young man, Without a spirit Divine,
Of future things, none could so deep define:
There is none like him, none to match him neer,
In all *Chaldea*, nor in *Ægypt* here.
Then, on his neck, shedding a showre of Joy,
The King imbrac't, and kindly grac't the Boy;
Then, thus bespake him: Seeing God hath giv'n
Thee this to know, and to fore-shew from Heav'n;
I know not one so wise and so discreet,
Nor for this Office then thy self more meet.

Thee

Thee, next to Mee, shall all my people serve,
And call thee Saviour; Thou dost them preserve.
Then, on his back a purple robe hee dons,
Embossed round with rich and Orient Stones;
About his neck a massie Chaine of gold,
And on his finger (as they wont of old)
A royall Signet, a most precious Ring
(Not to be worne by any, but the King,
Or his Vice-gerent, whom hee doth esteeme
And will have deemed *Second unto Him*)
Which *Pharaoh* there then plucked from his own,
To put on JOSEPH's, that hee might be known
To be the *Second to Himselfe*, in all.
Then, on a Steed, the second in his Stall,
(Or second Chariot) in his solemne Pompe
He makes him ride; and with the sound of Trumpe
Proclaimes, before him that they bow the knee
To his Vice-gerent, to this *Second Hee*,
To this Preserver of their State; or rather
To this (adopted Sonne) their Countries Father;
This Prince of worth, this more then man, this mi-
This happy, holy, Heav'n inspired Oracle; (racle,
Who, the Kings Dreame in time interpreting,
Had sav'd themselves, their Country & their King.
With all these honors, and with wealth confer'd,
With all applause good JOSEPH is prefer'd
To rule all Ægypt: which with great dexterity,
Wisdome and worth, care, courage and Sincerity,
Hee executes: And first, his Circuit rides
Ore all the Land; Barnes every where provides,
Which in those plenteous years he fils with Store
Of every kinde. And, sith it is no more
Vertue to purchase then preserve what's got,
Hee slips no time, but prudently doth plot
To kill all Vermine, cut off all excesse
Of Gluttony and beastly Drunkennesse;
Abates their needless beasts, Dogs, Mules, & Horse,
Rids idle Rogues and Vagrants that be worse;
And rather buyes in from the Coasts about,
Then by a Licence lets a Corne go out.
Thus hee proceeds: and GOD so blest his hand,
That all things prosper'd over all the Land.
There was a City call'd *Heliopolis*,
(Whose Surname from the Sun derived is)
Whose Prince (a Priest too, to *Apollo's* Grace)
Had one faire daughter (faire indeed of Face
And outward Feature; but, much more divin'd
For inward Beauties, Graces of the minde)
Whom *Phœbus* oft consulted with, had show'n
Not to be match to any of their Owne:
But by a higher Fate reserv'd to be
A Strangers Bride, with Greater dignity
To raise her Name, and honour her Posterity.
This Oracle at JOSAPH points in Verity,
Thinks *Phœbus* Priest and great King *Pharaoh* too:
And to this end th' *Isra'elian* Prince they wooe.
When Ægypt now seven happy years had had,
All plentifull, all prosperous and glad;
It pleas'd the King, with Royall Pompe and State,
These Nuptiall Bands to knit and consummate
With sumptuous feasts; and (to prolong their joyes)
With Tilts, & Tourneys, Dances Maskes, & toyes,
So long, that now the seven rich years at last,
Were ended all, and all their plenty past.

And now, *Sol's* Palfreys, having past the Twins,
Where posting hotly towards *Cancers* Innes,
When the Ægyptians could no more perceive
Nile's over-floud, nor any mud to leave;
But pure, unpuddled on the sand to slide,
And in his Bottom him well-neer to hide:
Their whilome fertill soyl now serely tives,
Yawnes wide for thirst, no hope of Harvest gives:
If any seed be sown, it never springs,
Or never buds, or never bears, or brings
Unhappy Darnell, or Dry Poppy seed,
Or is devour'd by Vermins hungry breed.
So that they live of former Years remains,
Which hardly yet the first hard Year sustains;
But men are fain to Grasse and Rats to fall,
To harmlesse Creatures, unclean Beasts and all.
Then, to the King, City and Countrey fly
To sue for comfort, and to seek supply:
Hee to his *Vice-roy* JOSEPH them refers;
Hee instantly to under-Officers,
Who (by his order) furnisht all their wants,
At equall price: yet do so high advance
The Kings advantage, that from far and nye
The Wealth of all runs to his Treasurie;
His Checquer's full: yet had they past (alas!)
Scarce four hard years, and had three more to pass.
What shal they do, poor souls? How will they shift?
Now nothing have they, but their bare Lands left:
Those they would sell; but, who (alas!) should buy?
None hath the Purse, except the King. They try
The Prudent *Vice-roy*: who approves the thing,
Bargains and buys a fift part for the King.
This Famine raging fiercely every where,
Fame bruits abroad (which came to *Jacobs* eare)
That yet in Ægypt they were stor'd so well,
That they had Corne enough, and some to sell:
Old *Isr'el* therefore calling up his Sons,
You see, saith hee, our short provisions:
You see how like wee are to starve and pine,
And perish all, without the hand Divine:
I heare there's Corne in Ægypt to be bought;
Mee think ere now, you should your selves have
It time to go: Go get you quickly thither, (thought
Take Coyne and Sacks: goe hye you altogether,
Save *Benjamin*. The other Ten agree,
And, furnisht fit, set forth immediately.
Arriv'd in Ægypt, they est soons enquire
The great *Corne-Master*; lowting low, desire
Corn for their mony. JOSAPH knows them brim
To be his Brethren: but they know not him.
Hee well remembers their unkindness past. (fast.)
(And wrong receiv'd draws strong revenge too
Yet, for Gods sake, his Fathers, and his Brothers
(Young *Benjamin's*) hee spareth all these others;
And speaks to them, but strangely and austere:
Whence? what are you? you (Sirs) that cluster there?
My Lord, your Servants are one *Jacobs* Sonnes,
We come from *Canaan* (where our Father wonnes)
Compell'd by Famine (which there rageth sore)
To seek your Favour: of your happy store,
To daign us for our money what you may.
Our Father hath great houshold to defray,
Himselfe, Eleven of Us, our Little Fry,
Shepheards and Bondmen a great company:

And

And therefore hither are wee come, my Lord,
To crave the help your Favour may afford,
To save so many lives, that may be able,
And shall be willing(som way serviceable)
To thank your Lordship: for,our Father reigns
As King in *Sichem*, and hee stocks the Plains
With goodly flocks of many thousand Sheep,
And store of Cattle of all kinds doth keep:
Vouchsafe us therefore of your Corn, wee pray,
That wee may live, what ever price wee pay:
For, wee come hither, not to beg, but buy.
"To buy? said JOSEPH; nay, I doubt to spy:
Spyes are yee all; so many sturdy Clownes
To troup at once through all our Forts and Townes,
To view and to survay our strength and store,
And so the weaknesse of the Land explore.
Yee tell mee of your Father and your Brother:
But I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Test?
Where's your Commission? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the rest?
Or why came you so many? It is clear
"You come to spy: and you shall buy it dear.
Thus, though his heart doth melt, his bowels yerne;
Hee faines him fierce, and bears him roughly sterne.
They, prostrate all, beseech him not suspect
Them any such. Our comming was direct,
Wee swear(say they): The witnesse wee implore
Of th' onely God our Father doth adore,
Our Father sent us; Famine drove us hither;
For Corn wee come: and that wee come together,
Our need, our number, and our distance crave
At once as much as wee at once can have;
Our other Brother is but yet a Lad
(And all the comfort that our Father had)
Too young to travell such a journey yet;
Which upon us our Father laid, more fit.
Wee thought on no Commission: for, indeed
In such a case wee thought there none should need.
Be good unto us, good my Lord, wee pray,
Pity our Father, and (if pity may
Pierce you at all) pity our Brothers case,
Pity our Babes, the hope of all our race.

'Twixt over-joy'd, his eies will needs run over;
Which yet a while, he turns aside to cover:
Then thus returns; your cunning answer showes
That you are false. Truth needs not such a Glose:
I am resolv'd; and can beleeve no other.
By th' life of *Pharaoh*, till you fetch your Brother
You shall not hence, one Hostage shall remaine,
The rest shall goe well loaden home with graine:
This favour will I doe, expect no other,
Nor move me more, untill you bring your Brother,
To testifie your Stories are not lies:
Else by the life of *Pharaoh* you are Spies.
(Here, Sirra, Marshall, take them to your charge,
Look none of them be let to goe at large)
Ile give you three daies Respit to revolve;
Then let mee heare what herein yee resolve.

They (inly prickt in their owne conscience
For cruelties committed now long since,
'Gainst this their unknown Brother, now a Prince)
Among themselves debating what was best
(Seeing the *Vice-Roy* did so deep protest)
Thought most expedient, and resolve in briefe,
To send home Nine, loaden with such reliefe,
To fetch their Brother; leaving one behinde:
Which Part by lot, to *Simeon* was assign'd;
Whom they for Hostage to the Prince present,
(Upon the third day) with their full intent.
Then he commands their Sacks with Corn be fill'd:
They pay for it; but secretly hee will'd,
That each mans money should again be put
Into his Sack, and then the Sack re-shut.
So now their Hostage in safe custody,
They lade their Asses, and full heavily
Leave Ægypt and their Brother; hying home,
Unto *Samaria*: where no sooner come,
But, their old Father, forthwith missing one, (on?
Cryes, Where's your Brother? Where's my *Sime-*
What, is hee sick, or dead(I doubt mee rather)?
Neither, said *Juda*, dead, nor sick, good Father:
Hee's well in health, but doth for pledge remaine
In Ægypt, till wee all go back again,
And bring with us our brother *Benjamin*:
For, such conditions must wee enter in,
Or else we could have brought you nothing thence.
The Man wee dealt with, a great Man, a Prince,
Next to the King, at our arrivall there,
Askt many questions, whence, and what wee were:
Whether wee had a Father, or a Brother,
In what estate, how old; and many other.
Wee doubting nothing, told him truely all;
Then, more austere, and more Majesticall,
Now I perceive(saith hee) that you are Spyes,
And all your Answers are so many Lyes:
You come but to survay our strength and store,
To finde our weaknesse, and our wants explore:
Yee tell me of your Father and your Brother:
But, I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Test?
Where's your Commission? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the rest?
Or why came you so many? It is clear
You come to spy: and you shall buy it dear.
Wee answer'd for our selves the best wee could:
All would not serve: Th' issue was this; we should
Leave one for Hostage, and the other Nine
Should bring home Corn, and bring him *Benjamin*;
Or never to returne unto that place,
Or never dare to look him in the Face:
For, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, wee were Spyes,
(That is his Oath) and all our Words were Lies.
Good Father *Jacob*, having heard all this,
With many a sigh(as sorrows manner is)
Is there, saith hee, under the Heav'ns bright Eye,
Another Father so distrest as I?
One Sonne is lost; another pris'ner left
In a strange Land; another now bereft
(By your device, or your advice at least)
And all of you(I doubt mee) all the rest
To be extinct, while I survive in feares
Of so bad news to come to my sad eares.
First would to God(so God were not displeas'd)
My dayes were ended, and my sorrows ease'd.
Thus speaking wept hee, and thus weeping spake.
His Sons with Comforts seek his Care to slake,
Saying, The godly should not fear so deep,
Sith God his Servants will more safely keep.

Then

Then to their sacks; Each having his unknit,
Each findes his money in the mouth of it.
Amazed all: sad *Jacob* thereupon,
Sons, Sons (said hee) there lackt but this alone:
This is enough to kill all hope (as vaine.)
For, if to Ægypt you returne againe,
The mighty man that fain'd you Spies before,
Will find you Theeves now; & what need he more,
Having so sifted and so sought your Coat,
To finde a hole, that hee might cut your throat?
No, no (I sweare) my *Benjamin*, my Boy,
Mine onely Comfort left, mine onely Joy,
I will not hazzard on so tickle ground:
You, you shall goe that are so promise-bound,
If you think good, and God will have it so:
And when you are determined to go,
I'll give you all the golden good I have,
Jewels and Coyne, your Brother to un-slave
And save your selves; and to bestow in Corne,
If God be pleased that you shall returne.
On th' other side, against his Fathers feares,
Sad *Judah* thus intreats him, even with Tears:
Deare Father, heare us first; and then I pray
Have care of us, and of your selfe this day.
For, how shall wee unto that Man returne,
Who solemnly hath by his *Pharao* sworne?
Except wee bring our Brother *Benjamin*,
Nor wee, nor hee that is there cooped in,
Shall bodismist: nor shall wee have the grace
To hear his voyce, or ever see his face;
Where, God hee knowes, what shall of us become:
And how much better shall you be at home?
How will you live? Where will you have to feed
This multitude, if there wee do not speed?
Father, for Gods sake follow my advice:
Upon my perill, stand not off so nice.
This Lad will save both us, and you, and all;
And on my life, no hurt shall him befall:
Two tender pledges leave I here of mine;
If hee miscarry, let them pay the Fine.
Then doubt not, Father, lay your feare aside,
And prudently for you and yours provide.
That thus our money was return'd; no doubt,
By his direction it was brought about:
But for a pit-fall, or for Pity rather,
It is uncertain: this is certain, Father,
Hee is reported, over all that Coast,
To be a good man, and a godly-most;
And, if the Whole be partly ghest by Part,
Wee saw some tokens of a tender heart:
For, while to him wee there did sad relate
The sad distresses of our present state,
Of You, and of our Brother, and our Brats;
Our miseries hee so compassionates, (hide,
That hee even wept: which though hee thought to
And turn'd away, yet many of us spy'd.
Wherefore, good Father, let us lose no time;
Prolong no longer, neither doubt the Clime,
Nor feare the man, nor faint for any thing:
Wee shall be safe under th' Almighties wing.
This urg'd with tears; the Old man overcome,
Cryes, Go on Gods name, God re-guide you home:
Go when you will, and with you take the Lad,
And some best Presents that may here be had
In this hard time: *Mirrhe*, *Storax*, *Almonds*, *Hony*,
Gumme, *Cinnamon*, and therewith, double mony,
Both for the former, which you brought againe,
And for the New, if Now you shall obtaine.
And Wee the while, will pray and pay our vowes,
To th' everlasting Patron of our house,
The *Lord of Hosts*, our Fathers God and ours,
To prosper and protect you with his pow'rs.
Blushing *Aurora* sweetly peeping out,
When *Sol* againe had brought his Teem about,
The Father and the Sonnes, together all,
All up and ready, on their knees doe fall
In due Devotion, as they daily wont:
Then to their Breakfast (not to dwell upon't)
Furnisht of what their Journey did require,
Gifts, money, *Benjamin*. Their tender Sire,
Weeping, Him kissing, and imbracing, thus
Bids sad *Adieu*: Dear Son, Ay prosperous
Thy journey be. If Fates the safe restore,
Then wish I life; for tears hee could no more.
Then to the rest; imbracing, blessing all,
While all for blessing on their knees do call.
They to their long-hard journey settling them,
Leaving *Samaria* and *Jerusalem*;
Past *Idumaas* Palmy Groves, and past
Syrbonian Moors, Arabian Desarts vast;
At length arrive on *Egypts* wealthy Coast,
And reach at last their *Memphis* wished most.
Whom gladly JOSEPH entertaineth there,
And instantly lets out his Prisoner.
Admitted then to gracious Audience,
Thus *Reuben* spake: When wee, right Noble Prince,
Returned home, had to our Father done
Your high Commands, touching his younger Son,
Whom you required to be hither brought;
Opening our Sacks to shoot the Corn wee brought,
In every Sack wee found our severall summe
(Which God he knows, we know not how should come.)
Our Father hearing what was com to pass,
And, seeing it, deep-sighing, cry'd, Alas!
Alas! My sonnes, I see som sad Mis-hap
Hangs over us: and all our old good-hap
Is crost and cancell'd. Sees Heav'ns glorious eye
Another Father so distrest as I?
Twelve sonnes I had, and one (alas!) is lost:
Another Pris'ner in a forrain Coast;
Another, now (mine onely comfort left)
Surrepted Thus, and You withall bereft:
And all of you to goe I wot not whither
(Made theeves) perhaps to perish all together.
We comfort, We thus press with all our pow'rs;
O Father trust our Fathers God and ours.
And for the man that now in Ægypt swayes
Hee is most just, most gentle. Him they praise
For their Preserver, and their Father there
Pious and pure: then, What is thence to feare?
Wonne with our words, at last with much adoe,
Hee granted us to bring his Darling too.
Go then, said hee, God to and fro direct you;
And with his wings of Favour still protect you.
Take with you *Benjamin*; and take withall
(Such as your Countrey yeelds) these Presents small,
Gumme, liquid *Storax*, bitter *Almonds*, *Hony*,
Mirrhe, *Cinnamon*: take also double mony,

To

To pay both for the Corne you had before,
And for as much as now you shall bring more :
And to that just Man (as you say) commend
Mee and my Sonne : pray him to stand a friend,
To pity Him, and You, and Mee, and All.
So all good hap to Him and You befall.
While this he spake; The Prince with much adoe
Refraining tears, cries, Welcome all of you,
Your Selves, your Presents, and your Brother here,
Who quits you from suspect : Be of good cheer,
Goe wash your weary Limbs from toyl and sweat,
And soon I pray come sit with mee at meat.
Thus said the Prince. The servants, som prepare
Bath for their Feet ; som Vessels ; som their Fare ;
Buttry and Pantry, som ; som spred the Table ;
And other-som as busie in the Stable.
Him-self the while dispatcht affaires of State,
Heard Suits for food, appointed each their Rate ;
And then returns unto his Guests again ;
Shows them his stately House, his Stuffe, his Train ;
His gold and silver Plate, ingrav'n, imbost,
Couches and Carpets of a wondrous Cost ;
And round about, most sumptuous to behold,
Deep Arras Hangings, all of silke and gold,
Of sundry Stories there so lively wrought,
That almost living were the Figures thought ;
Such sprightfly Postures, and so speaking Gestures,
So native Visages, so nat'rall Vestures.
Faith-famous *Abra'm* after Heav'ns behest,
Leads here his *Isac* to be kill'd as Beast.
The Lad here loads the Asse with Holmen sprayes :
The Father makes the Pile : Hereon hee layes
His bond-led, blind-led Son : his hand heav'd up,
An Angell holds, and there is held a Tup.
There *Jacob*, flying his rough Brothers wrath,
Hyes him amaine towards his native Path,
His Fathers ancient Seat, and happy Realm,
Betwixt swift *Tigris*, and th' *Euphrates* stream ;
There, at a Well his Uncle's Daughter aides,
Drawing up Water for the tender Maids :
There on the Downs he tends their Fathers sheep,
Serving for *Rachel* double Prentice-ship.
While *Isr'els* glad Sons (at this wealth amaz'd)
Now full of hope, on these things greedy gaz'd,
Great JOSEPH calls (for Supper was gone up)
Come, give us Water : it is time to sup :
Then, call, hee sets him in his Ivory Chaire,
And bids them sit, and treats them wondrous faire.

Here, Death preventing Fracastorious,
This late begun, Hee left unended Thus.

FINIS.

THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL; (Summoned in France, but assembled in England)

FOR

Nomination, Creation, and Confirmation

OF

The most Excellent Prince

PANARETUS.

A Præsage of Pr. DOLPHIN;
A Pourtrait of Pr. HENRY;
A Promise of Pr. CHARLES;

Translated,

AND

Dedicated

TO HIS HIGHNES,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

To the Honourable, Sir *Robert Carie* : Sir *James Fullarton* : Sir *Robert Carr* : Sir *David Foulis* : Master *Thomas Murray*.

GRave *Guides* and *Guards* of Hopefull CHARLES *his Wayn*,
Lest I incurr the least of Your Disdaine;
If, without leave, I (over-rashly rude)
Usurpe Your Rooms, or on Your Rights intrude;
I humble crave your *Licence*; and your *Loves*,
For my *Addresse*, when my *Accesse* behooves.
I know the *Field* of his Young HONNES heart
So duely *till'd* by your deep *Care* and *Art*
(Adding his Fathers *Royall golden Writt*;
And goodly *Practise* to demonstrate it;
His (late) rare *Brother*'s Pattern, of Renowne:
With Honest *Quin*'s new-cast *Prince-worthy Crowne*:
And *holy Promptings* of that reverend Payre,
Milborne and *Hackwill*, from the *sacred Chaire*)
That little needs Hee the *Stagyrian*'s store,
The *Corduban*'s, or th' *Attick Muse* his Lore:
Much lesse (alas!) my silly *Muses* Myte,
With *borrowed Feathers* to advance his Flight.
Yet, sith, too often, to a tender Ear,
Too-serious *Lectures* sound but too-severe;
Especially, to *Princes* dainty Taste,
They seeme but harsh, and will not downe in haste
(As wholesom'st Dishes, if but homely drest,
Some queasie Stomacks hardly can digest):
Let mee presume (with your good leaves) a while
To imitate *Physicians* honest Guile;
Who, oft, in *Sugar* sheathe their bitter *Pills*,
The better so to *Cure* unwilling *Ills*,
When wayward *Patients* for the *Sugars* sake,
Take-in their *Health*, which else they would not take.
Sad Rules of *Patience*, *Abstinence*, *Austeritie*,
Humilitie, *Frugalitie*, *Sinceritie*,
Religion, *Labour*, *Care* of *Common-wealth*,
And *Many*, meet for *Prince* and *Peoples* Health;
Which hardly can, in their *Owne Likenesse*, sink
In *Youth-full* minds (scarce in their Eares, I think)
How gravely oft, with greatest Diligence
Prest, and impreest with *Tullian* Eloquence:
Sweetly *disguis'd*, in artificiall Sutes,
Dancing the *Measures* after *Delphian* Lutes,
Washed in *Nectar*, wrapt in sugred *Verse*,
Enter more easily, and more deeply pierce.
This I endeavour; and to this Intent
I summon CHARLES to *Vertues* PARL'AMENT.

TO THE HIGH-HOPEFULL

CHARLES, *Prince of Great-Brittaine.*

Here witty Bertault (*in his* Fancy) *meant*
But a faint Præſage *of His Prince of* France;
Our Hopes of Ours *the better to advance,*
Wee *have preſum'd to* call *a* PARLIAMENT;
Where Royall Vertues *from* Olympus *ſent,*
By ſeverall ACTS *of ſacred Ordinance,*
Conform, confirm Your *future* Governance;
So pleaſe it Heav'n Your heart *and* hand *conſent.*
O! pleaſe it Heav'n, You *may be bleſſed Thus,*
Theſe Works *to imitate, Theſe* Acts *to act;*
To prove Your ſelfe, This ſame PANARETUS,
When future Age ſhall ſee our Hopes *in* Fact.
Which, while I pray; ſweet Prince, in humbleſt ſort
I cite Your HIGHNES *to* This Soveraign Court.

To your Highneſſe Service

humbly devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lords *Spirituall and Temporall*;
The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*:

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

PResuming all your Lordships will appear,
Not by your *Proxies*, but in person, here;
And in your turnes say (Every-one) *Content*,
To every *Act*, in *Vertues* PARLIAMENT;
I humbly bring You every-one A *Briefe*
Of every *Bill*; or, at the least, *the Chiefe*.

THese All are *Publike Acts*; *Private* this *Session*
Hath passed None; but in the next *Impression*,
Your *Acts of Bounty*, and the rest of *Marke*,
Shall be recorded,

By your under-Clarke,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

NAMES OF THE NOBLES IN This *Parliament*,

Interpreted.

PANARETUS:	*ALVERTUOUS.*
Andria:	*Prowesse.*
Phronesia:	*Prudence.*
Pistia:	*Fidelitie.*
Eumenia:	*Clemencie.*
Evergesia:	*Liberalitie.*
Hypomoné:	*Patience.*
Cateria:	*Constancie.*
Aletheia:	*Truth.*
Dicea:	*Justice.*
Eulebia:	*Pietie.*

Interpretation of other terms used in This *Parliament*.

Dysidiamoné:	Superstition.
Eridea:	Contention.
Merimné:	Carefull vexation.
Dapania:	Charge or cost.
Adicia:	Injustice.
Ovd.	Crowns for unbloudy Victors.

PANARETUS.

YEARS timely Turnes unto a Lustre run,
Brought forth at last the long-long wished Sun,
Whereon our hopes our just desires pursu'd,
To see our PRINCALING with a *Name* indu'd
(*Which since* WE *saw, or heard that happ sound,*
Saturn's slow Teem had trotted twice the Round)
When, lo, Th' *Eterne All-Maker's* Majesty,
Quick-darting down his All-discerning Eye,
Whereby his goodnesse all his Works doth guide;
And seeing prest the sacred Pomp and Pride
(As in so solemne Mysteries is wont)
T' adorn the *Altars* and the hallowed Font;
In th' instant summons with a gracious beck
Nine nimble Scouts, which scudding light & quick,
Dispatch more speedy then a thought the things
Above injoyn'd them by the King of kings,
Who with a mildly-most-majestick gest,
In heav'nly words, his pleasure thus expreat: (now
The young *French* DOLPHIN is even ready
To take the *Name* my fore-Decrees allow:
A frequent *Name* of Kings, and famous farre;
Wonders in *Peace*, Thunders in dreadfull *Warre*;
And one of them, more Excellent in *Grace*,
Among my *Saints* hath justly held a place.
But yet besides that *Name*, which *France* affects
For one Man's vertue, and for due Respects;
Besides that *Name*, which onely men have giv'n,
I'll give him one my Selfe as sent from Heav'n:
And such a one, as one-day, by Events
Shall prove it a true *Presage* of that *Prince*;
And, in *One Word*, mysteriously contracts
The *History* of his succeeding *Acts*.
Go therefore, quickly from all Quarters cite
The rarest *Vertues*, and most requisite
For Royall bosomes, that did ever rest
Within the Closet of a Kingly brest.
Tell them, it is Our pleasure and *Decree*,
That to this *Prince* they all *God-mothers* be:
And Shee among them that is found most fit,
And best behooves in *Crowned soules* to sit,
Shall at the Font, her sacred *Name* impose;
And from thence-forth inspire him, as hee growes,
With all her pow'rs, to correspond the scope
And full Extent of that great Empires Hope,
Whose *Limits* yet unlimitted appear,
Where Sire and Son to mee are equall dear.
I see th' *Ægean* streams, and *Thracian* strand,
Already trembling under his command:
And th' horned *Crescent* (which hath scorn'd to vale)
Before the Beams of this new Sun growes pale.
To greatest Ships (as Guides of all the Fleet)
The cunning'st Pilots evermore are meet:
Mine, most Immediate, seems the soverain care
Of *Soveraun Kings* (who but my Subjects are);
And therefore, I, that have behight *This Lad*
An ampler Rule then ever Monarch had,
As, of the WORLD to make him *Emperour*,
I'll have his *Vertues* equall to his pow'r:
I'll make them so: and to approve it, all
The Earths foure Corners I to witnesse call.
This publisht thus: est-soons the winged posts
Addresse them quick to these inferiour Coasts:
And (swift as arrow) hee that took to finde
Faire *Andria*, or great and goodly minde,
Among the many Idols of our dayes
That counterfeit her fashion and her phraze,
Spy'd her at last, for her here slight account,
Ready to leave us, and above to mount
A winged horse, in hope else-where to get
A new Renowne, 'mid stranger Nations yet.
Her Helmet (ever as her head shee stirs)
Seemed to twinkle with a thousand Stars:
A stately grove of Azure Plumes did wave,
And proudly shadow'd her gilt Armour brave:
The bright keen Blade that by her side shee wore,
Inur'd to bloud in Battels long before,
As it were, weary of that rusting rest,
And greedy longing for his wonted feast,
Seem'd male-content and his proud sheath disdain'd
(The golden Prison that him still detain'd) (strise)
Whereon were grav'n (with *Arts* Art-passing
By such a hand as could give Metall life,
The noblest feats of *Valour* (most extold)
In later Times, and in the Dayes of old,
Of greatest *Monarchs* that yet ever were,
Whose marks the World (unto this day) doth bear.
There, by the Banks of *Granic* dy'd in graine
(As then: no Banks, but rather Hills of Slaine)
Philips Great Son, in spite of multitude)
To his sole Scepter the whole World subdu'd.
There, valiant CASAR (*Rome's* first Emperour)
Quashing the Senats and the Peoples pow'r,
And stopping all their Lawes to his Sword's Law,
Tramples the Trophies of his Son-in-Law;
Who pale without, and all appall'd within,
Flyes from *Pharsalia*, and his boast, unseen.
Why flyes Great *Pompey*? so (at once) to lose
Th' Honors so oft wonne from so many foes?
Because Thine fainted, must Thou fainter too?
O yes! with *Cæsar* thou hadst here to doe.

There's thy Excuse: & though Thou lost the Game,
Thy Victor yet some-what abates Thy Shame.
There (on the Chape of massie gold, unmixt
With other Metall plain or wrought betwixt)
Our own, Great HENRY, smear'd with bloud and dust,
Pursues th' *Ibereans* with keen fauchin just;
And justly keening his courageous spirite
Against those daring *Demi-Moores* despite,
Beats out of breath the bravest of their Troup;
Who, bleak for fear, begin to faint and droup:
The gold, there loose, seems even to fly and (more)
Looks pale in faces full of pride before.
But Hee (well marked by his milk-white Plume)
With Kingly scorne, disdaining th' odious fume
Of vulgar bloud, in valiant Fury runns
Upon the proud Commanders, *Dukes* and *Donns*,
Who (either proud of Port, or rich Attire)
Had by his hand a sudden death for hire.
Their royall Pattern all his Troups take-after
And of the rest they make a glorious Slaughter:
Whence Streams of gore that to their Center scud,
Met in a Ruby, make a Lake of bloud.
Such costly Sheath sheath'd in such workmanship
The sheen keen Blade on *Valour's* brawnie hip
(Hung in an Azure Scarf, all over-sow'n
With Crowned Swords, and Scepters over-strown.)
A thousand other famous Battels fought
At sundry times, with cunning-cost were wrought
Within her Crimsin Bases, waving low
About her Calves, in Buskins white as snow.
Shee seem'd like *Pallas*, 'gainst the Giants prest;
Or (on Mount *Ida*) against *Mars* addrest.
At sudden sight of Heav'ns bright Messenger,
In milder port shee straight composed her;
And when Hee briefly to her heedfull thought
Had done the sacred Arrand that hee brought,
And (by the way) had question'd her (beside)
Whither her Haste was bent, shee thus reply'd:
Cœlestiall Herald, While th' Heroick Prince,
Whose gentle Yoke his *Celticks* so contents,
Carv'd with his Sword a Statue to my Name,
To stand triumphant in the house of *Fame*,
Nothing could hold mee from his steps, a-part;
My hand did guide his hand, my heart his heart:
Yea, I was with him, nay, within him prest,
His spirit's familiar, and perpetuall guest.
But hithence *Peace* Him now hath quite disarm'd,
And keepeth *Mars* within her Temple charm'd;
I did give way to my keen Swords Request,
(Which can no longer lie and rust in Rest)
And, while his heart, now all in love with *Peace*,
Hath left his hand, for mee, no businesse,
I meant to seek som other *Strand* for Stage
To act my Wonders, in Warres dreadfull rage;
That in brave Battels I again might reap
The Palms Hee wonted on my head to heap.
For, with the sparkles of my glorious fire,
Th' incensed brests of Younglings to inspire,
I can no more finde in my heart; sith they
So rashly rush to cast themselves away,
So oft, for Trifles (bred of idle breath)
So madly run to an untimely death;
So daily sacrifice their Life and Soule,
In som so foolish Quarrels, som so foule,
That, in the issue (fatall for the most)
The Victors Selfe may rather blush then boast;
And such, as for such to usurp the Sword
(Besides the Conquest's event to be deplor'd)
Is nothing else but to profane the same,
And to blaspheme mine Honour and my Name.
Not that I blame (where Bloud & Nature binds)
In point of *Honor* (Idol of brave mindes)
A Cavalier, so sensible of wrongs,
To hazzard Life and all that him belongs;
Sith, void of Honour, hee is void of sense,
That holds not Life a deadly Pestilence.
But I would have them rightly learne before
(Not, of a heart meer valiant and no more;
But of a heart valiant at-once and wise)
Wherein that point of precious Honour lyes,
For which, hee's happy that his Life shall lose;
And cursed hee that carelesse it forgoes.
For, such a cup-fume over-flowes the brain
Or such whose Soules this error entertain,
That One will ween his Honour interest't
To bear a Word, though spoken but in jest;
Who never thinks it tainted with a Lye,
Nor toucht with base and wilfull Perjury,
Nor with his Treason, when for som pretence
Hee hath betraid his Countrey or his Prince,
Or yeelded-up som un-distressed Place,
Or fled the first to save a Cowards case.
So th' Hypocrite, through superstitious Error,
Thinks hee hath done som Sin of hainous horror,
When by mis-heed, or by mis-hap, hee coms
Un-hallow-wash't, into the *Sacred* Rooms;
Yet makes no Conscience, yet hath no Remorse
To have undone, or done to death, by force
Of un-just Doom, or fraud of Evidence,
A many poor and harmeless Innocents?
Nay, laughs at Widows and at Orphans tears,
By his deceit, dispoyl'd of all was theirs.
Those valiant *Romans*, Victors of all Lands,
They plac't not *Honour* there where now it stands;
Nor thought it lay, in making of the Sword
Interpreter of every private word;
Nor stood upon *Puntilios*, for Repute,
As now a-dayes your *Duellers* pursue't.
But from their Cradle, train'd in Rules more fit,
They neither knew th' abuse nor use (as yet)
Of Challenges, *Appells*, and *Seconds*-aid.
But, when the Lawes their Bridle loose had laid,
For publike Glory 'gainst a publike Foe,
There Honours point, there Valors proof to show,
But, when behoov'd, bravely and first to front
An Armies force, or bear their sudden Brunt;
Or, larded thick with darts, victorious, dy
Upon a Breach, or on a Rampire high;
Or, leap alive into a yawning Hell,
To save their City from Infection fell;
Liv'd never Men that lesser feared death,
More-daring Valour never yet had breath.
Witnesse (unto this day) th' undaunted hearts
In *Curtius*, *Decius*, and *Horatius* parts:
With many Worthies more, Immortaliz'd,
Which for their Countries have selves sacrific'd;
And Whose brave deeds, whose honours, whose de-
Move more despair then envy in mens hearts: (serts,
For,

For, dying so, Garlands and glorious Verse,
Not Cries and Tears, honour'd their happy Herse;
Their Flower of Fame shall never, never shed,
Because their Death, their Country profited:
Whereas the death wch brings now brain-sick youth
Unto their Grave, deserves but Tears and Ruth:
Their Courage casts them even away, for nought;
Without Memoriall, save a Mournfull Thought,
Which banning but the fury that inflam'd-them,
Honours enough, if that it have not blam'd-them.
O what a number of courageous Knights,
Abortively, have in these *Single Fights*
Lost the fair Hope the World conceiv'd of them,
Have idlely frustred, of their Valours gem,
Their gracious Prince, who justly might expect,
Against his Foes, their forward Worths effect;
And, sacrilegious, to their Wrath have given
And heady Rage (whereby they have been driven)
The sacrifice, which (with more sacred zeal)
They ought to God, their King, their cómon-weal!
Ynow to make (could they return from death,
Such as they were, when here they lost their breath)
Not a Sole Squadron, but an hoast of men,
Whose Acts alone would furnish every Pen;
An Hoast of *Hectors*, and *Achilleses*,
Cæsars and *Scipio's*, who, by Land and Seas,
Following great HENRY for their Generall,
Mought (if hee would) have made him Lord of All,
Where, now, they lie in an inglorious Toomb,
Longing for Light untill the Day of Doom;
Or lower, in eternall Dungeons dwell,
With Ghosts and Shadowes skirmishing in Hell,
This mischief therefore, springing day by day,
And spreading so, as nought his course can stay;
And seeing (too) mine Honour blurr'd with blame,
When these rash Mad-caps do usurp my name;
To be from hence-forth, from the Rage exempt
Of such as turn my glory to contempt,
And thus deface my Vertues grace with Vice,
I hop't else-whete some holier Exercise;
And rather would, hearts so intemperous
Should not enjoy mee, than imploy mee thus.
Here *Andria* ceast: The Angell, gracefully,
Humours her Anger with this milde Reply:
Certes, fair *Nymph*, your Plant hath right & truth;
But yet, excuse the boiling heat of Youth;
Perhaps 'tis harder then you ween (precise)
To be at-once a *French-man*, *Young*, and *Wise*.
This Evill from this in-born Errour springs,
That a *Brave Minde*, when wrong'd in any things
Hee weens him selfe (if so hee *Armes* professe)
Must no-where seek, but in his Sword redresse:
And that an Eye, a No, a Nod, a Nick,
'S enough t' offend a Noble sense and quick,
Pernicious Errour, which doth undermine
Both *Martiall* Thrones, and *Civill*, and *Divine*!
For, to no end the *Publike* Sword shall serve,
If every man may with his *Private* carve.
And then, in vain are Soveraign Princes Lawes,
When Subjects dare themselves decide their cause.
But, I beleeve, This Madness will no more
Precipitate their courage, as before.
The curb of Law, which by their prudent Prince
Is now new made against This Insolence,
Will bar their boldness, and (directing mean
How (This deer Honour saved whole and clean)
A gallant Spirit, wrong'd in any kinde,
May lawfully his Satisfaction finde)
Will binde their hands, & even glue-in their blades,
Till, when some Foe their Common Right invades,
In forward Zeal of their dear Countries good,
It shall be honour (even) to dive in blood.
Disposed therefore to expect Amends,
Dispatch the Order which Heav'ns Monarch sends;
And goe not hence, where thou art so renown'd,
Till all the World be but This Empires bound:
Were it for nothing but that *Rising Sun*,
Whereon all Eyes already have begun
(Both Friends & Foes) to fix their hopes and fears,
That brave *Young Prince*, who from his cradle bears
Thine Image in his eyes, and in his arms,
Thine Exercise in every kinde of Arms.
Surely, said *Andria*, 't had been hard to finde
A stronger Charm here to arrest my minde
(Chiefly, here living my Soule's *Sympathy*,
His Father; rather, that same other, I):
For, as in th' one I am a Miracle,
So will I be a match-less Spectacle
In th' other too, when to his Ancient Right
His daring Sword shall make his Claim by Fight;
Whether his Armies royall-Front aspire
Those craggy Hils whose name is ta'n from Fire;
Or tend unto those fruitfull Plains which spred
Toward *Böotes*, and *Hyperions* Bed,
Whose Princes, in their Fables Antique-fram'd
Counts among *Kings*, *Kings* among *counts* are nam'd.
After these words, pronounc't with voyce & gest,
As Oracles are wont to be expreat,
Both took their flight through the thin cry stall air,
Towards the place appointed for Repair
Of all the rest of *Royall Vertues* Band. (mand.
Which were convented, by Heav'ns high com-
Royall *Eumenia* was already come,
And simple-maner'd *Pistia* (thought by some
Long-since exiled from the World); and Shee
Who from afar doth all Events fore-see.
There was (apparent by illustrious things)
Fair *Energesia*, Ornament of Kings,
And firm *Hyponone*, with her Twin-sister
Craterin, and Shee whose Patron and Assister
Are often shent, *Alethia*, little known
To mortall men (no scarce among her own)
With nails and cloaks they do be-cloud her so,
Whose spotless Selfe should rather naked goe.
In brief, of all the *Vertues* summon'd here,
There wanted none but *Dicea* to appear:
And St. *Eusebia*, in her Shadowes hid,
That long it was ere Her the Angel spid.
For, here among us a queint *Idol* haunts,
Whose simple habite, whose sad countenance,
Whose lowly look; whose language mildly-meeke,
Whose zeal-like gestures, and whose postures like,
So counterfeit Her, with the Mask it makes,
That many times the wisest it mistakes.
You'd think, her heart had onely God for Joy,
Her Exercise onely to fast and pray;
That shee abhors the World; and lodg'd therin,
Lives as the Fish that out of water bin;

That

That burning zeal of Heav'n consumes her so,
That all seems bitter that shee tastes below.
Yet all the while, This hollow *Holy-Tricks*
Doats but of Honours, dreams of Bishopticks,
Thirsts for Promotion, thrusts for Primacy,
Hunts Glory still, yet seems it to defy.
Never does good but for som great applause,
Not ever did good, for meer *Godnesse* cause.
This Band of Soules, and that same Foppery
(Of old) firnamed *Dysdaimonie*,
Whose heart, deject with terrors over-strong,
To fear God's *Justice*, doth his *Mercy* wrong
(Right *Servile Fear*, with Errors foolisi'd)
Hath driven *Eusebis* hence, else-where to bide;
Because th' one loves not, th' other must-beloves
What best to fear, and least presume behooves.
The Angell therefore ferrets every nook,
And narrowly her wonted haunts doth look.
In every Cloister, and in every Cell,
Where Folk beleev'd that shee did ever dwell:
Yet nothing findes shee of her, any-where,
Save som old track or footing here and there;
No, though hee visit the austerities
Of famous *Abbeies* and fair *Nunneries*:
But, in her stead, hee meeteth evermore
One of these Hags in every *Covent* Door,
Dreest in a habite of so humble show,
That hard it was the difference to know.
Yet, at the last, prying on every side,
Her (as conceal'd) in a by-place hee spy'd,
Where, with incessant tears, shee staid to rew
And to bewaile our Errors old and new;
Amid an humble Troup, whom like Desire
To loath the World, and from it to retire,
Had made preferre a poor and mean estate,
Yea Want it self, in place so separate,
Before the Wealth, the Honours and Delights,
Wherewith the World inveigles, as invites;
As choosing rather here to lose all These,
Then lose thereby their Soules eternall Ease.
In this sequestred place, prostrate in Praier
(Best *Antidote* 'gainst *Hopes pride* and *Despair*;
The two grand poysons of Soules Faculties)
The Angell found *Eusebia* on her knees.
Their Talk was short, the Time importun'd so:
In briefe therefore hee doth his Message show,
Acquaints her quickly whence and why hee came.
Then shee est-soons consenting to the same,
Away they post in a swift Airie Coach
Towards the place where all the rest approach,
The generall *Rendez-vous* for all this Act:
Where yet (alas!) the Lady *Dicea* lackt.
For, th' Angell, tasked to goe seek her forth,
Sees her no more conversing on the Earth,
Nor findes her sitting (as shee wont of-old)
On Princes Thrones, and Prelates uncontroul'd;
Nor among Magistrates, which are the Tongue
And life of *Law*, t' interpret Right and Wrong.
Where-at amazed, and desiring more
To sound what reason men could yeeld therefore,
Assumes a body, bearing in his hands
A bagg of Writings and seem-Deeds for Lands:
Comes to a Hall, all full of Murmuring
Of people pricked with the angry sting
Of fell *Eridanus*, who her Venome sheds
Even into Boores and Paisants hearts and heads,
By her keen fury (as with Brizes) stung;
And by *Mermnie* and *Dapania* wrung:
In this great Hall, unknown unto Repose,
Stalks that stern Furie, either among those
Of her owne Frye, or 'mong the wretched Crew
Whom her hard gripes had made (in vain) to rew,
A Rank of Seats, each unto other fixt,
And every one a sundry Name affixt,
Bordred the Walls, smokie with age, and foule;
Perches of many Plumie-pounced Fowle,
Whose nimble Quills have learn'd to fly for that
Rich Minerall, which makes men peace and prate.
There was no Order: a lowd-buzzing Presse
With whirling Eddies hurry'd without cease,
Full of all Sorts; of Priests, of Gentlemen,
Merchants, Mechaniks, Grooms and Husbandmen:
Each justled other, crowding to and fro,
As here and there the stream did ebb and flow.
This yauld, that brawld, another beat the Barr;
One woo'd the Judge, another urg'd him farr;
This proves *Defaults*, That pleads a *Warrantie*;
This avoids *Witnesse*; That *Appeals* more high;
Another, fleering, doth his adverse flowt.
With Rod in hand the *Ushers* trudge about:
A world of *Lawyers* swarm'd; yet som had leasure
(As least imploy'd) the Places length to measure.
All boyl'd with *Discords*; one no sooner done,
But instantly another New begun;
With such a Noyse as soundeth neer the Shoare
When towards a Storm, the Sea begins to roare.
Hard-by this Ocean, which Night onely still'd,
Appear'd an Old-man (as one deeply ill'd,
And inly galled for som grievous losse)
With eyes lift-up, pale cheeks, and armes acrosse;
Whom th' Angell spying, towards him hee speeds;
And (seeming Mortall by his shape and weeds)
Good Father, said hee (so to sound his minde)
Where might I (think you) Lady *Dicea* finde,
Whom I have sought already far and neer,
And surely thought now to have found her here?
Dicea, my sonne, said the Old-man (well-nigh,
Gushing out Tears which stood in either eye;
And sending forth a deep-fet sigh, before)
Dicea, alas! is in the World no more.
That Fire which only Death hath pow'r to quench,
That fell Desire no Deluge else can stanch;
The burning Thirst of Worldly goods and Gold,
And all Sins, taught to war against her, bold,
Have fore't her to forsake this wretched Frame,
And fly again to Heav'n whence first shee came.
Or, if in Earth shee yet have any Stance,
'Tis with the *Cynoes*, *Turks*, or *Scythians*:
But in this *Climate* hardly doth appear
Any small signe, to show shee hath been here.
Cruell *Adicea* in her Room is set:
Hate, *Pavour*, *Fraud*, *and* Madame *Counterfeit*
(Out of all *Courts* hunting all *Conscience* quite)
Make of Right Crooked, and of Crooked Right.
Art and *Deceit* keep there their open Schooles:
Reason and *Law* are but the phrase of Fooles.
For, *Law* and *Reason* are now waigh'd (by sleight)
In *golden Scales*; where onely G O L D is waight.
Thus

Thus, the old-man proceeding still complain'd;
Till th' Angel, thus, his Blasphemies restrain'd:
Alas! good Father, your fresh Griefe (I see)
For some great suite, late lost unhappily,
From your sad lips this bitter language draws;
Excusable (perhaps) for your Grief's Cause:
But th' eye of Passion ill discerns the truth.
This having spoken; the Celestiall youth
Turns to another, lesse disturb'd in minde;
And likewise asks, where he might *Dicea* finde.
Hee more discreet, and milder-spoken, far,
Replyes: My Son, sure very few there are
(Yea of the wisest, who best understand)
That easily can answer thy demand.
For one perhaps will think her to be there;
Whereas, another (seeming wrong'd) will swear
By Heav'n, and all that in it Heav'n contains,
That not a spark nor mark of her remains:
Each holding her, present or absent, still
As his own cause hath thrived well or ill.
But I 'll assure the (and past all Appeal)
That in this place shee doth not alwayes dwell.
Sometimes shee comes, and brings for companie,
Honour, and *Faith*, and old *Integritie*:
But the strange Tricks of a bold babbling Dame
Call'd *Quiddi-quirk*, as barbarous as her Name,
Molest her so, that soon they drive her hence;
For, both at once have no-where Residence:
And *Plutus* too, her many-times dismaies; (swaies,
With that sweet Power whereby the world hee
Causing her oft return with heavy cheer:
And that 's the Cause shee staies so seldome here.
Oft have I seen her on the soveraigne Seat
In that high *Senate* whose *Edicts* compleat
Sway all the Kingdome; and (if any where)
I sure beleeve, you yet shall finde her There,
If those Abuses whose bold Tyranny
From other Thrones hath driven her openly,
Have not crept in by some close Golden Port:
But, far be that from such a reverend Court.
Here ceased Hee: and instantly, withall
Losing his sight, the Angel leaves the Hall;
His airie body to the Air repaies.
And while hee takes to other Courts his waies,
Hee happily the wished *Lady* meets:
Who, inly joy'd (which outward gesture sweets)
Because in Judgement shee had overthrow'n
Wrongs proud support, & giv'n poor right his own,
Came from deciding of a Cause of waight,
Before the Peers and Counsell of Estate.
But, her content was doubled when shee heard
Heav'ns sacred will (as th' Angel had averr'd)
And his high pleasure (whose Omnipotence
The Heav'ns adore) for *Surname* of the Prince:
With him therefore Her speedie shee directs
Towards the troupe which onely her expects.
Now all these *Nymphs* assembled seemed prest
(All diversly with Joy and Hope possest)
To take their flight to that King-favour'd Place
Where (pre-ordained for this Work of grace)
They should impose the Royall Infants Name,
The worlds main hope (as most conceive the same)
When suddainly there did among them breed
A noble strife, which stayd their forward speed;
Through great desire to see the radiance
Of that young Sun which should enlighten *France*,
Hasted their haste: and though on every side
As well the sacred Pomp, as civill Pride,
The King himselfe, Princes and Princely Dames
Glittring in Gold, sparkling in pretious Flames,
And all the Court adorn'd in rich Array,
Seem as offended at the least delay.
But yet, because Heav'ns Monarch had decreed,
That of the *Vertues* Shee which should exceed,
As most conducing to Kings happy state,
Should with her name this Princeling nominate;
When one of those high Heralds urg'd them on,
Among themselves This to consult upon,
Consult? said *Audria*: Why consult about
A Point, whereof (I think) was never doubt?
Mine, Mine 's this Honour: for, among us all,
Who more adorns a Kings Memoriall,
Or better keeps a Scepters Majesty
At his full height in Royall hands, then I?
I fill his Name with Glory and Renown:
I make him fear'd abroad of every Crown:
I, with the terror of his Arms, deterr
Ambitious Tyrants that they dare not stir
Offensive War against Himselfe or His,
How ever spurr'd by Spite or Avarice;
His famous Valour gaining This, for Meed,
That at the last hee seems it not to need:
Unlesse he lift his conquests to extend
Throughout the World; then is it I that bend
The proudest Mountaines under his command,
The strongest Holds I render to his hand:
I fill with feare, I chill with trembling Ice,
The boldest hearts of oldest Companies
That dare resist his quick and thick Alarms,
With th' onely lustre of his glittering Arms.
I often onely with his Trumpets sound
(Without a stroke) his Enemies confound:
And dreadfull make the most redoubted here
Think it no shame to flee his fierce Career,
As if (no Steel, of proof to ward his blows)
'T were Rashness more then Valour to oppose.
Such were of-old those hardy *Heroes* found,
For Prowess, Then for *Demi-gods* renown'd:
Such, He whose shoulders shor'd *Olympus* walls:
Such, He who conquer'd th' Empire of the *Gauls*:
Such, that Great *Macedon*: and such (again)
Those famous *Paladines*, whose Fables vain
(Yet usefull Tales) th' old *Romans* fain to fit,
That even they seem by *Morpheus* fingers writ.
But what they had *Ideally* from Art,
That *Really* I to a Prince impart.
Who knows not that *I*, onely us'd in Field,
Serve all the *Vertues* both for Sword and Shield?
Your selves indeed seeme to agnize no less,
Although in words you shame it to confess.
For, when the Fury of Wars dreadfull Showers
Begins to thunder neer your dainty Bowers,
All pale for fear, all trembling, all dismaid,
To Mee yee flee, to Mee yee cry for Aid;
Under my wings yee creepe to keepe you sure;
Where (& but there) you thinke your selves secure.
And, rather I, then Any (who expose
My Self alone against the Hail of blowes)

Begin

Begin Estates, beget and bring them forth,
And plant (in bloud) the Empires of the Earth.
Th' admired height of *Romes* great Scepter yerst
(As that of *Greece*) was but My work at first;
And that same Other famous, glorious throne,
Whose Greatnest yet, doth in its Cinders groan.
For, though by War, with Fire and Sword, I waste
What Heav'ns Decree hath doom'd to be defac't;
Even while I raze, I raise; and, of the Rubble
Of petty States, I build one hundred double:
As hotrid Dragons grow so hugely great,
Of many Serpents that alive they eat.
You are indeed extoll'd (and worthily)
For knowing well, to use a Victory:
But, without Mee, You can have none to use;
Without me then, your Knowledge nought accrues.
Therefore, your honour's less; at least, 'tis such
As (at the best) on mine dependeth much.
In brief, in all the sacred works wee doe,
Out Merit's divers, and our Honour too:
You rule the humble, I the proudest tame:
You adorn Kingdomes, and I conquer them:
You can direct, and I protect a Crown:
You do besiege, I dare assault a Town:
You shew the utmost of Mans Wit and Art,
I act your aimes with valiant hand and heart:
You (lastly) plot, in shady Chambers seel'd,
What I perform, abroad, in bloudy Field.
But, in all these, I pass you All, as far,
As to subdue the stoutest Foes in War;
To see about one (Lightning-like) to flash
Millions of Shot, Millions of Swords to clash;
To hear no noise but Canons roaring Thunder,
Divorcing Soules from Bodies pasht in sunder;
To march in bloud even to the knees; and yet
In all undaunted, not dismai'd a whit,
Is both more painfull and more Princely too,
Than clearing of a cloudy Fraud, or two;
To shield by counsell Equity oppreft;
To gain the Fame of Wisedome with the best;
To fast and pray, or give abundantly,
Or get the name of gracious *Clemency*.
Then well fare *Valour*: and, long live the Story
Of Valiant Princes in the Fane of Glory:
No humane *Vertue* hides so well as I,
Obnoxious stains when Princes step awry;
An ALEXANDER, ARISTIDES seems,
Because the splendor of my spreading beams
With radiant lustre dazles so the sight,
That nought is seen but great and glorious Light.
Where, if hee lack my Rayes, or my Renown;
Boast hee of double or of treble Crown,
Be hee benign, be hee munificent,
Just, wise, religious, learned, eloquent,
Precise of Promise (both to Friend and Foe)
Princes abroad little regard him though;
Yea, might he justly all (else) *Vertues* vaunt;
Yet, wanting mee, hee seemeth all to want.
His hare-like heart at wars least noise doth quake,
And to his Beads hee doth him all betake:
His feat strikes fear in his best Refuges,
And his no-courage doth discourage His.
In brief, as blest with *Peacefull Vertues* rare,
Hee seems far fitter (in a time of War)
With *Keyes* and *Crosiers*, a POPE's Part to play,
Than *Sword* and *Scepter*, as a KING, to sway.
As *Andria* had ended here her part;
Shee, in whose School wee learn the heedfull art
Of never fondly Undertaking ought;
Soft, soft, said shee: To boast our selves, wee ought
Not blame our Equals; nor (with proud Exchange)
To our own Praises their Dispraises change:
Andria, I grant, Thy Merit's great; but Mine
Is, if not greater, full as great as Thine;
Sithens, to raigne in Soule of *Majestie*,
There is no *Vertue* to be matcht with Mee.
For let a King be full of High-designes,
Let him be valiant as your *Paladines*;
Let him be gracious, just and liberall;
True of his word, and so devout withall,
That at his Feet all Vices prostrate ly;
If Mee hee lack, that am all *Vertues* Eye,
Blind-fold hee uses (nay, well-neer abuses) (ses:
These divine Gifts, which bounteous Heaven infu-
And right resembles a fair Ship, for sea
Already rigd, and furnisht every way
With every Needfull; Men, Munition, Beef,
Beer, Biscuit, all: onely shee wants (the Chief,
The Life and Soule, the Sense, the Law, the Light
Whereby shee lives, moves, stirs, and steers aright)
A skilfull Pilot, with *Discretions* hand
Her winged manage rightly to command
With hempen Rains, and wooden Bridle; so,
That never wry shee sail, nor wrong shee row:
Without whose guidance, if the puffing gales
Into the Deep transport her huffing sails,
Shee runs at random, and with ruefull Knock
Soon splits her selfe upon some Shelf or Rock.
Even so it fares with Princes when they make
Or Peace, or War, and not my Counsell take;
Or, without mee, as it were blind-fold, use
Their other Gifts the gracious Heav'ns infuse:
They thrive so little, that (as in a Wrack)
Their own rich burden often breaks their back.
Their forward Valour but sad Fruit doth yeeld;
They win the Victory, yet lose the Field:
They bravely fight, and yet are bravely foil'd:
Some Error still hath all their Actions spoil'd.
Their bounty bindes not, but unbindeth, hearts:
Their Clemency, much more than Rigor, smarts:
Their Zeal it selfe proves to themselves pernicious;
And unto others, blinde and superstitious:
Their Vice and Vertues them so inter-nex,
That scarce can one distinguish their Effects.
Not that *Ill* still is not *Good*'s Opposite;
But that, They, wanting Mee, their onely Light,
Doe (even) Good evill; or do, out of season,
A Good, which is not good, done without Reason;
And of fair *Vertues*, fruitfull Seeds of Glory,
Reap blasted Buds, which stain their goodly Story.
What famous conquest ever yet was got,
Which to the Victor I prepared not?
Thou fighteft bravely and in Victories
Of bloudy blades, getst the first Crown, for prize:
But I, by th' art of Providence dispose
To glorious issue thy courageous blows.
I wisely take the fit advantages.
Of Time and Place, to second Courages;

I skilfully the Squadrons range and ranke;
I marshall them to shew their Front or Flanke
As best befits (by warlike Stratagem)
T' inclose their Foes, to clip, or curtall them;
Or, brest to brest (as angry Lions wont)
With brave incounter, charge them full afront:
I, by an ambush, laid with lucky speed,
Oppreft with number, help thee at thy need:
I many times prevent thy like mis-hap.
When seem-flee Foes would train thee to the trap:
I, to be brief, with ever watchfull brain
Assist, to make thy Valour never vain.
But, if a Prince must needs want one of us,
And mought not be both *Wise* and *Valorous*;
Sure, Reason would our glorious parts assigne;
Thine, to brave Souldiers; to great Captains, Mine;
Because, my Pow'rs are proper to command,
As thine to execute with hardy hand.
But though our humours so far divers be,
Yet may wee Both, in one brave Spirit, agree:
And, for this age, wee need no Witnesse else
But famous HENRY, who in both excels;
With so great Wisdome ruling on the Throne
Which with such Valour hee hath made his own:
His Victories, yet, making Men dispute,
To which of Us, they should them best impute.
Yet hundred Laurels never widow-curst,
And hundred *Ovals*, which no skin have burst,
Prove I have often Conquer'd without Thee:
But never wert Thou Victor without Mee.
For, I have oft seen Armies dissiped,
And proud, strong Cities often rendered,
(Well mur'd, well manned, & well stor'd with food)
Without the spilling of a drop of bloud;
Using no other then the ancient Wile
Of wasting fields; where Publique losse (the while)
Return'd this Gain, to stoop by famine Those
Which could not else have been subdu'd by blows.
Besides th' off-cutting of All Passages,
As well of Succours as of Forrages;
Is even to conquer by unceasiall course,
Fight-lesse to fight, and without force to force.
Great Captains therefore did Us never part:
Sith either, sole, is as a head-lesse Dart;
Or (if not head-lesse) heed-lesse thrown (as ill)
From feeble Caster, without aim, or skill.
'Tis said of *Pallas*, in the *Trojane* Broil,
That Shee in fight stern *Mars* himselfe did foil;
To show how far *Wise-Valour* doth excell
A rash Excesse of *Courage* boiling fell;
Whose fume-blind force, wanting Discretions beam,
Resembles right a fight lesse *Polyphem*.
But, whether joynt or sever'd be our Pow'rs,
My Cunning still yeelds fairer fruits and flow'rs,
Then doth Thy Violence (though oft it spread
Bright vertuous rayes about Thy glorious head).
For, onely then are Thy stiffe arms imploy'd,
When stubborn war dares to have all destroy'd.
But, when sweet *Peace* fils crowns with Coronets,
Thou art lockt up in Princes Cabinets;
Among the Corselets, which now wariesi'd
Through love of *Peace*, they have new laid aside;
Or those, which idlely (through times alteration)
Hang by the Walls, both out of Use and Fashion.
But I, indifferent, serve in *War* and *Peace*;
I breed her, feed her, and her years increase,
By prudent Counsails, provident Decrees,
Kinde turns, calme treaties (fitting all degrees);
In brief, by all means meet to render Kings
Mutually friends; and rule their Underlings:
Whence to their States if happy fruits accrew,
Th' honour of all to Mee alone is due.
But, in the world, what State hath ever thriven;
Or rather, which hath not to wrack been driven,
Where lackt My Conduct, and where onely *Chance*
Hath steer'd the course of Publique Governance?
What humane action, what design, what thought,
Without Mine aid hath ever come to ought?
What Private stock, what Publique item of Bloud,
Without my rules hath sprung, or long hath stood?
All noblest acts, all nimblest works of worth, (forth,
Which humane brains conceive, and hands bring
Hold they not Mee for rich and fruitfull wombe,
From whence their births (both first & secōd) com?
The kindest Counsails, without Mine among,
May wee not call them Treasons of the Tongue,
When blind and bad advice (though maliee-lesse)
Ruins the Friend to whom it meant Redresse?
Nay nothing, nothing under Heav'n, may misse
The Minds-guide rayes of my Resplendencies:
I am the true Sun of all humane acts;
Without Mee, *Fortune* all their praise exacts.
If ought I leave to *Fortunes* doubtfull deed,
It shall appear well set, though ill succeed:
But where My Scepter hath a soveraign sway,
Fortunes false Die hath little power to play.
Then, be 't on Cedar, with a Pen of Gold,
For *Memory* and *Glory* too inrol'd,
That *Of all Soule-adorning Giftes divine,*
The Majesty, the Monarchie is Mine:
That I, Their Queen, life of Their Lawes and spring,
Am, of all VERTNES *worthiest of a* KING.
To whom, I seem so much more requisite
(Being both his Guide and Eye to give him light)
As hath a Guide (so judge the most discreet)
More need of Eyes, then either hands or feet.
Here ceast *Phronesia*: *Andria* instantly,
Weening her wrong'd, seems willing to reply,
And to her Selfe already soft shee sayes,
Shee hath lesse skill in Phrases then in Frayes;
But, to maintain the honour of her Cause, (drawes.
Where need requires, not words but swords shee
Then St. *Eusebia*, joyntly raising fair
Her Soules pure zeal, and her sweet Voyces air,
See, see said shee, how proudly insolent,
Vain men admiring, and too-confident
Of their fond *Wisdome*, and frail *Fortitude*
(Forgetting heav'ns quick Eye and Arm) conclude,
That their own strength, or their owne providence,
Hath foil'd their foes, or giv'n their own defence;
As silly children (set on fourm or stool)
Whose hands are (first) held at the *Writing-School*,
Forming som Letter, vaunt it for their Owne,
And think their Art-lesse fingers skilfull growne.
But, O fond Mortals! Neither is't your Art
Of mystike State, not your high hand and heart,
Which in your Borders Peace and Plenty brings,
Or ends your Battels in your Triumphings:

But

But Heav'ns Right-hand, invisibly addrest
To rescue You, death hath it selfe represt;
Repell'd all Perils, put-by all Mis-haps
(Ready to quell you with tempestuous claps):
And then retorting all upon your Foes,
In lieu of *Laurels* (which they did propose)
Sends Terrors, Errors, or Disordets rife,
Or Mutinies, or other Civill strife,
Or other Mischief, which confounds their pow'rs
With their own swords, or maks them fall on yours:
So that your hands, victorious Thus, doe bear
Right glorious Palms, and Olives every where
Adorn your Coasts with their rich oily tresse,
And all with you is *Victory* or *Peace*. (love,
Yet you, ingrate the-while, through blind Selfe-
Not seeing, that these Gifts come from above,
Sacrifice to your Selves, confer the honour
Of all, to all, save to their owne right Owner.
O cursed Soil! O barren Sand and dry!
Not better'd ought by any husbandry;
Hardned with Heav'nly dews, the more the worse:
More worthie nothing then a heavie Curse.
O wretch! refer, refer aright, and bring
These sacred Streams birth to their sacred Spring,
That perfect Good, which can no more desist
To doe thee good, then thou him to resist.
Through all thy Province let his name be prais'd:
If to a Crown his favour have thee rais'd,
Rear Him an Altar in thy Soule anon;
And, for Burnt-Offring lay thy heart thereon:
His pow'r (alone) adore, implore and trust;
And in thy Selfe kill every kinde of lust:
So shalt thou not, what-ever Hap succeed,
Neither so much Courage nor Counsell need.
For covering thee with his protecting hand,
Did all the World in Arms against thee band,
Besiege thee round, assault thee in such sort,
That nought could save thee; neither force, nor fort:
Amid all dangers which might fright thee there,
Hee, hee would free thee from all cause of fear;
And thine, preserv'd from death and deadly Foes,
Would be amaz'd to conquer without blowes.
Thy Prayers would put a hundred Hoasts to flight,
Had each a *Cæsar* to command them right:
Yet, fighting on thy knees, with arms acrosse
Thou, thou (alone) shouldst conquer; without losse.
Again, His Angell would assume the Sword
Wherewith somtimes th' *Assyrian* swarms he gor'd;
Again, *Senacherib's* braving Blasphemies
Should finde a King, with water in his eyes,
To vanquish him with vows: and, as with charms,
Thou shouldst do more with Tears, then hee with
Why then thus vainly dare we here consult (arms.
Of others Right, or of our Own insult?
Shee, shee that gives to God (nay, giveth God)
On Her of right this Crown should be bestow'd;
Sith, her possessing, they all Good possesse:
But, wanting her, All else is emptinesse.
Let neither *Prowesse* then, not *Prudence* ween
Her Self *Kings Glory*, neither *Vertues* Queen:
I have seen Valiant Kings, and Prudent too,
And such as knew in all turns what to doe,
And such whose Constance was incomparable,
Live wretchedly, and dy as miserable;
Yet, never saw I but a happy end
Of Pious Princes, which on God depend;
And in all doubts, all dangers (from their Birth)
Have (facing unto Heav'n the thoughts of Earth)
With eyes ay-fixt on that *Suns* sunny side,
Beleev'd his Love their guard, his Law their guide.
Not that I would a Prince, secure and idle,
Should so let-goe his Empires Rains and Bridle;
To cast on God the Cares, the Managings,
And glorious labours that belong to Kings:
Nay, rather would I, that with Vigilance,
Constancy, Justice, Wisdome, Valiance,
And all else Vertues which his God hath giv'n,
Hee second still th' assisting hand of Heav'n:
Ay well assur'd, that God will not neglect
Just-armed Prayers of his own Elect.
But, to His onely Bountie must they give
Th' honour of all the fruits they shall atchieve
By their most noble Cares, most royall Pains:
Not to the depth of *Machiavelian* Brains,
Not to the vain Effort of humane force,
Nor martiall courage, mowing Men and Horse,
Which in effect (how glorious Name it bear)
Is but a Publique (lawfull) Massacre.
In brief, what Worth, or Wit in King may be,
Heav'ns King comands hee make Them wait on
Make That, the Spur; Me, Rain of each Intent; (me:
This, of his Counsail; Mee, the President:
Credit them often, Mee continually,
That they inspire his Heart; his Judgement, I.
And, that in nothing They with Mee compare;
Nor any else (how Royall) *Vertues* rare:
But make Mee sit in Honours fourm the first;
Yea, without Mee, esteem his State accurst:
Hold Them for *helpfull*, Mee for *necessary*:
And firm beleeve, when Times are adversary,
Rather to faile, with *Prowesse* and *Policy*,
Nay fall, with All; then flourish without Mee.
Through such a *Faith*, that great *King-Prophet*
With little force, so many Foes reverst: (yerst
So oft escap't so many Snares of Death,
Which Envies hand had set to stop his breath:
So fortunate, in every jeopardy,
Hee almost seem'd t' have wedded *Victory*.
What Monarch would not gladly be the Heire
Of these high fortunes of His *Vertues* fair?
Who would not purchase at the dearest rate
Of all his Pains, the glorious Praise hee gate?
And yet, the *Vertue* which advanc't Him so,
And on his Acts such honours did bestow,
Was not his *Prowesse* (though hee durst enough)
Neither his *Prudence* (though of famous proof);
But his religious *Piety* and *Zeal*
To serve the Lord, the God of *Israel*:
Zeale, which, consuming him with heav'nly flame,
Made him to consecrate his Facts, his Fame,
Himselfe, his Sword, his Scepter, and his Song,
As th' Authors feet, to whom they all belong:
At still esteeming that hee held his Crown,
By his support who had it first bestow'n;
Not by the Prowesse, or the Policy,
Of his owne darefull hand, or carefull eye.
Let noblest Princes imitate this Part,
This pious zeale of his religious heart:

And

And let them know, that nor their Heed in sway,
Nor their Good-hap (wch seems t'attend them ay)
Their Knowledge, Courage, nor Victorious fame,
About their heads so glorious Garlands frame,
Neither from Heav'n so many blessings bring,
Neither so much doe magnifie a King,
Nor dignifie the Scepter in his hand
So many millions justly to command;
As I, who, after this worlds *Diadem*,
Find them a-new, in new *Jerusalem*:
That God himselfe vouchsafes to *watch* their state,
Becomes their *Counsell*, their *Confederate*,
Their Rock, their Refuge, from their Enemies,
And gets them daily glorious Victories:
That, without Mee, no *Vertue* is complete;
And that, in That which maketh truely Great,
I pass the rest, and all the best they can,
As far as God in Greatness passeth Man.
Eusebia here concluding her discourse,
Dicea began her Title to enforce:
I have (said shee) long lent you ear a-like,
Yet from your Reasons and your Rhetorike
I gather nothing, from the most of you,
But Usurpations of mine honours due;
While mine own Nursling from my side you steal:
Wherein, with *Justice*, you scarce justly deal.
For, if of *Vertues* any worthy be
To raign, as Kings eternall Companie;
And with more lustre their great Names doe grace,
I, I am shee may justly claime that Place;
As shee alone, who, by One duety, doo
Make happy Kings, and happy Subjects too:
Shee, that of all the graces from above,
Acquire them most their Peoples hate or love:
Shee that the Stock of Traytors doth extinguish,
She that good Kings from Tyrants doth distinguish:
Shee that to Each due recompence impartes
According to their good, or bad Deserts:
Shee, without whom, the rife-full strife-full sound
Of *Mine* and *Thine*, would all the World confound.
Not that I am so inly blunt, or blinde,
As not to value *Valours* valiant minde;
Or not to see, What benefits to Kings
Sacred *Eusebia*, and *Phronesia* brings:
But save *Eusebia* (whom I honour more
Than all the Greatnesse worldlings most adore)
Not one of you produceth her effects
So fortunate and free from all defects,
But oftentimes some evill them succeeds
Which equals oft their good, sometimes exceeds:
Much like some Herbs, of doubtfull fame and force,
Which cure one Grief, and cause perhaps a worse.
'Tis a glorious Work triumphing worthily,
To win by force a famous Victory,
To flowr a field with dead, to swim in bloud,
To glass ones Valour in a Crimsin flood;
But, what's all this, but a meer Massacre
Of furious Lions (not a humane War)
Unless the Right of the bright Sword Victorious,
Make the Cause just, and the Effect as glorious?
And are not those so bloudy Palmes (the while)
Gathered in countries ruin'd with the spoile
Of Wars dire fire, flaming on every side
Of those sad fields, forsaken far and wide?
O bloudy *Vertue*, for Warre onely fit,
And for the Mischiefs that do wait on it!
Yet lest (alas!) her thirsty Steel should rust
Within her Sheath, too-long restrained; must,
Must men wth tears see their dear countries spoil'd,
Their fields with heaps of slaughtred bodies pyl'd,
Their cities sackt, their houses all inflam'd, (sham'd,
Their treasures shar'd, their wives and daughters
Their tender babes (which have no help but cries)
Brain'd, broached, broyl'd, in horrid Sacrifice?
Sure Noble Furie of heroike hearts,
The hideous Stage whereon thou act'st thy Parts,
Is too-too-costly to a State; too-dear
Are all thy Palms; thy Glory walks too-neer
Deep Miseries, Pains, Perils, Dolours, Deaths,
And dire Events; which not alone the breaths
Of Foes bereave, and Foraign States undoe;
But wrack withall thine own Domesticks too.
For, what Effects, but such nefarious things,
Have been the fruits of thousand *Valiant* Kings?
Whose memories so ring of Battailes yet,
That even with bloud their Stories may be writ:
Leaving their Names, just Arguments of terror,
Loading the Earth with Monuments of horror,
illing both Land and Sea, with Gore, with Gall,
And, to no purpose, ropsie-turning all:
Sith all the gain of all their Victories,
Is but a fame of Valiant Robberies;
Reproachfull praise to Soveraign Potentates,
To *Supreme Pastors*, to high Magistrates:
Yet most of These have reapt no other fruit,
From bloudy labours, but this odious Bruit:
Whereas They should (onely) their Powrs imploy
To salve, to save; and never to destroy.
One onely King (no further Name is need)
Justly constrain'd to arme, and mount his Steed,
By force to enter to his own by Right;
Hath sacred all his Art, his Heart, his Might,
To's Empires good: and, chasing War away,
Makes Peace approv'd his Valours daughter ay,
The rest, still greedy of new *Isles*, new *Indes*,
Have rais'd such stormes wth their ambitious winds,
As in their own Seas have nigh sunk themselves,
And cast their Subjects upon Rocks and Shelves,
Where (through more woes) they, even with tears,
How ill it is to have a King too Bold. (behold
Now, for your Prudent (but meer Prudent) Kings,
Too much discourse, wch frō their judgement springs,
Oft makes them timorous, loth to take-in-hand;
To lose their time, while waiting Time they stand;
And, daring nothing, but Discoursing still,
To Erre as much as those that dared ill;
Or, makes them, more (in Worldly matters, here)
Subtile and sharp, than loyall and sincere.
So that as they of dangers heedfull are;
Of Them, no lesse behoves it to beware.
I will not say that many times the grounds,
Whereon the worlds blind, foolish wisdom founds,
Are contrarie unto the solid Base (place.
Which Heav'ns true wisedome every where doth
So that, one Thought never it selfe extends
(Nor can) at once, to two so divers Ends:
No more than can the sight of mortall eyes
In one same instant, Heav'n and Earth comprise,

What shall I say of Thee (and doe thee right)
Sweet S. *Eusebia*, Gods own dear Delight?
Thou fillest Kings, indu'd with thy desires,
With sacred fervour of Celestiall fires;
Thou mak'st their Lives a lively speaking Law,
To rule their Subjects more by Love than Awe;
But yet, thou mak'st (if thou alone be theirs)
Them too-too-slack in other Kingly Cares;
Too-mew'd in Peace, in War too-scrupulous;
And think so much of Heav'n that Earth they lose.
And *Energésia*, praising Thine Effects,
Amid the best well may wee doubt defects;
For, what in Kings more Heav'n-like seems to all,
Or God-like more, than to be *Liberall*?
Yea, *Liberall* Princes seem even Gods on Earth,
Com-down from Heav'n to hunt despair and death,
Care, Indigence, Incumbet and the rest,
Where-with poor *Vertue* often is oppreſt.
Yea, even as Gods their names are honour'd here,
And, for their Service nothing is too-deer.,
(The ground of which so great Benevolence,
In some, is Hope; in some Experience):
So that all Vows, all Voices end in Them,
And as the Sun, Their Scepters brightly beam.
Yet, ostentimes, those *Bounties* of thy hand
Prove *Publike Burdens*, bitter to a Land;
When fluent Princes (lest their Favours source
Should be exhausted) have too-oft recourse
To Tributes, Imposts; and some worse withall;
Whence *Flowers* too few, too many *Thornes* befall:
And *Avarice* her felse unjustly fills
With what *Profusion* over-fondly spills.
Nor thou, *Eumenia*, though extoll'd so high
As liveliest Type of Heav'nly *Clemency*,
And onely Shield of such as dare infringe
My sacred Rules, to save them from Revenge:
Thou canst not cleet thee from the confluence
Of Evils us'd to follow *Indulgence*.
For, by too-sparing, Thou dost vices spread;
Thou losest found, to save corrupt and dead:
And filling Cities with home Enemies,
Thy *Pardons* turn to publike *Injuries*.
But I, by practice of unpartiall Rigor,
Maintain good Orders, keep the Laws in Vigor:
Make Kings at- once belov'd and feared too
(Feared, alone of those that evill doe)
Their Subjects (set on happie Plenties knee,
In their possessions from Oppressions free)
Blesse them, adore them, hold them (ever dear)
Their Countries Fathers, nay their gods well-neer:
In brief, no Blessing can befall a Realm,
But their's enjoy, from, by, or under Them.
For, as it is, of the *Wild-Ash-Tree*, said,
That th' onely savour, nay the onely shade,
Instantly kils (by strong *Antipathie*)
What ever Serpents underneath it lye:
Such, to the Snakes of Vice, those Princes are
Which 'gainst *Injustice* have proclaimed War,
With no less Care to make my Rules to raign,
Than their own Scepters in their hands sustain.
Can no rebellion spring, at least, none speed
In their Dominions, neither Factions breed;
Sith gracious Heav'ns vouchsafé them this accord,
For having us'd so equally My Sword
(To all degrees, in City, Field and Town)
In Civill War they shall not weare their Own.
Their People feeling in their happy Sway,
What Hap, what Rest, what freedome they injoy,
Deeming them as their gods, and meeting (rise)
Their length of Bliss by their dear length of Life,
Watch for their Safeties; and can suffer nought
'Gainst them to be mis-done, mis-said, mis-thought;
No more than 'gainst their Publique 's Prospering
Whereof they hold their *Justice* onely Spring.
For, of all rarest Vertues that may meet
In a just Prince, they onely take the sweet
Of Mine Effects; and of that *Equall Care*,
Of not surcharging more than they may bear.
What boots it that their Majesties be *meek*,
Magnanimous, *frank*, *pious*, *politique*,
And of a sp'rit surpassing each Extreme?
Misse they but Mee, thee little reck of them:
They love them not, they listen far and neer
Some welcome newes of their wisht death to hear:
When, if they use My sacred Exercises,
Though they be stain'd (perhaps) with other vices,
They hold them perfect; and, in spite of Fate,
Even after death, their Names they celebrate;
As living *Reliques*, still preserv'd above
In *Fames* fair bosom, and their Peoples love.
Witness, unto this day that *Norman* Prince,
Brave *Rollo*, still belov'd (though dead long since)
Still call'd upon (as for His *just* Revenge) (fringe.
When some new Wrong doth their old Right in-
Henceforth therefore, O Princes, that desire
To have your Names to highest Fames aspire,
To leave behinde you Monuments of Worth,
To give your Glories, after death, new Birth;
Endeavour not to dazle proudest eyes
With Tow'rs of Marble mounted to the skies;
Neither by War (whose Train is plague and dearth)
With fire and blood to mingle Heav'n and Earth;
To thousand Perils to expose your lives,
Whereby your greatness, not your goodness, thrives.
Onely, love *Mee*; let *Mee* be reverenc't
Through all your lands, by all your hands defenc't:
Let *Mee* sit by you on an Awfull Throne,
To daunt the Lewdest with my looks alone;
And with my Sword still drawn to prune away
Luxuriant Twigs that break my *just* Array:
Let My *Tribunals* be the Poors Refuges;
Let thereon sit no mercenary Judges:
Let *Innocence* finde there her surest Fort;
And who wants Right, there let him want support:
There let My *Balance* by impawn'd to none;
Put, as his Right is, let each have his own:
In brief, with You let Mee be set so high,
That absolute as you doe Raigne, may I:
And I shall more enrich your lasting Stories, (ries,
Than all your golden Tow'rs, your conquering glo-
Your precious Gifts that with full hand you give,
Or ought besides, whereby your Names can live.
Dicea as yet did her Discourse pursue
(Though milde *Eumenia*, loth to lose her due,
Loth longer to endure her Vaunts so high,
With open mouth was ready to reply;
And so her Sister *Energésia* eek,
Some little choler colouring her cheek)

When

When from th' *Empyreall*(right *Imperiall*)Court,
Came a new *Nuntio* with a new Report,
A trustie Truch-man of supernall Pleas,
Their gentle Jars thus gently to appease.
Immortall Beauties of past-humane Soules,
Hee, that both Globes in his own hand-gripe holds,
Does you to weet, that his high pleasure is
(To quench for ever all your Differences)
You All have th' honour to impose the *Name*,
To whom hee means such favour and such Fame,
PANARETUS (for an auspicious Signe
Y'have markt him all with all your Types divine)
That all transform'd into that *reverend* Clark,
Heav'ns hallowed Organ, for this sacred work;
Eusebia, Thou(Whom hee resembles best)
Shall *Name the Child*, in name of all the rest;
After that Hee hath six times sounded tho
That other *Name* his *Nation* fancies so.
Hy, hy yee then: Time calls you; for the throng,
These Rites expecting, thinks each minute long.
And I, the while, with no lesse speed must spy
Th' Unholsome Den where *Pestilence* doth ly,
And in Heav'ns name, her straitely countermand,
That Shee presume not once to lift her hand,
Nor from her Quiver shoot one Arrow out
At any of the Royall Courtly Rout
Assembled for the sacred *Mysterie*,
During the Pomp of That *Solemnity*.
Here-with the Angell bent, and bent his flight
Tow'rds Our sad Citie, which then deeply sigh't
Under the furie of that Monster fell.
Hee found her out in a hot-humid Cell,
About to arm her, and to scout abroad, (forbode.
Even towards the Place which now the Heav'ns
Foul seam-rent rags(wch som old Robe had bin)
Cas't here and there her yellow-sallow skin,
Where-in hot fiery *Carbuncles* were fixt,
With poys'nie *Rubies*, here and there betwixt:
A quench-lesse Thirst, with a continuall Feaver,
Broil'd in her breast, boil'd in her body ever;
Her very breath was as a deadly stroak:
Her cursed Stance ready with stink to choak:
So close it was, that never Wind could fan,
Save th' unrefin'd autumnall *Affrican*,
Whose noysom air a stuffing fog did pen
With musty Vapours of a moisty Fen.
All round about her, by her side did ly
All sorts of Fruits that soonest putrefie,
Millions of Millions; Pears, Plums(passing numbers)
Most-humour-poys'ning, crudie-cold Cucumbers;
Green Grapes; and that soft *Persian* Fruit(so deer)
Banefull at home, and little better here.
The Angell, wonted to Heav'ns Blisse-full Hall,
Made little stay in this unholesom Stall:
But, loathing soon that thick contagious air,
Hee speedily dispatcht his Message there;
And Heav'n-ward quickly from the *Furie* flew,
Whose horror yet so seem'd him to pursue,
That hee had fainted to have been so nigh-her,
Had hee not felt him of th' immortall Quier.
Th' immortall *Sisters*, in one troup the while
(Which from their owners every Vice exile)
Transported swift upon a winged Cloud,
By their Arrivall made the Palace proud.
The pompous Scaffold, for this purpose rear'd,
Seem'd at their sight to tremble(as afear'd):
The stately Towers of th' antique Edifice,
The massie Porch, and Arch, and Frontespice,
Seem'd round about to lighten smiling flames,
As at their Entrance to adore these Dames.
They, shuffling them(unseen)amid the throng
Of those *Good-great*, whom (as they past along)
A soft sweet Murmur, for their Vertues, blest;
Served with Them(each in her office prest)
That goodly *Rising Sun*, whose Rayes, new spred,
So rathe a Spring of flowring Hopes have bred:
And, after both his favour'd *Names* were given,
The humane first, then that they brought fro heav'n,
All, in a ring, about him did appear
(Under the form of som faire Princesse neer,
Or som great Prince then present there in view)
To doe his Name the hondurs justly due:
Each cheering Him to follow for direction
The Propertie Shee brings to Kings perfection.
Maist thou(said one, as his sweet Eyes shee kist)
Great-little Prince, be of the Heav'ns so blist,
That, though *Augustus* fortunes Thine surpasse,
Thy Fortunes yet may give thy Prudence place:
Maist thou abound in royall Bountie so
(Another said)that *Trajane* thou out-goe:
May(said another: how my Hopes aspire!)
Thy Valour, one-day even exceil thy Sire:
May there(said one)one-day appear in thee,
Thy Martiall fathers match-lesse Clemencie:
And, maist thou from thy Child-hood(said another)
Exceed in *Zeal* thy Mother and God-mother.
In brief (*Pandora*-like)each offered there
Their precious Gifts, in Præsage(as it were)
Till with advantage gracious Heav'ns produce
Their *Wisht Counsels* into act and use.
Grant, God Almighty, King of kings, that Hee
When on these Thrones his royall Turn shall be,
Hee may have care t' accomplish every-where
What all our Hopes have for him dar'd to swear;
And what his Looks, Words, Maners, Motions, seem
In every part to promise still for Him.
May Hee, his People tender, love, protect;
Delight in *Justice*, yeeld them her Effect:
May hee forbear to over-charge their backs
With novell Tributes, or with needlesse Taxe:
And let them see that of all Titles given
To all the Kings that have been under Heav'n,
Hee holdeth *Good* the best; better then *Glorious*,
Wars-thunderbolt, *Earths-Terror*, *Great*, *Victorious*;
Whose loftie sound makes Princes oft become
Abroad more feared then belov'd at home.
High swells the Ocean, when the Moon's at full,
And with prond Billowes threats both hill & hull;
But sinks againe, and shrinks into his Bed,
When *Cynthia* mues her never-constant Head:
So(swelling proud; so, surly browd the while;
So, temper-lesse; tempted with Fortunes smile)
Ignoble Natures are too lightly pusht;
And with her Frown as basely counterbusht.
Far other be his firm and generous Minde,
Whether his Fate be curst or be shee kinde;
Yea, fawn-shee, frown-shee, (firm indeed to none)
Be Hee still like Himselfe, *The same, still one*;

Still bountifull, still milde-majesticall,
And still vouchsafing free Accesse to all:
So that no Bar (a *Barbarous* device)
But due respect doth sever Him from His.
For, be a Prince never so mighty *Great*,
If betwixt Him and His a Bar Hee set;
At length hee sets one (which scarce ought repairs)
'Twixt their affections and his own affairs.
Leave hee to th' idle Pomp of *Prester-Jans*,
To miss-proud *Sophyes*, and soft *Asiatis*,
That Care, to keeep their tawny Majesties,
From Subjects sight (save once a year or twice)
And let him daily (like the Sun) goe out
To cleer and cheer the cloudy World about;
To doe the poor oppressed Widow right,
To help the Orphan, over-born by might;
To ease the just sighs of sad Labourers:
And alwayes (like that best of Emperours)
Think That no Day, nor think it lost (for nought)
Wherein hee hath not som such action wrought;
Or that hee lives not then, or lives in vain;
Or as a Subject, not a Soveraigne.
Consume not Hee in frivolous Expence,
What gold a just Love's gentle violence
Shall for his Succour (in extreme Affair)
Force his poor People from their hands to spare
(Nay, frō their mouths, nay rather frō their bellies)
Perhaps drawn-dry with Pump of former Tallies.
But rather, counting it (with som Remorse)
Not Gold, but Bloud; may Hee with greater force
Abhor to lavish, upon idle Vains,
His Subjects soule, and th' humour of their Veins.
That great *King-Prophet* (so renown'd for Song)
Once for the water of a Well did long,
Which at the Postern of a Citie rose,
Amid an Hoast of his most deadly Foes:
Three of his *Worthies* (in despight of death)
Brake through their armie, even to underneath
The very wall whereas the Well did spring;
Whereof they drew a portion for the King.
Then, off again they bravely come their wayes
(Cover'd with wounds, but more with worthy
And re-arriv'd in their own camp, their prize (praise)
Unto their Prince present in humble wise.
But Hee, bethinking through how many deaths
Those dreadlesse Champions had then fetcht their
In fetching of that wished Water so; (breaths,
For all his thirst, hee would not drink it tho:
For, what is This (said hee) but the heart-bloud
Of these that thus have ventur'd for my good?
So to Gods will, His, willing to accord,
Hee offers it on th' Altar of the Lord.
So, may Our Prince another-day imploy
The publique Treasure, which with carefull Joy,
His loving Subjects shall (as ought the loyall)
Yeeld to support his Port and Charges royall.
May Hee present to th' in-sight of his Thought,
With how much Sweet and Sorrow it is bought:
What Rigor (used in his Name perhaps)
Extorts it from oppressed Widows laps, (Swains,
From wretched Crafts-men, from hard-wracked
Whom Poverty at her own Messe maintains;
And, in Compassion say (with tender grief)
This is my Subjects bloud, my Peoples Life:
This must not then an idle Pompe and Play
(As water spilt) be spent and cast away.
Then (doubting lesse the damage then th' abuse)
Vow it to God, as to the rightfull Use.
And, 'tis to consecrate, and vow it right
(And in a fashion pleasing in Gods sight)
To poure it out in Royall (right) Expence;
Either in War-works for his Realms defence,
Or for his Honour; to all Times to seale
His King-like Bounty, Providence, and Zeale.
Close-fisted therefore may Hee never be
To the true *Seed* of sacred *Memorie*;
To those whose lustre doth adorn Renown,
And honouts Kings more then their orient Crown:
To stately Structures, speaking Eminence,
So as their Use match their Magnificence:
To wall high-waies; to heaw down harmfull ridges:
To parallel Eld's Aquæducts and bridges:
Found Hospitals, or to endow them founded;
To stop Sea-Breaches where they have surrounded:
To fence with Peers and Piles of sundry sorts
From *Neptunes* sutie his importing Ports:
To build fair Shops for th' *Helycoman* Looms,
T' advance their *Arts*, and give chiefe Parts chiefe
And (as with living Nets) by Bencfits, (Rooms;
To catch both *Valiant* Spirits and *Learned* Wits.
Millions of Verse have sounded loftily
The Prudence, Prowesse, Pitie, Pietie,
And sacred Justice of our Soverain Sir,
As divers Gales their divers Sails did stir:
But not a Voice, in low or lofty vain,
Hath of his Bounty ever sung a strain:
Yet yeerly from his *liberall* hand doth come
A million (a more then Royall Sum)
Among those (happy) whom his goodnesse graces,
Or whom their own in his opinion places,
Which of his Predecessors (first or last)
In Gifts or Guerdons these fair limits past?
Not one of them did ever reach so high;
Yet Vulgar bruit (halfe false, halfe flattery)
Gives som of them the great and glorious Name
Of *Liberall* Princes, of illustrious fame.
And shall not wee then, bear through th' Universe
His worthy Praise upon the wings of Verse?
Shall not wee say that his renowned hand,
As worthily (in Peace) with bounties band
Can binde unto him whom hee worthy knowes,
As bravely conquer (in the Field) his Foes?
Be mute that list, and muzzle they their stile,
On whom his Bounty never daign'd to smile
(Were 't throw their own mis-fate, in having none,
Or having Vertues, not to have them known).
But I, whose hap hath been to march with those
Towards whose laps his golden River flowes,
My Voice and Verse shall trump it far and nigh
To modern ears, and to Posterity.
And (without Flattery) say, that all the scope
Of Wishes waiting on our future Hope,
And all our prayers for a compleat Prince
(As in the rest of Royall *Ornaments*)
Need of the Heav'ns no greater Hap require,
But that in This, the Son be like the Sire;
And that hee may (observing golden mean)
Give like a King that means to give again:

Yet,

Yet, with such fervour to this glorious Part,
That still hee give lesse with his hand then heart.
Vouchsafe th' Eternall Destinies-disposer,
Kings sole Advancer and Kings sole Deposer,
That maugre Tyrants wrath, and Traytors wile
(Whose Master-peece wee Heer have seen yet-while)
Hee may wax old(after his aged Sire)
In Peacefull Raign, untill his Raign expire:
And never but at Tilt, or Tourney, feel
The combrous burthen of a Case of steel;
Or, when just furie shall inflame his spirite
Against Usurpers of His ancient Right.
But, whether law-lesse Need or Glories love,
Him drive or draw, his Force in Field to prove.
May Hee in Counsail, Courage, and Successe,
Match his great Parents constant Happinesse,
So as there be no need to spur Him forth,
With brave remembrance of His matchless worth.
But, *Laurell* burnt, crackles in vain; and of-it
Champing the leaf alone, makes not a Prophet,
If that his Tutors have not more to doe,
To hold him from, then to incite him to;
To cool, then kindle, that courageous heat,
Which makes men fear no death, no dangers threat:
But, as once *Theseus*, ready to be kill'd,
Was known to be the Kings son, that so will'd;
By his gilt Sword and Signe engrav'n thereon:
Hee shall be known to be His Fathers Son,
By the Exploits of His, in such a Rank,
As would have made the two first *Cæsars* blank.
Be Hee Benign, so as his Indulgences
Breed not Bad-Boldnesse, Feed not Insolences;
Like to some Winters, over-milde and warm,
Which neither kill the Weed, nor chill the Worm;
But breed the Plague, Pox, Murrain and the rest,
That rotten humours make, in Man and Beast.
Not, but I know it far more honourable
To save then spill (in Cases tolerable)
Sith here a World of Dust-bred Creatures live,
Can reave Mans life, which onely God can give:
But too-oft Pardoning oft too-many draws
T'have need of Pardon, through contempt of Laws
And Magistrates; whom the Audacious reak
But Bugs, and Bridles to base mindes and weak.
In Mildnesse then, be Hee so moderate
(For his own safety and the publique State)
That neither Horror taint his Executions;
Neither his Favours harbour Dissolutions:
And, too-remisse, by His too-oft Reprieves,
Turn Pities Temple to a Den of Theeves.
May he fear God, love, worship, seek, & serve him,
Know, it's Hee sole doth Ilablish and preserve him:
That Kings, as his Annointed, have Regard:
That but he guard them, little boots their Guard.
May hee beleeve His Word, honour, obey;
Take it for Compasse in this Worldly Sea,
Make it the Meature of Kings Power, in all;
And, counting That of Laws the principall;
Have it ay written in his hearts deep rooms;
But, as a Prince, not as a Priest becoms.
Under th' old Law (now abrogate long since)
One might be both a *Pontife* and a Prince,
For nothing seemed then to hinder them
From matching so Mitre and Diadem:
But now their Functions are divided far,
And Monkish Kings, now but contemned are:
There Man and Master but *Hail-fellow* is; (Priests.
And Subjects play the Kings, where Kings play
May Hee be loyall, constant in sincerity;
In soule, abhorring lies, and loving verity:
That as his Deeds shall (for the most) be Miracles,
So may his Words be altogether Oracles.
Th' Almighty grant, that during all His dayes,
All sparks be quencht which factions wont to raise;
For, for the most (to double Miserie)
There be two Kings where two great factions be.
But, if there should (which God forbid) succeed
Such Mischiefs here as here-to-fore there did,
May hee not want sound Counsails happy Light,
To guide him in his Fathers steps aright:
Who reaving th' eldest Emperours their Palms,
Suddenly turn'd such Tempests into Calms,
By means so milde, that it was rather thought
By heav'nly Hap, then humane Wisdome wrought.
But, were it Wisdome, were it Happinesse,
Match Hee our *Wishes*, and His *Wise successe*:
Th' one of Himselfe, th' other from Heav'nly hand,
That Peace may prosper over all his Land.
I know that Princes being born for th' Arts
Which Counsels, Camps, & dangers school imparts,
The Books most needfull and peculiar Theirs,
Are *Politiques*, of State and State-affaires.
But, sith so few yeers doe our *Age* comprise,
That even the greatest of the greedy-Wise,
Should know but little, if no more they knew
Then from experience of one *Age* they drew:
That hee, at once, may see all Accidents
Of all *past Ages*, with his own's Events;
May Hee propose and set before his eyes
The goodly Tables of all Histories;
And there contempling all the true Records
Of other Monarchs, mighty States, and Lords,
Observe their acts, their Counsells, their Discourse,
All (notable, or rare) in all their Course;
Both what to follow there, and what to shun,
And whether Fame or Shame their lives have won:
May Hee there glasse himselfe, and mark it brim,
Whether the same shall not be said of Him.
For here, Our *Verses* smoothly sing and smile:
But *History* will *hisse*, in other stile:
And Kings that here have been compar'd to Gods,
Entomed once, though under golden Clods,
If in their lives they have deserv'd it, first;
Shall have their Names torn, & their Fames accurst.
What may I add unto These Wishes *more?*
No more but this; that All here wishes before,
And All presaged of the DOLPHIN *here,*
Concur in CHARLES: *that all his Parts appear*
A living Picture of all Parts of Worth
Of all those Worthies *Whence Hee takes his Birth:*
That gracious Heav'ns (which promise even as much)
In all these Vertues daign to make Him such,
That really hee give royall Assent
To all the Acts *of Vertues* PARLIAMENT:
That in his Term, the Ages after Us,
May finde, and know him for PANARETUS:
And, sith That Name *must needs Immortall be,*
That no prophane hand blurr His History:

But some sweet Daniel, *or some sacred* Hall,
Or civill Hayward, *(milde-majestike all)*
With purest faith, *in a peculiar* stile,
A glorious Worke *of his great* Works *compile.*
Or, if that any of more worthy Skill-is,
Be hee the HOMER *to This new* ACHILLES,
GREAT BRITANS *great hope of great hap to-come;*
Phœnix arising from a Phœnix dust:
In whom the heavens (as mercifull as just)
Restore our great losse in great HENRY'S *Tombe.*
Long, long and Happy (in thy Brother's *roome)*
Succeed Thou CHARLES, *ever as Good as Great:*
Deriving, old, to thy old Fathers *Seat,*
Wise, Great, Good STUARTS, *till the Day of Doom.*
Which while I pray, sweet Prince vouchsafe a space
To read and rue Your humble Bead-mans *Case.*

FINIS.

HEre (like LEANDER in the *Hellespont*)
Tost in a Tempest in the darkest Night.
Distract with fears, divorced from the sight
Of my *High Pharus* which to guide mee wont:
Spying *Bootes* in your HIGHNESSE Front,
For life I labour towards your hopefull Light
(May never Care beclowd that Beam so bright,
Come never Point of least *Eclipse* upon't)
Yet, though (alas!) your gracious Rayes have show'n
My wracked limbes a likely way to land:
Unlesse (by Others Help, or by your Own)
The tender Pity of your Princely hand
Quick hale mee out, I perish instantly,
Hal'd in againe by *Six* that hang on *Mee*.

SIxe-times already, ready even to faint,
With grievous Waight of guiltlesse Want oppreſt,
BARTAS and I have bow'd and vow'd our best
Before the *Altar* of our *Soveraign Saint*:
And yet, the Eare that heareth every Plaint
The Heart that pities every poore Distrest;
Alone (alas!) seems deafe to my Request;
And onely, is not mov'd with my Complaint.
Yet must I needs (NEED still importunes so)
Importune still, till some mild Soule relent:
But (under Heav'n no Help, no Hope, I know,
Save You alone my Ruine to prevent:
You onely may, *Now* onely, if at all:
Past Help, past Hope, If *Now* You faile, I fall.

Your Highnesse's
most humbly devoted,
and observant Servant,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE SECOND SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL,

(*Continued by Prorogation*)

FOR

BETTER PROPAGATION

of all true Pietie,

AND

Utter Extirpation

of

ATHEISME, & HYPOCRISIE;
AVARICE, & CRUELTIE;
PRIDE, & LUXURIE.

(*From the Originall*)

Transcribed,

AND

Inscribed

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Great Britaine,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A
DIVINE AND TRUE
TRAGI-COMEDY;

IOB TRIUMPHANT

IN
HIS TRIALL:
OR
THE HISTORIE
OF
HIS HEROICALL
Patience,
IN
A measured
METAPHRASE.

* *

To *My*
AR- *Hope*
THUR'S *Heere*
CASTLE *Hasteneth,*
(call'd by *For My*
ART'S CHAST LURE) HEARTS LAST CURE.
************ **********

Sir, YOU ASVVEET A REAL In My S^r^.
have seen, IDEA ACT of LEVVIS
In my PA- Of——Our that—Ideal Roy—All-
NARETUS, hopes in You: VIEVVE, Vertuous.

Here (more HEROIK, and more HOLY-True)
I bring Your Highness *(Past all the Patterns*
Yet a Higher Peece *of old Rome & Greece)*
Faith's PATIENT Champion, in His Triumph due.
Farre be His Crosses *Neer be His Courses*
From my Prince, *I pray:* *(As the most complete*
In sacred GRACES that beseem The GREAT)
Tow'rds God & Man; in cleer or cloudy Day;
So much more needfull *By how much Satan*
In This Sin-full Age, *(neer his end) doth rage:*
With Whom and His, the better Aye to wrastle,
Great *Michael* gard & strengthen ARTHUR'S CASTLE;

Praies

Prostrate

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, the Lord ELESMORE, *L. High Chancelour of England,*

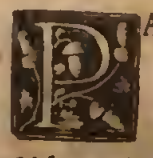
*THOMAS EGERTONUS: (*Anagramma*)
*NESTOR THEOMAGUS.

Rave, *GOD-WISE NESTOR; *Never did a Name*
(Save A JUST MASTER*) better speak a man*
(As Court and Councell, with Mee, witnesse can)
Then doth Your Owne, in this Your Anagram.
Should I a Volume *of Your* Vertues *frame,*
Broad as my Breſt, and Thicker then my Span;
Could I say More, more True, more Duely, than
The Character *concluded in* This ſame?
For, *Pious-Prudence *cannot but be* Juſt:
And Juſtice *cannot but be* Temperate:
And Temperance *from* Courage *iſſue muſt,*
So that Your Name *doth your whole* Life *relate,*
So NESTOR-*like, for grace-full,* *Godly Sage,*
That Nothing wants, but (what wee wiſh) His Age.

Ex Animo exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, VVILLIAM HARBERT, *Earle of Pembroke,* Lord Chamberlaine &c.



PATIENCE prevailes (*when* Paſsions *are undon*)
This doth This Volume *truely intimate:*
So doth Your Vertue, *firm, and fortunate,*
Now cheer'd *with Radiance of our* Royall Sun.
O! long and Happy may Hee ſhine *upon*
So Noble *a Plant (no* Such *to propagate)*
So Grace-*full,* Uſe-*full, both in* Court *and* State;
Help-*full to All,* Hurt-*full at-all to None.*
Among Thoſe Many *whom your* Worth *hath won*
(Of either Sexe, of every Age, and State)
With glad *Applauſes to congratulate*
The worthie Honour *of your* Charge *begun*
(Though not, perhaps, ſo long and loud, as Many*)*
Accept My A V.E, *as Devout as* Any.

Your Lordſhips moſt obliged
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Sir EDWARD COKE, Knight; *Lord Chiefe Justice of England, and one of his Majesties most Honourable* Privie Councell.

*EDWARDUS COCUS:
(*Anagramma*)
*SUCCEDO, ARDUUS.

*HArdy *and* Happy *may You long* Succeed,
In all the Courses of your Christian Zeale,
To scourge Abuse; and purge the Publike-Weale,
Of vicious Humours, with auspicious Speed.
Hardy *and* Happy *Never more did need,*
To meet with Malice, and with Might to deale;
And sift the Drift the Serpent would conceale.
How happy Heav'n You for these times decreed!
Hardy *and* Happy *may You still* proceed,
Untill you finde, confound, and suffocate,
The Viperous Vermin that destroy the State.
Hardy *and* Happy *be Your Minde and Meed*
With GOD and Men; applauded and approv'd
Of Prince and People; of All Good, belov'd:

Ex Animo Exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lords *Spirituall and Temporall*;
The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*;

And to all generous and ingenious Readers.

YOur prest *Assistance*, and *Assistance* past,
Vouchsafed, here, when you were *summon'd* last,
Binde and imbold mee once more to present
My humble *Briefs*, in form of PARLIAMENT;
Hoping no lesse *Consent* of Your good-wills
In *Passing* These, then of Our former *Bills*;
So much more *Need*-full in this *Weed*-full Time,
By How-much *Vice* doth over *Vertue* clime.

An *Act against* Atheisme *and* Irreligion.
An *Act of pious and humble* PATIENCE.
An *Act conformable to the former.*
An *Act confirming both.*
An *Act of humane* Frailty, *to teach the Best*, Humility.
An *Act of the* Weaker Vessell.
An *Act of* Imitation, *with better Application.*
An *Act (of many Branches) concerning the* Justice *of* GOD *in his* Judgements.
An *Act of* exhortation *to* Repentance *and* Humiliation.
An *Act against* Presumption *of our selves.*
An *Act touching* GOD'S Omnipotence, Omniscience, Al-regency, Al-sufficiency.
An *Act against* rash *and erroneous* Censures.
An *Act against* Partiality *in Judgement*, false Witnesse, Suborned *Evidence.*
An *Act, intimating the* Comfort *and* Confidence *of a good* Conscience.
An *Act averring the* shortness of Life, *and uncertaine Certainty of* Death.
An *Act against* Saducees *and* Epicures.
An *Act against* Puritanisme.
An *Act intimating the effects of an* evill Conscience.
An *Act against the* Security *and* Insolence *of fat and easefull* Epicures *and* Oppressors.
An *Act against* Hypocrites.
An *Act against* Bribery, Brokery, Usury.
An *Act against uncivill* Indiscretion *in visiting of Friends, Especially against* Aggravation of Griefs.
An *Act for our* Imitation.
An *Act against* Flattery.
An *Act of* Terror *to the* Wicked *in their sudden and fearfull* Fall, *Anno* 1615.
An *Act against* Ambition, *conformable to the former.*
An *Act against* Unkindnesse *of Kinsmen, Neighbours, Friends, Servants, Wives, &c.*
An *Act of lively* FAITH, *against all* Saducees, Epicures, Atheists.
An *Act of* Animadversion, *that wee stumble not at the* Prosperity *of the* Wicked.
An *Act for the* Last Assise, *and final* Sentence & Execution *of the Ungodly.*
An *Act against* Merit *of* Works.
An *Act against* Works *of Supererogation.*
An *Act against the Children of* Darknes; Murderers, Adulterers, Burglers, &c
An *Act against all* greedy Wringers, Wrongers, Usurers *and* Oppressors.
An *Act of* Meditation *on the manifold* Manifest-Works of GOD, *mighty and marvelous.*
An *Act of* Invincible Faith *and* PATIENCE.
An *Act against* Tyrants, Extortioners, Rackers, *and All Ungracious and Unrelenting* Rich.
An *Act of Imitation* Mans Wit *and* Industry from *the illimitable* Wisdom, *and inimitable* Works of God.
An *Act against loose and* idle Education *of Youth.*
An *Act against* Wandring *and* Wanton Eyes.
An *Act against* Pride *and* Vanity *of all kindes.*
An *Act against* Cousenage, Concupiscence, Cruelty, Briberie.
An *Act against* Adulterie.
An *Act against impious and* imperious *Masters and Mistresses.*
An *Act against* dilatory *Almoners, and solitary* Nabals.
An *Act against the* Uncharitie *of our Dayes, suffering so many Poor to dye without Doores.*
An *Act against all* Injury, Inhumanity, &c.
An *Act against* Avarice *and* Infidelity: Superstition *and* Idolatry, Sacriledge *and* Surcuidry.

IOB TRIUMPHANT IN HIS TRIALL.

The Proem.

A *Solid Rocke, farre seated in the Sea*
(Where many Vessels have been cast away)
Though blackest Storms of blust'ring Winds do threat,
Though boysterous Rage of roaring Billowes beat;
Though it be rak'e with Lightning and with Thunder;
Though All, at once assault, and Each asunder;
With massie Bulk of it Selfs Marble Tower,
Still, still repels th' inevitable Stower;
And seems still firmer, and more permanent,
The more the Tempest hath been violent:
Right so the Faithfull; *in whose humble Brest*
Religious feare of God *is deep impreſt:*
What-ever Stroak of Fortune *threat his State,*
What-ever Danger him discommodate,
What-ever Mischiefe that beside him shall,
What-ever Losse, what-ever Crosse befall:
Inflexible, invincible pursues
The sacred Footing Hee did ever use:
And ay more constant and confirm'd as Hee,
The more extreme his sad Afflictions be.
If any Spirit inspir'd with holy-mood,
Carefully-Curious of the publike Good,
Would lively limne th' immortall Excellence
Of such a Patterne of such PATIENCE,
As neither Elements displaced quite,
Nor envious Starres, nor angry Foes despight,
Nor all the Fiends infernie furie fell
(By fraud or force) could ever quail or quell:
'T were labour lost, to fable (Homer-like)
The strange long Voyage of a wily Greek;
The Paines, the Perills, and extreme disease
That hee endured both by Land and Seas;
Sith sacred Truth's *Heav'n-prompted Books present*
In Constant JOB *a weather Argument.*
Thou then, Urania, *to whom right belongs*
The sacred Consort of Celestiall *Songs,*
Tune Thou my Voice, Thou teach mee to record
Who did incite, what did invite the Lord,
With Miseries so rewfull and so rife,
So to disturbe his quiet happy life;
What hainous Sin, what horrid high Offence,
Th' Almighties vengeance moughte so deep incense:
Or else what Cause, what Object else moughte stirre,
Boiles there such wrath in an impassive Spirit?

B*Ut, O Presumption! Why have I begun*
(Alas! no Prophet, *neither* Prophet's *Sonne?*
No Priest, *no* Levite; *nay, no* Israelite
(Such as Nathaniell) *but a* Cananite
Full of corruption, foule of hand and heart)
To touch the ARK? *to under-take* This Part?
Ah! pardon Lord; O! purifie mee all
From all profanenesse; from sin's bitter Gall:
And as yet-whilest pleas'd thee to infuse
In mine un-schooled and unskilfull Muse
(By vertue of Thine All-sufficing Grace)
*Immediate pow'r du-*BARTAS *Track to trace:*
So as how-ever weak, and Art-lesse, I)
That Worke *finde* Welcome *with the gravest Eye:*
Now more good Lord, my Wits and Words refine,
To treat divinely Matters so Divine:
O! sacred Spirit, now sanctifie my Stile;
Let not my sensuall, thy pure Sense defile:
But tune mee right, to Eccho, *as belongs.* (Songs.
Thy HUSSIAN'S Sight, *and then thy* JESSBAN'S
And to that end, vouchsafe mee (at thy pleasure)
Lesse Need-*full Life, in a lesse* Care-*full leasure.*

CHAP. I.

NEare where *Idume's* dry and sandy Soil (while,
Spreads Palmfull Forrests, dwelt a man yet-
Of Life unblotted, and unsported Fame;
God-fearing, Just, Sin-flying JOB by Name.
With due respect to Heav'ns and Nature's Law
In Wedlock's sweet Yoke did hee seemly draw:

Whence, by that Bounty, whose all blessings be,
Seaven Sons hee had, and lovely Daughters Three.
Great was his Substance: for, of fleecy Sheep
Upon the Downs seven Thousand did hee keep;
Five hundred yoke of Oxen did hee owe;
Five hundred Ass-shees, Camels six times so:
Great Train within doores, & great Train without,
Made him esteem'd through all the East about.
His Sons, by turns, their Sisters did invite
And feast each other, in a daily Rite:
JOB blest them every Even; and every Morn
When first *Aurora*'s rosie beames return,
The good Old-man, to GOD in humble-wise,
For each of them did offer sacrifice:
Lest they might have *mis-done, mis-said, mis-thought*,
Or (in their Feast) offended GOD by ought.
While hapy JOB thus brought the year about,
It came to pass one day when all the Rout
Of Light-full *Angels* did themselves present
Before the foot-stoole of th' *Omnipotent*,
There also came the Executioner,
Th' ambitious Prince, Malicious *Lucifer*:
With whom the Lord expostulating, thus
Said; *Satan*, say, Whence comest thou to Us?
I come, said Hee, from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Hast thou not then survei'd my Servant JOB
(Reply'd the Lord) whose like in all the Globe
There is not found; so full of loving-feare,
So faithfull, fruitfull, rightfull, and sincere?
Is it for nothing, said the subtle Foe,
That JOB adores, and loves and feats Thee so?
Hast thou not hedg'd him safe on every side?
Hast thou not heapt him blessings far and wide?
But, for a while with-hold thy Favour's stream,
With-draw thy hand, & hide thy bounteous beam,
Then shalt thou see (or double my disgrace)
Hee will anon blaspheme thee to thy Face.
Lo, said th' *Eterall*, from this instant how'r
All that hee hath is in thy hand and pow'r;
All, but Himselfe, Himselfe I sole exempt.
Satan eftsoons assumes his bold Attempt.
As all his Children were together met,
Their elder Brothers hearty Cheer to eat,
Came one to JOB running and breathlesse nigh,
Scarce could hee speake, yet weakly thus did cry,
Ah! woe is mee to be the Messenger
Of so sad news as now I bring you, Sir,
As all your Oxen under painfull yoke,
Their pointed Journeys in your Fallowes broke;
And as your Asses in the Meads did feed,
Sabean Theeves came forth with furious speed
And tooke them all, and all your Servants slew,
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, there came Another in,
Hared and hot, and thus did Hee begin:
Sir, From the heav'ns a sudden Fire did fall
Among your Sheep, and hath consum'd them all,
And slaine your Servants yet they could eschew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came, amaz'd
And sadly said; Sir, while your Camels graz'd
In your owne Pastures up and down the lands,
The proud *Chaldeans* in three armed Bands,
Surpriz'd them all, and all your Servants slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came and cry'd
In piteous Fright (as if himselfe beside)
O, Sir! your Sons and Daughters (all the rest)
Were met to day at my young Masters Feast,
Where, from beyond the Wilderness anon
A sudden Whirle-wind rose and rusht upon
The corners of the house, and shooke it so
That instantly it fell from Top to Toe,
And with the fall them altogether slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
Then starting up, JOB 'gan his clothes to rent,
Shaves his hoare haire, his head with Ashes sprent;
As in a swoune falls to the ground with groues,
And sadly sighing, Thus himselfe bemones:
Ah! Naked came I from my Mothers wombe,
Naked shall I returne unto my Tombe:
The Lord hath taken what himselfe hath giv'n;
Blessed be God, th' Almighty Lord of heav'n.
Yet did not JOB, for all that him mis-fell,
Murmur at God, nor in'y sink or swell;
Nor sin against th' eternall Providence,
But suffred all with humble *Patience*.

CHAP. 2.

ANother day, when all the sacred Bands
Came all attending their high Kings com-
Came also Hee, whose Envie (since He fell (mands,
From heav'n) hath striv'n to hale down man to hell;
With whom the Lord expostulateth thus:
Now *Satan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Us?
I come said bee from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Then, hast thou found, replyest th' *Omnipotent*,
In all thy circuit, man more confident,
Or minde more constant, or more faithfull Soule,
Then JOB my servant: whom thine Envie foule,
Late urg'd my Leave by sharp assaults to try?
How hast thou sped? what hast thou got thereby?
Alas, said hee, I reft him but the things
That fly from men with transitory wings;
And therefore hee regards his losse the lesse:
But would thy pow'r him som-what neerer presse,
Would'st thou permit mee touch him to the quick,
I yeeld mee conquer'd if hee doe not kick;
If more hee serve, trust, pray, or praise thy Grace,
If hee, in fine, blaspheme not to thy Face.
Pinch but his body, and then *skin for skin*,
Hee'l winch without, and sudden flinch within.
Go Fiend, said God; sith th' art so obstinate,
Fall on my JOB, him felly crutiate:
Touch not his Soule; his Body onely touch.
Hence *Satan* hyes, glad that hee might so much.
Without delay then, with the most despight,
Hee sets on JOB; and in most piteous Plight,
With ulcerous anguish fils his body so
That crusted all in Scabs from top to toe,
Amid the Ashes, sad and desolate:
Scraping his Sores with shels (or sherds) hee sate;
Yet constant still, still calmely *Patient*,
Without a word of grudging Discontent.
Then said his Wife, What helps Integrity?
What boots it, Man? Alas! curse God and dye.

Goe,

Goe, foolish Woman, the good man reply'd,
Thy rebell heart doth thy rash rongue mis-guide:
Shall wee, from God, of Good receive our Fill;
And, at his pleasure not partake of Ill?
So Job as yet, for all that him mis-fell,
Displeas'd not God, but bore it wondrous well.
By this, the light-foot, feather-tongued Dame
Had far and wide spred and dispersst the same
Of Job's Mis-fortunes (from the first begun)
That Hee was halfe dead, and was whole undone.
His Friends then, *Eliphas* the *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (as others) hearing this report,
As soon as might be towards him resort;
Resolv'd with Comforts, to relieve in part
Their Friends Affliction, and assuage his smart.
But, therearrived, at the very sight
Of his so wofull and so wretched Plight,
They all amaz'd, their Garments sadly rore,
Their heads with ashes all besprinkled o'r;
And for seav'n daies and nights in sorrows drown'd,
Lay grieving, by him, groveling on the ground,
Without word speaking, lest untimely trouble
Amid his anguish should his Dolours double.

CHAP. 3.

JOB therefore straining his obstructed voice,
Began: Thus, sadly with a shivering noise:
O! Woe be to the Day when I was born:
O! be it ever of the Light forlorn:
O! may it ever under Darknesse lye,
And never Sun vouchsafe it cheerfull eye;
Nor God regard it: let a deadly Shade
O'r-cloud it ay, as ever Dismall made.
O! woe be also to the Night Wherein
May Mother my Conception did begin:
Lightning and Thunder thrill it evermore,
Whirle-wind and Tempest may it ever roare:
Of Fogs, of Frosts, of Show'rs, of Snows, of Hail,
Of Mists, of Mil-dews may it never fail:
May it no more in *Calender* be plac't;
But, from the Roll of Months and Years be rac't:
May th' Evening Stars be dark: No light returning:
May it no more see th' Eye-lids of the Morning,
Because it clos'd not, at my wretched Birth,
The fruitfull Dore that brought me weeping forth,
But let me passe unto this wofull Light,
To undergoe so miserable Plight.
O! Why, when shapelesse in my Mothers Womb
I lay as dead, Why did not Death strike home?
Why nor (alas!) amid the bearing Throes,
When I began to feel Mans feeble woes?
Why did the knees support mee? Why the breast
Supply mee suck? why was I swath'd and drest?
Sith else (alas!) I had now lien at ease,
Had been at rest, had slept in quietnesse,
Among the high and mighty Potentates,
Kings, Counsellors, great Lords, and Magistrates,
Who in the World to leave their Names renown,
Have built them bowers wch others shall pul-down:
And those rich Princes that have heapt of-old
Their houses full of Silver and of Gold.
Or, Why (alas! as an abortive Birth),
Was I not hid and buried in the Earth?
There, Tyrants cease from their imperious Pride:
There, Vertuous Workers at their rest abide:
There, Pris'ners rest from their Oppressors Brauls:
There, Slaves are free from their fell Masters Thrall:
There, High and Low (without Disdain, or Dread)
Rest all together in one Common bed.
O! wished Death (more to be wisht then Life)
Thou break'st the Force of Envies Ingines rife:
Thou cutrest-off our travails tediousnesse:
Thou kilst our cares. Thou calm'st our most distress.
O! to the wretched why is Light imparted?
Why Life (alas!) unto the heavie-hearted?
(Who longs for Death: and if it linger long,
Would fainer seek it then even Gold (among)
And gladder finde it (as of Joyes the Chiefe)
Within their grave to burie all their Griefe)
Especially, to Him whose Way is hid:
Whom God hath shut-up, stopt and streightened?
Sith, yet I eate, My Sighs refell my Food,
My Roarings gush out like a raging Flood.
For (though my Plenty never made mee proud;
My Power imperious; nor to pleasure bow'd:)
What most I doubted I endure, (alas!)
And what I feared is even come to passe.
For Care and Feare, I had no rest before;
Yet Trouble's come and trebbles more and more.

CHAP. 4.

JOB ceasing so; began the *Themanite*.
Inly perplext, an Answer thus to dight:
If wee presume to comfort thee, dear Friend,
Will our Discourse (I feare it will) offend?
Will thy Disease our kinde Good-wills disdain?
But in this Case (alas!) Who can refrain?
Who so hard-hearted, so uncivill-bred,
That can unmoved see thee thus bested?
To see and heare Thee in this deep Distresse,
Who can keep silence? Who can hold his peace?
Why! Thou wert wont, in thy Prosperities,
To stay weak hands, and strengthen feeble knees;
To counsell those that in their Course had stray'd,
To comfort those whom Crosses overlay'd:
Now that Mis-hap on thine own head hath hit,
Now that the Storm hath thine own vessell smit,
Now that the Case is thine, how art thou sunk
From thine own Succour! from thy self how shrunk!
Where is, alas! where is Thy confidence,
Thy Constancy, thy Hope, thy *Patience*,
Thy Pietie, thy Faith, thy Fear of God,
And th' uprightr Path which thou hast ever trod?
O! ponder this: who ever Innocent
Hath perished? Hath the Omnipotent
Eternall Justice ever plagu'd the Just;
Destroy'd the Righteous who him onely trust:
As I have seen Those that have plough'd and sow'n
Iniquity, reap suddenly their own;
When with the blast of God they blasted fall,
And with his breath are quick consumed all?
God, in his Fury starveth in distresse
The roaring Lion and the Lioneste;
Their rav'ning Whelps are scattered far away,
Their Teeth are broken, and they pine for Prey.
I'll tell thee more: Once in a certain night,
Silent, I heard a Voyce, and saw a Sight.

(About

(About the time when Sleep begins to seaze
Our drowzie Lids, our daily Loads to ease)
Amaz'd with feare my hair began to heave,
My heart to tremble, every part to leave
His proper Part; when to mine eyes a-space
Appear'd the Image of an unknown Face:
One stood before mee, whence (yet more dismaid)
I heard a *Voice*, and thus (mee thought) it said:
Shall Man be juster then his God (said Hee)?
The Creature purer then his Maker be,
Behold, hee found not in his Angels bright
Firm Fealty, but Folly in his sight;
How much more, then, in Those whose habitation
Is but of Clay, but Dust their best foundation?
Whose brittle Vessels here so little last,
That yet they know them they are often past:
Whose sickle Garment (how-so-ever loath)
Shall be destroy'd and done, before the Moath:
Whose doubtfull Dayes, yet they begin, be gone;
Cut down by death, when least they think thereon:
Whose Dignities (how-ever great't, or great)
Shall die with them, and them the Worms shall eat.

CHAP. 5.

NOw call thou loud, if any will reply: (eye?
Among the Saints where wilt thou turn thine
Two sorts of Fooles (th' Idiot and Envious) die;
Of anger th' one, th' other of Jealousie.
I have beheld the Fool fair rooted yerst:
Yet have I soon his Habitation curst;
Because his Children succour-lesse shall suffer
By *Justice*-Doom, and none shall Pitie offer;
Himselfe withall confounded void of Hope,
To gather-in his long expected Crop, (snatch;
Which th' hunger-starved from the Thorns shall
The Thirstie shall his substance all dispatch;
A Misery, which God doth oft permit:
For, th' Earth it selfe is not the Cause of it;
Sith, were not Sin it should not barren be,
But, Man, for Sin, must toile him servily,
In Sweatfull Labour, born for labour's end
As properly as Sparkles to ascend.
But were My Case, as Thine; in this Distresse,
Rather to God would I my selfe addresse:
Him would I seek, of Him would I enquire,
Whose works are great, whose wonders all admire;
Unspiable, Unspeakable by Man;
Immutable, Inscrutable to scan:
Who on the Earth the rain at pleasure pow'rs,
And in the Streets distils the liquid Show'rs:
Who lifts the lowly up, brings down the lofty;
And rears sad Mourners unto Health and Safety:
Who dissipates the craftiest Policies;
And dis-appoints the Counsels of the wise:
Who takes the wariest in their proper wiles;
And wicked ones in their own guile beguiles;
So that they meet with darknesse in the day,
And, as at Midnight, grope at Noon their way:
But, Hee preserves the poor, from sword & tongue,
And cruell hands of Tyrants, prone to wrong:
So that the Poor shall have their blessed Hope;
But wicked ones their cursted mouths shall stop.
Lo, then, how happy hee whom God correcteth!
Repine not therefore that hee Thee afflicteth.
Hee wounds, and heals; hee strikes and hee restores:
Hee sendeth Plagues, and Plaisters for the Sores:
Hee in six troubles shall deliver thee;
And in the seaventh, thou shalt be danger-free.
Hee will preserve thee from fell Famines rage;
And from the Sword of War thee dis-ingage:
Thou shalt be safe from scourging tongs of momes,
Nor shalt thou fear Destruction when it comes:
Nay, thou shalt langh at it, and Dearth deride;
Not dreading Beasts of fellest Pawes and Pride.
Stones, thorns, and thistles shal be friends with thee:
With thee the Beasts in constant league shall be.
And, as without, thou shalt have Peace within
Thy house; thou shalt behold it, and not sin.
Thou shalt perceive thy Seeds seeds seed to spread
As Grass in Fields, and Flowers in every Mead.
In a full Age to thine owne Grave shalt thou,
As, in due Time, Come to the Barn or Mow.
Lo, this is Truth; and thus wee daily try-it:
Consider it, and to thy Selfe apply-it.

CHAP. 6.

JOB then reply'd: O! were my Sorrows waigh'd,
And with my Suffrings in just Balance lai'd,
They would exceed the Seas wet Sands in poize:
Therefore (alas!) they swallow up my voice:
For th' Arrows of th' Almighty, keen and quick,
Have thrilled mee, and still within mee stick;
Their Anguish makes my spirits faint and quail me.
Alas! the Terrors of the LORD assail mee.
Braies the wilde Asse if hee have grass his fill?
Or lowes the Oxe if hee have fodder still?
Unsavory things who without Salt can eat?
In whites of Eggs is there a tatte of meat?
Yet am I fain, alas! and forc't (indeed)
Of what my soule abhorred most to feed.
O! that the LORD would daign mee my desire,
Grant mee my Longing, grant what I require:
Which is but This; that Hee would end my dayes,
Let goe his hand, and let mee goe my wayes.
So should I yet have Comfort (though I burn
In bitter pangs of Death, I will not spurn,
Let him not spare mee) for yet doe not I
The holy Word of th' *Holy-One* denie.
But O! What Power have I to persist?
What may ensue, if I shall long subsist?
Am I as hard, as tough, as strong (alas!)
As strongest Stones? or is my flesh of Brass?
Nay, am I not already Imporent,
My spirits consumed, and my strength all spent?
In crosses, comforts should friends most afford:
But men (alas!) have left to fear the LORD.
My Brethren have deceiv'd mee as a Brook.
As rising Floods, they have mee soon forsook;
Which, foule and deep, in Winter all ore-flow,
Or, crusted thick with yce, no moisture show;
Or else, in Summer, by *Sols* thirsty ray
Are licked-up, and quickly dry'd away,
While Travellers to *Them*', and *Saba* thought
To water there, and for their supper sought;
But failing quite, and frustrate of the same,
They are confounded, and they blush for shame:
Even such are you, you see mee ill appay'd
In dismall plight, and you are all dismai'd:
Why are you so? when have I bid you bring,
Or out of yours, supply mee any thing?
Or crav'd of you auxiliarie bands
To rescue mee from foes, or tyrants hands?

Shew

Shew mee mine errour, where I have gone wrong;
Tell mee my Fault, and I will hold my tongue.
But, bold and free's the speech of Innocence:
Which of you can reprove; and what Offence?
Think you advantage of my words to have,
As if Affliction made mee wildely rave?
Then on the Orphan doth your furie fall;
You dig a Pit to catch your Friend withall.
Therefore, vouchsafe mee better to revise;
Wrong mee no more: My words be neither lyes,
Neither my deeds (as you shall finde, I trust,
If you returne) in that behalfe unjust.
Complain I causeless? Doe Leonterfait?
Is not my mouth with anguish all replear?

CHAP. 7

HAth not Man's warfare his set limits here,
As hath the Hireling (by the day, or year)?
As toyled servants for the Night attend;
And weary Taskers for their Labours end;
So have I looked, but (alas!) in vain,
For end of Sorrows, and for ease of Pain.
Perpetually my fruitless Months proceed;
My tedious Nights incessantly succeed:
No sooner laid down but I long to rise,
Tired with tossing, till the Morning spies.
My Flesh is clad with Worms, with excrement
Of loathsom dust, my Skin doth rot and rent:
My Dayes slit faster then the Shuttles slide
From Weavers hands, whipping from side to side.
Consider, Lord, my Life is but a Blast:
Mine eye no more shall see the Goodnesse past:
Who now beholds mee, shall no more, anon:
If thou look-on Mee, I eft-soons am gone.
As Clouds doe passe, and quite away doe flit,
Whoso descends ascends not from the Pit;
Neither returns unto his wonted own;
Nor of his place is any more be-known.
Therefore (alas!) I will not spare to speak;
I cannot hold, needs must I silence break,
Amid the anguish of my Spirits distresse,
And in the depth of my Soules bitternesse.
Am I a Sea? or Whale? that with a Guard
Thou [illegible]est mee, and keep'st mee in so hard?
If I have said, In silence of the Night
When drousie Humours seals-up every Sight:
When all, above, in, under Air, Earth, Seas;
In quiet Slumber seem to take their Ease)
It may be that my painfull Pangs shall cease:
It may be that my Passions shall have peace.
With fearfull Visions then thou dost affray mee,
With Dreams and Fancies dreadfully dismay mee:
So that my Soule had rather chuse (at once)
To die, then live in Durance of my Bones.
Wearie of life, live alwayes shall I not;
Then leave mee, Lord, alas! my dayes are nought.
O! What is Man that thou extoll'st him so?
That Thou on Him dost even thy heart bestow?
That every Morning Him thou visitest,
And every Moment Him examinest?
How is it that Thou leav'st mee not a little?
Alas! nor let'st mee swallow-in my spittle?
O! Thou Preserver of Mankind, I know,
And I acknowledge I have sinned, but, O!
What shall I say? what shall I doe to Thee?
Why in thy wrath doth thou incounter Mee?
Why mak'st [illegible] mee [illegible] the mark and white
To thy [illegible], [illegible] sight?
Remit, O Lord, [illegible] I have omitted:
Remove (alas! [illegible]) [illegible]-committed.
For, now I goe [illegible] to lie:
And, if Thou seek, [illegible]rrow, none am I.

CHAP. 8.

BUt *Bildad* then (loth long to refrain) (tain
Said; Job, How long wilt thou this Plea main-
With words, as high as Tempests vehemence
Blow'n by the breath of thine impatience?
Dar'st thou averre, that God doth Right subvert?
Or that th' Almighty Judgement doth pervert?
Though, Sith thy Sons had sinned them hee sent
To the due Place of their sinnes Puuishment;
Yet, if thou early unto God repair,
And to th' Almighty make thine humble Prayer,
If Thou be pure, and in his sight sincere;
Hee will again awake to Thee: and rear
Thy ruin'd State; thy righteous House restore
With Peace and Plenty, manifoldly more.
Ask of the Ages past: inquire (I pray)
Of th' Ancient Fathers (for, of yesterday
Wee Novices know nothing in effect;
Our dayes are but a Shadow in respect)
Will not they teach thee (without wiles of Art)
And truly speak the language of their heart?
Can Rushes spring? are Sedges seen to grow,
Where is no moisture; where no waters flow (ther,
Say that they should: yet would they sooner wi-
Though never cut, then all else grass together.
Such is the way of all that God forget:
So faites the Hope of th' Holy-Counterfait:
His Hope shall be cut off: his Confidence
Like busie Spider's brittle Residence:
Hee shall be leaning on his House, but it
Shall not be able to support him; yet
Hee shall hold fast, and thereon fix him sure;
But that (alas!) shall never long endure:
As doth the Tree, which growing in the Sun,
O'r-spreds an Orchard with fresh Boughes, anon,
His happy Roots among the Fountains winding,
And round about the rockie banks them binding:
If from his place to pluck it any ween,
It will deny; as safe and not seen
Lo, by [illegible] means it will rejoyce, the while
That it may prosper in another Soile.
So, God will never the Sincere reject,
Neither the wicked by the hand erect.
Till hee have fill'd thy mouth with meriment,
Thy lips with triumph (in intire content)
Thy Foes shall all be with confusion clothed,
Wrapped in shame, dispersst, despis'd and loathed;
Th' ungodly shall be razed to the ground,
Their Tabernacle shall no more be found.

CHAP. 9.

JOB then reply'd: I know, I grant you this;
In God's respect, that no Man righteous is.
No: if Hee argue, if Hee question;
O! Who can answer of a Thousand one?

What

What heart so constant! O! what soule so cleer,
That dare appear Just before that Judge appear?
Hee is All-prudent, and All-powerfull too: (doe?
Who thrives, that strives with what hee minds to
Hee mounts the Vallies, & he vails the Mountains:
Hee shakes the Earth, hee opes and stops the Foun-
Hee bids the Sun shine and forbids it soon: (tains:
Hee seals the Stars up; hee conceals the Moon:
Hee spreads alone the Heav'ns large Canapey:
Hee treads upon the bound-less ground-less Sea:
Hee makes *Arcturus* Star, the * *Stormy south*,
The *Pleiades*, and *Climats* of the *South*.
Hee worketh mighty things and manifold,
Miraculous and more than can be told:
Hee passeth by mee, and repasseth so,
Unseen of mee, and unperceived tho:
Hee, when him pleaseth, if a Prey hee take,
Who can compell him to restore it back?
Nay: who so bold into his acts to pry?
Or, who dares question what hee doth, or why?
His anger is not stopt, nor stoopt a whit;
But strongest helps are fain to stoop to it.
Then, how-much-lesse; O! how-much-lesse am I
Able (alas!) with Him my Case to try?
No, were I just, I were not absolute;
But, to my Judge would I make humble Sute:
And, to my cry if hee reply, yet hard
Can I beleeve that hee my voyce hath heard.
For, with a Tempest hee destroyes mee stern;
And wounds mee Causeless (for ought I descern);
Nor suffers mee so much as breathe at all;
But fils mee still with Bitterness and Gall.
If Strength wee speak of; Who is strong but He?
If Judgement; then, who shall mine Umpire be?
If I would justifie my Selfe (with him)
Hee by mine own mouth will mee soon condemn:
If I would plead mee perfect and upright,
Hee, Hee would judge mee wicked, in his sight,
Though I were perfect (to my Selfe) from Sin;
Alas! I know not mine own Soule within.
Therefore (thus vexed and perplexed rise)
I loath alas! and I abhor my life.
Yet, grant I not, but that the Lord doth smite
(Which you deny) both wicked and upright;
Else, when Hee strikes a People (old and young)
Would he seem smile at good mens stripes among?
Would Hee bestow upon th' ungodly most
Earth's Soveraintie, and let them rule the Rost?
Would Hee permit prophane Bribe-blinded ones
With blunted Sword to sit on *Justice* Thrones;
While that the Vertuous to the wall are thurst?
While th' Innocent are troden in the Dust?
For, who, but Hee, directs, acts, orders all
In all the world, what ever doth befall?
My Dates fast swifter than a Poste have past;
Past without sight of any Good (to-last):
As swiftest Ships, so have they slid-away;
Or as the Eagle hasting to her prey.
If that I say, I will forget my Greife,
Forgoe my wrath and yet re-hope Reliefe:
Ah! then my Torments all afresh affright,
With terrors, lest Thou wilt not quit mee quight.
For, if I be Ungodly, all in vain
I cry to Thee, and to no end I plain:
Or, if Unguilty, clean, and white as Snow
(In mine own sight) in Thine I am not so;
But in the sight of Thy pure Eyes, as soil'd,
And with the Garment that I weare defil'd.
GOD is not Man, as I (in equall Sute).
That I with Him should argue or dispute:
Nor is there (should wee meet) a Moderator,
Twixt Him and Mee to arbitrate the matter.
Let Him leave-off his hold, take-off his rod,
Lay-off his awfull Majestie, as GOD:
Then will I speak, and freely, void of Fear:
But, as it is, I must, I will forbear.

* Orion.

CHAP. 10.

AS dead alive, upon my Selfe I'll lay
My sad Complaint; and in mine anguish pray
Thus to the Lord: O Lord, condemne mee not;
But show mee, why thou huntest mee so hot.
Lord! art thou pleased to oppresse mee thus?
O! dost thou judge as do th' Unrighteous
(Unheard, untry'd, and unsuspect) to trip
And cast-away thine own hands Workmanship?
Seest Thou, as Man? or hast Thou carnall Eyes?
Years as Mans years? daies as Mans daies, who dies;
That thus thou rack'st Mee, and protract'st Me still,
Searching and sifting to finde out mine Ill?
I cannot sin, Thou know'st, but thou must see:
For, from thine hands can None deliver Mee.
Thy hands have made Mee, all, and every part:
And wilt thou now thine own hands work subvert?
Remember, Lord, how frail and brittle stuff
Thou mad'st mee of (then use mee not so rough)
Even of the Clay, as is the Potters Crust:
And wilt thou then re-crush mee into Dust?
Thou pour'dst me out as milk (within the womb)
Thou mad'st mee there, as Cheese, a Crud becom;
With Skin and Flesh Thou cloth'dst mee fair & fit,
With Bones and Sinewes fast together knit;
Inspir'dst mee Life and Soule Reason and Sense;
And still preserv'dst mee by thy Providence.
These Things as hidden in thy Bosome be:
But well I know, that it is so with Thee.
If I have sinned, Thou wilt sift mee neer;
And of my Guilt Thou wilt not hold mee cleer.
If wicked I have been; then woe to mee:
If righteous; yet still will I humble be;
Though deep confounded and amazed much,
To see, and feel, my sad Affliction Such.
But, be it more strome, Lion-like set on-mee:
Returne and show Thee marvelous upon mee;
And so (indeed) Thou dost: for, Thou renew'st
Thy plagues on mee: and me more fierce pursew'st:
Changes of woes, Armies of pains extreme,
Affresh invade mee, and mee round behem.
Then, why (alas!) why did'st thou bring me forth
From fruitfull Womb (being no better worth)?
O! that I there had perished unseen:
And that I were as if I had not been,
Brought from the womb (one tomb, unto another)
To Earth my Mother, from my Earthly Mother.
Is not my Glass neer out? My Date neer done?
O! let him cease, and leave-off laying-on;
That I may take a little Comforts breath,
Yer quite I goe to the dark land of Death,

A Land of Darknesse, Darknesse Selfe (I say)
And Shade of Death: where is no Light, no Day.

CHAP. 11.

THen answered *Zophar, the Naamathite*; (right?
Should words prevail? Shall prating passe for
Should all be mute? Shall no man dare reply,
To mock thy Mocks, and give thy Lie the Lie?
For, Thou hast said (and that too-vehement)
My words, and deeds, and thoughts, are innocent;
Pure in thine eyes. But! O that GOD would speak;
That Hee would once His sacred silence break,
To shew thee Wisdom's secret's: Thou might'st see,
Thou merit's double what hee layes on Thee;
And surely know that (in his *Justice* strict)
After thy Sins. Hee doth not Sores inflict:
But seems to have forgotten, or forgiven
Thy Trespasses against himselfe and Heav'n. (find?
Canst Thou, by searching, GOD's deep counsell
Conceive th' Almighty? Comprehend His mind?
Reach His perfection? It doth Heav'n excell
In Height; in Depth exceeds the lowest Hell:
Longer then Earth: larger then all the Seas. (these?
O! what? when? where? How wilt thou measure
If Hee cut-off, shut-up, collect, reject;
Who can divert Him? Who his Course correct?
He knows vain men: he sees their harts & hard them
In Guiles and Wiles, and will not hee regard them?
That foolish man, made wise may be reclaimed;
Born brute and dull, as an Asse Colt, untamed.
If therefore, by Repentance thou prepare
Thine humbled heart: if that; in hearty Prayer,
Thou stretch thine hands unto his Throne above:
Though thou hast sinn'd, if thou thy sin remove:
If thou remove it, and permit no more
Iniquity to dwell within thy Doore:
Then shalt thou, doubtlesse, free from fault & fear,
Settled and safe, thy Face again uprear:
Then shalt thou sure forget thy misery;
Or, but esteem it as a Stream past by:
Then all thy Dayes be then the Noon more bright;
And thou shalt shine, as Morning after Night:
Then shalt thou rest secure and confident,
Hopefull and Happy, in thy proper Tent,
In thine own Dwelling: where, for Eminence,
Sutors shall flock, with seemly Reverence.
But, as for stubborne, wilfull Wicked-ones,
That still run-on in their Rebellions,
Their helps shall fail, and all their Hap shall fall;
And as a Gasp, their Hopes shall vanish all.

CHAP. 12.

THen said the *Hufsian*: You, undoubtedly,
You are the Men: Wisdom with you must dy:
Yet, (would yee knew it) somwhat know I, too;
I understand perhaps as well as you.
Nor will I yeeld you in this Jarre a jot:
What you have urg'd I know: and who doth not?
Yee say, I lie; yee tell mee that I mock:
But I am made my Fellows Laughing-stock:
Who calls on GOD, and whom Hee heareth prest,
Th' Upright and Just is (indeed) made a Jest:
And Hee that's going down (in state forlorn)
Like dying Lamp, is to the Rich a Scorn;
While (for the most) Oppressors prosper, sure;
And God-provokers, safely and secure,
Have in their hand (GOD in their hand hath put)
The Horn of Plenty, them at will to glut.
Ask but the Beasts; inquire of Earth, or Seas;
Or Fowls, or Fish: for, which is it of These,
But knows, and shows, and plainly tells thee this;
That GOD 's their Maker: and of all that is:
That in his hand 's the Life of all that lives:
That Hee alone, to all Men, breathing gives.
Doth not the Eare try speeches (bad or good)?
And, for it Selfe, the Palate taste the food:
So, Wisdome should be to the many-year'd;
And Understanding to the hoary-hair'd.
With him it is (with th' *Antientest of Dayes*)
With him is Counsell, Wisdom, Pow'r and Praise:
Lo, Hee destroyes, and no man can restore:
Whom Hee shuts-up, can be let out no more:
Hee stops the Streams; then dry they up and shrink;
Hee sends them forth; then all the Earth they sink.
With Him is Strength: with Him is all that is:
Who erreth, and who maketh erre, are His:
Hee doth distract the Counsellors of State;
Hee makes the Judges as infatuate:
Hee breaks the Bonds of Kings Imperiall aw;
And brings them bounden under Others Law:
Hee leads the Princes as a Captive prey:
Dismounts the Mightie; and, with strange dismay,
Hee duls the Learned, dumbs the Eloquent,
And reaves the Judgement of the Ancient:
Hee powres contempt upon the Noble-born;
Hee strips the Strong, Hee leaves the Stout forlorn:
Hee deepest Secrets soon discovereth:
Hee brings to light the darkest shades of Death:
Hee multiplieth People; and Hee mowes
Them down again (by Famin, Plague, or Blowes):
Hee sends them forth in *Colonies* to spread; (dread):
And brings them back (by wracke, lacke, sacke, or
Hee reaves the hearts of those that rule the Earth,
And maks them roam throw desart sands of death,
Where none goe by; They grope as in the dark;
They have no Light, no Sight; no certaine Mark;
They stray; they stumble; to and fro they wheele:
And Hee, Hee makes Them, Drunkard-like, to reel.

CHAP. 13.

ALl this my eyes have seen, my ears have heard:
All this my heart hath waigh'd & wel esteem'd.
So that, in This what you have known I knew;
And am not herein to give place to You.
But, as You wish, I also wish: O! would
Th' Almighty pleas'd that I might be so bold
(In his own Presence, at his Bar to stand)
To plead with him the Cause I have in hand!
For, You, indeed, are too Sophisticall;
Silly Physicians, for my Sicknesse, all.
O! that you therefore had still held you mute:
So might you still have held a wise Repute.
But, list you now unto my Arguing:
Mark well my Reasons, and the Proofes I bring.
Will You speak falsly for th' Almighty-Lord?—
Will you for Him pronounce a Guileful word?
Will you be partiall for His persons sake?
Will you for Him, with Cavils under-take?

Shall

Shall it avail you? will Hee con you thank
At his great *Audit*, for this double Prank? (ther?
(Or, ween you, smoothing, these Deceits to smo-
Or, but to mock Him, as one Man another)? (it,
No: you shall know, Hee will not brook nor bear
But chide you sharp; how-ever secret were it.
Shall not the brightnesse of his Face affray you?
His majestie with awfull Rayes dismay you,
Meer Earth and Ashes (daring thus to play)
Your best but Dust: your rest but Dirt and Clay
Hold you your Tongues: no more your silence break:
But (at my Perill) give Mee leave to speak.
Why should I teare mee (as one out of Sense)
With mine own Teeth? or doe Selfe-Violence?
No: should Hee slay mee, I would hope again
(Though in his sight I still my right maintain)
For, Hee himselfe will save and doe mee right;
And cleer mee from your doom of Hypocrite:
Sith, in his presence Such can have no place,
Nor hope such help of his assisting Grace.
Give therefore eare unto my words; and waigh
With due regard What I shall truely say.
Lo, here I stand, as ready to be try'd
(And well I know I shall be justifi'd)
Come, who will charge mee, and oppose my Pleas?
(Alas! I die, if now I hold my peace)
Onely, but spare mee in Two things: with-draw
Thy heavie hand; with-hold thy glorious Awe
From frighting mee; then, from before thy face
I shall not hide mee: nor betray my Case:
Then, at thy choice, be in this cause dependant
(I am indifferent) *Plaintif*, or *Defendant*.
What, and How-many are my Sins (pretended)?
Shew mee wherein, and how I have offended,
That Thou should'st shun, & turn thee from me so;
And handle mee as thy most hated Foe.
Dost thou vouchsafe a wither'd Leaf to crush?
Against dry Stubble dost thou daign to rush?
That in so bitter and severe a stile
Thou dost endite mee; and recite (the while)
My sins of Youth (them re-recording fresh,
With th' Heritage *inherent* unto Flesh):
And putt'st my feet into the Stocks so strait;
Watchest my wayes, and at my heels doth wait,
To finde some hole in my fore-acted Life
(Scourging mine Errors with thy Terrors rife)
While, rotten-like, it wasteth, as a Cloth
Grown full of holes and eaten by the Moth.

CHAP. 14.

MAn born of Man's and Womans loynes, alas!
Hath but few daies, and those full sad, to pass.
Much like a Flower hee shooteth up and fades;
Quickly cut down: hee vanisheth, as Shades;
Of no continuance [here] Yet, dost thou daign
To frown at Such? and strive with mee so vain?
Who, from Pollution, can pure thing extract?
O! there is None; none that is so exact.
Sith then his dayes thou hast determined;
Sith that his Months with thee be numbered;
Sith thou hast set the certain time hee has
(To Him uncertain) which Hee cannot passe,
Forbear awhile, and from him look away,
Till (as the Hireling) hee hath done his Day.
For though a Tree be felled; from the Root,
Yet is there hope that Branches will re-shoot:
Though in the Earth the Root be old and dry,
Though on the Earth the Trunk as dead doe lie;
Yet, by the Sent of the neer-winding Floud,
It will revive, and, as a Plant, re-bud:
But Man (man's Body from his Soule bereft)
Man down and dead; O! what of Him is left?
Sith as Sea-waters, past, re-passe no more;
As rivers, dry'd, returne not to their Shore:
Man, dead-asleepe, shall never wake againe;
Nor never rise, till Heav'n no more remaine.
O! wert thou pleas'd, mee in my Grave to hide,
Untill thy Wrath were past and pacifi'd!
Or that there were some time, or term assign'd me,
When thou wilt cease; and in thy mercy mind mee!
Or shall a Man *neer* dead, *here* live againe;
Still living-dying in continuall paine;
And shall I still, in this distressed state,
Wait, all the Dayes of mine appointed Date,
Untill my Change (my *Renovation*) come;
When Thou shalt call mee: nor shall I be dumb,
But answer thee: Then, then thou wilt approve
That thou the works of thine own hands dost love;
Though now my steps thou numbrest so exact;
Not'st all my Sins, and seem'st them to have packt
As in a Bagge, safe sealed; yea, to add
New Trespasses unto the old I had.
So that, as Mountains, mouldring down do sink;
As from their places shiver'd Rocks doe shrink:
As waters break the Stones; as Show'rs surround
The dusty Earth; Thou dost Man's hope confound;
And tryumph'st ever over Him, dejected;
Transform'd in face as from thy face rejected.
Nor knoweth hee, whether his dear Posterity
Shall poorly fare, or flourish in prosperity:
But, while his Soule his Body bears about,
That shall have Woe within; and This without.

FINIS.

THE

JOB.
THE SECOND BOOK.
CHAP. 15.

TO This of His (so hot and vehement)
Thus *Eliphas* (in the same Element):
Should one so wise (as thou dost vaunt thee here)
Discourse so vainly? bring such idle gear?
Vent from the Centre of a swelling breast
As noysom Gales as the unholsom East?
Trifle the Time (about I wot not what)
In idle and unprofitable chat?
Nay: nullifie Religious fear and *Pietie*,
Not praying to, but pleading with the *Deitie*?
Which thine own mouth hath witnest too-too-far,
With subtill Cavils of a Sophister.
Yea, thine own mouth (not mine) shal thee convince;
Against thy selfe thy lips give Evidence.
Why Man! wert Thou the first man on the earth?
Or, wert thou borne before the Hills had birth?
Hast Thou alone GOD's Secret understood?
And hast Thou onely Wisdome, in thy Hood?
What is't Thou knowest, that wee have not kend?
What understand'st Thou, but wee comprehend?
There are of Us as old as Thou; or rather,
Some (I suppose) more ancient then Thy Father;
And dost Thou slight our Comfort (godly sent)?
Or hast Thou of thine Own more excellent?
Why doth thy heart, and whither, thee transport?
Why dost thou close thine eyes? that in this sort
Thy Spirit turns (shall I say spurns?) at GOD,
And from thy Lips spets words so bold and broad?
O! what is man, that hee should clean exist?
Or womans Son, that hee should Just persist?
Behold, hee found, his Angels stood not sure:
Neither, the Heav'ns, in his pure sight, are pure:
Then, how much-more, before him, filthy stinks
Stock-stained Man, who Sin, as Water, drinks?
I'll therefore shew thee (hark, & mark me well)
What I have seen; I will declare and tell
What, from their Elders, Sages yerst have know'n,
And to their Heirs successively have show'n.
Such as, indeed, have had the Helm in hand,
To steer their Own, and Strangers to with-stand.
The wicked Man's in-labour, all his Life;
In bitter Pains, in Pangs, in Passions rife:
Number of years are seldome his to sum;
A Sound of Fears still in his ears doth hum;
Or, if at all hee seem in ease to swim;
The swift destroyer shall soon seize on him,
Hap-lesse, and hopelesse ever to recover;
Seeing the Sword, him ever hanging over.
Needy, indeed; or greedy still of more
(Pining in Plenty, starving in his Store)
Hee wanders, seeking of his Bread about;
In dread of want; of a Black Day, in doubt:
Trouble and Anguish shall him deep affright;
As royall Armies ready for the Fight.
For, hee hath stretched his proud hand at Heav'n;
And stubbornly hath with th' Almighty striv'n,
Running at him, rushing upon his Neck;
Yea, on the Bosses of his shield so thick:
Because his Fat, his full broad Face doth cover;
And lardy Collops on his sides hang over;
And dwels in Houses, rather Towns of late
(By him) dis-patron'd and depopulate;
By him, re-built, re-gilt, re-gloss't, re-glas'd;
By him, re-*Named* (ready to be ras'd).
Yet, shall not hee be rich; nor in Prosperity
Persist; nor leave Possession to Posterity:
Nor, out of Darknesse ever get shall hee;
Nor ever other than inglorious be:
His branch shall wither, and with flame be wasted:
Himself shal, sodain, with GOD's Breath be blasted.
Then, let not (hard-beleeving haut humanity)
O! let not the Deceived trust in Vanity.
For, Vanity shall be his recompence:
Before his time shall hee be snatched hence:
His Spring shall never sprout, his Flowers shall fall,
His Fruit, yer ripe, shall be off-shaken all
(As Grapes and Olives with untimely Frost)
The Lord shall shake them, and they shall be lost.
For th' Hypocrites Dissembling Congregation,
Shall be dispersst, and brought to Desolation:
And suddenly shall Fire consume the Tents
Of *Bribery*, with all their Instruments.
For, They conceive but Mischief; breed but Guile,
And bring forth vain Iniquity the while.

CHAP. 16.

HEe pausing here, JOB Thus replyes him; sad:
Yet more of This? This have we often had:

You

You are indeed a sort of Visiters;
A Crew of cold and wretched Comforters.
Shall idle, addle, airy, words surcease?
Or what doth make you dare to dwell on these?
Could I, as you, if you were in my Case,
And I in yours; your Soule in my Soules place:
Could I, against you, words have multiplyd?
Insulred on you? at you shook my head?
No: I should rather have raught you Relief,
And with my speeches have asswag'd your Grief.
But, though I plain, my Grief's not mitigated;
Either, forbear I, what is it abated?
For, hee hath wearied mee: Yea, Lord, thou hast
Spoil'd mee of all; and laid mee wholly waste:
The wrinkled Furrows on my brow and back
(Bare skin and bone) bear witnesse of my Wrack.
My Foe's fell wrath hath raakt and rent me sore:
Hee strives against mee; and still angry more,
More eager still, gnasheth his Teeth upon mee;
And with his eyes keen flashing frowneth on-me.
My Friends (alas!) they laugh at mee the while,
They buffet mee, and bitterly revile;
They gape upon mee, and together gather,
Not to relieve mee, but to grieve mee rather.
Thus hath God hemm'd mee with ungodly bands,
And turn'd mee over into wicked hands.
I was at ease; when by the Neck hee took mee,
Brake mee a-sunder, and to shivers shook mee:
And (whether for Disport or for Desire)
Made mee his Butt, and set mee as his White.
His cunning Archers doe beset mee round;
Hee cleaves my Reins; and ruth-less, on the ground
Pours-out my Gall: with doubled blows he crushes,
And Gyant-like, upon mee fiercely rushes.
I have in Sack-cloth sadly sow'd my Skin,
In Dust and Ashes have I humbled bin,
I have (alas!) besmear'd my Face with Tears,
On mine Ey-lids death's Shade hath swom, in fears:
For no foule Sin, neither, for Fashions sake,
To seem a *Saint*: pure Prayers did I make,
Pure and Sincere: else never may they come
In Heav'n, to have either regard or room.
Neither, O Earth! if ever bloud I shed,
O! let it not by thee be covered.
But lo, my Witnesse is in Heaven above;
My Record there, my Conscience to approve.
My friends contemn mee, and condemn mee too:
But, drown'd in tears, to GOD appeale I doe.
O! that one might (as Man with Man, in Sute)
That, Neighbour-like, one might wth GOD dispute.
For the few dayes of my set number gone,
I goe the Way from whence return is none.

CHAP. 17.

MY Spirit's spent my daies are don (& leave me)
The Grave's already ready to receive mee.
Yet are there wth me none but those that mock me:
Doth not mine eye still see them still provoke me?
But, put mee in a Surety, give mee Pledge,
To answer mee what I shall then alledge.
Who'll undertake it? who will give his hand,
That to the Triall thou wilt daign to stand?
Sith Thou, O Lord, their hearts hast hidden quite,
From understanding, and from judging right;
And therefore wilt not, for their Arrogance,
Admit of them, nor them so high advance. (neither:
Not, that I would, they should have sooth'd mee
For such shall perish, and their Seed together.
But, to the Vulgar I am made a Song,
A Tale, a Tabret unto every Tongue
(Through grief whereof, mine eye decayes & dims;
And as a Shadow are my other Limbs).
The better sort amazed at my Plight;
The Innocent, judge mee an Hypocrite.
Yet shall the Righteous still hold on his Course;
And the Sincere shall still adde force to force.
Therefore, my Friends, return, recant, re-call
Your hard Opinions, and mis-Gentures, all:
For, of you all, not one wise man I finde;
Nor fit *Physician* for a troubled minde.
My Dayes are past; and my Designes undone;
Yea, even my hopes (my hearts Possessions) gone:
My Noon (alas!) is changed into Night;
Small ods there is 'twixt Darknesse and my Light.
What can I look for, but among the Dead
To make my house? to have my Grave, for Bed?
For, to Corruption, thus aloud I call;
Thou art my Father: to the Worms that crawl,
You are my Mother, and my Sisters all. (pear,
Where's then my hope? how shall that Hap ap-
Which you yet-while did so re-promise, here?
Those things with mee shall down into the Deep:
And, with my Dust, amid the Dust shall sleep.

CHAP. 18.

THen said the *Shuhite*: Will you never cease
Your tedious Talking? Never hold your peace?
Forbear a while; give eare a little now:
Observe our Speech, and wee will answer you.
But, why, as beasts, are wee upbraided thus?
And why so basely doe you count of us?
Hee, rather seems to be besides his Sense,
That wounds himselfe in his impatience.
Why? Shall the Earth, for thy sake be forsaken?
The Rocks remov'd? and solid Hills be shaken?
No, no: The Light of Wicked-ones shall out:
His Fiery Sparkle shall not shine about;
Within his Doores shall Darknesse be for Light:
With him, his Candles shall he quenched quite:
His Strength shall fail him (or be fatall to him):
His Counsells cast him; his owne Wit undoe-him:
For, his own Feet shall bring him to the Net
And willingly upon the Gin shall jet:
Him, by the heel the subtill Snare shall catch:
Him, shall the Theeves and Robbers over-match:
For him are laid the Meshes of Mis-hap;
Trains on the ground, and in his wayes a Trap:
Him, on all sides, sad Terrors shall affright;
And sudden drive him to his Feet, to flight:
His plenteous Store shall Famin soon devour:
Destructions Sword shall hunt-him every-hower,
Consume his Sinews, and un-bare his Skin;
And Pestilence (Death's Heir) shall rage within.
His hope shall hop without his expectation;
His confidence shall from his habitation

Be

Be rooted out, and razed(as it were)
And bring him down to the drad king of Fear;
Who ay shall dwell within his Tabernacle,
(Because not his, not his own Habitacle):
Som secret harm,som flash, som Sulph'ry shower,
Shall sudden spread amid his cursed Bower:
His Roots below shall rot amid the Clay;
His Boughs above be cut and cast away:
His Memory shall perish from the Earth;
His Name here namelesse (as before his birth)
Hee shall be driv'n to Darknesse, from the Light;
And forth the World hee shall be hunted quite.
Nor Son, nor Nephew shall hee leave behind;
Nor in his Houses any of his Kind.
So that, the Ages, present, and to come,
Shall stand amazed at his dismall Doom.
And this is sure the Lot, the heavy Load
Of wicked-ones, that fear not, know not GOD.

CHAP. 19.

IOB then reply'd: Alas! how long will Yee
Torment my Soule,with words;& torture mee?
Ten times yee have with too obdurate minde,
Reproacht mee This: uncivill and unkinde.
But, put the Case, that I have sinn'd, indeed:
Must not I bear it? Then (alas!)what need
You load mee more; and magnifie your wit,
To amplifie my Guilt, and Grief of it;
Seeing you see that GOD hath cast mee down,
And with his Net hath compassed mee round?
Lo, I cry-out of wrong and violence;
Aloud I cry; yet have no Audience,
Nor Ease at all: hee hath so hedg'd my way,
I cannot passe: My Paths, in stead of Day,
Are Dark beset: hee hath my Glory reft;
And from my head hee hath the Crown bereft:
Hee hath destroy'd mee, every-way undone:
My hope, removed(as a Tree)is gone:
And more, his wrath against mee fiercely fryes;
He reckons Mee among his Enemies:
His Troups assembled, march against Mee egre;
And round about my feeble Tent beleguer:
Hee hath dispersst my Brethren from mee far,
To Mee, my Kindred as meere Strangers are;
My Neighbours fly mee; my Familiar Friend
Hath now forgot mee(as if never kend):
Nay:mine own Houshold;men, maid-servants,all,
Count mee a Stranger, care not for my Call,
Nor will come at mee; though I speak them fair:
Nay: to mine own wife(for the noisom air)
My Breath is strange, though I beseech her,sad,
By those dear Pledges wee together had.
The Basest scorn mee; and when up I rise,
They spet their spite in bitter Obloquies.
Mine Intime-most,Those that I loved best,
Abhor mee all, and mee the most molest.
My Bones, in stead of flesh, cleave to my skin;
And that not sound, save what my Teeth grow in.
Then pity mee, O! pity mee, my Friends;
Sith GOD on mee his heavy hand extends:
Ah! Why doe you yet persecute mee, rough,
As GOD? alas! hath not my Flesh enough?
O!that my words(the words I now assever)
Were writ,were printed,and(to last for-ever)
Were grav'n in Marble with an yron pen
With Lead in-yoated(to fill up agen).
I surely know that my Redeemer liveth:
And that Hee shall(This firm my Faith beleeveth)
In th' end of Time, return and rise from Dust
(The First and Last)to judge and save the Just:
And, that I shall, when worms have eat this Clod:
I shall awake; and in my flesh see GOD:
Yea, I shall see him with these Eyes of mine;
And with none else: though now in Pains I pine.
The rather, therefore should you now retract,
And thus Your-selves discreetly now correct:
Why persecute Wee him? Why hate Him, VVee?
Sith This foundation is thus fixt in Mee,
Then, be you warn'd; beware, and fear the Sword:
For wickednesse and cruelty [in word]
Incenseth Wrath:know,there shall Judgment com,
To doom them right, who Others(rash)misdoom.

CHAP. 20.

SCarce had hee done; when the *Naamashite*
Replies him thus:therefore my thoughts incite
My sudden Answer; therefore am I spurr'd
(Regarding light thy sharp and shamefull Gird)
With speed to speak, unto the Point in hand,
What I conceive and rightly understand.
Know'st thou not this of old, through every age,
Since first on Earth began Man's Pilgrimage;
That the triumphing of the wicked Sort,
The Joy of th' *Hypocrite* is ever short?
Although to Heav'n hee mount his glorious top;
Though to the Clouds his head be lifted up;
Yet shall hee perish, as his dung, for ay:
And who hath seen them,shall ask, where are they?
As Dreams forgotten, shall hee take his flight;
Yea chas'd away, as Visions of the Night:
Th' Eye that hath seen him,shall not see him twise,
Nor shall his Places him againe revise.
His Children shall be fawning on the Poor,
And his Extortions shall to them restore:
His Bones are full of his Youth's sins(his Lust)
Which shall not leave him till hee lye in dust:
Though to his Taste his Sin be passing sweet,
Though under-neath his Tongue hee cover it,
Though there hee spare it, and not spet it out,
Though on his Palate still it roule about;
Yet is his meat turn'd, in his Bowells, all;
And is, within him, as the *Aspic's* Gall: (fain
H' hath swallow'd wealth, but God shall make him
To spue it out, to cast it up again:
Hee shall the *Aspic's* direfull Poison suck:
With Vipers tongues hee shall be deadly stuck:
Hee shall not see the Oylie Rivers Currents,
Nor Brooks of Butter, nor the Hony Torrents:
His Labour never shall regain his Losse:
Hee shall restore whom hee before did crosse:
The Restitution shall be all his state;
Hee never shall digest, nor joy thereat;
Because the Poor hee crushed, and forsook;
And Others houses violently took.

Sure hee shall have no quiet Calm within;
Without, no Store of what hee joyeth in.
There shall be no Remainder of his meat;
And his Reversions none shall wait to eat.
Nay: in his Ruffe, and at his greatest height,
Hee shall be stocked in full many a Strait:
Continuall hazzards shall him round enring;
Each spitefull hand shall have at him a fling:
When hee is ready for his rich Repast,
On him will GOD his fiery Fury cast;
Amid his Feasts his dread Displeasure thrilling
In stead of Food, his breast with horror filling;
If hee escape the Sword; from Bowes of steel
Steel-headed Arrowes shall him thorough thrill:
The naked Swords bright-shining terror shall
Peep through his bosom, creep through guts & gall.
Horrors shall haunt him: and so, hard-bestid,
From hiding him, all Darknesse shall be hid.
A Fire unblow'n him sudden shall consume:
And woe to them that tarry in his Room:
Heav'n shall discover his Iniquities,
And Earth for witnesse shall against him rise;
All his Revenews, all his state, and stay,
Shall flow to Others in his wrathfull Day.
This is the Portion of the Wicked: This
His heritage by GOD appointed is.

CHAP. 21.

SO, *Zophar* ceast. Then JOB reply'd: I pray
Hear heedfully what now I have to say:
Be this the Comfort you vouchsafe, alone;
Let Mee but speak; and, afterwards, mock on
Doe I complain, or make my moan to Man?
Why doe you crosse, or interrupt mee, than?
If I have cause of Grief should not my spirit
Be mov'd withall? Can flesh and bloud forbear it?
Behold mee well; and be withall dismay'd:
And let your hand upon your mouth be layd.
Thought of the like (elf-where) would mee affright,
And daunt my Flesh: how then, my present sight?
How comes it that the Wicked live, live long,
Grow rich, grow great; wex eminent, and strong;
They see their Children, and Grand-children, rise
Settled about them: In their House no Strife;
No Feare; no Foe: They feel not any Rod,
No stripe, no stroke, of the drad hand of GOD.
Their Bullock genders, and proves ever fit:
Their Heifer calves, and never casteth it:
Their little ones, like Lambkins send they out;
Their Striplings play and skip, and daunce about;
They tune their voice to sweetest Instruments,
Harp, Pipe, and Tabret; to delight their sense:
In Wealth and Health they live; scarce, ever, sick
Of long disease; but to their Graves goe quick.
Yet These are Those, that to th' Almighty say,
Depart from us; wee will not learn thy VWay:
VWho is the Lord, that wee should him obey?
VWhat should wee profit, if to Him wee pray?
They have not sure the power in their own hand,
To get and keep their wealth at their Command.
Be therefore far, be ever far from Mee,
Their works, and words, and thoughts, Impiety:
Far be their Counsells; far be all their Wayes:
And far the Peace of their so prosperous Dayes.
And yet, how often is their Lamp put-out?
How often are they compassed about
With swift Destruction? In his Fury strict
How oft doth GOD their payment here inflict?
How oft, as Straw before the winde, are They,
And as the Chaff with Tempest whift away?
How oft doth GOD, in the Ungodly's sight,
For Their own Guilt, their own dear Issue smite?
Or, lets Themselves here see Themselves undone;
Drinking the hot Wrath of th' Almighty-one?
For, what is it to Them? or what care They (clay)
(Their mouths cut-off, their mouths once-stopt wth
What hap their house, what hazzard follow shall:
What weal or woe, unto their Heirs befall?
But herein who GOD's wildome shall impeach?
Or, who shall him, that rules the highest, teach?
One dyes at ease, in Strength's perfection growing;
His brests with milk, his bones with marrow flow-
Another dyes in anguish of his spirit; (ing.
And never did good Day or Night inherit:
Both are, alike, layd in the Dust together;
And Worms, alike, doe ease and cover Either.
Lo, I conceive your mis-conceits, from hence;
Your mis-collections, and your wrested Sense:
For, where (say ye) where's now the Princes Court?
And where the Palace of the wicked sort?
Have yee not asked those that travaile by?
And doe yee, can yee, yet their Marks deny?
That (for the most) the wicked most are spared,
Reprived here; till that dread Day prepared
For dire Destruction: and then (for their Errors)
Shall be brought forth, in that *great Day* of Terrors.
For here so Mighty and so Great they are;
Who, to their face shall their Offence declare?
Who dares disclose it? Who shall prosecute?
And their due Sentence who shall execute?
Nay (notwithstanding) to their Grave in peace
They passe, with pomp of solemne Obsequies;
Accompany'd, attended (in their kinde)
With Mourning Troups, before them and behinde:
Entomb'd among their Ancestors; and rest
In gloomy Vales, as happy as the Best.
How doe You then, Mee comfort, or confute;
While vainly thus, and falsly you dispute?

FINIS.

JOB.
THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. 22.

TH' old *Themanite*, as mov'd withall, replyes,
Can Man, to GOD (as to Him-selfe, the Wise)
Be profitable? any pleasure is 't
Unto the Lord, if righteous Thou persist?
If Thou be just, if perfect and upright;
Is GOD the better? Gaines th' Almighty by 't?
For fear of Thee, will Hee reprove thee (strict)
Enter in Judgement, and thee thus afflict?
Is not thy Sin great and thy Wickednesse;
And infinite thy soule Unrighteousnesse?
Yes: thou hast ta'n thy brothers Pledge for nothing,
And stripped even the Naked of their Clothing:
Thou hast not giv'n the wearie, Drink at need:
Nor to the Hungry, wherewithall to feed:
The Eminent and Mighty had their fill:
They held the Earth, and sway'd thee at their will:
But silly Widows hast thou empty packt;
And th' arms of Orphans have bin crusht & crackt.
Thence is it now, that Snares beset thee round,
And sudden Fears thee trouble and confound:
Or a black Darknesse that thou canst not see;
And a huge Deluge that o'r-whelmeth thee.
Is not the Lord in th' High *Empyreall* Blisse?
Behold the Stars, how high their Distance is:
And then (saist thou) What can th' Almighty mark?
How judgeth Hee? What sees he through the dark?
Clouds cover Him from spying so far hence:
Hee walketh in the Heav'ns Circumference.
But, hast not Thou observ'd the ancient Track
The wicked trod, to their untimely Wrack; (stood,
Who, quick cut downe, supplanted where they
Had their Foundations swallowed with the flood?
Who said to GOD, Depart from us; and thought,
What can th' Almighty doe to us, in ought:
Yet, with good things Hee fill'd their habitations.
But, far from mee be their Imaginations.
This see the Righteous; safe the while, and glad:
And laugh at them, in their Destruction sad.
For, Wee shall stand; our Substance not decay:
But their remainder shall the Fire destroy.
Therefore, acquaint thee (and that quickly too)
With GOD; make peace: & thou right wel shalt do;
Receive (I pray thee) from his mouth Direction;
And in thy heart, lay-up his Words instruction.
If, to th' Almighty thou at-once return;
Thou shalt be built-up: and shalt bravely spurn
Iniquity far from thy Selfe away;
And from thy Dwellings put it far, for ay.
Then, as the dust thou shalt have Gold, at will;
Pure *Ophyr* Gold, as Pebbles of the Rill:
Yea, the Almighty Thy defence shall be:
And store of Silver shall be still with Thee.
For, in the Lord thy Pleasure shalt thou place;
And unto Him shalt thou lift up thy Face:
Him shalt thou pray-to; Hee shall hear thy Layes,
And grant thy Sute; and thou return him Praise:
Thou shalt decree, and Hee shall make it good,
(So thy good purpose shall not bee withstood):
And on Thy Wayes, and in all Works of Thine,
His Light of Grace (and Glory too) shall shine.
Nay: when-as Others (as Thy selfe art now)
Shall be cast down; re-comfort them shalt Thou,
And thus re-cheer them: Yet, yet may you rise,
For God will save such as have humbled eyes.
Yea: on the Noxious will hee pitie take,
For th' Innocent; and spare them for thy sake.

CHAP. 23.

THen answered JOB: Tho to this day my mones
Right bitter be, my Grief exceeds my Grones;
How is it then, that I, as yet, am held,
For having plain'd, as If I had rebell'd?
O! that I knew, that som would shew me, where,
I might goe finde my Soveraign Arbiter!
That I might speedy unto him repair;
And even approach to his Tribunall Chair!
I would before him plead my just defence,
And fill my Mouth with pregnant Arguments.
Then would I know what should his answer be:
And understand what Hee would say to mee.
Would hee oppose mee with his Power divine?
No: rather would hee steel and strengthen mine,
There might the Just in his just Plea proceed:
And I should ever from my Judge be freed.
But, Whether to the West I take my way;
Or to the pearly Portall of the Day;

Or, to the Norward, where hee worketh rife;
Or, to the South, the Cell of hiultring ftrife:
Whether I look before mee, or behinde;
On This, or That fide: Him I cannot finde, (try'd:
Yet, knowes Hee well my Way: and hath mee
And I, like Gold, fhall come forth purifi'd.
My Foot hath walked in his fteps: His Way
Have I obferved; and not gone aftray:
Nor have I ftarted from his Precepts fet,
But priz'd them more then my appointed Meat.
Yet, Hee perfifteth in one purpofe ftill.
Who can divert him? Hee doth what hee will;
And will perform what is of mee decreed.
And many fuch things are with Him, indeed.
Therefore, before Him, am I wonder-fmit:
Affraid of Him, when I confider it.
For, GOD hath fuppled and made foft my heart,
And deep perplext mee in my inward Part:
Becanfe my Languors neither end, nor I:
Not can I fee, nor found the Reafon, Why.

CHAP. 24.

BUt, can it be, (how can it other be?)
But that the Times of the Divine Decree
(Concerning Judgements more or lefe fevere;
When, why, & who, and how, and what, and where)
Hidden with GOD, and hidden from his Own;
Should to the World, and wicked be unknown?
They fhift the Land-marks frõ their ancient feat:
They take by force mens flocks, to feed, or eat:
They drive away the filly Orphans Affe:
They take for Pledge the Widows Ox (alas!):
They turn the Needy from their neereft way:
They make the Poor together hide them ay:
Lo, like wilde Affes in the Wilderneffe,
They tamp about their hrutifh Bufineffe:
Rifing betimes for Boot (like Free-booters):
The Defart Field yeelds Food for them and theirs.
They reap them Each a Crop, from Others Crop:
They gather Each a wicked Vintage up:
They caufe the Naked without Clothes to lie,
Quivering for Cold, no Covering but the Skie;
Wafht with the Showers that from the Mountains
Embracing Clifts, for Shelter; Rocks for Bed: (fhed;
They pluck the Pupill from the tender Breft:
They take from Poor a Pawn of all their beft;
They leave them Naked; Nay, the Hungry foule
Even of his Sheaf, and gleaned handfulls poule:
Yea; Labourers, that in Their fervice toyle;
That tread their Wine-prefs, & that make their oile,
That trudge and drudge in their Affairs; in fine
They let them ftarve, and even for thirft to pine.
The City groanes under their wicked Thrall,
Th'oppreffed, flain, and wounded, cry, and call:
Yet, 'tis apparent (as the Sun is cleer)
GOD doth not alwayes fmite (nor cite) them heer.
Yet, Thefe are Thofe, that ay the Light abhor:
Know not their Way, nor keep, nor care it for:
The Murd'rer rifes (early) yer the Light;
To kill the Poor: and robbeth (late) at night:
Th' Adulterer's Eye doth for the twy-light wait;
And, muffled, faies, None fees my quaint Deceit:
They (Burglars) dig through houfes in the Dark,
Which in the Day, they for their owne did mark.
But, Light they loath; Morning to Them is death:
Death's Terror, Day; which all difcovereth:
On Waters fwim they light and fwift, for feat:
On Earth, as Vagrants, fly they here and there
(Their curfed portion) every-where undone:
By-wayes they feek, and the High-waies they fhun.
As Heat and Drought diffolve, & drink the fnow;
The wicked-One the Grave fhall fwallow fo.
The Womb that bare him, fhall him quite forget;
And, to the Worm hee fhall be wel-come Meat.
Hee fhall, with Men, no more remembred bee:
But hroken-off, as is a withered Tree.
Hee weds the barren that hrings never forth;
And, if a Widow, leaves her nothing worth.
Yet, by his power, Hee drags the Mighty down;
And none is fafe, if Hee in Fury frown:
No; though, with Prefents they his Patience buy,
And build on it; on Them hee cafts an eye.
Such, for a little, are aloft: Anon
As low as Others; as all others, gone:
Soon taken hence, fhut-up, cut-off, and fhorn
As (with the Haile) the tufted ears of Corn.
If thus it he not, who will (I defire)
Difprove my Speech; and prove mee now a Lyer.

CHAP. 25.

TO this, the *Shuite* anfwered fhortly Thus:
Hee is Almighty, Dradly-Glorious;
Whofe Power imperiall, and All-humbling Aw,
Rules his High Places in moft peacefull Law.
Is any number of His Armies known?
What Light fo hright, but His hath over-fhone?
How, then, may Man, with GOD, be juft defin'd?
Or, Hee be Clean, that's born of Woman-kinde?
Behold the Moon, before Him, is not bright:
Stars are not pure in his All-piercing) fight.
Then, How-much-lefs? How-much-lefs man (alas!)
The Son of Man: a Worm, a Worthleffe Maffe?

CHAP. 26.

IOB, hereunto replyes incontinent:
Well have yee faid; but how Impertinent!
How haft Thou holp the weak and feeble wight?
How fit defended him that hath no might?
How fweetly taught the fimple and unwife?
How full declar'd the Matter, as it lyes?
To Whom doft Thou this Speech of thine direct?
What moves thee to it? and to what effect?
For, I (for My part) know, that, Not alone,
Th' Eternall rules, on his fupernall Throne
The things above, in their harmonious Courfe;
But here below, the Better and the Worfe.
Beneath the waters, dead things formed bin;
And, dumb (their own Inhabitants) within:
Hell is not hid from him: Deftructions Cave,
From his infpection can no Covering have.
Hee, th' ample heav'ns over the Void extends:
Hee, upon Nothing the fad Earth fufpends:
Within

Within his Clowds He bottles up the rain, (twain:
Which with its weight tears not the Clowds in
Hee hath in-bow'd the fore-front of his Throne,
And spread his Clowdy Canapey theteon:
He hath begirt the Waters with a List
Shall ever last, till Day and Night desist.
The massie Pillars of the Pole doe shake
If hee but chide; and at his check they quake.
Hee by his pow'r doth the deepe Sea divide:
His prudence smites her, in her selfest pride:
Hee by his Spirit, the Spangled Heav'ns hath dreft
With glittering Signes; the Serpent and the rest.
Lo, these are parcels of his wayes supreme:
But, O! how little doe wee heare of him! (ders
Who can conceive? Who understands the Thun-
Of his more secret, and most sacred Wonders?

CHAP. 27.

WHile none repli'd, Job gravely thus goes on:
As lives the Lord, th' Almighty *Holy One*,
Who seems a space my *Verdict* to suppress,
Loading my soule with brunts of bitternesse;
While Breath is in mee; till my Spirit, inspir'd
By God, be gone, and from mee quite expir'd;
My Lips shall speak no wickednesse, no wile;
Nor shall my Tongue deliver any guile.
No; God forbid that I should justifie
Your rash mis-judgement. Mine integritie
I'll not abandon, to my dying day:
Mi ne innocence I never will betray:
My righteousnesse still will I fast retain;
And, my cleer conscience, while I life maintain.
But, as the wicked, be mine enemies:
Those, as unrighteous, that against mee rise.
For what's the hope of th' hollow Hypocrite
(Though hee hath heaped Treasures infinite)
When God shall take (in a disastrous day)
His Land (his Life) his Goods (his Gods) away?
Will God regard or heare his howling Cry,
When hee is compast with Calamity?
Or, in th' Almighty can he comfort take?
Will hee to God continuall Prayer make?
I'll show you, how th' Almighty hand doth deale:
God's wonted course I will not now conceale:
Nay; you your Selves, you all have seen it too.
Why talke yee then thus vainly as yee do?
This is, with God, the Portion and the Part
Of the ungodly and the cruell heart:
This heritage shall impious Tyrants have
From the Almightie, This they shall receive:
If many Children hee shall leave behinde,
As many shall the Sword or Famine finde:
Or, if that any in Remain be left;
They by the Plague, shall, unbewail'd, be left.
If hee have heaped Silver, as the dust:
And Clothes, as Clay; hee may: but sure the Just
Shall 'joy his Silver, and his Treasures share;
And weare his Ward-robe, how-so rich and rare.
If brave hee build; it is but like the Moth
(On others ground, as that in others Cloth)
Soon dispossest: or, like a Watch-house, soon
To be set up, and suddenly pull'd down.
Such Rich, shall dye; and lie without regard,
Ungather'd to his Fathers Toomb prepar'd:
Nothing of him remaines in Memorie:
Hee vanisheth in Twinkling of an eye.
Horrors shall seize him, as a Flood, with Fright;
And as a Tempest hurry him by night.
An Eastern Storm him quite away shall chase;
And as a Whirle-winde, hurle him from his place.
So pitilesse, in wrathfull Jelousie,
(While glad and fain hee would his fingers flie)
Will God pursue him; and good men shall smile,
And clap their hands, and hiss at him the while.

CHAP. 28.

SUre, there are Mines & veinlings (under ground)
Whence Silver 's fetcht, and wherein Gold is
Iron out of Earth, & out of stone the Brass (found:
Is melted down (into a purer mass).
Beyond the bounds of Darknes Man hath pry'd
And th' excellence of under-ground descry'd:
The rarest stones, and richest minerals,
From deadly Damps, and horrid Darks hee hales:
And if some Torrent come there rushing in
(Such as no foot hath felt, no eye hath seen)
Hee can revert it, or divert it, soon,
Without Impeachment to his Work begun.
Earth's surface yeelds him corn & fruits for food;
Her under-folds, some burning Sulphury flood:
Amid the Quars of stone are Saphires store:
Among the Dust, the precious Golden Ore
(Where never Bird, before did Path descry,
Where never Vulture cast her greedy eye,
Where savage Whelps had never-never trac't;
Nor furious Lion ever by had past):
On Cliffs of Adamant hee laies his hands;
Their height and hardnes hee at will commands;
Slents them wth sledges, crops their clowdy crown:
Hee by the roots turns Mountains up-side down:
To let out Rills, hee cleaveth Rocks in sunder:
His eye perceives all that is precious under:
Hee binds the Waters, that they shall not weep;
And dives for Riches in the deepest deep.
All this, and more, hath Man. But where is found
That soveraign Wisedome, sacred and profound?
That understanding of the Waies divine,
Of God's supreme and secret discipline?
Man knowes it not; nor kens the worth of it:
It is not found in any living Wit.
The Deeps confess, the Sea acknowledgeth;
'Tis not in mee; nor with mee, th' other saith.
Nor gold, nor silver, nor all gems that are.
Can purchase it, nor equall it by farre:
No wedge of *Ophir*, never so refin'd;
No *Æthiopian Topaze*, *Pearle of Inde*,
No precious *Onyx*, neither *Saphire* pure
(*Corall* and *Crystall* passe I, as obscure)
No *Carbuncle*, no *Diamant* so rare;
No One, nor All, with Wisedome may compare.
But, whence is then, and where is to bee found
That sacred Wisedome, secret and profound?
Sith it is hidden from all humane eyes;
And from the sight of every Fowle that flyes;

Death

Death and destruction say; Wee of the same
Have with our eares but onely heard the Fame.
GOD, GOD alone doth understand its way;
And knowes the place where it abideth aye.
For, hee, at once beholdeth all that is
In all the World: All under heav'n hee sees,
To poyze the Winds, and portion (at his pleasure)
Unto the Waters their due weight and measure.
When for the raine hee stablisht a Decree,
And for the Thunder's Lightning Mutinie;
Then did hee see it, and fore-see it fit:
Hee numbred, pondred, and prepared it:
And unto Man this *Maxime* did apply;
GOD's Fear is Wisdome and from sin to flee.

CHAP. 29.

JOB yet proceeded, and said furthermore,
O! were it with mee, as it was of yore,
In my fore-passed Months, my former dayes,
When God preserv'd me; when with gracious rayes
His lightfull Lamp reflected on my head,
Whereby I walkt through Darknes, void of dread:
As in my younger times, when yet the Lord
Vouchsafe mee blessings of my Bed and Board;
When yet the Lord was with mee in my Tents,
And showred there his hidden Providence.
When, where I went, my waies were bath'd in butter,
And Rocks about mee Rills of Oyle did gutter:
When I had gone unto the publike Gate
To take my place where all our Senate sate,
At sight of me, should yong men hide them thence,
And th' elder sort stand up, for reverence:
Nobles were silent if I present were;
And if I spake, they turn'd their Tongue to Eare:
And th' Eare that heard me blessed me: and th' Eye
That saw mee, witnest mine Integrity.
For, I delivered every Poor oppreist,
The Orphan and the Helpless I redrest:
Hee blessed mee that was well-neer undon:
The Widows heart I cheered: I put-on,
I put on *Justice*, as a seemly Gowne;
It was unto mee as a Robe and Crowne.
I, as an Eye unto the blind became;
And as a foot unto the Halt and Lame:
A Father was I to the Poor: and where
The Case was dark, I would discuss it cleer.
I also brake th' Oppressors greedy Jawes,
And tooke the Prey out of his Teeth and Pawes.
Then thought I, sure, to dye at home in rest:
And said, I shall with long good dayes be blest.
For, by the Waters was my Root out-spred:
Upon my top Heav'ns nightly Deaw was shed:
My Wealth increast, mine Honour daily grew,
My Bow of Health (my strength) did still renew.
When I had spoken, every Eare was prest
To give mee Eare, and in my Counsels rest,
Without Reply: and as the later Rain
The thirsty earth, my Words they entertain.
If I had laught or smil'd on any neer,
They took no notice, nor would change my cheer.
I sate as Chief, I onely rul'd the roast,
Dwelt as a King amid an armed Hoast;
And as a man, amid a mourning Rout,
That from his lips pours lively comforts out.

CHAP. 30.

BUt now (alas!) my Puisnes Mee deride:
The meanest mock me; Yea, and those (beside)
Whose ragged Fathers I refus'd to keep
My Shepheards Curs, much more to cure my sheep.
For, to say truth, what service could they doe?
So idle bred (both Young and Elder too)
Weakned with Sloth, and wicked Conversation;
And waxen old, in wretched Desolation:
For Cold and Hunger wandring here and there,
With Mallowes fed, and Roots of Juniper:
Pursu'd as Theeves, hunted from place to place
With *Hue* and *Cry*; and ever had in Chase;
And therefore fain, for Shelter's sake, to creep
In Clifts and Caves; in Rocks and Dungeons deep:
Amongst he Thornes and Thickets roaring rife;
Wild Out-lawes, leading a most bestiall life:
The Breed of Fooles, the Fry of basest birth,
Of Name-lesse Men: indeed the Scums of Earth.
And yet, to such am I now made a Song,
A Ballad, and a By-word in their tongue:
Yea, These despise mee, and despight mee too,
Spet in my Face, and make no more adoe.
Because the Lord my Bow-string hath unbent,
And slackt my Cord, therefore these insolent
Insulters now loose and let go the Raines
Of all Respect, unto their lewd disdaines.
Now very Boyes doe take the Wall of mee,
Trip at my feet; and (in their Jollitie)
Mis-judge my Life, and of mee Rumors raise,
After their owne cruell and cursed Wayes:
They mar my Path that I have walked in,
Further my woes, and have no help therein:
As a wide Flood-breach they have rushed on-mee,
And with the Ruines have roul'd-in upon-mee.
Terrors are turn'd upon mee, and pursue
My life as Winde; my Weale, as Vapours flew:
Therefore my Soule, in sore afflictions vext,
Is poured out, and inly deep perplext.
Dayes dark and irksome have upon mee seaz'd:
And in the night (when others most are eas'd)
My very bones within mee are oppreist,
Nay, pierced through; my Sinnews take no rest:
My strange Disease, with angry violence
Of th' hot impostumes loathsome Virulence,
Hath staind my garments: and with straining dolor,
About my neck it gripes mee as a Coller.
Laid in the Dust, I roule the Mire among:
Become, indeed, like Ashes, Dirt and Dung.
To Thee I cry, to Thee the while I call;
But, Lord, Thou hear'st not, nor dost heed at all.
Nay, thou art also cruell turn'd to mee;
With hot Assaults, as on an enemy:
Thou lift'st mee up (as in a storm, the Stubble) (ble
To ride a whirle-wind, while with Fear and Trou-
I faint, and fall (dissolved, as it were)
In deadly Swoun, hurry'd I wot not where:
But well I wot, Thou soon wilt bring mee home
To death, the House where all that live shall come;
Whither,

Whither, thy Hand thou wilt no longer stretch;
And whence, no prayers boot, nor need, to fetch.
Did not I weep for others wofulnesse?
Was not my soule griev'd at their poor distresse?
When good I look'r for, evill came: when light,
A dismall darknesse, worse then blackest night.
My bowels boyled with continnall heat;
A troublous, time upon mee sudden set:
Not with the Sun, but sorrow black I turn'd:
Amid th' Assembly, loud I cry'd and mourn'd,
With hideous noyse (for horrid Anguishes)
As kin to Dragons, and to Ostriches.
My Harp is tuned to a heavy Tone;
My Musick turned to the voice of mone.

CHAP. 31.

I Made a Covenant with my constant eyes,
From gazing out on blazing vanities: (staid)
(Having my Choice, whereon my thoughts were
Why should I once mis-think upon a Maid?
For, O! for such, what Part, what Portion is
With God, above, in th' Heritage of blisse?
Nay; is there nor destruction still behinde,
Strange Punishment, for wicked (of this kind)?
Are not my Paths apparent unto God?
Doth not hee see and summe the steps I trod?
If I have walkt in vanity and pride:
If unto fraud my foot have ever hy'd:
In his just Balance let him weigh mee right,
And hee shall finde mee by his Beam upright.
If that my Steps have straid, or trod awry:
If that my heart have hearkned to mine eye;
If to my hand hath cleaved any spot:
If bloud or bribes the same did ever blot;
Then let mee Sow, and others eat my Crop;
Yea, let my Plant be ever plucked-up.
If ever Woman have my heart beguil'd;
Or I layd wait t' have Others Wife defil'd:
Let mine againe unto another grinde,
And mee be punisht in my sins owne kinde.
For this is sure a high and hainous Crime,
To be condemn'd and punisht in the prime:
Yea, 'tis a fire, whose fury will not cease,
But ruine all, and root out my Increase.
If ever I despis'd my Man, or Maid,
Debating with mee, and them over-waid;
What shall I doe? What Answer shall I make,
When God as Judge, their Cause shall undertake?
Did not one Maker them and mee create,
Of Matter like, in Manner like, and Fate?
If ever I deny'd the Poor's desire:
Or let the Widowes longing hopes to tyre:
Or ever eat my morsels all alone,
And gave the Orphan and the needy none
(Hee hath been with me from my child-hood bred
As with a Father: Shee, in Husband's stead,
Hath ever had my Connsell for her Guide,
My Pow'r for Guard; my Purse her Want supply'd).
If I have seen or suffered any Poor
To lye and dye. Naked, or out of Door:
Nay, if his loynes be-blest not mee from harm,
Because my Fleece and Cottage kept them warm:
If ever I, against the Impotent,
Poor, Father-lesse or Friend-lesse Innocent
(For Fear or Favour, of a Friend or Foe,
For Gaine, or Grudge that I did ever owe)
Have lift my hand, or him in right withstood;
Or, when I might have, have not done him good:
Then let mine Arme off from my shoulder fall,
And from the bone be pasht to powder all.
For, God's drad Judgements did I alwayes fear:
Whose Highness Wrath I could nor balk nor bear.
If I on Gold have fixt my Hope, or Heart;
Or, to the Wedge have said; My trust thou art:
If I have joy'd for being growne so Rich;
Or for my Hands had gotten mee so much:
If, when I saw the Sun or Moon to shine,
My heart (in tic't) in secret did incline
To th' idle *Orgies* of an Idolist;
Or (*Heathen*-like) my Mouth my Hand hath kist:
Or if, in Summer of my golden Dayes,
Or silver Night shining with prosperous Rayes,
My heart in private hath been puft too-high,
Ascribing all to mine owne industry
(Which had been impious sacriledge and Pride:
For then had I the God of Heav'n deny'd):
If I rejoyc't at ruine of my foes,
Or have triumphed in their overthrowes;
Or have so much as let my tongue to roule,
Or heart to wish a curse unto their soule:
Though oft my Servants in their rage extreme,
Would faine have beaten, nay, have eaten them:
If I have shut the Stranger out of door:
Or let-not-in the weary Pilgrim poor:
If I (like *ADAM*) have conceal'd my sin,
And closely cloakt my Wickednesse with-in:
(Although I could have over-born, with Aw,
Whole multitudes; the meanest Groom I saw,
I feared so, I durst not wring, nor wrong,
Nor wrangle with: but kept my Tent & Tongue).
O! that I had an equall Arbiter,
(To heare, and waigh, consider, and confer).
Behold my Aime: th' Almighty I desire
(A certaine Signe of mine intent intire)
For, Hee, I Know, would sentence on my side;
And witnesse for mee, that I have not ly'd.
Then though against mee (in his fell despight)
Mine Adversary should a Volume write,
It, as a Robe, I on my Back would beare,
And as a Garland on my head it weare:
I would by piece-meale, shew my Conversation,
All so unlike to all his Accusation,
That cleering mee, it should him more convince,
To come and aske mee Pardon, as a Prince.
But, if my Land against mee plead or plain:
Or, if my Furrowes cry-out, or complain:
If *Tithe-lesse, Taxe-lesse, Wage-lesse, Right-lesse*, I
Have eat the Crop, or caus'd the Owners dye;
In stead of Barley, and the best of Corn,
Grow nothing there, but Thistles, Weeds & Thorn.

Here JOB *surceast.*

JOB

JOB.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. 32.

HEre also ceast the Three fore-named Friends
From farther speech (as hopeless of their ends)
Sith Job so stifly still maintain'd his right
Of righteousnesse, in his owne proper sight.
Then angry *Zeale* began to swelt and swell
In *Elihu* the sonne of *Barachel*,
The *Buzzite* born, and of the race of *Ram*:
Both against Job began his wrath to flame
(Because, as tenour of his words imply'd,
Rather Himselfe, then God, he justify'd)
And also those his Foe-friends, for so strict
Condemning Job, untry'd and unconvict.
His modestie him hitherto with-held,
As giving place to others of more Eld:
But, seeing Job to a full period come;
And th' other three without reply, as dumb;
His *Zeal* burst out, and Thus in briefe began:
I must confesse, I am too-young a man
T' have interrupted you (so old) before
In this dispute; and therefore I forbore:
I was in doubt; I durst not speak (till now)
My weake Opinion, and present it you.
For, dayes (thought I) and years can farther reach:
And long Experience Wisdome best can teach.
Men have a Soule, and Reason's light inherit:
But, Wisdome is inspir'd by th' *Holy-Spirit*
(Which bloweth where it will, and worketh free,
Not ty'd to Age, nor to Authority):
For, Great-men alwayes are not wisest found,
Nor the most Ancient still the most profound.
Therefore awhile to mee give eare, I pray;
And let Mee also mine Opinion say.
I well observ'd your Words, with diligence
I scan'd your Reasons, markt your Arguments:
Yea, neer and narrow have I watcht and waigh'd
What Each of you, and All of you have said:
Yet is there None of you (apart, or joynt)
Convinces Job; or answers to the poynt:
Lest You should say; We Wisdome compasse can,
God will evince him; not the wit of man.
For mee, mee yet hee never did gain-say:
Nor do I mean to answer him, your way.
Here-with amaz'd, they still continuing mute
Without Reply, or shew of more Dispute
(For I expected yet some speech from some:
I waited still; and when as none would come)
I will, said I, now prosecute my part,
To give my Censure from a single heart:
For, I am full of matter to the top;
My spirit within mee, strains mee, stirs mee up:
My breast is like a Wine-Butt, wanting Vent,
Ready to burst; or Bottles like to rent.
I'll therefore speake, that I may yet re-spire;
And ope my mouth, to fanne mine inward fire.
Yet none, I pray, from mee the while expect
Smooth soothing Titles; personall Respect:
For, soothing Titles know not I to give;
Nor should I, would my Maker let mee live.

CHAP. 33.

NOw therefore, Job, hark with attentive heed
To all the Words that from me shall proceed:
For, what I speake, premeditated is;
Not out of Passion, or of Prejudice:
But most sincere and from a single heart,
Out of cleer Knowledge (without Clouds of Art).
One and the same, of the same masse of Mire,
Made mee, as thee; and did my Spirit inspire:
Feare not therefore, if thou have ought to say;
Oppose and answer: put thy Words in ray:
I am (according to thy wish) to plead
And parley with thee, in th' Almighties stead;
And yet, a man: My terrors shall not fright thee,
Neither my hand with heavy tortures smite thee.
Lo, Thou hast said (I heard and markt it well)
In mee, there none iniquity doth dwell:
I am Upright, and Clean, and Innocent:
Yet, as a foe, Hee is against mee bent:
Hee picks occasions to inflict mee Strokes;
Sifts all my wayes, and sets mee in the Stocks.
And lo, in this, even in this saying so,
Thou art not Just: for (if thou knowst not) know,
That

That God is Greater then all men: then, Why
Striv'st thou with him? whose supreme Soveraignty
Yeelds us no reason, nor account at all,
Of his high Counsels; Why, or How they fall.
For once, yea twice, to man th' Almighty speaks;
Yet man perceives not (or it little reeks)
By Dream, or Vision of the night, in Sleep
Upon his bed; or in some Slumbet deep:
Then opens hee mens eares, and him revealeth,
And sweetly there their meet instruction sealeth;
To turn a man from his intended Ill,
And hide the Pride of his ambitious Will:
To keep his soule back from the brink of hell:
To save his life from death, and dangers fell.
Sometimes, hee's also chast'ned on his bed,
With grievous Sickneſſe, from the foot to head;
Incessant burning in his bones and blood:
So that he loatheth the most dainty food.
His flesh consumed, and his bones so high
That they appeare (as an Anatomie):
His Life and Soule draw neer unto the Pit,
(The Grave doth gape, and Worms do wait for it).
If with him be a holy Messenger
(One of a Thousand) an Interpreter,
To shew to Man the *Justice* of his God.
In his Correction, with his sharpest Rod;
And, tightly humbled, re-advance the Meek,
By Faith, above his righteousneſſe to seek,
And pray to him; Hee will propitious stand,
And to his Servant hee will thus command,
Deliver him from going to the Grave,
I am appeas'd: a Ransom found I have.
Then, then a Child, shall fresher be his Flesh,
Hee shall returne unto his Youth a-fresh:
Then shall hee call on God, and God shall be
Right gracious to him: hee with joy shall see
His glorious Face. For hee will render than
(Hee will impute) his righteousneſſe to Man.
Hee visits men; and if that any say,
I have offended: I have gone astray:
I have mis-done: I have perverted right:
O! I have sinn'd, and had no profit by't;
Hee will deliver from infernall Doom,
His Soule; his Life from an untimely Toomb.
Lo, all these things doth God do, twice or thrice,
(Oft and againe) to man (too prone to Vice)
To re-reduce his Soule from Death's dark Night;
To be enlightned with the living light.
Job, mark it well, And harken farther yet
What I shall speak: save when thou seest it fit,
If ought thou have to answer, or object.
Speak on, in God's Name, for I much affect
To justifie and cleer thee (if I may):
If otherwise, if nought thou have to say;
List, and observe with silence, I beseech;
And I shall teach thee Wisedome, by my Speech.

CHAP. 43.

SO, hee proceeded, and said furthermore:
Heare mee, yee Sages; men of skilfull lore:
For, as the Palate doth discerne of Food,
Th' Eare tryeth words (how they be bad, or good).
Let's then debate this matter among us;
Examine it, and what is right, discusse.
For, Job hath said: *O! I am just, upright;*
And yet (saith hee) GOD hath bereft my Right:
Should I belye my cause? My thrilled Wound
Is past all Cure; and yet no Crime is found.
What man, like Job, himselfe so over-thinks?
Who (wilfully) Contempt, like Water, drinks:
Who, with the wicked and ungodly walks,
Jumps, just with them, and in their language talks.
For, hee hath said; *Man hath no profit by't*
To walk with God, and in him to delight.
But, heare me now, all yee that understand;
O! be it far from the All-ruling hand
Of *Justice* Selfe (th' Almighty God, most High)
To doe Injustice, or Iniquity.
No: Hee to Each man his owne Work repaies;
And makes him finde according to his Wayes.
Undoubtedly, the *Lord of Hoasts*, the strong,
Nor hath, nor doth, nor will, nor can do wrong.
Who hath to him charge of the Earth impos'd?
And, Who but hee, hath the whole world dispos'd?
If hee but please on man to set his minde,
To re-assume his Spirit, his Breath, his Winde,
All flesh at once (if hee but hold his breath)
Shall turn to Dust; and perish all, in death.
Now note thou this, if so thou hast a heart
To understand; list what my words impart:
Shall he have Rule, that Judgement loathes & lacks?
And for unjust, wilt thou the Justest tax?
Beseems it Any to a King to say,
O! *thou art wicked* (in thy partiall Sway)?
Or unto Princes (to upbraid them) thus,
You are ungodly, you are impious?
Then, how much lesse to him that puts no Ods
Touching the persons of those earthly *Gods*:
Nor 'twixt the Rich and Poor, the Great and Small;
For they (alike) are his owne hands-work, all.
They (at his will) shall in a moment dye;
Yea, even at midnight (unexpectedly)
The people shall be troubled and transported;
And even the Princes, without hands subverted.
For, evermore his Eyes are open wide
On all mens Wayes, on every Step and Stride.
There is no Darkneſſe, nor no shade of Death,
For, Wicked-ones to hide them under-neath:
Nor, will hee Any yet so over-load,
That they may justly grudge, or plead with God.
By heaps, will hee to pieces grinde the Great,
And (in their Steed) set others in their seat:
For, unto him their works are manifest;
Night turn'd to Light: and they shall be suppreſt.
Them, as most wicked, smites hee (as it were,
In all mens sight, in open Theatre)
Because from him they did revolt and swerve;
And would not any of his Wayes observe:
But caus'd the loud Cryes of the poor ascend
To Him, who alwayes doth their Cryes attend.
When Hee gives Quiet, who dares be so bold
To cause Disturbance; and, if hee with-hold
His Countenance, Who then behold him can;
Whether a People, or a Private man?
That th' Hypocrite no more may raigne (as King)
Nor, under him, the snared People wring.

Us therefore thus beseems, to say to God:
I beare with Patience thy correcting Rod
I will not murmur, nor burst out therefore;
But sigh in silence, and offend no more:
Shew mee my sins I see not, nor perceive;
And henceforth will I all unjustice leave.
Or, should it be after thy pleasure ay?
No, will-thou-nill, Hee will (not I) repay.
Now, therefore speak thy Conscience seriously;
And let the prudent mark and testifie,
That, void of knowledge, JOB hath mis-averr'd;
And, wide of Wisdome, his Discourse hath err'd.
Would therefore (Father) he might yet be tri'd;
Sith for the Wicked hee hath so reply'd;
For, to his sin hee doth rebellion add:
Claps hands at us, as hee the better had:
And (too-too-pure in his too-prudent Eyes)
Against th' Almighty, Words hee multiplies.

CHAP. 35.

ELIHU speaking, Thus moreover said:
Think'st thou this right (if it be rightly waid)
Which thou hast spoken (or thy speech imply'd)
My Righteousnesse is more then God's (O Pride!)
For, thou hast said, *What will it vantage mee,*
What shall I gain, if I from sin be free?
I'll answer thee; and with thee All so dreaming:
Look up, and see the heav'ns above thee gleaming;
Behold, how high: If therefore thou transgresse,
And multiply thy sin and wickednesse;
What hurt dost thou to God? what detriment?
On th' other side, if thou be innocent.
If just; what dost thou to his *Goodnesse* give?
Or, from thy hand, What, what doth hee receive?
Thy wickednesse may hurt a Man (like thee):
Thy righteousnesse to Man may helpfull bee.
For manifold and frequent Tyranny,
Oppressors make oppressed-ones to cry;
Yea, to cry-out for cruell Violence
Of Mighty-ones, of men of Eminence:
But there is none that saith (as due belongs) (songs,
Where's God my Maker (Who by Night gives
Who teacheth us, hath us more Wisdome giv'n,
Than Beasts of earth, or to the Fowles of heav'n)?
There cry they oft; but none doth heare or heed,
For, th' Evils sake (who in all ills exceed)
For, Vanity; God doth not, hath not heard;
Nor ever will th' Almighty it regard. (Just:
Now, though thou saist, thou seest him not, hee's
With him is judgement; therefore in him trust:
For want whereof, his Wrath hath visited;
Yet not so hot as thou hast merited.
Therefore doth JOB open his mouth in vain:
And voyd of knowledge, yet, yet, mis-complain.

CHAP. 36.

ELIHU said: A little suffer mee;
For I have yet more to alledge to Thee,
On God's behalfe. I'll fetch mine Arguments
From farre (confirm'd by long Experience)
To justifie my Maker's *Holinesse*,
Give him his owne, and right his righteousnesse.
I'll speak no falshood, nor no fraud propound:
All my Discourse shall be sincere and sound.
Lo, God is mighty; yet doth none despise:
Omnipotent, Omnificient, Strong and Wise.
Hee spareth not the Life of wicked wights;
But the Oppressed in their wrongs hee rights:
His eyes are never off the righteous sort:
Them on the Throne hee doth with Kings consort:
Them hee advances; and beyond all Term
Doth them establish, and them fast confirm.
Or, if that ever fetters them befall,
Or, they be holden in afflictions thrall;
Hee lets them see their works, their wickednesse,
Their wandring By-wayes, and their bold excesse:
And opens then their Eare to Discipline,
Commanding quick that they returne from Sin.
If they return, to serve and him obey,
Their dayes and yeats right happy spend shall they:
If not; the Sword shall smite them suddenly;
And in their wilfull Folly shall they dye.
But Hypocrites, the men of double heart,
They heap-up wrath: they cry not when they smart.
They dye in youth; their life among th' uncleane,
Most Insolent, most Impudent, Obscene.
Hee th' humble Poor in his affliction frees:
Their Ears hee opens, in calamities:
So would hee, thee from thy distresse have freed,
And brought the forth, far from the streits of need,
To spacious plenty; and thenceforth thy Boord
Should with the best and fattest have been stor'd:
But thou, too-wicked-like, too-stiffe hast stood;
As their presumptions seeming to make good;
Not stoopt, but strutted in contesting pride:
Therefore, on thee doth judgement yet abide.
Sith wroth hee is, beware to tempt him more;
Lest with his stroke, hee sudden smite thee ore:
Or hisse thee hence with his Almighty breath:
Then can no Ransom thee redeem from death.
Will hee regard thy Goods? or reak thy Gold?
Thy State, or strength (how much, or manifold)?
Nor wish thou (hopelesse) for the (haplesse) night,
When from their place People are taken quite:
Beware, regard not thou iniquitie;
Neither (alas!) through faint infirmity,
Chuse rather that, than thine Affliction's Part,
With humble Patience of a constant heart.
Behold, the Lord is, for his Pow'r supreme:
And, for his Prudence, Who doth teach like him?
Who hath appointed unto him his way?
Or, Who can tell him, *Thou hast gone astray?*
Rather, remember that thou magnifie
His publike works, apparent to our eye;
So visible, that both the young and old,
Them from a-far do bright and brim behold.
Lo, God is greater then wee comprehend:
Not can the number of his years be kend.
Hee makes the thick exhaled Vapours thin,
That down again in silver Deaw's they spin,
From strouting Clouds abundantly distilling
For th' use of man, the Plains with Plenty filling.
Also, can Any understand th' extent
Of Clouds, or know the Rattling of his Tent?

Behold

Behold, Hee spreadeth out his light there-over,
And even the bottom of the Sea doth cover.
For, by the same Hee worketh divers wayes,
Both to his *Justice* and his *Mercies* praise:
That, through excesse, causing a fearfull Floud;
This, temperate, producing store of Food. (tween,
Hee vailes the Light with Clouds that come be-
Forbids it shine, and lets it not be seen:
Boading a shower, or storms approaching rage:
Which oft, even Cattell of the Field presage.

CHAP. 37.

HEre-at, my heart trembles for inward fear,
As if remov'd from it owne place it were:
Hark, hark with heed unto the hideous Noise,
The horrid Rumbling of his dreadfull Voice,
Which, with his Lightning, bee directeth forth,
Under whole Heav'n, and over all the Earth.
After the Flash, a Clash there roareth high;
Hee thunders-out his Voice of Majestie:
And then no longer will hee keep them back,
When that is heard over out heads to crack.
God with his Voice, doth thunder wondrously,
And works great things that wee cannot discry:
Hee bids the Snow to cover Hill and Plain?
So, drizling Showers; and so, his mighty Rain;
Whereby, from field-works he seals up mens hands,
That they may know his Works, how he commands.
Then, to their Den the savage Heards doe hie;
And for a season in their Covert lye. (coms:
From Southern Chambers the hot Whistle-wind
Frō Northern Cels, that which with cold benums.
The Frost is giv'n us, by the breath divine;
When Crusts of Crystall spreading Floods confine.
The blackest Cloud hee doth exhaust of waters:
And, his bright Cloud (the Lightnings shroud) hee
And (by the counsell of his Providence) (scatters.
All This, by turns, in round Circumference
Is turn'd about: and ready at his Call,
Throughout the World, to doe his will in all.
For, Hee commands them, come for Punishment,
Or Love to His; or else indifferent.
Harken to this O Job; stand still and ponder
The Works of God, so full of weight and wonder.
Know'st thou (alas!) when hee disposed them;
Or caus'd the Light out of his Lump to beam? (er)
Know'st thou the clouds just poize (the high or low-
And wondrous works of the All-perfect Knower?
How, when he calms the Earth with Southern puff,
Thy thinnest clothes thou findest warm enough?
Hast thou with him, spread forth the spangled skie?
That (liquid Crystall-like) strong Canapie?
If so; then shew us, what to say to him:
For, what to say, we are (alas!) too dim.
Should I mis-speak, needs any him inform?
Nay, should I not be swallowed up (in storm)?
None fixtly can (when clouds be cleer'd away)
Behold that bright and shining Lamp of Day.
From out the North stream goodly beams of gold:
With God is Light more bright by manifold,
More pure, more piercing, past a mortall eye;
More dreadfull far. His glorious Majestie
(*Dwelling above, in Splendors inaccessible*)
For us to find out, is a point impossible.
Hee's excellent in *Prudence*: passing *Strong*:
Plenteous in *Justice*: and doth no man wrong.
Therefore men fear him: Yet for their desert,
Regards not hee those that are Wise of heart.

CHAP. 38.

THen, drad JEHOVA from a Whirl-wind spake
In sacred termes; and thus with Job hee brake:
Where? Who is Hee, that (to himselfe so holy)
Darkens my Counsels, with contentious Folly?
Come, gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the man;
I will oppose thee: answer if thou can. (dismaid)
Why? Where wert thou, tell (if thou know'st,
When the foundations of the Earth I laid?
Who marked first the Measures of it out?
Or (canst thou tell) who stretche the Line about?
What Bases had it; and fixt where-upon?
Or, who thereof, laid the first Corner-stone,
When Morning Stars for joy together sang,
And all God's children cheerfull eccho rang?
Or, who with Doore, shut-in the Sea so streight,
When from the womb it rushed with such weight?
When as I made the Cloud a clowt for it,
And blackest Darkness as a swath-band fit:
And Cradled it in mine appointed place,
With Bars about, and Doores at every pace:
And said unto it; Hitherto extend;
And farther, not: here thy proud Waves be pend.
Hadst thou the Morning from thy birth, at beck?
Mad'st thou the Dawn in his due place to break?
That it might reach the earth's Circumference,
And that the Wicked might be shaken thence:
To stamp it (various, as the Potters clay)
With many Formes, in manifold array,
When as th' Ungodly shall be all discry'd;
That *Justice* hand may break the armes of Pride?
Hast thou gone down into the Sea it selfe;
Walkt in the bottom; searched every Shelfe;
Survai'd the Springs? Or have the Gates of death
Been open'd to thee; and those doores beneath
Death's gastly shadows? Know'st thou (to conclude)
(Tell if thou know'st) the earth's just latitude?
Which is the way, where lovely Light doth dwel?
And as for Darkness where hath she her Cell; (prise;
That thou should'st both, in both their bounds com-
And know their dwellings, and their Paths precise?
Needs must thou know them: Thou wert born yer
No doubt thou wert, thou art so old a man. (than:
Hast thou the treasures of the Snow survai'd?
Or seen the Store-house of my Hail (up-layd
And hid in heaps against the time of need)
For War-like battry, where I have decreed? (out,
Which is the way whence Lightning flasheth
Scattring th' unhealthy Eastern Gales about?
Who hath dispos'd the upper Spouts and Gutters,
Whereby the Aire his over-burthen utters?
Or given the Lightning and the Thunder way,
To cause it rain on places parcht away;
On Thirstie Desarts, where no people passe;
On barren Mountains, to revive the grasse?

Had Rain a Father? Or, begot by whom
Was pearly Deaw? Or, from what pregnant Womb
Came crystall Yce? Or, canst thou rightly render,
Who did the hard and hoary Frosts ingender,
When Waters creep under a stone-like cover,
And th' Oceans surface is thick-glased over?
Canst thou restrain the pleasant influing
Of *Pleiades* (the Ushers of the Spring)?
Or canst thou loose *Orion's* ycie Bands,
(Who rules the Winter with his chil Commands)?
Canst thou bring forth (the soultry Sümers Guide)
Bright *Mazaroth* (or *Dog-star*) in his Tide?
Or canst thou lead *Arcturus* (and his Train,
Th' *Autumnal* Signs) his Sons or *Charles his Wain*?
Know'st Thou the Statutes of the Heav'ns above?
Or canst thou (here) them in their order move?
Wilt thou command the Clouds, & Rain shall fall?
Will Lightning come, and answer at thy call?
Who hath infus'd Wisdome in th' inner part?
Or Understanding who hath giv'n the heart?
Who can sum-up the Clouds, or clear the Sky?
Or ope Heav'ns bottles, when the Earth is dry?
To steep the dust, and knead the clotted Clay,
Yerst over-baked with too-hot a Ray?

CHAP. 39.

WIlt Thou go hunt, th' old Lionesse to help;
Or fetch-in prey to fill her greedy whelp,
When they are couchant in their Den, or watch
For passant Heards, their wonted Boot to catch?
Who for the Raven provideth timely food;
When as her hungry greedy-gaping brood,
Wandring about, and wanting what to eat,
Do (croaking) call, and cry to mee for meat?
Know'st thou the time when mountain Goats and
Do yean & calve (according to their kinds)? (Hinds
Canst thou keep reckning of the Months they go,
And how their Burdens to their birth-time grow;
When they but bow them, and forth-with let fall
Their tender fruit, and all their pains withall?
Who hath sent out the Wild Asse, free to feed;
Or let him loose (from serving humane need)
Whose house and haunt I have ordaind expresse
Within the brackie barren Wilderness?
Hee scorns the Cities multitude and noyse:
Hee reaks not of the yawning Drivers voyce:
The craggie Cliffs his shaggie Pastures been;
Where off hee croppeth what hee findeth green.
Will th' Unicorn thee willingly obay?
Or, will hee come unto thy Crib for Hay?
Will hee be brought to harrow or to plow?
Or will hee bring thy Corn unto thy Mow?
Wilt thou presume of him, for strength in fight?
Or leane to him, thy labour to acquite?
Didst thou bestow the Peacocks goodly Fan?
Or, gav'st thou Feathers to the Stork (or Swan)?
Or, to the Ostridge her delicious Tresses
(Th' ambitious badge as well of War as Peace)
Who layes her egges, and leaves them in the Dust,
To hatch them there, with radiant Heat adust,
Without her help, or heed; left tread or track,
Of Man or Beast them all to pieces crack:
Unkindest Dam, the labour of her wombe
That dares annull; while Hers not Hers become:
So void I made her of intelligence,
And kinde instinct of Natures influence:
Yet, with her Wings and feet so fast shee skips,
That she the Horse and Rider both out-strips. (der,
Hast thou indu'd the Horse with strengthfull won-
And cloath'd his crest, and fil'd his breast with thun-
Canst thou affright him, as a Grass-hopper; (der?
Whose nostrils pride snorts Terrors every where?
Hee pawes the Plain, hee stately stamps and neighs,
And glad goes-on against the arm'd Arraies,
Disdaining Fear. For, for the sword and Shield,
Dart, Pike, and Lance, Hee 'll not forsake the Field,
Nor turn his back (how-ever thick they shiver)
Nor for the Crosse-bow, and the rattling Quiver.
Hee swallowes-up the Earth in furious heat;
Nor will beleeve the sound of the Retreat.
Among the Trumpets, sounds his cheerfull Laugh,
Ha-ha-ha-ha: hee smelleth afar-off
The wished Battaile; hears the thundring Call
Of proud Commanders; and loud Shouts of all.
Is't by thy wisdome that the Hawk doth mew,
And to the Southward spreads her winged Clew?
Doth th' Eagle mount so high at thy behest,
And build aloft (so neer the clouds) her Nest?
Shee dwels upon the Rock and ragged Cliffe,
And craggie places the most steep and stiffe:
From whence, about to seek her prey shee flyes;
Which, from a far, her quick keen Sight esples:
Her young ones also, onely Bloud doe suck:
And where the slaine are, thither doe they ruck.

CHAP. 40.

MOreover, yet, The Lord, proceeding, said
To JOB: Shall he that dares wth God to plead,
Teach him his part? Let him (who God doth tax)
Here let mee hear the Answer that hee makes.
JOB sadly then Thus humbly did reply:
O! Lord, behold; O! most-most Vile am I.
What shall I answer Thee? What shall I say?
Onely, my hand upon my mouth I 'll lay.
Once have I spoke, and twice; and too-too-bold:
But now, for ever I my tongue will hold.
Again, the Lord out of the Whirle-wind spake,
And said to JOB: Yes, yes; thy Theam re-take:
Gird up thy loynes again, and play the Man:
I'll question thee: now answer, if thou can. (hie);
Wilt thou make void my Judgements (just and
Condemning Mee, thy selfe to justifie?
Hast thou an Arme like to the Arme divine?
Or is thy Voice as Thunder-like as Mine?
Put-on thy Robes of Majestie and Might:
Deck thee with Glory, and with Beauty bright:
Dart forth the Lightnings of thy wrathfull Frown,
Against the proud, and bring them tumbling down:
Behold thou all, and every one that's proud,
And down with them, and all the wicked Croud:
Trample upon them, in their very place:
Hide them in Dust at once; there bind their Face:
Then will I grant (what thou hast urg'd so brave)
That thine own Self thine own right hand can save.
But,

But now behold (thy fellow) BEHEMOTH,
Thy fellow Creature; for I made you Both.
Hee, like an Oxe amid the Field doth graze:
In's Loynes and Navell, his most strength hee ha's:
Hee whisks his sinnewie Taile, stiffe as a Ceder;
His stones (within) with nerves are wreath'd toge-
His Bones and Ribs be strong as Brazen Bars, (ther,
And as unyeelding as the Yron-Spars:
Hee's of the Master-pieces of the Lord,
Who also arm'd him with a ready Sword.
The Mountains yeeld him meat; where night & day,
All other Beasts doe fear-lesse feed and play.
Beneath the broad-leav'd shady Trees hee lodges
Amid the Fens, among the Reeds and Sedges,
Compast with Willowes of the Brook about:
Where, when hee enters (in the time of Drought)
The massie bulk of his huge body bayes
The Torrents course, and even the Current stayes:
There, yet hee go, the River dry hee drinks;
And in his Thirst to swallow *Jordan* thinks.
Dare any come, before him, him to take,
Or bore his Snout, of him a Slave to make?

CHAP. 41.

CAnst thou hale up the huge LEVIATHAN,
With hook and Line amid the Ocean?
Canst thou his tongue with steely Crotchets thrill;
Or with a Thorn his snuffing Nose, or Gill?
Will hee come sue, by Supplications, to-thee?
Will hee with smooth and soothing speeches woo-
Will he by Covenant, serve thee, at thy beck; (thee?
Or be thy Slave, for ever at thy Check?
Wilt thou with him, as with a Sparrow, play?
And give him, ty'd, unto thy Girles, away?
Shall Fisher-men of him a feast prepare?
Shall they his flesh among the Merchants share?
Canst thou his skin with barbed *Pheons* pierce?
Or plant his head with groves of Ottet-spears?
Lay hold on him: set on him: but, before
Think on the Battell, and come there no more.
For 'tis so far from hope of Victory,
That even his sight would rather make thee fly.
There's none so fierce that dares him rouze or hunt.
[Then, Who shall safely Mee my selfe affront?
Who hath prevented mee? To whom have I
Been first beholding for a Curtesie,
Or bound at all for any Benefit
Bestow'd on mee, that I should guerdon it?
Why? is not All earths ample arms confine,
All under Heav'n, All in the Ocean Mine?]
I will not hide his Parts and Properties;
Neither his Strength, nor seemly Symmetries.
Who shall unhood him? Who with double Rain
Shall bridle him, with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?
Or put the Bit between his Jawes (his Portall)
Impal'd with Terror of his Teeth so mortall?
His shield-like Scales, hee chiefly glories in,
So close compact, glew'd, sealed; that, between,
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pierce,
Nor any Point dis-joyne them or disperse.
His Neesings cause a Light, as bright ly burning;
His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning;
Out of his Mouth flow blazing Lamps, and flye
Quick sparks of fire, ascending swift and hie:
Out of his Nostrils, smoak, as from a Pot,
Kettle or Caldron when it boyleth hot:
His Breath doth kindle coals, when with the same
Hee whirleth out a storm of Fume and Flame:
Strength dwelleth in his Neck; so that hee joyes
In saddest storms, and triumphs of Annoyes:
His Flakes of Flesh as solid to his bone;
His Heart's as hard as Wind-mils neather-stone.
To see him rise, and how hee breaks withall;
The stoutest stoop, and to their Prayers fall.
No Weapons of defence, or of offence,
Can him offend, or from him be defence:
Iron and Brasse Hee waighs as Sticks and Straw;
Sling-stones and Arrowes, Him do never aw:
Darts daunt him not, more then they Stubble were:
He laugheth at the shaking of a Speare:
Sharp ragged Stones, keen pointed Sherds & Shels,
Hee resteth on, amid his muddy Cels.
Hee makes the deep sea like a pot to boyl,
A pot of Oyntment (casting scummy Soyl):
Where hee hath past, hee leaves upon the streams
A shining Path, and th' Ocean hoary seems.
In earth is nothing like him to be seen;
So fear-lesse made, so full of haughty spleen;
Despising all high things, Himselfe beside.
Hee is the King of all the Sons of Pride.

CHAP. 42.

JOB, prostrate then, thus to the Lord profest:
Drad God, I know, and I acknowledge prest,
That All Thou *canst*; and all Thou *kennest* too:
Our thoughts not hid; Thine own not hard to do.
I am the Man, who (to my selfe too-holy
Darkned thy Counsels, with Contentious Folly.
For, I have spoken what I understood not, (not.
Of wondrous things which comprehend I could
Yet, Lord, vouchsafe, vouchsafe, I thee beseech,
An eare, and answer to my humble speech.
Till now, mine eare had onely heard of thee:
But now, mine Eye thy gracious Selfe doth see.
Therefore, My self I loath, as too-too-bad;
And here repent in Dust and Ashes sad.
Now, after this with JOB; it came to passe,
The Lord did also speak to *Eliphaz*
The *Themanite*; and thus to him said hee:
My wrath is kindled with thy Friends and thee:
For none of you have spoken of my Path,
So right and just as JOB my Servant hath.
Therefore go take you Rams and Bullocks faire;
Seven of a sort; and to my JOB repaire;
Bring for your selves your burnt Oblations due,
And JOB my Servant hee shall pray for you,
(For him will I accept) lest, justly strict,
After your Folly, I revenge inflict;
Because you have not spoken of my Path,
So right and just as JOB my Servant hath.
So *Eliphaz*, the ancient *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuhite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (together) them prepar'd and went,
And did according God's Commandement.

Also the Lord accepted JOB, and staid
His Thrall-full State (when for his friends he praid)
And turned it to Solace-full, from sad;
And gave him double all the goods hee had.
Then all his Brethren, Sisters all, and Kin;
And all that had of his acquaintance bin,
Came flocking to his House, with him to feast;
To waile his Woes, and comfort him their best,
For all the Evill which the Lord (of late)
Had brought upon his Person and his State.
And each man gave him (as best beare they could)
A piece of Money, and Ear-ring of Gold.
So, that the Lord blessed JOB's latter Time,
With more abundance then his flowry Prime.
For, fourteen Thousand Sheep were now his flock;
Camels six Thousand; Steers a Thousand yoak;
Shee-Asses twice five Hundred; Familie
Just as before: Seven Sons and Daughters Three.
Th' Eldest *Jemima*, *Kezia* the next:
And *Keren-Happuch* (saith my sacred Text)
The Third hee named (Names of goodly Sense,
Alluding to some gracefull Excellence:
The first, as much as *Lustre of the Morn*;
Cassia, the next; last, *Alabastrine Horn*)
In all the Countrey were no Women found
So faire as these. JOB, of his goods and ground,
Among their Brethren gave them Heritage.
Yet, after This, JOB liv'd a goodly age,
Twice Seventy years, and saw his Sons Sons Sons,
Successively, Foure Generations:
And then Hee dy'd Ancient and full of Dayes.
To GOD, for him, and all his Saints be Praise,
And for his Succour in these sacred Layes.

AMEN.

EPITAPHIUM JOBI.

Qui Se, qui Sèclum vicit; qui sæva Suorum
Funera, Amicorum jurgia, Paupertem;
Ulcera qui carnis, qui Conjugis impia verba;
Qui Cœlum iratum, mente tulit placidà:
Invictum virtute *Jobum*, *Patientia* Virgo,
Nunc Vidua, hoc Sponsum condidit in Tumulo.

VVho, SELF, The World, & Satan, triumpht-o'er;	*VVho, VVealth's & Health's & Children's ruefull, Losse;*	*Who, Friends Rebuke, Foes Rage, Wifes cursing Crosse;*	*Heav'ns Frowne, Earth's Force, Hels Fury, calmely bore:*

Th' Invincible *in Vertue, JOB, Her* Pheere,
The Virgin Patience (*VVidow now*) *toomb'd Here.*

FINIS.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE

Wonder of Widowes;
Honour of Wives;
Mirrour of Maids.

Tranſlated; and Dedicated

TO

The Soveraign of VVomen,

ANNE

Queene of Great Britaine.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE *LADIES*,

Lucie, *Marchioness* of VVinchester.

Lucie,	*Countess*	of Bedford.	Frances,	*Countess*	of Hartford.
Anne,		of Dorset.	Katherin,		of Salisbury.
Frances,		of Exceter.	Susan,		of Montgom.

Barbara,	*Vi-Countess*	Lisle.
Elizabeth,		Haddington.
Elizabeth,		Fenton.

Sara,	*Baroness*	Zouch.	Elizab.	*Baroness*	Knowles.
Margaret,		Wotton.	Elizab.		Cavendish.
Honoria,		Hay.	Jane,		Roxborough.

VIrrours of HONOR, *Models of Perfection,*
Low to You all ; *bowes the* BETHULIAN Dame;
Beseeching All, but chiefly You, by Name,
To daign her grace and place in your Affection.

You Noblest Lights, *whose* Vertues *bright reflection*
Rare-richly sparkles every way some flame
(Divers in Form; in Vertue still the Same)
On Objects worthy of your Worth's *Election:*
Your kinde Addresse *Shee craves, your sweet* Direction
Towards the Presence of your Soveraign DAME:
Whose High Endowments by the Triomp of Fame,
Invite All Vertuous *under Her* Protection;
Which JUDITH *humbly prayes You, pray for Her:*
And milde interpret Her Interpreter.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The First Book.

I Sing the *Vertues* and the valiant Deed
Of th' *Hebrew Widow*, that so bravely freed
Bethuliah-Doores from *Babylonian*-Dread,
And with just Fauchin did behead their Head.
Thou, that to save, from *Pagans* servile Rigor,
Thine *Isaac*'s Heirs, didst steel with manly Vigor
Weak JUDITH's heart, my feeble heart advance;
Raise, raise my thoughts in high and holy transe;
Upon my Spirit, O let thy Spirit reflect:
Grant I may handle in a stile select
So sacred stuffe; that whoso reads this *Story*,
May Profit reap, I Comfort, and Thou Glory.
And You *great* Comfort *of* Great-Britain's King,
Whose Vertues *here I under* JUDITH *sing*;
Thrice-royall ANNE, *vouchsafe auspicious Rayes*
Of Princely Favour *on These Pious Layes*
(*Composed first upon a* Queen's *Command*
Disposed next into a Queen's *own hand*,
Transposed now *to a more* Queen's *Protection*:
As most peculiar *to all* Queen's *Perfection*).
Great-gracious Lady, let it not distaste,
That JUDITH *made not (as shee ought) more haste*
To kisse Your *Hands*; *nor deem, nor doubt, the worst*,
Though Shee *have seen* Your royall Spouse *the first*:
It was her Truch-man, *much against her minde*,
Betray'd her so to goe against her Kinde.
For which Offence, *with other mo, to Her*,
Sh' hath got her new a new Interpreter:
Shee hopes more faithfull (wishes, more discreet)
To say and lay Her Service *at Your Feet*:
To give Du BARTAS (*as the last*) *His Due*,
In her behalfe; *and in* Her, *honour* You.
While *Israel* a happy *Peace* injoy'd,
And, dangerlesse, with diligence imploy'd
The fruitfull Soile, which seventy years unsow'n,
Had ly'n before, with Thistles overgrow'n;
The Lord, Who often, by some Stroke severe
Of just Correction, *makes* his Own (for fear
Lest too-long resting make them like the Horse,
Which standing still too-long, doth lose his Force,
Forgets to manage; and, too-pamper'd, growes
Unruly, restive, and his Rider throwes)
Covers their Country with so huge an Hoast,
That clouds of *Arrows* darkned all the Coast,
Pikes, *Bills* & *Darts*, seem'd as they stirr'd, or stood,
A moving Forrest, or a mighty Wood:
And, of all sorts of souldiers, rankly-rude,
Under their Ensignes marcht such multitude;
As even drew dry the Rivers where they past
Through rich *Judea*; so that, at the last,
Cleer *Jordan's* Selfe, in his dry oazie Bed,
Blushing for shame, was faine to hide his head;
Because (flat Bankrupt) hee no more could pay
One Tribute-stream, of all hee ought the Sea.
The Sun-burnt Reaper had yet scarcely rid
The ridged Acres of their richest Weed:
The needy Gleaner scarce had gath'red clean
The scatter'd Ears the Binder left, to glean:
And scarce, as yet the Flayls upon the Floores
Began to groan; when *Jacob* at his Doores,
Sees HOLOPHERNES his weak Frontiers spoile:
In bloudy Rivers drown his fertile Soile;
Not sparing fell the tender Female-kinde,
Nor hoary hairs (already short confin'd)
Nor Sucklings, swaddled in their Mothers arms,
From insolence of his insulting Arms.
Then, as a flock of Sheep, which sees their Foe
Come forth a Wood (who oft hath scar'd them so)
Minds no Defence; but scudding to be gone,
Makes, in an instant, hundred Flocks of one:
Th' *Isa'cians* seized with a sudden fear,
Thinking his Hoast behinde them every where,
Dispersst and scatter'd (like those silly Sheep)
Fly into Woods, in Rocks and Caves they creep.
Th' affrighted Swains neglecting fields & flocks,
To save their lives, climb steepest Hills and Rocks:
Artificers, leaving their Tools to play,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, laying Trades away,
Hie them to hide them, in securer sort
In mossie Caves, then in a martiall Fort.

And

And greatest Lords holdDens of Wolves and Bears
A safer Hold then Gold-lyn'd Walls of theirs.
Fear, lending wings to th' Aged, makes them ply
With lusty speed up to the Mountains nigh:
Fear makes the Mothers, all forlorn and lost,
Lug their dear Cradles to the Clouds almost:
Fear makes the Children (like so many Lambs)
Craule on all foure after their dabbled Dams:
There 's nothing heard but hideous cryes & plaints,
Sad Lamentations, pitifull Complaints.
O Lord! (say they) wilt thou for ever, thus
Thrill down the Darts of thy fierce Wrath on us?
Shall the *Chaldean Idolists* again
Thy Chosen Flock in servile Yoak enchain?
Shall our sad Houses, turn'd to Heaps of stone,
With weeds and thorns again be over-grow'n?
Shall sacrilegious Fire again presume
Thy sacred House, thine Altar to consume?
But *Joachim*, High-Priest of God, that tide,
And of the *Hebrews* then the chiefest Guide,
Follows the stout and expert Pilots guise,
Who, when hee sees a sudden Storm arise,
Addsnot more Fear, with his Fear, to his fellows,
Not leaves his Ship to mercy of the Billows;
But, hiding his distrust, opposes brave
His Arm and Art against the Winde and Wave:
For, quick dispatching (hourely) Post on Post,
To all the Coverts of the Able-most (them
For Pate, Prowess, Purse; commands, prayes, presses
To come with speed unto JERUSALEM.
Since first th' *Eternall* gave his sacred Law,
Upon Mount *Sinai* (in so dreadfull Awe)
Th' *Ark*, which contained, in *Two leaves of stone*,
Much more sound *VVisdome*, in it selfe alone;
Then subtile *Greece*, or *Rome* (renown'd for *Wise*)
In Worlds of Volumes ever could comprise;
Wandred from Tribe to Tribe, from Race to Race,
Throughout all *Jury*, without resting-place;
Yea, sometimes too (O too audacious Theft!)
The sacrilegious *Philistins* it rest:
Till th'happy day when *Jesse* 's holy Stem
Lodg'd it for ever, in JERUSALEM.
But, sith as yet, great *Davids* hands were red
With bloud of Thousands hee had slaughtered;
The King of *Peace* would have a peacefull Prince
In Peacefull dayes, with all magnificence
To build his TEMPLE; whose high Battlement
Seem'd Earth to scorn, and threat the Firmament,
Till th'hapless Day wherein a hatefull King
(In name and nature, just resembling
This *Tyrant* 's Lord) with execrable Blaze,
Did burn it down, and the foundation raze.
A long-while after, *Abr'am* 's sacred Stems,
Return'd from Shores of Tyrant *Tigris* streams;
Beset with Fears, will Perill, and with Pain,
Re-builded Here God's glorious house again.
Which, though (alas!) that first no more it matcht,
Then a Kings *Palace* a poor *Cottage* thatcht;
In Bignesse yet, Beauty, and Height, obscur'd
All Pagan *Wonders* which most Fame procur'd;
Th' *Assyrian Queen-kings*, (sometime) sumptuous
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, the *Egyptian Towers*, (*Towers*,)
The *Pharians Pharus*, *Carians* costly *Tomb*,
Rhodes high *Colossus*, the huge *Heaps of Rome*.
For, for admired *Art*, This glorious TEMPLE
Serv'd *Ctesiphon* for *Model* and Example;
Lent rare *Apelles* curious pensill Light,
And led *Lycippus* cunning Chizel right.
Thither by troups, th' *Israelian* Tribes devout,
Return'd to *Salem*, flockt from all about:
As, when the Heav'ns, opening their Sluces wide,
Poure sudden Showers, surrounding every side;
The gurgling Rills with rapid Course descend
From sundry Hills, and to some River tend.
But sad-sweet JUDITH in the mid'st (almost)
Shined as *Cynthia* 'mid the *Nightly* Hoast:
For, God (it seem'd) her Beauties form had cast
In rarest Mould of Nature (first or last).
Th' *High Primate* then, assisted with the Ligne
Of *Eleazer* (Priests, whose sacred Crine
Felt never Razor) on his oyled head
A pearly Mitre sadly setteled:
His sacred Body also soon hee heals
With sacred Vesture, fring'd with golden Bells.
Then burns for *Offring*, slayes for *Sacrifice*,
Kids, Lambs, Calves, Heifers, in aboundant wise;
Th' horns of the Altar with their bloud bedying,
And lowly loud, thus to th' Almighty crying:
Wee come not heer, O dreadfull Lord of Hosts,
To plead a Roule of *Meritorious Boasts*;
Nor to protest, that in these Punishments,
Thou wrong'st thy *Justice*, and our *Innocence*;
No; wee confesse, our foule and frequent Crimes
Worthy worse Plagues then these, a thousd times;
Could'st thou forget thy dear authentick *Pact*
With *Abraham*, or would'st thou (so exact)
Forcing thy *Mercy* in thy *Justice* Scale,
Our waight of Sins with Judgements countervaile?
Remove our Cause, wee therefore (Lord) intrear,
From *Justice* Bar, unto thy *Mercy*-Seat:
O! holy Father, pardon us (wee pray)
And turn from us this fearfull Storm away.
Alas! what boots us, that thy mighty hand
Hath brought us home from *Tigris* hatefull strand,
Free from the Yoke, which wee so long (before)
Under th' *Assyrian* cruell Tyrants bore;
If these fat Fields, wee have but now re-tild,
If these fair Frames, wee doe but now re-build,
If these (O Dolour!) our dear loving Wives,
Our Babes, Sons, Daughters (deerer than our lives)
Must serve the *Chaldees*, *Ammonites* for *Pay*,
And be the *Persians* and fell *Parthians* Prey;
If this thine Altar, if these hallowed rooms,
Be re-profan'd with Heathen *Hecatombs*?
O! if thou wilt not pity Us, abhor'd;
At least, be Jealous of thy *Glory*, Lord:
At least, have pity on this *Holy Place*,
Where to no God, but to JEHOVAH'S *Grace*
Is *Incense* burnt, nor any *Sacrifice*,
But to thy Selfe, of all the Deities.
Lord! therefore turn, O turn the *Chaldean* Torches
From these rich Cedar *Roofs*, these stately Porches:
Preserve these *Plates*, this pretious *Furniture*,
From sacrilegious Pilferers impure:
And let our Sorrow, and our Sacrifice,
Unto thy *Justice* for our Sins suffice.
The Service done, Each doth his way depart,
And *Joachim* instantly calls apart

The

The States of *Juda*; and thus sadly sweet,
Consults with them how with this Storm to meet.
Grave *Peers*(said hee)if your brave Zeal, of old,
Be not quite quenched, be not yet key-cold:
If Care of Wives, if tender Childrens Love,
Had ever power your Soules dear Soules, to move:
If in your Breasts rests any noble Worth,
Now, now or never bring it bravely forth:
For, but God aid, and your auspicious Speed,
Wee are undone, Wee and our wretched Seed:
And never more shall the Immortall see
This Altar *Smoaking* to his *Majestie*.
While th'Aire is mute, so that it scarce can make,
In Summer dayes, an Aspen leaf to shake:
While Seas be calm, so that, with Streamers brave,
A thousand Sail slide on the sleeping Wave:
While all the Winds be mew'd up in their Cell,
'Tis hard to say, which Pilot doth excell.
But, when a Tempest, one-while sinks a Ship
Down to the Bottom of th' infernall Deep;
Another-while, with swelling Fury driven,
Tilts with her Tops against the Stars of Heav'n;
Raking a Shelfe now, and a Rock anon;
Then, and but then, is a good Master know'n.
Therefore(alas!)let now no carnall Care
Of goods, lives, honours(for your private Share)
Make you forget your common-Countrey 's Love,
This *Sacred Place*, th' Honour of God above:
But humbly all into His hands resigning
Your soules whole sway, and all your spirits refining
In sacred Flame, from Drosse and Mists impure,
Which too-too-oft the cleerest Eyes obscure;
Advise(I pray)the best, in likely-hood,
Most pleasing God, most for the Publick Good.
An aged Traytor then, whose breath distill'd
Sweet hony words, whose brest with gall was fill'd,
Wringing false Tears from his dissembling Eyes,
His cursed Drift did in these Tearms disguise:
My Spirit's faint, my Speech doth fail me quite,
My frollie hairs for horror stand upright,
When I consider how this Tyrant fell, (quell,
With bloud-flouds drowning where hee comes to
Draws neer Us; threatning to our Houses Flames,
Death to our Selves, dishonour to our Dames;
But, when(on th' other side)to minde I call
This mighty Princes milde Receit of All
(Not onely such, as, rude and Reason-less,
Serve(like himselfe, dumb Idols)Blocks and Beasts:
But such, as matching our *Zeal*'s holy Heighth,
Are *Abraham*'s Seed, both in their flesh and faith;
Which wisely have(and timely)turn'd (submisse)
The deadly Edge of his drad Vengeances)
I praise the Lord for such a Foe; so meek
To yeelding Lambs, to Lyons Lyon-like;
As flexible to humble Tears, as fell
To resolutions that(in vain)rebell.
Sith therefore, yet we may have choise(for *Jury*)
Of War, or Peace; his favour, or his furie;
Winking in dangers, let's not wilfully
Follow our fathers stubborn Sur-cuidry:
But, striking Sail in such Storms violence,
Let 's live secure under so good a Prince.
Yet, *None* mis-take that I this Counsell give,
To save my Stake, as one too-fain to live:
Alas! my Years are of themselves of age
To *dye* alone, without *Assyrians* Rage;
Without the help of their keen Dart or Pole,
To launce my Heart, or to let out my Soule: (again,
Where, were my Youth 's Spring now re-flowr'd
And heatfull bloud boiling in every vein,
My *Zeal* to *GOD*, and to my Country's Good
Should shew mee well no Niggard of my bloud;
Might(*Sampson*-like)my Death bring Death to all
The *Pagan* Hoast, and their proud Generall.
But, more I fear, lest, with a Zeal too-young,
Wee, fighting for the Law, the Law impugne;
Inciting so the Souldiers Insolence,
Incensing so the Fury of the Prince,
That they by conquest of one Day undoe
Dear *Israel*, and drown *GOD's* Glory too.
For, *VVee* bereft, What People, in *This Place*,
Truly-religious shall implore his grace?
Who, of all Nations that dispersed Wun
From Shores of *Indus*, to the *Setting Sun*;
And from the fartheft *Hyperboreas* Coasts,
To those whose Clime continuall Summer roasts,
Hath chosen onely *Jacob* for his Own,
And on *This Mount* his drad-deer *Glory* shown?
But, good old *Cambris* (else the mildest Prince)
Groans, griev'd and pale with Passions vehemence;
And, interrupting That, with this Discourse
Heartens the heartlesse Peers and Counsellors:
Rather, O Earth(for which our Earthlings strive)
Gape under mee, and swallow mee alive:
Rather, just Heav'ns, with sulphury Fire and Fume
(As *Sodom* yerst) Mee suddenly consume,
Then I should (Saint-without, within Malitious)
Give *Israel* a Counsell so pernitious.
Were it, the Head of this inhumane Band
Meant but our Bodies onely to command,
Tho with our Birth, to this fair Light wee brought
Sweet *Liberty*(so sweet and dear, that nought,
No Hopes, no Heaps may be compar'd to it):
The TEMPLE sav'd, I might perhaps submit.
But, sith this Tyrant, puff with foolish Pride,
With heavier Gyves to load our Soules(beside)
Which (onely Vassals of the *Thunder-Thrower*)
Nor know, nor owe, to any Scepters lower;
Would that (forgetting him who made us all,
And of all People chose us principall,
And fatherly provides us every thing,
And shields us ay with Shadow of his wing)
Wee take for *GOD*, his proud ambitious Prince,
Who, *Nimrod*-like, with hellish Insolence,
Would climb to Heav'n, although his life be such,
As merits not the name of Man, by much.
Let 's beard him boldly, bravely stand wee to 't,
Arms against Arms, Man to Man, Foot to Foot.
Victory lies not in vain-glorious hearts,
Number of Horses, nor of Pikes, and Darts:
These be but Instruments th' Eternall moves,
To crown with conquest whom his Goodness loves.
Yet, should the Lord now suffer Heathen 's rage
To over-run his sacred Heritage;
Because in life his Name wee so dishonour;
In Death, at least, in Death, let 's doe him Honour:
And, if wee cannot *Assur* overcome,
Let 's win, by *Patience*, Crowns of *Martyrdom*.

And

And, could our Foes (as fell as *Lestrigons*)
From off the Earth extirp our Tribes at-once;
They could not tho *GOD*'s glorious Name interr
(As these Apostates falsly would inferr).
For, Hee that with so sundry Nations stor'd
Th' unpeopled World, from one Man; and restor'd
(Long after that) by one small Bark, the waste
The *Flood* had made, when it had All defac't;
Is not Hee able even of stones to raise
A People Zealous of his glorious Praise?
Is not Hee able once again to ope
Old *Sara*'s Womb, and give her Spouse (past hope)
More Sons, than Sands on *Lybian* shores be cast,
By ruffling *Boreas*, loud Cloud-chasing Blast;
Or twinkling Spangles nightly brightly roule
On sabled Circles of the whirling Pole:
Which with more sacred voice, more humble aw,
Shall sound his Praises, and observe his Law?
Then rather, Fathers (foule befall You else)
Let us dye *Hebrews*, then live *Infidels*.
Let 's not prefer, too-base and too-too-blame,
Profit to Duty, idle Fear to Shame.
Cambris Oration was no sooner done,
But all th' Assembly (as all joyn'd in one)
Confirm'd his Counsell both with voice and gest:
And *Joachim*. (Joy-rapt, above the rest)
Lifting to Heav'n-ward reverent hands and face,
Said, Lord wee thank thee, that thy speciall grace
Hath steel'd our hearts, and linkt our wills no lesse:
A hopefull Signe of happy good Successe.
Then, to the Princes hee the Charge commits
Of Towns and Provinces, as Each befits:
Lest any, spurr'd by Envy or Ambition,
In *Israel* should kindle new Sedition.
So, Each with-draws, and bravely-bold prepares
To front the worst that martiall Fury dares.
Who th' *Aristean* busie Swarms hath seen
On *Hybla*'s Top; Whether with Launcets keen,
Charging the Drones wch over-neer their homes
Come humming out to rob their fragrant Combs:
Whether, collecting their delicious Deaw
From various *Thyme*, and other Flowers not few:
Whether, extending, in rare *Symmetrie*,
With wondrous Art, their *Waxen* Canapey;
And arching even, so many Thousand Cells,
So quick, so thick; so like, as nothing else:
Whether conducting their too-full Supplies
Else-where to plant their goodly *Colonies*;
Which keep, still constant, in their new Plantation:
Their Mother Citie's Manners, Laws, and Fashion:
Hath seen the *Jews* as busie Diligence,
And quick Desire to put them in Defence.
Some stop the Breaches made by Art or Age;
By the Heav'ns anger, or the Heathens rage:
Some, lest the Ram, butting with boisterous Fals,
Should pash to powder their too-feeble Walls,
With Bastions, Bulwarks, Rampiers, Rav'lins, Forts,
Flank on all sides their Cities where imports:
Some to and fro trudging with Baskets fill'd,
In places needfull, sudden Sconces build:
Some wanting time, or means their Town to wall,
With broad deep Trenches soon begirt it all:
And from a River neer they cut a Rill
The hollow bosom of their Dike to fill.
While Armorers, in order, beating quick
Hot sparkling Steel on Anvils hard and thick,
Transform it soon to Corslets, Curtellaxes,
Helms, Gorgets, Gantlets, Bills and Battail-axes;
And some. for need (to furnish and set out
Th' untrained Shepheard, Neat-heard, & the Lowt)
Ground the ground-flying Coultar to a Blade,
And of the Sickle a streight Weapon made:
None Young and healthy took Repast or Rest:
One on his back, another on his Beast,
Others in waggons carryed-in apace
Corn, wine, and food to some importing Place:
Even so, in Summer (as the *VVise-man* tels) (Cels
Th' Emmets by troupes haste from their hollow
To get-in Harvest, graving where they gone
Their Diligence, even in a path of Stone:
The lustiest Swarms for their Provision range,
The sick and old wait at their thrifty Grange
T' unload the Burthens, and lay-up their Store
In their great Garner, byting yet before
Of every Grain, lest kept so warm below
Amid the mold, it after sprout and grow.

The End of the First Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Second Book.

NOw *Holophernes* in the *Scythick* Fort
Had pight his Standards; and in various Sport
His Youthfull *Pagans* did them still delight;
Nought lesse expecting then Affront, or Fight:
When hee had news, The *Jews* stood bravely out,
Defy'd his Pride, and fortifi'd about.
Shall then(said Hee)shall then a sort of Slaves,
A sort of Clowns & Shepheards, arm'd with Staves,
With Slings & Stones,presume to stop the Course
Of mine exploits: which, nor the roaring source
Of rapid *Tigris* and swift *Euphrates*,
Not snowie Tops of *Taure* and *Niphates*,
Conspir'd, could stay? You Chiefs of *Moabites*,
Of valiant *Ephraim*, and fierce *Ammonites*;
You that as Neighbours(having long converst)
Know all the Nations on these Hills dispersst,
Say, from what People had they their Descent?
What lies their Strength in? What's their Govern-
For,he that wisely knows his foe(they say) (ment?
Hath, in a manner gotten halfe the Day.
Then *Ammon*'s Prince,bending his humble knee,
Thus to the *Duke* reply'd right prudently;
(For,though in heart a *Pagan*, born and bred;
Against his minde, his Tongue, divinely led
By that same Spirit which did the See'r compell;
Which came to curse, to blesse his *Israel*;
Of th' *Hebrews* State did such Relation make,
As if in Him *Moses* and *Ezdras* spake):
My Lord, I shall, sith You so please, recite
Th' *Israelitans* Story; and will follow right
Th' ingenious Bees, which wont not to devoure
All Sweet they meet, nor suck of every Flower;
But even of those they chuse, take but the Crops.
This People(Sir)upon the Mountain Tops
Encamped here, originally came
From forth the loynes of famous ABRAHAM,
Who, to obey the GOD of gods, most High,
Maker of All; of All Support, Supply;
Came to *This Countrey*(then,in Occupation
Of *Canaanites*, the rich and native Nation)
Where that same GOD not onely heaps with Gold,
And Goods, his House; but also(though Hee old
An hundred years; a third part lesse, his Wife;
And, till that season, barren all her life)
Sent him a Son; swearing, His seed should sway,
Triumphant Scepters many, many a-day:
But, when good *Abraham*'s old-old Age expects
This happy Promise in the sweet effects,
Th' Immortall Voice(O piteous Mysteries!)
Commands that Hee his ISAAC sacrifice.
Even as a Ship, upon the raging Sea,
Between two Winds Cross-tossed every-way,
Uncertain knows not in what Course to set-her,
Till one of them, striving to get the better,
Doubles his billows, and with boisterous blast
Drives her(at random)where hee list, at last:
So, th' *Hebrew* feeling in-ward War(that season)
'Twixt Love and Duty, betwixt Faith and Reason,
Doubts what to doe; and his Perplexities
Lean now to that hand, and anon to this:
Till th' heav'nly love hee ought his GOD, had won
The earthly love hee bore his onely Son.
Then, having ready Fire and Fagot laid,
And on the Altar his dear Son displaid;
The knife hee draws with trembling hand, and had
Even heav'd his arm about to strike the Lad,
When GOD, in th' instant stales the Instrument
Ready to fall on th' humble innocent:
As satisfi'd with so sufficient Triall
Of *Abraham*'s Faith; to Him his GOD so loyall.
From ISAAC, JACOB; and from JACOB sprung
Twelve sturdy *Sons*;who with sore Famine wrung,
Forsaking *Canaan*, for a great-good-while
Had happy Biding by the Banks of *Nile*:
Where their blest Issue multiply'd so fast,
That they became the *Egyptians* Fear, at last:
Yea, though (alas!)their bodies had no rest,
And tho their backs with burthens were oppreft;
Like noble Palm-Trees, mounting stifly-straight,
The more,the more they be surcharg'd wth waight.

Therefore

Therefore the Tyrant which then held the Reins
Of that rich Soile where sad Heav'n never rains,
Commands that all male *Hebrew* Infants found
(Poor Innocents!) be quickly kill'd, or drown'd,
As soon as Wombs had them delivered;
That one same day might see them born and dead.
O Tyger! thinkst thou? thinks that Rage of thine
To cut-off quite *Isaac*'s Immortall Ligne?
Well may it reave the scarce-born Life of those
New-hatched Babes, and them of Light fore-close:
But notwithstanding, *Jacob*'s swarming Race
Within few Years shall cover *Canaan*'s Face;
And thine own Issue even the first shall be
To break (and justly) thine unjust Decree.
Pharao's fair Daughter, with a noble Train,
For Bloud and Beauty rarely matcht again,
One Evening, bathing in the Crystall Brook
Which thorough *Gossen* crawls with many a crook,
Hears in the reeds a ruefull Infants voyce;
But thinking it some of the *Hebrews* Boyes
(As 't was indeed) her Fathers Bloudy Law
Stopt for a while her tender ears with Awe.
But, at the last, marking the Infants face
(I wot not what unusuall Tracts of Grace
And Types of Greatnesse, sweetly shining there)
Love vanquisht Duty, Pity conquer'd Fear:
For, Shee not onely takes him up from thence,
But brings him up, and breeds him as a Prince,
Yea, as her own. O Babe belov'd of God!
O Babe ordain'd to lighten th' *Hebrew*'s Load!
To lead their Bodies, to direct their Mindes:
First, best, most Writer, in all sacred Kindes:
Thou hadst but now no Mother, (to be seen)
And now for Mother, thou hast found a Queen.
Lo, thus (My Lord) could their wise *God* extract
Good out of Evill, and convert the act
Of Persecution (bent against the bloud
And Life of His) unto their greater good.
So *Joseph*'s Brethren, by their Envious Drift
To over-throw him, to a Throne him lift:
So did proud *Haman*'s deadly Hatred lend
Sad *Mordecay* a Ladder to ascend
To honours Top, and trimm'd his neck (past hope)
With gracefull Chain, in stead of shamefull Rope.
One day, this *Hebrew*, driving *Jethro*'s Sheep
Upon Mount *Horeb* (where hee us'd to keep)
Saw on the sudden a bright blazing Flame
Burn in a Bush, and yet not burn the same;
From whence, anon he heard (with fear & wonder)
A voice might shake both heav'n & earth in sunder.
I, I that (onely) AM-WAS-SHAL-BE, Who
Made All of Nothing; and can All un-doe,
When pleaseth Mee: I-AM, *The Holy-One*,
The Great, *The Good*, *The Just*; Whose hand alone
Sustains, maintains, and rules the World: I-AM,
Th' Omni-potent, *The GOD of Abraham*;
Fierce to my Foes with my *Revenging* Rod:
But unto Those that worship Mee for God,
Mee sole, and whole in Thought, in Word, & Deed,
Most *Mercifull*; to Them and all their Seed.
Then doe my Will: dispatch thee speedy hence;
Goe, say from *Mee*, to that unhallowed Prince,
Which ruleth *Memphis*, and the fertile Plain
Where swelling *Nilus* serves in stead of Rain,
That hee dismisse my People: and lest Hee,
Incredulous, distrust thine Embassie;
Cast-down thy Rod, thy Message to confirm:
It to a Serpent shall est-soons transform.
Hee throws it down, and instantly withall
Sees it begin to live, to move, to crawl,
With hideous head before, and tail behinde,
And body wriggling (after Creepers kinde).
Re-take it up, his *GOD* commands him then;
Which, taken, takes the former Form agen:
And, past Mans Reason (by the power of *GOD*)
Of Rod turns Serpent, and of Serpent Rod.
Arm'd with this Wand, wherewith hee was to quell
The sceptred Pride of many an Infidel,
Hee many a time importunes *Pharao*,
In *GOD*'s great Name, to let the *Hebrews* goe
Into the Desart, at their liberties
To serve the Lord, and offer Sacrifice.
But *Pharao*, deafe unto his sacred Word,
Stifly withstands the Message of the Lord:
Who then by *Moses* working many Miracles,
Authorized His Orator and Oracles.
First, Hee not onely turned into *Bloud*
Nile's seaven-fold Waves, and every other Floud
That fattens *Egypt*; but even every Spring,
Whose captive Crystall, golden Pipes doe bring
To serve the Court: so that the King is forc't
With that *red liquor* to allay his thirst.
Then, from the Fens, from puddly Ponds & Lakes
Millions of Millions of foule *Frogs* hee makes
To cover *Memphis* with their ougly Frie,
And not forbear the Kings own Canapy.
Then, of all Ages, of all sorts, and sexes,
With burning *Ulcers*, and hot *Biles* hee vexes;
So that th' *Egyptians*, in uncessant anguish
Of unknown Poyson, on their Couches languish:
Nor can their Leaches their own Leaches be,
In their unheard-of, hidden Malady.
Then on their cattle; Flocks, & Heards, & Droves
In Downs & Dales, Fens, Forrests, Fields & Groves,
A strong *Contagion* suddenly hee spred;
Which took so quickly both their heart and head,
That silly Shepheards neer the Rivers side,
Their Cattle dead, sooner then sick, espy'd.
Then turns the earths dust into swarms of *Lice*:
Then dims the Air with duskie Clouds of *Flies*,
Of Drones, Wasps, Hornets humming day & night
In every place, with every face to fight,
And fixing deep in every *Pagans* skin
Th' unusuall anger of their steeled Pin.
Then (when appear'd no Threat of troubled Air,
No signe of Tempest) at his Servants Prayer
Th' Eternall thundred down such Storms of *Hail*,
As with the noyse and stroak did stoutest quail:
Here fals a Bull, brain'd with a Hail-stones rap;
There sprawls a Child, split with a Thunder-Clap:
Here a huge Forrest, lately all a Cloud
Of tufted Arms, hath neither Shade nor Shrowd:
And, if the native sap again re-suit
The naked Trees with comely Leaves and Fruit,
Again (alas!) the *Caterpiller* crops,
Within few hours, the Husbands yearly hopes.
Then with grosse *Darknesse* vailing close the Skies,
Hee so sield-up stubborn *Egyptians* eyes,

That

That for three dayes with fearfull foot and hand
They groapt their way (except in *Gossen*-land):
And *Titan*, tir'd in his long Course, for ease,
Seem'd then to rest him with th' *Antipodes*.
But as the same Sun, the same instant, makes
The Mud to harden; and to melt the Wax;
So had these works, so full of admiration,
On diverse Subjects, diverse Operation.
The humble *Hebrews*, GOD's great hand adore;
But wilfull *Pharao* spurns it more and more:
Even as a Corselet, when 'tis cold enough,
The more 'tis beaten growes the harder Proof.
Yet, at the sad newes of the Prince, his Son,
And all their Heires, all in one night undone;
He was so daunted, that he early bod
The *Hebrews* go to serve the Lord their GOD:
Who, in a *Pillar of a Cloud* by Day,
Of *Fire* by Night, directed right their Way.
But, soon retracting his extorted Grant,
The stubborn Tyrant strangely arrogant,
Arms all his *Egypt*, and in post pursues
The Arm-less Legions of the harm-less *Jews*,
Then lodg'd secure along the sandy shore,
Where th' *Erythraan* ruddy Billows rore.
Was not such Noise, when, tearing *Gibraltar*,
Th' *Herculean* Sea came first to spred so far
Twixt *Calpe* and *Abile*; nor when *Ogustris*
Sad-sighing lost her dear neer *Trinacrie*;
As in both Armies: Th' one insulting proud;
Th' other in skrieches, and sad cryes, as loud,
Deafned the shores: while fifes, horns, furious horse,
With noise and neighs, did even the Welkin force.
Cursed Seducer (cry'd the *Jews*) what spight
Mov'd thee to alter our Lives happy plight?
What? are wee Fishes, that wee here should swim
Through these deep Seas? Or, are wee Fouls to skim
Over the steepest of these Mountains tall?
Were there not graves in *Egypt* for us all?
In our dear *Gossen*? but wee needs must come
In this *Red-Sea* to seek our ruefull Tombe?
Yet mildest *Moses*, with his dead-live Wand,
Strikes th' awfull Streames: which, yeelding to his
Discover Sands the Sun had never spy'd, (hand,
And wall'd the same with waves on either side:
Between the which (drad-lesse and danger-lesse)
The *Hebrews* dry-shod past the *Crimsin Seas*.
But, when the Tyrant rashly them pursues,
Marching the way was made but for the *Jews*,
The Sea returns, and over-turns his Force,
Himselfe, his Men, his Chariots and his Horse.
O happy People, for whom GOD (so kinde)
Arms, fire and aire, and clouds and waves & winde!
Whom all things serve: which hast all things in pay,
O! never let Time's File to fret away
So rare a Favour? rather let the tongue
Of all thine aged tell it to their young;
They to their seed, and they to theirs again;
Eternally these wonders to retain.
Them, forty years, GOD in the Desart fed
With Angels Food, with a celestiall Bread;
And from a Rock (as dry as Pumice first)
Made Rivers gush, to satisfie their Thirst:
Kept (even) their Shooes, and all their Garments
As good, the last, as the first day they were: (there
And sith our Soules will faint for want of Food,
Most liberall in all, for all their good,
Gave (on Mount *Sinai*) in his *Sacred Law*, (Awe;
Soule to their Soules, through sharp-sweet filiall
Teaching them all (as duty all doth binde)
To love Him, first, and next to Him, Mankinde;
That wee might never break that sacred Twine
Which Man to Man, and Man to GOD doth joyn.
Grave *Moses* dead, brave *Josuah*'s rule began;
Whose happy Sword soon conquered *Canaan*;
And in few years into subjection brings
The Lives and States of one and thirty Kings.
At his cõmand, more powerfull than the Thunder,
The firmest Rocks and Rampires fall in sunder;
Without the Shock of Tortoise or of Ram,
To batter Breaches where his Armie came:
For, but with bellowing of hoarse Trumps of horn,
As with an Engine, proudest Towers are torn:
As at his beck, the Heav'ns obey his will;
The Fire-foot Couriers of the Sun stand still,
To lengthen Day, left under wings of Night,
His *Heathen* Foes should save themselves by flight.
This scourge of *Pagans*, in a good old age
(To live in Heav'n) leaving this Earthly Stage,
Israel had many Magistrates of Name,
Whose Memories live ever fresh in fame.
Who knows not *Ehud*, *Sangar*, *Samuel*,
Debora, *Barac*, and *Otheniel*?
Who hath not heard of mighty *Sampsons* Coile,
Who, sole, and Arm-lesse, did an Army foile?
What praise wth *Jepthe*'s might have well compar'd
Had but his rashnesse his dear Daughter spar'd?
What Clime, what Time, what River, dale or down
But rings of *Gedeon*, and his high Renown?
After the *Judges*; *Kings*, (some good, some bad)
The sacred Helm of th' *Hebrew* Vessell had:
Had I their *David*'s holy Harp and Skill,
Nothing but *David* would I warble still:
But as (my Lord) great *David*'s Deeds, could none
(Yet-while) atchieve, but *David*'s Selfe alone;
Can none but *David*'s Harp, and *David*'s Hymne
Resound aright the Honours due to Him:
I will not therefore, with unworthy Layes,
Seeming to Praise him, derogate his Praise.
But, shall I balk his Son, whom Heav'ns adorn
With health, wealth, wisdome, & all-plenties horn:
Whose prudent *Problems*, touching every Theam,
Draw thousand *Sophists* to JERUSALEM,
Arabians, *Indians*, *Africans* among;
Chain'd by the Charms of his all-skilfull Tongue?
Or him, whose *Zeal* the Idols so defac't;
Re-purg'd GOD'S TEMPLE, & his *Rites* re-plac't?
Or him, that saw a Heav'nly hoast descend
To succour *Sion*, and his Foes offend?
Or him, whose Army, neer to *Gerar*, yerst,
Proud *Ethiopians* swarming Troops dispersst?
Or him, who praying for Heav'ns aid, to fight
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Moab*, and *Mount-Seirite*;
Saw, by themselves, his sad-request ful-fill'd,
When, Self-incenst, Themselves they enter-kill'd?
But *Chalde's* King, by their's *Captivity*,
Put (late) an end unto that *Monarchy*.
Yet did Great *Cyrus* Them again restore
To Liberty: and gave them furthermore

Leave to elect Two *Rulers* of their Race:
Whereof the One (who yet supplies the place)
Was *Joachim*; who, for his holy Life,
Prowess, and Prudence, is respected rife,
Not sole in *Sion*; but with *Ammonites*,
Syrians, *Sydonians*, *Medians*, *Moabites*. (on,
Thus was (my Lord) the *Prime*, this the *Progressi-*
Of ISRAEL, through every Times succession:
And thus the Lord hath lift them (nigh) to Heav'n
Som-times; som-times, them (even) to hell hath dri-
But, whether *Princely-priest*, or *Judge*, or *King*, (v'n.
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* have had the Governing;
So long as they observ'd the sacred *Pact*
GOD with their Fathers did by Oath contract;
Ay prosperous, triumphantly they trod
On proudest Foes: and all the World abroad,
Conspir'd in Spight, could nothing them annoy,
Much less distract them; least of all, destroy:
On th' other side, soon as they have infring'd
His Ordinance, their GOD (to be aveng'd)
Hath thrall'd them, now, to cruell *Moabites*,
Anon to *Edom*, then to *Ammonites*,
Then *Philistins*: and ay his Wrath hath bin
Heavie upon them, when they hap to sin.
If so be therefore, any their Offence
The jealous *Justice* of their GOD incense; (ers,
Mine not their Mounts, nor undermine their Bow-
Nor bring thy Rams against their rampir'd Towers,
Nor scale their Wals, nor lead thy warlike Legions
(With Resolution) to assault them once:
For, let them heap, on *Carmel Lebanus*;
On *Liban*, *Naphae*, there-on *Emmaus*:
Yea, in one Chanel let them muster hither
Indus and *Rhone*, *Nilus* and *Rhine* together,
Tiber and *Ibor* too, to fence their Coast:
They cannot scape from thy victorious Hoast.
But, if they have not broke the *Covenant*
Which GOD to *Abram* and his Seed did grant:
Beware (my Lord) beware how you come neer
This *Holy Nation*, to their GOD so dear.
For should swart *Auster* him dispeople quite
To furnish Thee with all his, fit to fight:
Should swarming *Boreas* from his utmost end
All his tall Souldiers to Thy service send:
Should *Zephyrus* add to Thy dreadfull power
His martiall *Legions*, all *Hesperions* Flower:
Should (lastly) *Eurus* send Thee for Supplies
His Troops which first see *Phoebus* Rayes arise:
All These, all-daring, all-devouring Swarms,
This armed World, or all This World of Arms
Could never conquer (in a thousand year)
The least, worst, weakest, of these Cities here;
Because Their GOD will be their sure *Defence*:
That GOD Almighty, whose Omnipotence
Can with a breath confound all Kings that dare
(As Thou dost now) 'gainst Him make open War.
As th' Oceans Billowes swell not by and by,
When (first) the Winds begin to bellow high;
But, first begin to foam, and then to fume
Higher, and higher, till their Rage presume
To chide the Earth, and check the Welkins Front,
And bandy Hills against the Heav'nly Mount:
Even so, the Princes of this *Pagan* rout,
Hearing GOD's prayses, forth-with break not out
In ragefull Furie; but as th' *Ammonite*
Grows in Discourse, so grow they in Despight;
Till at the last, with loud, proud murmurings,
They even blaspheme the glorious King of Kings.
Kill (cry they) kill; let's hew and hale in peeces
The subtile Traytor, that with wylie Speeches,
To save his *Hebrews* from *Rhamnusius* Rod,
Would fright us with a false and idle God.
Renowned *General*, send bus out a score
Of all thy Troops, and they shall soon run-o'r
Those rascall Rebels; and reduce them all
Prostrate and humble at Thy feet to fall:
Ah Coward, Villain. But the Vice-Roy then,
Stopping their loud outrageous Storms again,
Began himselfe *Thus* to the *Ammonite*;
O impudent Impostor! Tell Mee (right)
What Fiend, what Fury hath inspir'd these Spels:
What *Trevet* told thee, or what *Sibyl* else
Made thee beleeve that *Syrians* shall not quell
Th' *Israelian* Troop, but stoop to *Israel*,
Whose GOD is but their *Dream*, or *Fancie* vain,
Or meer *Device* of MOSES subtile brain;
Neither, of power to give them Victorie,
Nor from Our hands to rescue Them nor Thee.
What God have wee, but the great King of Kings,
NABUCHADNAZZAR? whose drad puissance rings
O'r all the Earth: who covering far and nigh,
The Plains with Horse, Hills with Infanterie,
Shall raze these Runnagates; which fled from *Nile*,
Have here usurped Others Right yer-while:
Die therefore, Villain, die; take the desert
Of thy false Tongue, and of thy treacherous heart.
What said I, fond? No, Dastard, I disdain
My valiant Blade in thy base bloud to stain:
Thou shalt so quickly not receive the meed
Of thy disloyall and detested Deed
(For, a quick death is Wretches blisse, wee know;
Them quickly ridding both of Life and Woe)
But, with thy Dayes thy Dolours to protrack,
Thou shalt from hence unto *Bethulia* pack;
Where still thou shalt, through infinite dismay,
Undying, die a thousand times a day;
Untill, with those *Invincible* (thou saist)
With thousand wounds a wretched End thou hast.
Why trembleft Thou? why doth thy colour faile?
Why seems thy heart for horrour so to quaile?
If so their GOD be GOD (as thou hast vaunted)
Now, by thy Face witnesse thy faith undaunted.
Then, the Lord Marshall, in Authoritie
Under the Vice-Roy, not in cruelty,
Transporteth speedy, neer *Bethulia's* side
Th' un-*pagan Pagan*, hand and foot fast ty'd;
Leaving his Troops wounded with wondrous grief
To be deprived of so brave a Chief;
Even so the Puttock in his crooked Serrs
The peeping Chicken through the Welkin bears;
While the poor Dam below, chuck-chuking thick,
Cryes, but in vain, and calls her rapted Chick.
The Citizens, seeing th' approach of Foes,
Soon in *alarm* them all to Arm dispose;
And, with meet Number of their Men of worth,
And choice Commanders, bravely sally forth;
Faster than Torrents gushing from the Hills,
Run hopping down into the lower Fields.

The

The Foe, retiring to their mightier Bands,
Leaves captive *Ammon* in the *Hebrews* hands;
Whom with a forced foot, though free in thought,
And will right willing, to their town they brought.
Where, round-environ'd with a curious Crowd,
Listing to Heav'n his hands and eyes, aloud
Thus hee began: O thou great GOD, the Guide
Of Heav'n and Earth, and All that is beside;
Whose living Spirit (spred in, and over All)
Gives All things Life, Breath, Growth, Originall,
I give thee, Lord, a thousand Thanks devout,
That thou hast daign'd, yet death, to take mee out
Of my wilde Stock, to graft mee in the Stem
Of th' happy Tree, draw'd with thy *Gracious* stream;
Which (maugre Blasts and Blastings, rough and rife)
Of all the Trees, bears onely Fruit of Life.
And, good *Israeliens*, for GOD's sake, I pray
Mis-doubt mee not, as comming to betray,
Or under-mine by wylie Stratagem,
Your Strength, or State; or wrong JERUSALEM.
No: GOD doth know, I suffer This, for You,
For witnessing before yon wicked Crew,
GOD's mighty Arm for your Fore-Fathers shown;
As ready still, to save and shield his Own.
Fear not therefore Their mighty multitude,
Whose sight (almost) so many hath subdu'd
Nor let their Boasts, nor braving Menaces,
Kill, quail, or cool, your holy Courages:
For, should the whole earth send her sons in swarms,
Against you onely, all to carrie Arms;
So that your Trust be fixt in GOD alone,
Not in an Arm of Flesh, not in your Own;
You shall, no doubt, make ruddy *Mavortis*'s Floud,
With Idolist *Assrian* Armies bloud:
You shall, no doubt, of Fearfull, Fierce become,
Your strong Assailants stourly over-come:
Th' Almighties hand, so ready bent to smite,
Is but to humble, not destroy you quite;
And, but to shew you, that in all Distresse,
Hee, onely Hee, can give you quick Redresse.
As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose;
As from a Weed the whitest Lilly grows:
Even so, divinest Sighes, devoutest Tears,
Demurest Life, are Fruits Affliction bears.
For, here the Faithfull are much like the Earth,
Which of it Selfe (alas!) brings nothing forth
But Thorns and Thistles, if the Plough shee lack,
With daily wounds to launce her bunchy back.
But yet the Lord (who alwayes doth relent,
So soon as Sinners earnestly repent,
And in his time, his sharp hand doth retire,
And cast, at last, his Rods into the Fire)
Will rid your dangers, and restore you rest,
Even in an houre, when you can hope it least. (tears;
Then, courage, friends: let's vanquish God with
And then Our Arms shall quickly conquer Theirs,
Their World of Men. And, if as yet in Mee
Rest any Strength; if any Courage bee;
If mine Experience may in ought avail:
If with mine Age, all be not old and frail:
I vow it all, and all that else is Mine,
To your Defence, and for the *Law divine*.

The End of the Second Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE THIRD BOOK.

FLame-snorting *Phlegon*'s ruddy breath began
Reducing Day, to gild the *Indian*;
When early wakened with their ratling Drums,
Each *Heathen* Souldier from his Cabin comes,
Takes-up his Arms; and marching in Array,
Towards *Bethulia* tends the ready way.
In May, the Meads are not so py'd with Flowers
Of sundry Figures, Colours, Savours, Powers;
As was this Hoast with Squadrons, different
In Language, Maners, Arms, and Ornament:
So that th' old *Chaos* (wombe of th' UNIVERSE)
Was never made of Members more diverse.
Yet, here-in all agreed, for all their Ods,
To war against th' Eternall God of Gods, (shake,
Whose breath, whose beck, makes both the Poles to
And *Caucasus* and *Libanus* to quake.
Here, cold *Hyrcania*'s bold and braving Seed,
Mixt with (their neighbours) both *Armenias* breed,
Wave wanton Crests: There, *Parthian* Archers try
Backward to shoot, the while they forward fly.
The *Persian*, there, proud of th' Imperiall state,
With golden scales scalops his Armed plate:
Here would the *Mede* shew, that for want of Hap,
Not heart, Hee lost his (late) *Imperiall Cap*.
And that, nor Pomp of his too sumptuous Suits;
His painted Cheeks, his *Phrygick* Layes and Lutes;
His crisped Bush, not his long borrowed Lock,
Had ever power his Manly mind to smock:
Happy-Arabians, who their Fern-thatcht Towns
Tumble in Tumbrels up and down the Downs:
The subtle *Tyrians*, who did first invent,
Our winged words, in Barks of Trees to print:
The men of *Moab*, and the *Ammonites*,
The *Idumians*, and the *Elamites*,
Learned *Ægyptians*: those that neer confine
The swelting Coasts of swartest *Abyssine*:
In brief; All ASIA was immur'd almost
Within the Trenches of this mighty Hoast;
Wherein, well-neer as many Nations clustred,
As th' *Hebrews* Army single Souldiers mustred.

But, of all these, none plagu'd the *Israelites*,
More then their owne Apostate *Ephraimites*;
Who not to seem of kin to *Israel*,
Rag'd with more fury, fought more deadly fell.
As, in the Spring time, while a Poole is still,
And smooth aloft, the Frogs lye croaking shrill;
But if the least stone that a Child can fling
But stir the water, streight they cease to sing:
So, while a happy *Peace* JUDEA blest,
The Constancy of These stood with the best,
Among the Saints; and the Lord's sacred Praise
Was in their mouthes daily and many waies;
So that they seem'd like burning Lamps to shine
Amid the Flock, devoutly-most-divine:
But at the Noyse of *Holophernes* Name,
Their famous Faith nothing but aire became;
Their Mouth is stopt, the *Zeal* they did presume
So highly hot, is vanisht into Fume.
Nay, turned *Pagans* (for some Profits sake)
They, worse then *Pagans*, their poor Brethren rake.
O! what a Number of such *Ephraimites*
Are now-adayes (Deceitfull Hypocrites!)
With-in the *Church*, the while a prosperous wind,
With gentle Gales, blows fair and full behinde;
Which seem with *Zeal* the *Gospel* to imbrace,
While that it yeelds them either gaine, or grace:
But, if the Chance change; if it hap to puffe
But halfe afront; if *Shee* be fain to luffe;
Faint-hearted, then forth-with they cast about:
And, with th' Almighty playing banque-rout,
With greater Rage his Law they persecute,
Then yerst with *Zeal* they did it prosecute;
And in their Malice grow more fierce and furious,
Then *Julian* yerst, or *Celsus*, or *Porphirius*.
Soon as the *Hebrews* from their Turrets spy
So many Ensignes waving in the Sky;
And such an Hoast, marching in such Array,
Begirt afar their Citie every way:
They faint for dread; not having where to run,
Save to the GOD their Grandsires trusted on.

O Father (cry they) Father of Compassion,
Whose wing is wont to be our strong Salvation;
Sith now against us all the World doth swarm,
O! Cover us with thine Almighty arm.
Thus having pray'd, the carefull Governour
To Charge his Watches doth him quick bestir;
And when the Sun in his moist Cabin dives,
With hundred Fires the Day again revives;
Watches himselfe amid the *Court of Guard*;
Walks oft the *Round*: and weens, that over-bard
Phœbe's black Coachman drives his sable Steeds,
Hebrews neer Ruine hasting more then needs;
While, opposite, the *Pagans* think her fast
With her *Endymion*, in a slumber cast:
But, Mens frail wishes have (alas!) no force,
To hold, or hasten, th' Heavens settled Course.
Soon as they saw *Aurora*'s saffron ray
On their *Horizon* to renew the Day,
The *Vice-roy* makes a thousand Trumpets sound,
T' assemble all his scatter'd Troups around;
Which from all parts with speedy pases went
Environing their Chief-Commanders Tent:
As round about a Huntsman, in a morn, (horn.
The Hounds doe throng when once they hear his
Having in vain summon'd the Town; hee tries
A hundred wayes it (wrathfull) to surprise:
Here, th' Engineer begins his *Ram* to rear;
Here mounts his *Trepan*, and his *Scorpion* there;
Bends here his *Bricol*, there his boysterous *Bow*;
Brings here his *Fly-Bridge*, there his batt'ring *Crow*:
Besides high *Timber-Towers*, on rowling Feet
Mov'd and remov'd; controlling every Street.
Here, Pioners are put the Ditch to fill;
To levell Mounts, to make a Hole a Hill:
To play the Moles, to dig a secret way,
Into the Town their Souldiers to convay.
Here, others must their Ladders raise the while,
And quick surprise the Sentinels, by wile:
Others must under-mine: others aspire,
With matter fitting, every Gate to fire.
But the most part stand ready in Array
To give Assault, soon as they see their way
Made meet and easie by the battering Thunder
Of all their Engines pashing Walls in sunder.
Tower-tearing *Mars*, *Bellona* thirsting-bloud,
Fill there the fainteſt with their Furious-mood:
There fiery Steeds, stamping and neighing loud;
There *Pagans* fell, braving and raving proud,
With hideous noise make th' heavenly Vault resound,
The Earth to eccho; and even Hell astound.
But Hee that keeps eternall *Sentinell*
On Heav'ns high Watch-Tower, for his *Israel*
Pitying his People, alters, in a trice,
The Tyrants purpose, by a new Advice;
Causing the Captains of brave *Moabites*,
Strong *Idumèans*, and stout *Ammonites*,
Thus to advise: Most noble *Generall*,
Terrour of Kings, redoubted Scourge of all;
Wee would not wish (my Lord) in any sort,
You bring your brave Bands to assault this Fort:
For, neither pike, dart, sling, bow, sword, nor shield,
So back the Foe, or make them slack to yeeld;
As these proud rocks, which, by wise natures grace,
Rampire the Rampires of this wretched Place:
Which yet you scale undoubtedly will cost
Ladders of Bodies; and even Tythe your Hoast.
The Victor is no Victor, if his Gaine
Pass not his Loss; nor th' Honour drown the Stain.
Wise-valiant Prince, that Fisher, Fool wee bold,
Who for a Gull, venters a Line of Gold:
And, ill doth th' honour of a Crown beseem
Th' inhumane, bloudy, barbarous Head of him
Who rather would the death of many Foes,
Then life and safety of one Friend, to chose.
You may (my Lord) you may, without assault,
Or losse of Man, reduce them all to nought,
If in yon Hillocks you but seize the Springs,
Whence hollow Lead the *Hebrews* water brings;
Who, so by Thirst distrest, and so put to 't,
Will come and cast them halted at your Foot.
The noble Lion never sets-upon
Base fearfull beasts, but on the noblest one:
Jove's sulphury Darts Hee seld or never thrils
But on Mount *Atlas*, or the *Rypheau* Hills:
And stormfull *Auster*, ever rather smote
Cloud-cleaving Turrets then a lowly Cote:
No more, no more let your drad Arms assail
So faint a Foe as of himselfe will quail.
It is not Fear (my Lord) and much lesse Pitie;
(Fear of our Selves, or Favour to the Citie)
Makes us oppose us to thy Purpose yet:
For yet that wee thy happy Standards quit,
For thee will wee defie th' immortall Gods:
For thee wee'll break their Altars all to Clods:
For thee will wee march with unweary soles,
Beyond the *Arctick* and *Antarctick Poles*:
For thee will wee with winged Arms goe fetch
Jove's Aegle down; and *Neptune*'s Trident snatch:
For thee the Son shall not his Sire forbear,
Nor Sire the Son; nor Brother, Brother spare.
The *Generall*, who for avail revolves,
Peizes this Counsell; and re-peiz'd, resolves,
Dispatching speedy a selected Force,
To seize the waters, and divert their Course. (see
Th' *Hebrews*, their drift, and their owne danger
In that Attempt: so sally instantly
To stop the Foe from stopping of the Stream
Which should derive Liquor and Life to them.
Then *Pagans* fighting for ambitious Fame;
Jews, not to dye with un-revenged Shame,
Bravely incounter with so fell Disdain,
That now the *Pagan* flyes, now fights again;
Follows his flying Foe, and now the *Jew*,
Nigh foiled, faints; now doth the Fight renew:
So that fair *Victory* seems long to waver,
As it were doubtfull whether side to favour:
Till (at the last) th' *Hebrews*, all over spred
With Clouds of Shot, back to their Bulwark fled:
Even as a Pilgrim in the naked Plain
Meeting a Storm of mighty Hail or Rain,
Runs dropping wet some hollow Rock to finde,
Or other Covert built by Nature kinde.
Pagans pursue them, and pel-mel among
Enter almost the City in the Throng.
Then every where did dreadfull Noise arise:
From street to street th' amazed Vulgar flyes;
Tearing their hair, bearing their breast and face:
As if the Foe had even possest the Place.

Why flie yee Cowards? whither? do you know?
What Fortresse have you, if you this forgoe?
Or, in this City seek you for a stronger,
To guard you better, or preserve you longer?
If now (alas!) you dare not bear you stout
Against the Foe, while hee is yet without;
How will you dare resist his violence,
Were hee once Master of your weak defence?
The People, chid thus by their prudent Chief,
Som-what re-heartned, rescue with relief
Cambru and *Carmis*; who, the while like Towers,
Had in the Gate withstood th' Assaulting Stowers
Of almost all the furious Infidels.
For Lance, a long Mast, either strongly welds,
For Arms an Anvile; each a massie Targe
Of steel about his neck, as long as large:
Adown their shoulders from their Helms did wave
Thick Plumie Clouds of Colours-brightly brave:
Both like, in Age, in Courage, Name and Nature;
Both like in Bulk, both like in Strength & Stature.
Both, like two Popplars which (on either side
Some silver Brook) their tressie Tops doe hide
Amid the Clouds; and shaken by the winde,
Oft kisse each other, like Two Brethren kinde.
The *Heathen*, seeing still fresh Troups descend
From every side, the City to defend;
Leave-off their On-set: and welnigh disbanded,
Gladly retreat whither their Heads commanded.
When I consider the extreme distresse
Which thirty dayes did the *Bethulian* presse;
Song sad enough I hardly can invent,
So deadly Plight lively to represent:
My hand for horrour shakes, and can no more
Guide on this page my Pen as heretofore:
Yet doe mine Eyes with Teers bedeaw it so
It well appears a subject full of Woe.
Thou Spirit which dost all Spirits vivifie;
Which didst unloose the Tongue of *Zacharie*;
And through the world thy sacred *Name* to preach,
Thy Messengers so sundry Tongues didst teach:
Direct my weary Quill, my Courage raise,
That I, This Work thy finish to Thy Praise.
Tho th' *Hebrews* saw their Town, on every part;
Not with an Hoast, but with a World begirt,
Yet had they hope the long siege would no lesse
Consume th' *Assrians*, then themselves distresse:
But when the Foe had all the Pipes deprived,
Whence, water yerst the sacred Town deriv'd,
Alas! their hope and even their heart did shrink,
As quite-cut-off, and dry'd up with their Drink.
The Rulers though (yer Bondage, Death to take)
Give to the People what themselves did lack:
To wit, a hope, water enough to keep
In private Troughs, and publick Cisterns deep;
Both Citizens and Souldiers to suffice,
So that they would be moderate and wise.
So: th' Officers divide in silver measures,
To all, of all sorts, of these liquid Treasures,
This welcom Liquor; which might serve (at first)
To keep their life a while, not quench their Thirst.
Their Cisterns dry'd, they seek in every sink:
Of every Gutter greedily they drink;
T' appease their thirst a while, not please their taste,
With Drink whose stink was oft the Drinkers last.
O wretched Men! O wondrous Misery!
Little, or much; drink, or not drink; they dye.
Plenty and Lack of Liquor, in extreme,
Though Contraries, concur to murder them:
With-in whose Bodies warreth Thirst, as fell
As outwardly th' outrageous Infidell.
Street, Lane, nor Alley had this wofull City,
Where-in the *Sisters*, Enemies to Pitie,
Invented not some new and uncouth guise
To murder *Hebrews*, and from firmest eyes
(In signe of Sorrow) showers to extract
Of pearly Tears, of bitter brine compact;
'Mid all Degrees; if rested any-where
But so much moisture as could make a Tear.
There, an Old man complaineth that a Lad
Hath new snatcht from him all the Drink hee had:
But thirst contracts his throat, his voice and veins;
And ends at once his Life, his Plaint, and Pains:
A Souldier here re-swils again (and gladder)
Th' unsavoury water which had sweld his bladder:
There th' wofull Mother, on her Couching-Settle,
Her half-dead Childe reviveth with her Spettle:
Here the sad Lover sighes her lateft breath
With the last Sighes of her dear Love, in Death,
For cruell *Thirst*, comn from *Cyrenian* Strand
(Where ay Shee lives amid the burning Sand,
Perpetuall panting for continuall Drouth,
Hanging her Tongue a foot without her Mouth,
Her face all wrinkled, both her Eyes deep sunk,
Her Body lean and light, her Bowels shrunk,
Her Breast transparent, and her Veins repleat
With Brimstone, all, in steed of Bloud's moist heat)
Blows from her rotten Lungs a loathsome breath
Through all the Town; infusing Fumes of Death
In th' *Hebrews* Art'ries; causing every Porch
Obscurely shine with some Funereall Torch.
So that the Heav'ns, seeing so many woes,
Could hold no longer; but would fain with those
Sad-weeping *Hebrews* Their sad Tears have meld,
Save that their Tears the Lord of Hoasts with-held.
And, I my Selfe, that drown mine Eyes with theirs,
Unable though well to expresse those Tears,
Will with my Silence vail their Countenance;
Following that Painters learned Ignorance,
Who well conceiving that his live-lesse Colours
Could not to life expresse the deadly Dolours
Of *Agamemnon* at his Daughters End,
Cover'd his sad Face with a sable Bend.
Mean-while, the few that of this Wrack remain,
Against their sad Chiefs murmur and complain:
The Lord, say they, in Justice recompence
Your wilfull Malice, and our Innocence:
The Lord, look down upon the wretched Teen
Your wicked Counsells have here plung'd us in:
For, had you yeelded to the Foes demand,
Yer hee had entred on the *Holy Land*,
Wee, happy wee, had never seen our Friends
So hap-lesse brought to so untimely Ends.
Alas! what Comfort rests? O wretched City! (ty;
Those that besiege thee round would shew thee pi-
Thine own are cruel: foes would fain preserve thee:
Thy friends destroy thee: those would fain reserve-
Would save thy children; thine own children (thee,
Run headlong all on wilfull death together, (tather
Lord,

Lord, well we know, our wicked deeds have made
Thee (just displeas'd) to draw the keenest blade
Of thy fierce-kindled ire, which justly sheads
Thy deadliest darts on our disloyall heads.
Yet, thou, which dost not long thy wrath retain,
(Against thine owne) O turne to us againe:
Lord, change the purpose of our wilfull Lords,
Who 'gainst our bosomes whet the *Pagan* Swords:
Or grant (at least) with thousand Arrows thrill'd,
Wee rather may by *Heathen* hands be kill'd;
Than longer langour of this banefull Thirst
To linger us in living death accurst.
Dear Brethren, 'tis our onely duty bindes,
Their Rulers said (not our sinister mindes
Of undermining, or of pyning Ours)
Thus to hold out against these *Heathen* Pow'rs.
If you have pain, wee have our portion too;
Wee are imbarkt in the same Ship with you;
On the same Deep wee the same danger run;
Our Crosse is common, and our Losse is one:
As common shall our comfort be, when God
Shall please to ease us of th' *Assyrian* Rod:
As sure he will, if your impatiency
Stop not the course of his kinde Clemency.
Then, strive not with th' All-perfect; but depend
On God alone: whose actions all do tend
To profit His: Who, in his season, ever
(Almighty) can and will *His Church* deliver.
Sometime the Archer lets his bow, unbent,
Hang idly by; that, when it is re-bent
With boystrous Arms it may the further cast
His winged shafts, and fix them far more fast:
So, oft the Lord seems, in his bosom, long
To hold his hand; and after (as more strong)
To hammer those whose impious impudence
Mis-spends the Treasure of his Patience,
Which (at first sight) gives all Impunity.
(As think the lewd) to all Iniquitie.
But, at the last, his heavie Vengeance paies
Them home, for all his *Justice* long Delaies:
As th' Vsurer, forbearing of his poor
And needy Debtors, makes his debt the more.
What tho th' high Thundrer, in his Fury dread,
Strike not in th' instant this proud *Vice-Roy* dead?
Can all th' Amass of waters which he pent
Above and under th' ample Firmament,
Seditious, so shake off his Soveraigne pow'r,
As not to send the thirstie Earth a Shower?
No, no: though Heav'ns, on every side so cleer,
Boad nothing less than Rain, or Moysture neer:
They with their Tears shall shortly soak the Plain,
As on the day when *Saul* began to raign:
For, all the Heav'ns, the Starres, and Elements,
Must Execute his high Commandements.
But still the Plebe, with thirst and fury prest,
Thus roaring, raving, 'gainst their Chiefs contest:
O, holy Nation! shall wee, shall wee die,
Their Eldership grave Sights to satisfie?
O! shall wee die to please These foolish-wise,
Who make themselves rich by our Miseries;
And with our bloods would purchase them a Name,
To live for ever in the Roll of Fame;
No, no: let's rather break their servile bands
Which hold us in: let's take into our hands
Our Cities Helm; that freeing it from Sack,
Wee wisely so may free our selves from wrack.
As the Physician, by the Patient Prest,
Who, on his bed (unruly) will not rest;
Permits sometimes what Art prohibiteth:
Ossias so, importun'd, promiseth
To yeeld the Town, if in five dayes appear
No certain Signe of divine Succour neer.
The people then, their wofull past estate,
Their present pain, and future feares forgate:
Sith, though it should not hap as most they thirst;
At least, they should of Evils scape the worst.
But JUDITH (who the while incessant Showers
From her sad eyes, in signe of sorrow poures)
With mournfull voice now cals upon the Lord;
Anon, her sad soule comforts in his words (clime;
Prayers were her stairs, the highest Heav'ns to
Gods *Word*, a Garden, where (in needfull time)
Shee found her Simples (in Examples pure)
The Carefull *Passion* of her *Heart* to cure.
There, JUDITH reading (then not casually,
But by Gods will, which still works certainly)
Light on the place where the left-handed Prince,
Who griev'd for Israel's grievous Languishments
Under the *Heathen*; to deliver them
Slew *Moab's Eglon*, by a Stratagem.
The more shee reads, shee marks it, and admires
That Act of *Ehud*, and in zeale desires
To imitate his valour. But frail flesh
With thousand Reasons would her purpose dash;
Proposing now, the Facts foule odiousness;
Then, fear of death; then dangers numberless,
Where-to shee puts her Honour: and that (though,
For *Israels* sake, God should the Act allow)
Behooves a mans hand, not a womans (there)
Much fitter for a Spindle than a Speare. (wage,
While JUDITH thus with JUDITH doubts doth
A sudden puffe turns over that same *Page*:
And, that which followes showes how *Jabel* yerst
Courageously the sleeping temples pierc't
Of that fell *Pagan*, who from th' *Hebrews* flying,
Accursed found in his defence his dying:
To teach all Tyrants in all times to-come,
That they may fly, but not out-fly their Doome.
This last Example did so fortifie
The fearfull widow that even by and by
Shee would with Engine of Revenge endeavour
So wicked Soule's and Bodies knot to sever.
But while apart Shee plots, and plots anew
Some wily way her purpose to pursue;
Shee hears reported by a neighbour Dame,
The Towns decree, much grieved at the same:
So; to prevent mischiefs so neer at hand,
She sends forth-with, for those of chief Cõmand,
Whom sharply sweet shee thus begins to chide:
Why how-now, Lordlings, shall the Lord be ty'd
Unto your Terms? Will you th' Almighties Arms
Chaine with your Counsells? limit with your (Charms?
O! unjudicious Judges, will you thus
Give Law to God, who gives it Heav'n and us?
Will you subject, to times confined stayes, (daies?
Th' Author of times, months, moments, years, and
Be not deceiv'd; The sacred Pow'r Divine
No Circumstance can compass or confine:

God

God can doe, what hee will; will, what hee ought:
Ought love his righteous (whom his love hath bought)
This (Fathers) This my dead Hopes most revives,
That in our City not a man survives
Who lifts his hands (after the *Heathen* fashions)
Unto the dumb, dead Idols of the Nations.
All Sins are Sins: but That foule sin, alone
Exceeds all blinde or bold transgression
That wee have heapt 'gainst sacred Heav'n: for that,
Seems to degrade God of his Soveraign State;
To give his *Glory* to a Wedge of Gold,
Or block, or stock, or stone of curious mold.
Sith then that sin doth not our Conscience taint,
Of God's dear succour let us never faint:
Let 's think, (alas!) how now all *Juda*'s Eyes,
Agast, are cast upon our Constancies:
Let 's think, that all will (over all the Land)
By our Example either stoop or stand:
Let 's think, that all these Altars, Houses, Goods,
Stand (after God) on our couragious Moods:
Let 's think, Wee keep the Gate of *Israel*;
And that, so soon opening to th' Infidell
(Who hates so deadly all our *Abramides*)
Wee shall be held Traytors and Paricides.
Wee cannot, neither will wee now deny
But that our counsell (thus the Chief reply)
Was foolish and offensive to the Lord:
But now (alas!) wee cannot break our word.
But, if thou rew our common miseries;
And canst not see our tears with tear-lesse Eyes;
Weep night and day: O! weep and sigh so much,
That thy sad sighs and tears with Ruth may touch
Th' Eternall Judge; whose gentle eat is ay
Open to all that to him humbly pray.
I shall, said shee, and (if God say *Amen*)
Dis-siege this City, yer wee meet again.
Sound mee no farther, but expect th' event
Of mine (I hope) happy as high Intent:
And, soon as night hath spread her dusky Damp,
Let mee go forth into the *Heathen Camp*.
Go on, in God's Name: and where-ere thou art,
God guide (said they) thy foot, thy hand, thy heart.

The End of the Third Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Fourth Book.

Judith, the while, trils Rivers from her eyes,
Afters her knees, tends toward th' arched Skyes
Her harmless hands: then Thus with voyce devout,
Her very Soule to God shee poureth out:
Lord! that didst once my Grandsire *Simeon* arm
With *Justice* sword, t'avenge his Sisters harm;
Daign me that sword, that I may punish (just)
This Tyrant fell, far passing *Sichem's* Lust:
Who, not suffic'd with Virgins ravishment,
And Rape of Wives; is execrably bent
To root thy Name out from the Earth around;
And raze thy Temple, levell with the ground.
Presumptuous Prince! whose whole Affiance stands
In hundred thousand Souldiers hee commands.
In hundred thousand Horse, which (thirsting-fight)
With lofty Bounds the lowly earth do smite:
Without Belief, that thou alone (O Lord)
Bin'dst Heads & Hands; with either *Crown* or *Cord*:
Strengthnett the Feeble, quickly foyl'st the Strong;
And lay'st the Pow'r of proudest Kings along.
Grant therefore, grant, good God, his charmed
The curious tramels of my Tress may chain (brain
Let every look of mine be as a dart
With Amorous Breach to wound his willing heart:
O! let the little grace of Face and Form
Thou hast vouchsaft mee, calm his furious storm:
Let the smooth cunning of my soothing lips
Surprise the fell Fox in his Suttleships:
But chiefly, Lord, let my victorious hand
Be scourge and hammer of this *Heathen* Band:
That all this All may know, that *Abram's* Race
Is ever covered with thy Shield of *Grace*;
And that no Tyrant ever toucht thy *Jury*,
But felt in fine the rigour of thy Fury.
Let not, good Lord, O let not one of These
Return to taste *Hitaon* or *Euphrates*.
Thus Judith prayes: and in the steed of stops,
With thousand Sighs her words shee interrupts,
Then from her sad sole Chamber late shee packs,
Adorn'd with *Ophir*-Gold, and *Serean* knacks.
O! silver browd *Diana*, Queen of Night,
Dar'st thou appear, while here below, so bright
Shines such a sacred Star, whose radiant flame
Would even at Noon thy Brothers splendor shame?
Though, as unknown, to pass unshown shee ween,
Her Odors made her smelt, her Jewels seen;
Musk, Amber gris, and Civet, where shee went,
Left all along an odoriferous sent:
A Carbuncle shin'd on her brow so bright,
That with the Rayes it clarifi'd the Night:
A silver Tincel waving in the winde,
Down from her head hung light and loose behind:
Gold bound her golden Tress; her Ivory Neck
Rubies and Saphirs counter-chang'd in check:
At either Eare, a richer Pearle then yerst
Ægypts proud *Princesse* in her cup disperst:
Her soft white Bosome (as with Curtains drawn)
Transparent cover'd under Cob-web Lawne:
Her Robe, Sky-colour'd Silk, with curious Caul
Of golden Twist, benetted over all.
The rest shee wore, might have beseem'd for Tires
The stately Foundress of th' *Euphratean* Spires.
For, though her selfe were *Modesty* it selfe;
T' intice this *Pagan* to the wrackfull Shelfe,
Besides her owne, sh' had borrowed Ornaments
Of other Ladies of most Eminence.
Achior, watching in the *Court of Guard*,
Seeing her passe so late, and well prepar'd;
Enquires of *Carmis* (who then watched too)
What, Whence shee was, & what shee went to do:
So brave a Gallant, trickt and trimmed so;
In such a time, in such a Place of wo.
Yet while, said *Carmis*, in our City dwell'd
Merari; a man here high in honour held:
To whom for Seed, God but this Daughter sent:
His Houses Joy, this Cities Ornament.
Gain-greedy Fathers now-adayes turmoyle
Bodyes and Soules, Heap upon heap to pile:
But, have no care with the Mind's goods to grace
Th' heirs of their goods (which after melt apace):
Much like a man that keepeth in his Chest
His costly Garment, folded fair and prest,
But lets his body, it was made to serve,
Naked the while, in Wet and Cold to starve.

But,

But, as the Farmer spares no pains, nor cost,
In husbanding his Land; but carefull most,
Now rids the stones, anon rips-up the ridges, (ges;
Here casts a ditch, there plants, there plashes hed-
And never is his hand or toole there-fro:
But chiefly careth there good seed to sow,
That when the Summer shall have ty'pt his Plains,
His Crop may pay him for his Cost and Pains:
Or, as som Damsell, having speciall Care
Of some fair Flower, which puts-out early-rare
Th' *Incarnate* Bud; weeds, waters every-houre
The fertill Plot that feeds her *Gilli-flower*;
That, one-day blown, it may some Sunday-morn
Her lilly Bosom, or her head adorn:
So wise *Merari* did endeavour fair
To form the Manners of his tender Heir;
That, in his Age, hee thence again might gather
Th' Honour and Comfort worthy such a Father.
For soon as ever, stutting yet and weak,
Her tender tongue did but begin to speak;
Hee taught her not (as many Fathers doe:
Too-many now) vain words, and wanton too,
But some good *Prayer*, or Gods *Ten-fold Law*;
That, with her Milk, shee might even suck the Aw
Of the Almighty: which not vain appears;
For that the Damsell brought forth in few years,
Fruits worthy of such seed: whence did ensew,
That this her Nurture to a Nature grew.
So doth a Vessell long retain the Sent
Of the first Liquor wee have settled in't:
So doth a Bough bend ever (when 'tis big)
To the same side that it was bent, a twig:
So, Bears, Wolves, Lions; and our wildest Game,
Bred tame with us, with us continue tame. (past,
When as twelve times, shee 12. new Moons had
This vertuous Pattern all Perfection grac't.
For, th' expert Pylot is not more precise
To shun, in Sayling, all the Jeopardies
Of *Cyane* Streight, of hatefull *Syrtes* Sand,
Charybdis Gulf, and of *Capharean* Strand,
Then was wise JUDITH to avoyd the Dames
Never so little spotted in their Names:
Knowing that long conversing with the light,
Corrupts the sobrest; or at least, though right,
Right safe th' Honour be sav'd; the Names not so,
From common Bruit (though often false) we know
For, haunting *Good*, *good* are wee holden ay:
Bad, with the Bad: *Like will to like*, wee say.
Shee, ever modest, never us'd to stay
Abroad till midnight at a Mask or Play:
Nor trip from feast to feast, nor Street-webs span,
To see, and to be seen of every man.
But rather, knowing that such fond desire
To gaze and to be gaz'd-on (*Flax and Fire*)
Undid light *Dina*, and such gadding Dames
A thousand more; their Noble houses shames;
Shee wisely kept at home; where, Morn and Even,
Daily shee call'd upon the God of heav'n.
The rest of every day in duteous course
Shee serv'd her Nursers for a tender Nurse:
As wont the Storks kinde and officious Brood
For their old Parents to go gather Food;
And on some high Firre (far-off having flow'n)
Bring life to those from whom they had their own.

If in the day, from Housewifes needfull care,
Shee had perhaps an houre or two to spare,
Shee spent them reading in the *Sacred Book*,
Where faithfull Soules for sp'ritual *Manna* look.
Sometimes on Cloth sh' imbroydred cunningly
Some Beast, or Bird, or Fish, or Worm, or Fly.
Sometime shee wrought with silver needle fine
On Canvas-web some *History* divine.
Here *Lot*, escapt from that drad Flame from high
Which burnt his town, with winged feet doth fly
To little *Zoar*: while his Wife (alack!)
Incredulous, and curious, looking back;
God in the instant smiting for that fault,
Transforms her body to a Bulk of salt.
Here, *chaste Susanna* (slandred of dishonour)
Seems led to Death, People seem prest to stone her:
But truth appearing, soon they seem at once
To turn on th' Elders all their storm of stones.
Here, loyall *Joseph* rather leaves behinde
His cloak then heart with his too-*Lady-kinde*:
And rather chooseth (by her false disgrace)
His Irons, then her Arms, him to imbrace.
Here, rash, rough *Jephthe* in unsacred slaughter
Imbrews his owne blade in his onely Daughter;
By private and improvident Annoy,
Troubling the publike and the generall Joy.
Weary of work, on her sweet Lute shee playes,
And sings withall som holy *Psalm of Praise*;
Not following such as by lascivious dances,
Lavish expences, light and wanton Glances,
Seek to be sought, courted, and lov'd of most:
But as the Fisher-man that baits the Coast
With poys'ny Pastes, may have a greater draught,
And (tho lesse wholesom) hath more Fishes caught
Then those that onely use their hook or net:
So may these Gallants them more Lovers get,
Then *modest* Maids; but their immodest flame
Fires none but Fools, Frantiks, or Voids of shame.
Vertue alone begins, begets, conceives,
A perfect Love; which though it slow receives,
His Form and Life, nor is so soon a fire:
So, neither doth it half so soon expire.
Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly past:
Iron heats slowly, and its heat doth last.
Now JUDITH's fair Renown through *Juda*
In every City; and great Suters brings (rings
(From all-form *Fashions*, from fair *painted Faces*,
From *Powdred Tresses*, from *sweet Apish Graces*,
From *Prince-fit Pompe*; from *Peacocks* strutting by
With *Bosoms* naked to the Navel nigh)
To woo Her Vertue. But, Love's burning dart
Could neither harm nor warm her Yeie heart.
For, as hard Hammers, harder Diamant;
Shee harder did resist loves grace to grant;
Having resolved, sole and single, rather
To spend her dayes with her dear loved Father.
But at the Last, importun'd long, and prest
By her dear Parents, carefull of her Rest;
Shee took MANASSES, one of Noble bloud;
Rich in the Mind's, Nature's, and Fortune's good.
Their *Marriage* then was neither stoln, nor packt,
Nor posted; to prevent some *Pre-contract*,
To cheat some Heire, some Avarice to choak,
To cover Others, or their own sin cloak:

But,

But duly past, modest, and reverent,
With either's Parents knowledge and consent.
Dina's Disasters to this day doe prove
The sad successes of prepost'rous Love;
Of privy Choyce, close Matches, and unkend;
Which seldom being Lovers so happy end;
And that our selves ought not our selves bestow,
But those from whom our birth & breeding grow.
This happy Match begun thus holily,
And holy carried; did so firmly tie
This chaste young Couple, in so mutuall love,
That both their bodies seems one soule to move.
Th' one never wisht but what the other would:
Both by one Organ their own minde unfold:
And, as a Hurt on the Right side (wee see)
Reacheth the Left; even so, by sympathy,
Her Husbands Sorrows did sad JUDITH share,
And JUDITH's Sorrows her sad Husband bare.
The Husband did not his dear Wife controule,
As Tyrants rule: but, as the tender Soule
Commands the Body; not the same to grieve,
But comfort rather, cherish and relieve.
Him JUDITH lov'd as Brother (or more, rather)
Fear'd as her Lord, and honour'd as her Father.
Their House, for Order so religious,
Seem'd more a *Temple* then a private House:
There, did no Mayd, with *merry-tricks*, intice
The bashfull Scrippling to lascivious vice:
There, did no drunken Groom sick healths disgorge,
Nor against Heav'n blasphemous Oathes re-forge:
There, no broad Jester, no bold common Lyer,
No Gamester, Thief, Rogue, Ruffin, Apple-squire,
Had ever Harbour: but all Servants, there,
To their grave Rulers Rules conformed were.
MANASSES, knowing what a Floud of Crimes
Surrounded all, in his enormous Times;
Especially, what evils Confluence
Had even corrupted sacret *Governments*
(So that, for favour, or for Mony (more)
Fools, Knaves, Boyes, Basest, highest burthens bore)
Hee modestly refus'd all Publick Charge:
Holding him happy so, free and at large,
Far from the Courts of *State* and *Justice* too,
Quiet at Home, his *Houshold* dues to doe.
Yet notwithstanding, knowing too that none
Was ever born so for himselfe alone.
But that the best part of our dayes (though few)
T' our Country Kindred, and our Friends is due;
No Magistrate, Hee daily serv'd the State
More then a hundred that in Office sate.
For, in his House did sacred *Justice* live,
And from his Lips would Shee her Sentence give.
Hee ever was th' afflicted Poors Protector,
Widows Supporter, Silly-ones Director,
Orphans kinde Father: every Age, Sex, Sort,
Had from his hand some kinde of kinde Support.
Never vain thirst of the curs'd Earth of *Inde*
Made Him wound Water, neither woe the Wind:
Never did *Avarice* his life endanger,
With mercenary Sword to serve the Stranger:
Never did Hee, to Adverse-Clyents, sell
A double Breath, blowing to Heav'n and Hell;
But, strife-lesse, using harmlesse Husbandry,
Took of his Land both Stock and Usury
Of his lent labours. For, sometimes, by Line,
Hee plants an Orchard; which hee orders fine,
With equi-distant Trees, in Rowes direct,
Of Plums, of Pears, and Apples most select:
Here-there, He Crab-stocks sets, then grafts thereon
Some stranger Slip: inocculates anon:
Anon with keen Share the kinde Earth hee shreds:
Anon the Vine into the Elm hee weds:
Anon hee prunes-off the superfluous shoots:
Anon the Bodies pares, then bares the Roots.
For, neither *Dog-Dayes*, nor *December*'s yce,
Could keep him Pris'ner in his Chamber, nice.
But, as one-day, his Reapers hee beheld,
Who, swelting, swift the yellow handfulls feld;
Sol, from his head, caus'd a *Catarrh* descend,
Which shortly after caus'd MANASSES End.
Hee that can number, in *November*, All
The withered leaves that in the Forrests fall:
Hee that can number all the Drops, in Showers,
Which *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, and moist *Orion* poures
Upon the Plains: may tell the Tears Shee shed,
For her dear Husband so untimely dead.
The Wealth and Treasure hee had left her, kinde,
In stead of easing, more afflicts her minde:
Th' use of his Goods still sets before her eyes
Their good old Owners sweet and gracefull guise.
Had Shee had all the Gold was gather'd ever
On all the shoal sands of the *Lydian* River,
Sh' had not been rich, being bereft of Him,
Without whom, wealth, doubled her woes extreme:
And, wth whom, glad she would have born the crosses
Of wretched JOB's sad, hidden, many Losses.
Phœbus had thrice through all the *Zodiack* past,
Since his Decease: Yet time, which all doth waste
And cures all Cares, could not her Griefs recover,
For losse of Him, her dearest Lord and Lover.
Still therefore, cover'd with a sable Shrowd
Hath Shee kept home; as all to sorrow vow'd:
For, for the most part, solitary sad,
Tears in her eyes, sack on her back shee had,
Grief in her heart: so, on the wither'd Spray
The Widow-*Turtle* sighes her mournfull Lay;
Sole, and exil'd from all Delights, that move;
Chastly resolv'd t' accept no Second Love.
If any time JUDITH went out of Doore
(As Duty bindes) it was to see some poore:
Some woefull woman in deep passions toyl'd
For sudden Losse of her deare onely Childe:
Some long-Sick body, or some needy soule,
With needfull Comforts of her Bag, or Boule:
Or else to goe (as GOD commanded Them)
To Pray and Offer at JERUSALEM.
Thus, dear Companion, have I briefly shown
Fair JUDITH's Story: on whose Worth alone
All eyes are cast, but cannot tell you out
Whither shee goes; lesse, what shee goes about.
But, if wee may, from *former* things infer
A ghesse of *future*; Wee may hope from Her
Some Happinesse: and sure, mee thinks, her cheer,
So pleasant chang'd, boads some good fortune neer.
With this Discourse, the wakefull *Hebrew* Knight,
Walking between, wore-out the weary Night.
JUDITH the while, her Handmaid with her, hies
Towards the Trenches of the Enemies.

Yet

Yet from the Fort Shee had a furlong gon,
The *Heathen* Scouts descry'd her, and anon
Bespake her thus: O! more then humane Beauty,
Whence? What are you? What cause hath hither
Into th' *Assyrian* Camp? Alas! I am (brought ye
(Sighing, quoth shee) a wofull *Hebrew* Dame,
Who, to escape so many Deaths, or Thrall,
Come here to yeeld mee to your *General*.
Then to the Duke they lead her. Who-so-e're
Hath seen, in Cities, how they flock, to hear
Som prating *Mountebank*; or see som *Monster* (ster
New brought from *Africk*, or from *Inde*; may con-
What press of Souldiers from all parts did throng,
About his Tent; and even prest in among
To see that compleat Shee, so comly deem'd;
Who, the more lookt on, the more lovely seem'd.
Her waved Locks, som dangling loose, som part
In thousand rings curl'd-up, with art-lesse art;
With gracefull Shadows sweetly did set-out
Her broad high Fore-head, smooth as yce, about:
Two slender Bowes of *Ebene*, equall bent
Over two Stars (bright as the Firmament)
Two twinkling Sparks, Two spright full Jetty eyes
(Where subtle *Cupid* in close Ambush lyes,
To shoot the choicest of his golden Darts
Into the chariest of the chastest hearts):
'Twixt these two Suns, down from this liberal frōt,
Descendingly ascends a pretty Mount;
Which, by Degrees, doth neer those Lips extend,
Where *Momus* Lips could nothing discommend:
Her ruddy round Cheeks seem'd to be composed
Of *Roses Lilled*, or of *Lillies Rosed*:
Her muskie Mouth (for shape and size so meet,
Excelling *Saba*'s pretious breath, for sweet)
A swelling Welt of *Corall* round behems,
Which smiling shows two rōws of orient Gems:
Her Ivory Neck, and Alabaster Brest
Ravish the *Pagans* more then all the rest:
Her soft, sleek, slender hands, in snow bedipt,
With purest Pearl-shell had each finger tipt.
In briefe, so passing her Perfections were,
That if rare *Zeuxis* had but found her there,
Or such another; when from curious Cull
Of *Croton Dames* so choicely Beautifull,
By many Beauties (severally met)
His cunning Pencill drew the Counterfeit
Of her for whom *Europe* and *Asia* fought;
This onely Piece had hee sufficient thought.
JUDITH no sooner came within the Tent,
But both her Cheeks a bashfull Blush besprent,
Trembling for fear: untill, inviting neerer,
The courteous *General*'s gentle words re-cheer-her.
Sweet-heart, I am not, I am not so fell
As false Report hath told fond *Israel*:
Who mee for father, I for children take;
I love whom love my Lord their God to make:
And who doe both, may be assur'd to have
What ever good mans heart can hope or crave:
Which *Israel* well should find, would they give eare
To that Kings favour, whose drad Power they fear:
Then fear not thou, my Love; but tell mee free
The happy Cause that hither bringeth thee.
O Prince! said shee (with then, firm countenance)
Supreme, for Fortune, Wisdome, Valiance,
Of all that ever had command in Field,
Or ever manag'd martiall Sword or Shield:
Although my frail Sex and weake bodie's state,
No longer could endure the wretched fate;
Wants, labours, dangers, and the deep affright
My fellow Towns-folk suffer day and night:
Yet is not that the Cause that drives mee thence,
Nor that which draws mee to your excellence:
But, 'tis a never-never-dying Worm
Which gnawes my Conscience; a continuall Storm,
A holy Fear, lest I be forc't to eat
(Among my People) some unlawfull meat.
For, I fore-see (Sir) that our Folk, yer long,
With cruell Famine so extremely wrung,
Will be constrain'd to fill, and 'file them too
With unclean Flesh, which God forbids us doe:
And that the Lord (who strikes, with just revenge
Whom-ever dare his drad just Lawes infringe)
Will then without Fight, give Thee up their place;
And one of thine thousands of them shall chase.
Therefore (my Lord) God's wrath and yours to fly,
Out of BETHULIA, to your Camp come I;
Beseeching humbly, for your honours sake,
That here no Rigour, neither Wrong I take.
Hee 's more then Wit-less that him wilfull throws
(Winking) in dangers that hee well fore-knows;
And when hee may live, pain-lesse, and secure;
In Toil-full Fears will his own death procure.
Now: please thee grant mee, in this Vale (away
From noise and number) nightly to goe pray;
Hebrews no sooner shall God's Wrath incense,
But I, inspir'd, shall shew thine Excellence:
And then shall I thy valiant Legions lead
Over all *Juda*; and thy Standards spread
Shall swell in SION; where not one shall dare
Lift Lance against thee, nor defence prepare:
No, not a Dog so much as bark at Thine
Arms-clashing Army, not their Armors Shine.
Thy Name alone shall tame the stoutest Troup:
To thee the Hills their proudest Tops shall stoup:
Rivers, for thee, their rapid Course shall stay,
To yeeld thine Hoast a new un-wonted way.
The Prince replies: O, Worlds sole Ornament!
Lady, as fair as wise, and eloquent;
Right-*Welcome are You*: and wee wish you ever
In all Contentment with us to persever.
And, if you prove in Truth and Loyaltie,
As you are pleasing to mine Ear and Eye;
I shall from henceforth worship evermore
The mighty God you *Hebrews* doe adore:
You shall from henceforth onely *Lady* be
Both of my Scepter, of my Soule, and Mee:
Henceforth your name with high Renown shal ring
Where *Heber*, *Istir*, *Nile*, and *Ganges* spring.
With Licence then, soon as the *Moon* with light
Of silver Rayes began to cleer the night,
The Widow hies to a dark Vale apart;
Where first shee bathes her hands, & then her heart:
Then, from her eyes a luke-warm Rill she showrs:
Then, from her Soule this fervent Prayer she pours:
Lord God, no longer now thine Aid deny
To those that onely on thine Aid rely.
Lord rescue those that ready are to spend
Their bloods and goods, thine honour to defend.
Lord,

Lord, let our Infants sad and cease-lesse Mones,
Our woefull Elders deep and dismall Groanes,
Our Matron's Scrieches, Cries of Virgins fair,
Our sacred *Levit*'s Day-and-Nightly Prayer,
Pierce to thy Throne, to wake thy slumbring Eye.
Drad God of *Justice*, glorious Father; Why
Doe sulph'ry Bolts of thy best Thunder light
On *Carmel*'s Top, and little *Hermon* smite:
And leath' Heav'n-threatning Sons of Earth alone;
On proudest *Ossa*, prouder *Pelion*?
Alas! What said I? Ah! forgive mee, Lord,
This idle rash, and unadvised Word;
Which, in frail Passion, my fond Lips did borrow
From fervent *Zeal* of mine unfeined Sorrow.
No: O, Our Lignes sole Pillar dearly dread,
I know, Thou shortly wilt their Head behead:
I know, This hand, by Thy right hand led out,
Shall at one Blow, This *Heathen* Army rout.

The End of the Fourth Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Fifth Book.

For bloud and marrow, in his veins and bones,
The *Vice-Roy* feeds new Pains, new Passions;
Wch, while he shuns, he seeks; feels, yet not knows;
A dead-live Fire, which of Selfe's Cinders grows.
For th' *Hebrew Lady*'s rapting rarities
Being now sole Object of his Soule's dim Eyes;
Sad, peevish, pale, soft, drowsie, dream-awake,
Care of his Hoast hee doth no longer take:
Goes no more out, a-nights, to set his Watches,
And *Courts* of *Guard* about, on all Approches:
Comes not to Counsell, neither gives *Thy Word*:
Nor viewes the Quarters of his Camp; nor stirr'd.
As sheep, that miss their wonted guard & guide,
Dispersed stray: now, by Tiber's Riverside;
Or gurgling Brook; now, up and down the downs;
Now, in the Groves; now, on the Fallow grounds:
So th' *Ethnik* Army, without Rule or Rein,
Pursue their Pleasures, violent, or vain;
None will obey; None but will now command;
Each, as him listeth, dares him now disband.
Hebrews, Why stay you now mew'd in your city?
Now, now or never, doth the Time behoove
To sally on the Foe; whose rank Disorder
Among themselves, themselves (in fight) will murder.
Nay; bouge not though: of such a Victory
God will the Honour have and Author be.
Yet that blinde *Cupid* did this Tyrant blinde,
To take the Town was Day and Night his minde;
Now, Day and Night hee minds but how to gain
A Lady's grace; Who, taken, is not ta'n
(Her soule being temper'd more then Fancy-proof):
Yer-while, th' undaunted mighty *Theban* rough
Could not have fear'd Him, with his massie Mace;
Now, but a glance of a weak Woman's grace (deep,
Dismaies him, daunts him, nay even wounds him
Past care of Cure: and doth him Captive keep:
Yer-while *Ambition*, with Drums rattling Din,
Awakt him early yer the Day peept-in;
Now *Love* awakes him; and with his Alarms
Makes him neglect the *Hebrews* and their Arms:
Yer-while, hee had Princes and Kings at bay;
Now, of Himselfe hath neither Power not Sway.
Alas! alas! Unhappy Change, said Hee:
Must I live Captive to my Captive-Shee?
Is This (alas!) to live: the Body bas't;
The minde as brute; and both their Powers defac't!
This is not Life: or is worse Life to feel,
Then sad *Ixion's*, on the brazen *Wheel*
Eternall turning: or a life (in briefe)
Most like the Life of that celestiall Thief,
Whose ever-never-dying heart and liver
On *Scythian* Rocks feed a fell Vulture ever.
What boots mee t'have subdu'd so many Lands?
What to have tam'd with my victorious hands
All Nations lodg'd betwixt *Hydaspes* large,
And th' Haven where *Cydnus* doth in Sea discharge?
Sith I am vanquisht, by the feeble Might
Of Captive *Judith*'s glance. What boots my bright
Strong steeled Targe? my brazen Burguinet?
My martiall Guard about my Body set?
Sith the keen Shot which her quick eye doth dart,
Through steel, & brass, & gard doth wound my hart.
What boots my Courser swifter then the winde,
Leaving the Swallows in his speed behind?
Sith, on his back flying, I cannot flie
The willing Chains of my Captivity.
Change, change then, *Hebrews*, into smiles your tears;
Triumph of me, mine hoast, arms, swords & spears:
I am no more the *Duke*, whose Name alone
Yer-while with Terror shook you every-one:
No: I am Hee whose Courage, late so brave,
Is now become but Slave unto my Slave:
I am not come, to War with *Israel*,
To burn your Cities, or your Selves to quell
But to intreat you, to intreat (For Mee)
Your match-lesse Judith that shee milder be.

But

But whither, Wit-lesse, whither am I born
By Loves fond Fury; wilfully forlorn?
Have I not Her here in my Patronage,
That can the Anguish of my Soule allwage?
And yet with idle Plaints I pierce the Skyes;
And thus un-Manly melt mee at mine Eyes.
Unhappy Mee! my wretched Case is such
As His, who wants most what hee hath too-much;
A Crystall River flowing to his Lip;
Yet dies for Thirst, and cannot drink a sip:
For, so doe I respect her excellence:
Her Heav'n-given *Graces*; that, for Reverence
Mine eyes dare scarce behold her, and my Tongue,
In stead of suing, to my roofe is clung.
O that my Breast transparent Crystall were,
That Shee might see my hearts dire Torment there;
And there read plainly, what my Loves excesse
(Alas!) permits not my sad voice t' expresse!
Since JUDITH first came to th' *Assyrians* Camp,
Thrice had the heav'ns light & put out their Lamp;
And now *Aurora*, with a saffron Ray,
Began, in *Inde*, to kindle the *fourth* Day:
When as the *Duke*, who Food and Rest forsakes,
This heavie Moan, to 's *Eunuch* BAGOS, makes:
BAGOS, my Sonne, adopted, not by Chance;
BAGOS, whom I, still studying to advance,
Have made, of Meanest and neglected most,
First in my heart, and Second in mine Hoste;
BAGOS, I burn, I rave, I rage, I dye,
Of wounds receiv'd from that fair Strangers Eye.
Goe, seek her out: goe quickly: tell her Thou
My loving Languor: tell her, that I vow
To make her equall, nay above the best
Of greatest *Dames* whom royall Crowns invest:
Especially, insinuate so, that Shee
Be pleas'd this night to come and sup with Mee.
Were 't not a Folly, nay a Madnesse meer,
In Mee, to have the rarest Beauty here
This Age hath bred; and yet, too-faint a Foole,
I should not dare my hearts hot Thirst to coole?
Would not my Souldiers laugh at it apace?
Nay: would not JUDITH blush at my Disgrace?
BAGOS, too-apt, too-us'd to such a Turn;
Thus oyles the Fire, which but too-fast did burn:
My Lord, if Private men (whose otious Cate
Scarce passe the Threshold of their own Doot dare;
Whose Mindes, content with their unhappy Hap,
For other *Grace* or great nesse never gape)
Live not content (alas!) unlesse some-while
Venus warme Comforts their chill Cares beguile:
How-more unhappy then, are those that bear
An *Atlas* Burthen: those that rest forbear,
For Others Rest: those that (like *Argus*) wake
While Others, fear-lesse, their fu'l Naps doe take:
If, among all their Gall, their Toil, their Teen,
Some (*Cupids*) Hony be not mixt between?
Then, Sir, pursue your Love: lose not the Game,
Which of it selfe comes to your Net, so tame.
And, if in like Imployments, heretofore
Y'have found Mee fit and faithfull evermore;
In this new Trust, you shall by speedy triall,
Finde mee more secret, diligent, and loyall.
Alas! How-many BAGOS's, in our Time
In Princes *Courts*, to higest Honours climbe,
More, for their cunning in such Embassies,
Then for Repute of *learned*, *stout*, or *wise*?
Whilom, great *Courts* were *Vertue's Academs*;
Now Schools of *Vice*: now (rather) *Sinks* of *Realms*.
You, who, *Great-minded*, cannot be content
To be close-Brokers for th' Incontinent:
Who cannot brew (with too-too-dangerous Skill)
Both a *Love-Potion*, and a *Cup* to *kill*:
Who cannot, noble, your free Natures strain,
With flattering pencill on your Face to fain
A face of *Frownes*, or *Smiles*; of *Wrath*, or *Ruth*;
To please the *Great* (rather with *Tales* then *Truth*)!
Come not at *Court*; if I may counsell you.
For, there, in stead of *Grace* and *Honour*, due,
Unto your *Vertues*; you shall nothing gain,
But, that which *There* still haunes the *Good*; disdain.
You, *Noble Ladies*, in whose heart is graven
A filiall Feare of th' All-see GOD of Heav'n:
You that more prize your *Honour's* pure Report,
Then *Love* of *Princes*: keep you from the *Court*.
But You, who, having neither Land nor Mony,
Out-brave the bravest: who with words of Hony,
And Friend-like Face, Dissemblers, humbly greet
Whom your false harts wish in their winding sheet:
Who lavish, sell your Wives for Offices:
Who make you Noble, by base Services:
Who, serving Time, can let your Faith to sale;
Shift your *Religion*; faile with every Gale:
Who, Parasites, can put more faces on
Then ever *Proteus* in the Seas hath show'n:
Who, forcing Nature, can your Maners fit
To my *Lords* Humour; and so humour it;
Like a *Chameleon*, which, here blue, there black,
Here gray, there green, doth with his Object take:
Who can invent new Toules, new Taxes finde,
To charge the People: and the Poore to grinde:
Who, faining to possesse your Princes Eare,
Make Suiters crouch, and court you every-where;
And, subtle *Shifters*, sell them dear your Smoake,
Blinding the wretches with a wylie cloake.
You, warbling *Syrens*, whose delicious Charms
Draw wariest youth into your wrackfull Arms:
You *Circe's*, you whose powerfull Spells transmute
Your Loves to Stones Hogs, Dogs, & every Brute:
You *Stymphalides*, whose Avarice devoures
The richest Treasure of *Youth's* freshest Flowers:
You, you, whose *Painting*, and *Pearl-golden-glitter*,
Of *Priam's* old Wife, make young *Castor's* Sister:
You *Myrrah's*, you *Canaces*, *Semiram's*:
And, if there be any more odious *Dames*:
Come You to *Court*: come quickly: there, on Yon
A hundred Honours shall be heapt, undue;
You, there shall sell *Justice*, Preferments, Places:
Yea, you shall sell mis-govern'd Princes Graces.
But *Muse*, it boots not: Hadst Thou thousand-
The Strength and Stomack of *Alcides* bold, (fold
Thou couldst not cleanse These *Sin-proud* shining
Fouler by far then foule *Augeas* Stalls. (Halls,
Let's back to JUDITH; who to bring about
Her hard designe, surveyes her, sets her out,
Be-curles her Tresses; makes her Crystall cleer
Her Beauties Judge, which had in Earth no peer.
Then comes shee to the Tent, rich hanged round
With curious Arras, from the top to ground;

Where Art-full fingers, for a Web of glory,
Had wov'n *Medes*, *Persians*, *Syrian* Princes Story.
There *Ninus* first, pusht by vain Prides amisse,
Usurps the *East*: here comes *Semiramis*,
Who, falning Her a Man, th' *Assyrian* swaies,
And to the Clouds her BABYLON doth raise.
See, see a Prince, with soft white fingers fine,
Effeminate sits spinning flaxen Twine:
And, for a Launce, bearing a Distaffe, showes
That more to Female then to Male hee owes.
See, how hee poats, paints, frizzles, fashions him;
Bathes, basks, annoints, views, and re-views his Trim
Within his *Glass*, which for a *Glaive* hee wears.
See, how hee shifts to hide his Shame and Fears:
From Vardingale to Vardingale, hee flyes
His brave Lieutenant, lest Hee him surprise.
Yet, see, at last (to act one Manly thing)
Hee burns himselfe, not to out-live a King.
See, here an Infant sucking of a Bitch
Under a Hedge and in a shallow Ditch;
Who, grown a Man, here musters in his Train
Both bond and free, the Souldier and the Swain;
Subdues the *East*, and into *Persia* draws
The *Medes* proud Scepter; & he gives them Laws.
But who 's That marches so dis-figured there,
Before an Army, without Nose and Eare?
'Tis that good Servant, who reduc't, alone,
Under *Darius*, Rebell *Babylon*.
While, with these shows sad JUDITH entertain'd
Her Eyes, but not her heart (too-inly pain'd)
In comes the *Duke*: & with right curteous cheer
Kindely salutes her, hands her hand; and neer
Causing her sit in a rich easie Chaire,
Himselfe, at ease, views and re-views her Faire.
Then, seeing him so nigh his wished Pleasure,
His heart's a-fire: nor hath hee longer leasure
To stay for *Venus*, till, Star-crowned bright,
On their *Horizon* Shee bring back the Night.
The Widow, knowing Time and Place, as yet,
For God's Decree, and her Design, unfit;
Findes still Delayes: and, to delude his Love,
Shee (wylie) still Speech upon Speech doth move.
My Lord, pray tell mee, What so great Offence
So grievously your Fury could incense; (Folk
What? when? where? why? how? & by whom our
Could so the Wrath of such a Prince provoke,
So separate, in Language, Land, and Law;
Who never Us; and Whom wee never saw?
Uncivill were Hee (*Sweet*) replyes the Prince,
Could ought deny to such an Excellence.
Then; as the Heav'ns cannot Two Suns sustain:
No more can Earth Two Kings at once contain,
Of equall Power and State: for, *Soveraignie*
Brooks no Co-partner, no *Equaltie*.
Witnesse my *Soveraign*: who offended at
The Power and Pomp of mighty *Arphaxat*,
Who, high aspire, and far to spred began,
And to the Clouds had built his *Ecbatane*,
Nineve's Shame and dread of *Babylon*:
Bravely endevours to supplant his Throne,
Bereave his Scepter, sack, raze, ruinate,
His goodly Cities, and himselfe dis-State.
But *Arphaxat*, as valorous as sage
(And both, right worthy of his Crown and Age)
Would rather venture *Media's* Royall Rings,
Then vaile to any. So between two Kings,
Two stout, and stirring spirits (whereof th' one
Could brook no Peer, th'other, Superior none)
Began a dreadfull and right deadly War,
Lasting (alas') too-long, spreading too-far.
Arphaxat arms those, where the Flower of *Greece*
Fetcht, not the Locks of an old *Golden Fleece*,
But massie *Ingots*, which doe richly pave
The happy Plains great *Phasis* Streams belave:
The *Hermastians*, th' *Albanians*, wont to mowe
Three times a year, where onely once they sow:
Whom *Oxus* boundeth with his swelling Tide;
Whom *Anti-Taurus* double Horns divide:
Those on the Mountaine, whose high-lowly back
Bow'd to the Vessell which preserv'd from wrack
The Worlds Abridgement: Those along the Shores
Where proud *Jaxartes* rapid Current rores:
In short, besides his *Medes* hee had in pay,
All, neer the *Pontike* and the *Caspian* Sea.
So that, already, This great King-Commander,
Had Hopes as high as ever ALEXANDER.
My Prince, resolv'd to conquer, or to die,
Omits no point of Opportunitie
For his Affaires: Hee armeth *Sittacen*,
Levies the Archers of all *Ofroben*:
Those, whose rich Plains hundred for one repay,
From *Euphrates* and *Tygris* march away:
Fish-fed *Carmanians* (who with *Seal-skin* Jacks,
In stead of Iron arm their warlike Backs)
Gold sanded *Hytan*'s native Shores forgoe:
You *Parthians*, *Cossians*, and *Arabians* too,
By your sad *Magi*'s deep prophetike Charms
Sacredly counsell'd, take you all to Arms:
And Thou *Chaldea*, turn'st to Swords, and Spears,
And shields, thy *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compasses* & *Spheares*.
For, of his Subjects spares hee not a man
That beare a Launce, or Pike, or Crosbow can:
Wives, Beldams, Babes, Gray-heads (& Sickly. som)
Through all his Countries onely kept at home.
Hee also sends for *Persians* and *Phonicians*;
For soft *Egyptians*, *Hebrews* and *Cilicians*,
Quickly to come, and kindely take his Part:
But *Neuters*, They (more friends in face then heart)
Reject his earnest Sute, Himselfe neglect;
And use his Legats but with small respect.
My Lord dissembles for a while This wrong,
Till having triumpht of a Foe more strong,
Hee may with more ease, and with danger lesse,
Their sacrilege and surly Pride represse.
In *Raugau*'s ample Plain, one Morning, met
These Royall Armies, of two Kings, as great
As ever *Mars* with steel and Furie arm'd,
Fury and Pride so Eithers Souldiers warm'd,
That hardly could they stay till Trumpets shrill
Denounce the Battaile and give leave to kill:
But with stern looks, and braving Threats, afar;
At hand, with blowes; they had begun to war;
Exchanging wounds. Two thousand *Perdux* first
Give bravely th' Onset: and not much dispersst:
From sudden whirle-winde of their nimble Slings,
So thick a Storm of humming Pebbles sings
So-sad a *Dirge* of Deaths, that they suppose,
That not one Troup, but All, had bin at Blowes.

To

To second Those, then, in good ordinance,
With waving Ensignes, thousand-Troups advance:
Both Armies joyn. Now fiercely fall they to't,
Mede upon *Chalde*, pressing foot to foot:
Incount'ring felly with a furious noise;
Of clashing Arms, and Angry-braving Voice,
Louder then *Nile*, rushing from Rocky-Coomb;
Or then *Encélade*, when hee shakes his Toomb.
Here lyes one head-lesse; foot-lesse there (alas!)
Another craules among the gorie Grasse:
One 's shoulder hangs; another hangs his Bowels
About his neck (but new bound up in Towels)
This, in the Face, that in the Flank is hurt:
This, as hee dyes, a Flood of Blood doth spurt:
That, neither lives nor dyes; but seems at once
Both upper *Jove*'s and neather 's diverse Thrones;
Because, some little spirit (too-stubborn-stout)
Still in the Body, will not yet come out.
Yet-while the ground was yellow, green, & blue;
Now onely cover'd with a Crimsin hue:
While one doth (here) another deadly thrill,
Another him, another him doth kill:
Still Rage increases: still doth Fury spread,
Till all the field be but a heap of Dead.
One-while the *Syrians* by the *Medes* are chas't;
Anon the *Medes* by *Syrians* are re-chas't:
As one-while, from the Sea unto the Shore,
Surge after Surge, Wave after Wave doth rore.
Another-while, from Shore to Sea they ply
Wave after Wave, Surge after Surge to fly:
Or as (wee see) the Flowery Ears, in May
(When *Zephyrus* with gentle Puffs doth play)
Sway to and fro; forward and backward bend;
Now, stoop a little; and now, stand an end.
Both Kings the-while, whose force and fortitude
Far past their Subjects, so their Blades imbru'd
In Blood and Slaughter, that an open Glade
Where-e'r they came, in either Camp they made:
So that, not Casks, Currets, nor Shields could save
From mighty Strokes their massie Weapons gave:
Much like two Torrents, which with headlong fall
From two opposed Hills, down-bearing all,
Banks, Bridges, Trees, Corn, Cattell; seem to vie
Whether of either shall most damnifie.
Especially, the *Medes* King thundred so
Upon our Battails, that our Bravest, tho
Began to shrink, and with that shamefull sight,
Our Hoast dis-ord'red, fell to shamefull flight:
The Foe pursues, slayes, slashes (swift as wind)
Millions of wounds, and every one behind.
In briefe, that Day had *Ninive* bin down,
Her King undone (dead, and deprivd of Crown)
Had not I (full of Force and Furie) quick (thick.
Like Lightning, rushit where deadly blowes were.
Mails, Murrions, Cotselets, Iron, Steel, and Brasse,
Before my Sword were brittle all, as Glasse.
And onely I, My hand alone, which lent (ment
More deaths then blowes, brought more astonish-
Into their Camp, then all our Camp beside.
Their Foot no longer could my Brunt abide:
Their Horsemen, fainting, in their Saddles shake;
Arms on their Backs, hearts in their bellies quake.
Here, with a down-right Blow, from top to twist,
I cleave in sunder one that dar'd resist:
There, I so deep dive in another 's minde,
That neer two handfulls, pears my Sword, behinde;
So, that the *Medes*, now more then wavering;
In th' heat of Fight, abandon All their King.
Who, seeing him so bet ray'd, his Tresses tore,
Retir'd to *Ragau*, all besmear'd with gore:
There over-ta'n by Ours, Hee bravely fought;
'Mid thickest Darts a glorious Death hee sought;
Heaws, thunders, thrills, and of his Manly blows:
Not one in vain, not one amisse bestows.
But, yet Hee die, with quick, keen, Fauchin fell,
Hee sends before, thousand stout Soules to Hell:
So the fierce Tygre, compast every where
With Men and Dogs, to Fury turns his Fear;
Fights where hee finds the greatest danger lie;
Tears, tosses, kills; not unreveng'd to die.
But, at the last, the vainly Valiant King,
Weary of killing, and of conquering,
Thrill'd with a thousand Darts, and wounded rife,
Ended at once his lofty Rage and Life:
And, falling, fares as doth a mighty Oake,
Which, planted high upon a massie Rock,
A thousand times hath felt the windes to beat,
And thousand Axes, it a Fall to threat;
So that the Root groan'd, and the Valley high
Eccho'd the noise unto the steepest Sky,
While that the Top still reeling to and fro,
Now These, now Those, threatens with overthrow:
Yet, still it stands in spight of all their spite,
Till at the last, all under-mined quite
With million strokes, it falls; and, with the Fall,
Bears to the ground Trees, Rocks, Corn, Cattle, all.
For, *Arphaxat* extinct, extinct with-all
Was *Median*'s glory: and, My Lord of All
Raz'd *Ecbatane*; and now grow Weeds and Grasse
Where, late, his lofty, rare-rich Palace was:
Where, late the Lute, and the loud Cornets noise
In curious Consort warbled sweet their voice;
The voice of Scrich-Owls, & Night-Ravens heard,
And every fatall and affrighting Bird.
My King-God, weary of Wars tedious toile,
In NINEVE the great, for four months-while
Made Publique Feasts: &, when the Feast was done,
Commands mee levie a huge Hoast anon,
Of chiefest Men; to goe and chastise those
That had disdain'd him Aid against his Foes:
And that, on all that dar'd his Hests infringe,
With Fire and Sword his Honour I avenge:
And that with speed. But *Madame*, see (alas!)
How far I am from bringing this to passe:
For comming here, your Nation to subdue,
My selfe am conquer'd and subdu'd by You:
So that (alas!) Death's draddest Tyrannies
In endlesse Night will soon seal-up mine eyes,
Except the powerfull sole Preservative
Of thy sweet Kisses keep mee yet alive.
Nay: good my Lord, said Shee, tell-on (I pray)
Your good Successe and Service by the way.
Then HOLOPHERNES, where hee left, began
A long Narration how hee playd the man;
Halfe truth, halfe tales: For, 'tis great souldiers guise
To bombast oft their Own Exploits with Lyes.
Mine Hoast all muttered and together brought,
T' inflame their hearts with martiall Heat I sought:

Fellows (said I) If ever Your Desires
Have thirsted Fame, to live when life expires;
Let's now goe punish that presumptuous Crew
Which rudely (late) our sacred Legats slew:
Let's goe t' avenge our drad-dear Soveraign Liege
Of that fell Outrage, nay, foule Sacrilege
Against the greatest GOD came ever down
From Heav'nly Sphears to sway an Earthly Crown:
Arm, arm you, brave Bloods, arm your either hand,
This, with a Blade; That, with a Fier-brand,
With Fire and Sword to over-run the *West*,
To lay it waste; to bear away the best:
To sink it all under a Crimsin Flood;
Or make (at least) your Horses swim in blood:
Goe, take possession of Your Valours due,
The whole Worlds crown, wch yeelds it all to you:
Take you this Honour: which in Time-to-come,
Shall keep your brave Names frō th'oblivious tomb:
Take, take your pleasures of the richest spoils
Of richest Cities in a hundred Soils
Which you shall sack. So, may you once in health
Come laden home with Honour and with Wealth.
I ceast: and soon they second, all, my voice
With Caps cast-up, with clapped hands, and noyse
Of gen'rall Joy, to have Mee GENERALL.
Some six-score Thousand was Mine Hoast in all,
Or som-what more; with which from NINIVE,
But three-dayes march I made to *Bethileh*;
Thence past I forward by *Hierapolis*,
Then by *Amida*, then by *Nisibis*.
And thence to *Charan* (at the length) I came,
Once happy seat of your great *Abraham*.
Then wan I th' Hill, whose oblique Horns divide
All *Asia* neer, and limite far and wide
Many large Empires: Where, I sack, I slay,
I burn, I raze, what-ever in my way;
My Souldiers seem so many Mowers, right,
Which in a Mead leave not a blade upright;
But, by long Swathes of their degraded Grasse,
Well show the way their sweeping Seithes did pass:
This, *Phul*, and *Tharsis*, and all *Lydia* knows,
In whose waste Fields now onely bramble grows.
Comn neer the Streight which serves for wall &
To sost *Phenicians*, and Thief *Istians* Port: (Fort
The *Rosians*, *Soleans*, *Mopsians*, *Tharsians*, *Isita*,
Anchials, *Ægeans*; briefly, all *Cilicia*,
Take-up this Gate, with all their Power; in hope
To stay my Passage, and my Course to stop.
Should I here tell the dangerous Enterprises,
Brave Charges, Rescues, Sallyes, Shocks, Surprises,
Which there befell, the day would fail (I fear)
Before my Speech: for, the *Cilicians* were
So fortifi'd by favour of the Place,
That little could wee there prevail, a space:
Nay, all mine Hoast, which had so often chast
So many greater Hosts; now stood agast;
Till in despight, and full of desperate rage,
In thickest dangers, I my Selfe ingage;
Where, round assail'd, and wounded all in parts,
My Shield thick bristled with a grove of Darts,
I never shrunk: but so bestir'd mee round,
That I alone made all their Hoast give ground.
Mine Army then, follows the way amain
Mine Arm had made, and paved thick with Slain:
Now our most Cowards (late) for Fear, adying;
Wound most, kill most, & most pursue them flying.
Cydnus, yet while for's pure silver Floud,
Call'd King of waters, wallows now in blood:
And rapid *Pyram* (past his wonted Toule) (roule.
To *Neptune*, Shields, Helms, Horse and Men doth
In brief, as here your *Meander* stopt a while
By some new Bridge, or some unusuall Pile;
Roars, rises, fomes, fumes, threats, beats, rages, raves,
Against his new bank; and with Waighty Waves
Waighty and strong, bears down at last the Bay,
And for a time, out-lashing every-way.
Tears, over-turns, and undermines, much worse
Then when hee freely hath his native Course:
Even so my Force, having the Force repell'd,
Which in these streights the struggling passage held:
Burns, kills, confounds, what meets it most & least.
ASIA, laid waste: returning to the *East*,
I conquer'd *Cœle*, spoyling, pityless,
The fruitfull Verge of famous *Euphrates*:
Rapsis I raz'd and *Agrea*, overthrow'n,
The Vertue of my mighty Arm hath know'n.
Thence, keeping still by the Sea coast, I spoile
The *Madianites*: then, marching *North* a-while,
Tow'rds double *Liban*, I *Damascus* race,
With her neer Towns, *Gaane*, *Abile*, *Hypapa*:
Thence came I (curious) to that Hill, from whence
The Sun, by Night, is seen; and seen from thence
Also to Rise: Thence, tow'rds the *Western* Realms
Continuall beaten with *Phenician* Streams.
Then, Those of *Gaze*, *Tyre*, *Sydon*, *Ascalon*,
Azotus, *Byblus*, *Joppa*, every-one,
Fear'd with my Fame; in greatest humblenesse,
Dispatch their Legats to my Mightinesse.
Wee come not here with Force and Arms (say they)
To bid thee Battail, or to bar thy Way:
But rather, Mightiest Prince, in humblest awe,
To yeeld us Thine, t' accept Thy Will for Law;
Of Life, or Death. Thine are our Fields and Forts;
Thine are our Cities; Thine our Ships, our Ports,
Our Lands, our Goods, our Cattell, Corn, and Wine;
Thine are our Children, and our Selves are Thine:
Onely be pleas'd (Sir) to accept us so,
And so esteem us: and right happy tho
Shall wee esteem our Selves, to have a Lord
Can wield so well the Scepter and the Sword,
The Lance and Balance; and, besides, excels
Men, equalls Gods in every Vertue else.
Nor did their People, nor their States disprove
Their Embassies; but by all signes of Love
Both young & old, crown'd all with *Flora's* favours,
Of hundred colours and of hundred Savours;
Came Dancing out with *Musicks* cheerfull Moods,
To offer Mee their Bodies and their Goods.
Nor did I then a *Victor's* Right abuse;
But with all Kindnesse them as Friends I use:
Leave them their Land: but first, their Forts I man'd
With some of Mine; with some of theirs, my Band.
For (*Madame*) still the farther that I goe,
My Camp in Bands; my Bands in Souldiers grow:
Even as *Danubius*, first beginning small
Through *Rauraik* Plains wch shallow course to craul,
Still swelling more & more, with threescore rivers,
To th' *Euxin* Sea his Sea-like Selfe delivers.

I hop't, as These, so also *Israel*
Would yeeld themselves; and not at all compell
My just Revenge to threat Extremities:
But, when I came here to *Scythopolis*
(The *Tomb* of Her whose happy Milk had yerst
The twice-born *Dennis* in his Cradle nourc'd)
I was advertis'd of this stubborn Folly;
Which will, no doubt, undoe the *Hebrews* wholly.

The End of the Fift Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

YEt that the *Pagan* could his Story end,
From highest Hils did dusky Night descend:
And now the Steward full the Table fraights
With all, most pretious, most delicious Meats;
As if the *Vice-Roy*, to This *Joviall* Feast,
Had bid the Kings both of the *West* and *East*.
O greedy-guts! O Gulphs insatiate!
A thousand Worlds, with all their delicate
And various Cates devis'd by th' *Abderite*,
Cannot suffice your bound-lesse Appetite.
O Belly-gods! for You (at any price)
To the *Moluques*, must wee trudge for Spice;
To the *Canaries*, for your Sugars fine;
To (*Joves Crete*) *Candy* for your choyselt Wine,
To please your Tastes, your Palats to content,
Seas sacred Bosome is profanely rent;
Aire is dis-peopled; yea right hardly can
The onely *Phœnix* scape the Jawes of Man.
O Poison! worse then Plague to Martiall States,
Which bravest mindes basely effeminates:
While *Rome*, for Heads, had *Curio*'s and *Fabricio*'s,
Whom Roots suffic'd for dainties most delicious:
While *Persia* was with Sallets sole content;
They flourisht Both, admir'd and eminent;
And Eithers Arms, tryumphing every-where,
Fill'd all the Earth with Tropheis and with Fear:
But, since that this, from soft *Assyrians* took
His vast excesse of Kitchin and of Cook;
And, since that That fell under the Dispose
Of *Galba*'s, *Nero*'s, and *Vitellio*'s,
(More glorying to exceed Others Excesse
Then conquer *Pyrrhus* or *Mithridates*)
Both have been oft and justly sackt and spoil'd
By petty Nations, whom they oft had foil'd.
Natute's suffic'd with Little: Over-full
Deadeth the Coutage, and the Wits doth dull.
Each being set; anon, full filled-out
In massie Boules the *Malmsey* walks about;
One drinks devoutly in an Estridge Egge;
One in a Lute, another in a Legge;
One in a Ship, another in a Shell;
Another takes a broad deep silver Bell,
To ring his Peal: but so his hand doth sway
And shake, that halfe hee sheds it by the way.
But, above all, the Prince him so behav'd,
That, now the more hee drank the more hee crav'd:
Much like the Sea; which, though it take this-while
Twin-named *Ister*, and Seaven-mouthed *Nile*;
Never increases, nor is full therefore;
But ever ready for as many more.
Cup calls for Cup; and when the Skinker weens
T' have done his Service, hee afresh begins
To fill them Liquor, for, till Midnight past,
Among the Guests this Tippling game did last.
And then away, with much adoe, they went
(Feeling and reeling) Each unto his Tent;
By th' amorous Tyrant often urg'd before,
Who thought each minute now a yeare and more.
When they were gone, Hee 'gan embrace & busse
The trembling Lady; who besoothes him Thus:
Nay: leave (my Lord) such haste what need you make
To reap the Fruit which from you none can take?
Get you to bed: and, if you leave mee room,
I will not fail you by and by to come,
So soon as I have but disburthened
My Load of Cloathes, and made mee fit for bed.
If sattled Wits, and if the sobted Brains,
Have hardly scaped Womans wylie Trains,
Marvail not, Reader, if One, fool'd at-once
By *Semele*'s and *Cytherea*'s Sons,
Be thus beguil'd: sith either of the Two
Beteaves the bodies and the mindes Force, too.
Then, letting her slide from his arms away,
Hee goes about himselfe to dis-aray:
Now hee unbuttons, now pulls-off his hose;
But, his heat hinders, and his haste foreslowes:
For (sleep-awake, blinde-seeing) while hee plyes
T' untrusse his Points, them (tumbling) faster tyes:
Till, overcome with Rage, and Longing, more,
Hee cuts his knots, and off his Clothes hee tore;

And

And then to Bed. Where (as the Crosse-bow-man,
Who, for his pleasure, watcheth now and than,
By some Crosse-path, some Coney, or some Hare;
At every Noise, on every side doth stare
Where stirs a lease; and levels thither-ward,
At the least Wren, or the least Worm that stird
Neer where hee stands, still in a Hopefull-Doubt
Turning his Body and his Bow about)
The lustfull Tyrant, if hee hear a Mouse
Never so little stir about the house;
Shivering for Joy, hee thinks his Mistresse there:
Nay, though hee nothing heare, his flattering Eare
Thinks it hears something, which can nothing be
But his admired most desired Shee:
Lifts-up, layes-down, and up again re-lifts
His heavie Noule; from side to side hee shifts;
Casting the Distance, counting in his head,
How many steps will bring her to his Bed,
The which the while hee full of thorns doth think.
But now the Fume of his aboundant Drink,
Drouzing his Brain, beginneth to deface
The sweet remembrance of her lovely Face:
Already wheels his Bed, already shine
A thousand Rayes before his slumbring Eyne:
Already in his Ears (now waxen num)
A thousand Drones with buzzing noise doe hum:
Hee sees *Chimera's, Gorgons, Mino-Taures,*
Medusa's, Haggs, Alecto's, Semi-Taures.
But JUDITH's heart still beating thick with-in,
Felt a fell Combat in it selfe begin;
Now, causing Fear her sacred Fervour quash;
Anon, her Fervour her faint Fear to dash:
JUDITH, said Shee, Thy *Jacob* to deliver,
Now, is the Time; Now to-it. *Doe-it never.*
O! Yes. O! *No.* I will. *I will not, I:*
Shall I profane kinde Hospitality?
Nay, Father shall I sanctifie't the more,
When by the same I shall the *Saints* restore.
But, Traytors ever bear Dishonours brand.
Traytors be those betray, not save, their Land.
But Murderers Heav'ns Righteous Judge abhors.
Why? all Man-killers are not Murderers.
But Hee's a Murderer who his Prince hath slain.
This is a Tyrant; not My *Soveraign.*
But, GOD hath now bequeath'd him us for Lord.
Hee's not of GOD that warrs against his *Word.*
Why, then, may All their Tyrants kill and rid?
So *Ehud. Jael*, and so *Jehu*, did.
Yea, but from Heav'n they had authentike Warrant.
So hath my Soule (approved and apparant.)
But, ah! how weake art Thou this Work to act!
Whom God assisted, never strength hath lackt.
But, hadst thou done; the Sequel's more to doubt.
God brought mee in; and God will bring mee out.
What, if Hee please leave thee in the Heathens hands?
Their Chieftain dead, I fear nor Death, nor Bands.
But to their Lust thou shalt be left a Prey.
Never my Mind; my Body force they may.
Then, in this point thus sacredly confirm'd;
With hands heav'd up, her eys on heav'n she firm'd;
And softly, Thus poures to the Lord her prayer:
O gracious God, who with paternall Care
Hast ever kept thine *Israel*, strengthen Thou
Mine Arm with Thine, that it may nimbly now
Cut-off this Tyrant, who thus dares presume,
To scale the Heav'ns; Thy Scepter to assume.
And, sith thy grace, through thousand storms & more,
Hath brought my Bark in sight of wished shore,
O, let it land: with *Poppie's* sleepiest sap
This Tyrant's sense benum in end-lesse Nap;
That I may raise this Siege, Thy Thralls release,
Return Thee *Praise*; and to Thy SION, *Peace.*
Her Prayer done, the Drunken Prince she hears
Snorting aloud. Then fair and soft Shee neers
His Pallets side, and quickly takes the Sword
Which had so oft the groaning Earth begor'd.
But, even about the fatall Blow to give;
Fear, from her hand did the fell Weapon reave:
Her heart did faint, her strength did fail her quite.
O God (then said Shee) strengthen by Thy Might
My timorous heart's and trembling hand's consent.
Then on the *Duke* so stiffe a stroke shee lent,
As happily, *tri-parted* (at the poule)
Th' Head from the Body, Body from the Soule.
His Soule to Hell: his Body on the Bed:
In JUDITH's hand his grim and ghastly Head;
Which soon her Handmaid in her Night-bag hid.
Then speeding thence, suspect-lesse, or unspi'd;
Without Impeach the *Pagan* Hoste they past.
For if that any saw them trip so fast, (fore)
Heav'n-blinde, they thought Shee went but (as be-
Into the Vale, bright *Diane* to adore. (Tower,
Now, when chaste JUDITH came to th' *Hebrews*
Ope, open (said Shee): for the God of Power,
Th' *Assyrian* Forces hath this Night forlorn,
And lifted up his chosen *Jacobs* Horn.
The town amaz'd at her return un-hop't,
Presse to the Port; which instantly they op't,
Thronging about her: who a Tarras mounts,
And her Exploit from point to point recounts.
Then, from her Bag, for Proofe of what shee said,
Shee pulls the-while the dreadfull *Pagans* Head.
The Citizens, when in her hand they saw
Th' *Assyrian*'s Head's Head; full of ample Awe,
Extoll th' Almighty, who so mighty Foe
By a weak Woman had subdued so.
But, most of all did *Ammons* Prince admire
GOD's dreadfull Judgement: and to scape his ire,
Who *Israel* thus, of vanquisht, *victoriz'd*;
His Flesh and Heart hee sudden *circumciz'd.*
How sweetly, Lord, Thy sacred *Providence*,
Mens sutlest Wisdome, in their Plots, prevents!
For, thine *Elected* unto life, to guide
Into thy Fold (when most they seem beside)
Good out of *Ill* thou draw'st; making their Sin,
Means ('gainst their minds) their goodness to begin.
Lord! soule desire of murther and of spoile
Brought this (late) *Pagan* to th' *Israelian* Soile;
Where, meaning (first) thy peoples bloud to spill,
Now, spend his Own for their dear sakes hee will:
Thy mercy so from his maligne Affect,
(Maugre his minde) brought forth a good Effect.
So neer *Damascus*, mad'st thou, by thy Call,
Of Wolfe a Shepheard, of a *Saul* a *Paul*;
Of Persecutor, an Apostle; (briefe)
Of Chief of Sinners, among Saints the Chiefe:
So suddenly, that all the Saints about
Admir'd his *Doctrine*; Yet his *Deeds* did doubt.

So

So, the *Saint*-Thief, which suffered with our Saviour
Was led to Life by his Death-due Behaviour:
And, when no longer Earth could beare his Sin,
Was, in a Moment, made Heav'ns Citizen.
(O fearfull-hopefull Precedent of Grace!
Such as, but One, GOD's holy bookes embrace:
One, that None (humbled) should despaire *of Pardon:*
But one, that None presume *on Sin to hardon.*
So, turn, good Lord, O turn the hearts of Princes,
Whose rage their realms with Saints dear bloud be-
O'let the sword, thou in their hands hast put, (rinses.
None but Thy foes, none but those Tyrants cut,
Who cursedly *Thee* or *Thy* CHRIST blaspheme
(Usurping JUDA and JERUSALEM,
And all Thy *Golden Candlesticks* beside;
Threating the *West*, too, with their power & pride):
Not those, who humbly, onely, evermore,
Thee, TRINITY in UNITY, adore.
Then, as the brave *Virago* ordered,
A Souldier takes th' *Assyrian* Tyrants Head;
And, for the *Hebrews* more Encouragement,
Glad sets it up upon the Battlement.
There, Parents, Children, Maids, and Widows sad,
Whom *Pagan* Swords but new bereaved had
Of Children, Parents, Lovers, Husbands dear,
'Twixt Griese and Anger, as distracted neer,
Pull-off his Beard, pull out his hatefull Tongue,
(Which had blasphemed Heav'n and Earth so long)
Spet in his Face, scratch and poach-out his Eyes;
And all, that Hate and Fury can devise.
For, lyve Remembrings of their wrōgs, them make,
On his dead Head, this dead Revenge to take.
Aurora, weary of the cold Embrace
Of her old Spouse, began in *Inde* apace
To paint her portall of an *Opal* hue;
When, of *Bethulians* all the bravest Crue
Issue in Arms: and such a Noise withall,
(Such Shouts and Cries) as if, in th' antike Braule,
All th' Elements, breaking the bands of Order,
Were by the Eares; and in their old Disorder.
The *Court* of *Gard* (that night unusuall strong,
Towards the Town) hearing such Noise so long,
Start from their Sleep; and crying *Arm, arm, arm,*
Give suddenly to all their Host *Alarm*.
One, for his own, his Fellows Helm puts-on:
One, his right *Vantbras* on left arm doth don:
One, on his neck, for Launce, a Libbet takes:
One speeds him quick, another scarce awakes:
One mounts his Horse, yet hee be curb'd, or girt;
And, without Spurs: Others, to shew more heart,
Would make a Stand: some neither wake nor sleep:
Some, brave in Word; in Deed, as faint as Sheep.
Now, by degrees, this Noise comes to the Ears
Of *Holophernes* Houshold Officers:
So that sad BAGOS hies him in all hast
Unto the Tent where th' *Ethnick* slept his last.
With trēbling hand, once, twice, or thrice he knocks:
But an eternall Sleep the Doors had lockt
Of his Lord's eares; who had already crost
The *Stygian Ferry*, not to be re-crost.
Then, hearing still th' *Israelians* louder shout,
Hee makes the Doore fly-open with his Foot;
And, entring, findes, in gorie Bed, low shrunk,
Not *Holopherné*, but his head-lesse Trunk.
Then did hee reare his haire, and rent his Clothes,
And to the Clouds roars out in yelling Oathes:
Especially, when JUDITH there hee mist,
Whom now the Murdress of his Lord hee wist.
Then, ragefull rushing from the bloudy Tent,
This hideous Cry through all the Camp hee sent;
Woe, woe to us! Alas! this cursed Night,
A cursed Captive hath confounded quite
Our awefull Army, and undone us All,
By treacherous slaughter of our GENERALL.
This new affright, redoubled on the first,
The stoutest hearts doe so dis-heart and burst,
That all, (at once abandoning their Arms, (swarms
Pikes, Swords, and Shields, Darts Arrowes, all) by
Betake them to their heels; o'r Hill and Dale,
Flying from one death, on a worse to fall.
Then the Besieged in great Troups descend,
And on their backs revenging Bowes they bend.
Both run apace; Those fly; these follow fast:
But those that fly, make lesse good speed then haste.
For, without losse of Man, th' *Hebrews*, at will,
The flying *Pagans* slaughter, thresh and thrill:
Even as a Lyon, in *Getulian* Lawnes,
Bestreawes the soile with fearfull Kids and Fawnes;
Where, not a beast his Furie dares abide,
Nor lift a horne against his awefull pride.
One, from a Rock himselfe doth headlong dash,
And all to peeces all his parts doth pash;
Other, forgeting that in deepest depth
Fate findes us out, into a River leap'th.
But, if by speed, or some good hap, perhaps
This Mornings first fell Fury any scapes,
Hee scapes not through those *Hebrew* outrages,
Who kept (about) the Straits and Passages:
So that scarce one of such a Rout could bring,
To *Nineve*, the News unto the King.
The Battaile (rather, th' execution) done,
Out of the Citie flocked every one
Whom Sex or Age had hitherto restrain'd;
To see the dread Revenge the Lord had rain'd
So suddenly, and past all Expectation,
On those fell Foes of His dear *Holy Nation*.
One full of wounds, yet gasping, calls in vaine
On lazy Death, to end his lingering paine:
Ono, grinning ghastly, in his visage grim,
Shewes, dead, the Rage that living sweld in him:
Some mangled here, some there, some round about:
And every Soule a sundry way went out:
Accordingly as Valour, Sleight, or Chance,
Led the dead-doing Sword, or Dart, or Launce.
In short, This fight so truly *tragick* was,
That even the Victors would have sigh'd, alas!
Had the so vanquisht any Foe but This.
But rifling long, among the Carcases,
At last the Body of the *Duke* they found
(Tho head-lesse, known best, by that only wound).
Thither they throng; that, every blade must thrill,
And every one that Corps again would kill:
A hundred Swords, a hundred Pikes, and Darts,
Are every moment goring all his parts;
And every Nerve, Vein, Muscle, Joynt they hack;
Till room (at last) their Vulgar Rage doth lack.
For, were his Bulk as big as *Atlasses*,
His Limbes as many as *Encelades*,

And

And strong *Briareus*; yet, yet think I, all,
Their dire Revenge would still, still think too small.
For of the *Jews*, none so base Clown there is
But would a Gobbet of that Flesh of His.
Give, Tyrant, give thy right hand to *Cilicians*,
Thy left to *Medes*: give one Arm to *Phœnicians*,
Th' other to *Ismael*: and divide thy Feet
Between th' *Egyptian* and the *Caluanite*;
That every Nation, whom Thine Arms offenc't,
May, by some Part, be partly recompenc't.
Alas! I erre: for all in Atomies
Wert Thou divided, all would not suffice.
But JUDITH, nor forgetfull, nor ingrate,
Would neither bury, nor Selfe-arrogate
The sacred honour for Assistance given
In this great work, by th' all-work hand of Heav'n:
But, timing meet her Feet to Timbrels noise,
This *Hymn* shee sings with glad-sad warbling voice;
Follow'd by all the Flower of *Hebrew* Dames
(Maids, widows, wives) of faultlesse forms & fames.

Laud, laud, we, lewd, with verse, with voice and strings,
The GOD of GODs, the Glorious King of kings:
Whose Power, alone, pulls Tyrants down, and reareth
Meek in their Roons, who HIM ay-faithfull feareth.

For, who would thinke, one City, in one Day,
So suddenly could such an Hoast dismay,
Whose high exploits had all the World astounded,
And, from the Indes, *to* Japhets *Inns resounded?*

Lord who would thinke, that Holophernes, *late*
Proud Conqueror of many a Potentate,
Should lose his Life (for all his Selfe-affiance)
By one weake Woman, not a Troop of Giants?

Who, who would thinke, that HE, who late possest
(At least, had Power) from farthest East to West,
From Pole to Pole stretching his arms all-over,
Should not have, left, one Inch of Turfe, for Cover?

That stately Prince, so thick attended-on,
Now dead (alas!) lyes, above ground, alone;
Yet, not alone: for, Those that serv'd him, living;
Consort him, dead; proofe of their Duties giving:

Nor yet, above ground; for, the Rav'ns become
His mangled Bodie's better-worthy Tombe,
Then precious Marble, Jet, and Jacinth gilded;
Which, for his Bones Himselfe had proudly builded.

So, so (good Lord) from Hence-forth, let us finde
Thee, not our Judge, but as our father kind;
And so, Hence-forth, the Foes of SION rather
Feele Thee their Judge, then their propitious Father.

Here JUDITH ends: Here also end will I,
With thanks to *GOD*; and to your Majestie.
To *GOD*, for bringing This my Work about:
To *You*, for daigning to have read it out.

FINIS.

A HYMN

OF ALMES:

OR

THE BEGGERS BELL;
HEARD FROM BEYOND

THE

CHARTER-HOUSE,

To ring all-in,

TO

The Temple of

CHARITIE.

In an Eccho

Iterated,

AND

Consecrated

To the Right-*right Reverend*

AND

Double honourable Father,

GEORGE ABBOT,

Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury

&c.

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO MY LORD OF CANTERBURY HIS GRACE.

Y Wit, weak Orphan, weaned *too-too-young*
From PALLAS *Breſt, and too-too-Truant-bred*
*(Not, as too-*wanton *but too-*wanting*) led*
From Arts, *to* Marts *(and Miſeries among)*
Had elſe perhaps (beſides du BARTAS*) ſung*
Some native Strains *the graveſt might have read;*
And to your Grace *now grately tendered*
Some fitter Sound *than* This *rude* Bell *hath rung;*
Yet; ſith it tends to drown *th' Heav'n-reaching* Cry
Of Bloud *here ſhed by* Luxe *and* Avarice;
And to awake the VVorld *to* CHARITIE
(Whereof Your Life *ſo lively* Pattern *is)*
Propitious, pardon *mine officious* Zeale,
In this loud Eccho *of a louder Peale.*

——————Your Grace's moſt bounden

——————And humble Bead-man

——————JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AD EUNDEM

PRAESULEM

PRAEOPTIMUM

EPIGRAMMA

Ex lat. I. O. 1611.

Soon, Oxfords's *Head*; *Soon*, Winton's *Deane* Thou wert:
Soon, Lichfield had thee Her *Diocesan*,
Soon, London had thee Hers, by Thy Desert:
Soon, England joyes thee *Metropolitan*:
Soon, by the King, call'd to His *Counsails* High:
What shall I wish thee *late*? but, *late* to die.

EJUSDEM AMPLISSIMI

Anagramma duplex.

Georgius Abbot.
Gregis Tuba, böo:
Subito gregabo.

Ad Reverendissimum Dominum Episcopum LONDINENSEM

EPIGRAMMA.

THee, learned KING, the learnedst King elected
Great LONDON's *Pastor*; which thee glad-expected:
Others are wont, that hunt for such Reward
Of Wit and Art, sue in the SEE's *Vacation*:
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Bishop *call'd* preferr'd;
The *Citie*, too; *Thou* had'st thy SEE's *Vocation*.

Ejusdem Præconis disertissimi

ANAGRAMMA.

Johannes King.
Oh, Igni-Canens!

A HYMN OF ALMS.

ALMS (*holy Gift*, vouchsafed from above)
Is a sure Pledge and Symbole of that *Love*,
Which GOD, just Steward, as a Deaw pours-out
On Earth, expos'd to empty *Air* about:
For, from his *Union*, from this constant League,
From time to time Mankinde doth duely beg
All that the Sun imparts his powers unto,
Of living Creatures, and un-living too:
So that, our *Being*, *Begging* may wee call;
Sith, of her Maker, Nature borrows all:
Gainst *Usurers*, and Churles *Unthankefulness*, (less.
Who to CHRIST's Members shew them mercy-
Hee that, for GOD, but a good motion hath,
Guiding his Minde up to the *Milkie Path*,
T' admise there (*Nameless*) what hee cannot know
By th' eye of *Reason* (where yet shineth though
The Sun of Righteousnesse; as th' usuall Sun
Through Crannies shines into a Dungeon):
Hee, Hee (I say) that hath but Natures Sense,
For *Faith*; for *Law*, but native Innocence;
In his simplicity hath alwayes care
To practise ALMS, ALMS to receive and share:
So common 't is with sociable man
To give and take the mutuall ALMS hee can;
Yea, in our Cradles, yet our Tongues can crave,
Wee beg with Cryes what wee had need to have.
The Heav'ns, dispensing sacred Influences,
Predominant in Birth of Poor and Princes,
Abundantly (with bounteous over-plus)
Pour th' *Hebrews Manna*, many wayes, on Us,
To teach, that wee, by sundry Charities,
Should mildely ease each others Miseries.
Even as the *Opal*, in his orient lustre,
Where various colours of all stones doe muster,
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly *East*;
Alms is *the Glasse* of wel-bred soules and blest,
Shewing each other *Vertue*'s sacred Quality,
In th' Heav'n-allied Man of *Liberality*.
ALMS, are the Cement of this round Theater:
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Air and Water,
Intend the same thing; *liberally to give*
Their ALMS to Rocks, Plants, Creatures, all that live,
Conducing Fire withall, whose Force unseen
Gives frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between.
ALMS, in our bodies worketh all in all:
Th' *Eyes* lend it Light; the *Hands*, most *liberall*
Laborious ALM'NARS, bring home to the Head
All needfull Store wherewith the Whole is fed:
The feet supply it with their meer Support;
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:
The *Liver*, Nurse of Naturall Faculties,
First warms, then feeds, the Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Causing the *Stomach* (as His *Alms*) receive
The heat which first his vertue doth conceive:
The spongy *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inspire
The vitall Air our *Little-Worlds* require: (gor,
Th' *Heart*, quick and ready, with *Alms*-vowed vi-
Draws to it selfe (against extremest Rigor,
For utmost Refuge (all our livelliest Heat,
To succour Nature, when Death seems to threat:
The *Soule* (solely divine) Life's motion brings
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*
(*Alms* Heir apparent) to Whom supream Sage,
Heav'ns *Alm'ner* gave the Earth for heritage;
That, having *free* receiv'd so various Store,
Hee should be *frank* to th' Needy, Naked, Poor.
Be bounteous *Alm'ners*, said All *Bountie*'s Father;
Y' are not here *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:
I have ordain'd you to provide and care
For th' *Orphan*, Poor that unprovided are.
If, narrow-hearted, You shrink-in your hands
From th' humble *Begger* that your *Alms* demands,
I'll make your Goods (like water) leak away;
Your Lands a Stranger shall inherit ay:
Your Gold (your god) before you be aware,
Som barbarous Souldiers in your sight shall share:
Your lately houses (filed by your Names)
Wars rage shall ruine, or some sudden Flames,
Which I shall kindle (in my just displeasure)
Against your selves, your seed, your trust, your trea-
The *Mercy-lesse* with *Mee*, shall *Mercy* miss: (sure.
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poison is.
Abram, *Lot*, *Joseph*, *Job*, were *Alm'ners* all
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberall*)
By sacred record, which renowns them more
For this rare Vertue, then all else of yore;
As if, with GOD (the Author of all Good
Their chief perfection in this Function stood,
Sole *Soule of vertues*, second *Life* of all
This various vast Orb, which the World wee call.
Calling to record the Reun-searching Eye,
Here I protest, that in my Poverty
(*Though these* dear *Times* daign *me so scant a* Scope,
That having *nothing*, *I can nothing* hope)
Next my Home-charge (*where* Charity *begins*)
My deepest Sighes (*save for my* Debts *and* Sins)
Rise from Compassion *and* Desire *to* steed
Others with Helps *which yet my Selfe I* need:
To succour *Others*: *to be* (*like the* Sun)
Extending *Light and Heat to* Every-one:

To be to all, in some sort, necessary
(*For* Vertues Meed, *and not as* mercenary) :
Rather to give, *then* take ; *to* lend, *then* borrow ;
A pound to-Night, then but a Crown to-Morrow :
But th' Heav'nly Wisdome (best, it Selfe knowes why)
Doth still th Effect of This Affect deny,
Denying Means and Matter to expresse
Mine inward Zeal to ALMS *and* Thankfulnesse ;
Which oft breaks out (without a Trumpet blowne)
To give (GOD knowes) *more then I know mine Own*
(The more my Griefe) the lesse my Thought of Merit,
Or Thirst of Praise, *though here I thus aver-it,*
By th' humble Proffer of so Poor *a* Mite,
Th' abundant Rich *to* Bounty *to invite.*
Vain-glorious ALM'NERS are effeminate,
Affecting *Works*, but to be wondred-at ;
Whose *Vertue* is meer *Vanity* (indeed)
And here receives their momentary *Meed :*
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)
Indebting GOD to Them for what they doe ;
In stead of *Heav'n*, where *Humble Soules* abide,
Shall purchase *Hell*, the Portion of their *Pride.*
O ! thrice, thrice *Happy* Hee, whose free Desires
To *Charity* a holy fervour fires :
Who onely mindes *GOD's Glory*, by his Gift,
And *Neighbour's Good*, without sinister Drift :
Famine (familiar unto Rogues that range)
Shall not come neer his Garner, nor his Grange :
His Fields, with Corn, abundant Crop shall cover ;
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedg with Roses over ;
His downs with Sheep, his dairy-grounds wth Neat ;
His Mounts with Kids, his Moors with Oxen great ;
His Groves with Droves (increasing night and day) ;
His Hills with Heards, his smiling Meads with Hay ;
His Fens with Fowl, his Pits and Poles with Fish ;
His Trees with Fruits, with Plenty every Dish :
Content and *Health* (the Best of Earthly Blisse)
Shall evermore remain with Him and His :
Him, *Pride* or *Envy* never shall molest ;
Or Cor'sive *Care*, Foe to Repast or Rest.
For, th' All-see Eye still carefully respects
The ALM'NER's House, and ever it protects ;
Till finally, when *Justice* endeth All,
Sweet *Mercie's* voice him to heav'ns kingdom call.
But, th' *Usurer* (how-ever here hee thrive
In Heards and Hoords) already dead-*alive*
(No heat of love, no heart to give a Mite,
Except to *gain* and *gather*-double by 't)
Him, in that Day (To Him a Day of Woe)
The *Holy-One*, th' All-Knower, will not know.
Shame and Confusion shall be-spread him over,
Wishing the Holes to hide, and Hills to cover :
Eternall Fire shall fry his thirsty Veins ;
Immortall dying in eternall Pains.
His Eyes, so nice to look on *Lazrus* Sore,
Shall swim in sulph'ry Tears (tortur'd the more,
To see above, in *Blisse* and *Glory* rife,
Whom, Ruth-lesse, here hee would not see, in life) :
His Ears, here deaf unto distressed-ones,
Shall there hear Horrour of the *Damned Groanes :*
Nor shall the voice of *Mercy* him salute,
Who in Effect, to Needy Mones was mute :
Millions of *Masses* cannot him redeem,
Nor all *Church-Treasure* ever ransom him
From all-thought-passing Pangs of *Wretchednesse* ;
As, End-lesse, Ease-lesse, and Remedy-lesse.
ALMS are so usuall in the *Eastern* parts,
Where heav'n, and earth, & air, improve their parts,
That every Village there, in Winters Need,
Is wont the Flocks of *Wildest Fowles* to feed,
And breake the yce (of purpose) for their drink,
When crystal Crusts have glas'd the Waters brink :
A *Charity of Infidels* to Fowles ;
Shaming some *Christians*, towards *Christian* Soules.
Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coast
(Th' abbridged Glass of all the World, almost)
In her huge Cities (rather Shires wall'd-in)
These hundred years hath not a *Begger* seen ;
(GOD's strict *Edict* they there observe so well,
Forbidding Beggars in his ISRAEL)
Sith 't is *misprision* of the Law of Nature,
Nay, impious Pride against our All-*Creator*,
To suffer Man (GOD's Image, and our Own)
Whom wee may succour, to be overthrown ;
To stark for Cold, to starve for Food, to perish
In *Penury*, when we have power to cherish :
For, in such Cases, where (wee know) wee can,
There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.
Yet, sole the *Christian* (Each a Wolfe to other)
Disdains to look on his *Distressed* Brother :
And here, in LONDON [Coaching *swiftly by* ;
Or stalking on, with selfe-surveying eye ;
Or strutting out, to view his Purls or Lace ;
Or stepping-in, to see some painted face,
Or Fire-new Fashion in a Sleeve or slop ;
Or to some Tavern, or Tobacco-*Shop* ;
Or towards Burn-*Bull (if not* Turnbull*) street* ;
Or to Black-Fryers *some* White Nuns *to meet*]
At Doors, on Dunghils, under every stall,
Lets pined, sick, poor, naked Christians fall,
Faint, starve and dy, *for lack but of the price*
Of the least Crosse of his last Cast at Dice :
Or of the Tythe but of his Shooe-ties Cost :
Or of the Spangles from his Garters lost :
Or of his jetting the Canaries *Jigg :*
Or of the puffing of his Periwig.
O Times ! O Manners ! *O mad, murd'rous* Vanity,
In either Sex, of equall Inhumanity !
The hideous Cries of the Afflicted, fright
The sable Horrors of the silent Night :
So that Shee, pierced with their piteous Case,
Cloathes them with clouds, and lends them ease a space :
The Hollow Rocks, and hardest Marble Stones
Weepe when they weepe, and echo with their groanes :
Their Shivering fits, their fears, their feavers make
The Firmament, the fixed Poles, to shake :
Yet here (alas!) th' abundant Riotous
Are never mov'd : much lesse the Covetous,
Rich, *raking Wretch ; the needy-greedy Chuff*
Whose (Hel-*like*) *heart can never have enough :*
Who rather grindes, *then* gives, *and* beggers *many,*
Yet to a begger hee afford a Penny,
Or penny-worth of all his plenteous store,
When Bags, and Banks, and Barns, can hold no more.
O Times ! O Manners ! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In Young *and* Old *of equall* Inhumanity !
But, Pardon, LONDON ; *I have over-slipt :*
I must recant, lest I be stript *and* whipt.

Christ-

Christ-church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (my friend)
Bride-well *and* Bedlam, *better* Thee *commend :*
Besides a many of peculiar Charges
Of Companies ; *and more of private Larges :*
And above all, that black Swan (Sutton)'s Nest,
(*From One, alone almost worth all the rest*)
That new Zaccheus, *who* restored *free*
Th' old Charter-house *to better* Charitt.
Are not these, Alms ? *are not these,* Monuments
Of pious Zeal ? *of kinde* Beneficence ?
I grant they are (give God *and* Men *their due) :*
But, reverend Green-Staves, *what 's all this to you ?*
(*Unlesse, as* Romists *by implicite* Creed,
You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed ;
Or swell with glory of your Elders Good :
As selse-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)
That These few, *dead, here a few Hundreds cherish ;*
If living you let many Thousands perish ;
For want, perhaps, not of your Gift, *but* Gain ;
Which some, perhaps from others Gifts restrain ;
Which (if time serve) when they can hold no more,
They will (perhaps the tenth-tenth-part) *restore*
When they are dead so build a Front for Five
Of those five hundred they have starv'd, alive.
O Times ! O Manners ! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In every sort, of equall Inhumanity !
Æthiops and *Turks* against *Our Rich* shall rise,
That can behold with unrelenting Eyes
Poor, Aged, Sick, Soules gasping out their last ;
As little moved, and no more agast
Than is the Hunt's-man, when a Deer at Bay
Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.
During th' old *Golden*, happy, harmelesse *Age*,
When *Saturn* ruled (without *Satan's* Rage) ;
When *Reason* sate as Judge on every Throne :
When *Justice* shar'd justly to each his Owne :
When *Innocence* was *Cœlies* Citadell :
When *Charity* sole swaid the *Common-weale :*
Then had the Heav'ns nothing but Alms for Eye:
Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns defie)
No other Heav'n than th' onely Mantle fair
Of Alms, bestow'd by *Water, Earth*, and *Air*,
And *Fire* withall ; from whose fell Nature, Alms
Extracts the fiercenesse, and the fury calms.
Alms was the *Word* th' All-perfect *Artist said*,
When, out of Alms, he bade, *A Heav'n be made :*
A fruitfull Earth : a Lightfull, Heatfull Fire :
A Sightfull Air (though Soule-less) to respire :
A moistfull Water, waving Changefully :
A World (in brief) full of all Quality.
So that (in fine) of all This All-*Theater*,
Alms is the *Form*, Alms is the *primer Matter*,
So necessary for our Lively-hood,
That after God, it is Man's *Soveraign-Good.*
Martha's and *Marie's Alms* (in Bounty rife)
Restor'd their Brother to a second life :
Shee, who so free the *Fire-Coach Prophet* fed,
Found happy *Guerdon* : for (her Darling dead)
Her *Faithfull Alms*, wing'd with his fervent praier,
Re-brought the Breath of her death-seized Heir.
Alms is the Glue of *Friendships* permanence :
'Tis of all *Vertues* th' onely *Quintessence* ;
Against Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor sure :
Against Earths Rage, a Rampire to endure :
A Rock of Honour, against Slanders Arms :
A Shield of Safety, against hurtfull Charms.
For, on the Man where *pious Pity* dwels,
Malice can nothing with *Thessalian* Spels,
Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his *Powder*-Wit :
Nor cunning mixture of a Murd'rous Bit.
Nor secret Wiles of cheating Hypocrites :
Nor privie Theeves; nor proud *Monopolites :*
Nor ought, not All, that Mischief can revolve
To dare the Heav'ns, or Nature to dissolve. (breath:
Alms calms the Windes, and gives them gentle
The War of Waves it quickly quieteth :
From Shoals & Shelves, from where the *Siren* sings,
The Alm'ners Ship it swift and safely brings :
When need requires, it Oars and Sails supplies ;
And, past the *Pole*, another *Pole* espies
To steer his Course ; if, what his heart doth *view*
Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow
In liberall *Almes* unto the needy sort,
At his Return into his wished Port.
The *Golden Table:* that Great *Pompey* pill'd
From *Salem*, serv'd (as sacred *Vengeance* will'd)
For Sword to *Cæsar* : God so *jealous* is
(Though nought he needs) of what is *vowed* His.
Th' High Treasurer of Asia's *impious Rape*
Within the *Temple* was with horror wrapt :
And, but th' High-Priest by prayer succoured,
The *Sacrilegious* had there perished.
So may they speed, or worse than so, that spoil
God's *living* Temples (by or Gripe, or Guile),
That from their *Pastor*, or their prince, detain
The *Tithe*, or *Tribute*, sacred Lawes ordain :
That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal ;
Or, in their *new*, with them unjustly deal :
That have, by secret *sacrilegious* Theft,
Robb'd *Church*, or *State*, or holy *Alms* bereft :
O ! may they once, as high as *Haman*, mount ;
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad Account
Of all the Wrongs (as conscience them convinces)
Done to their God, their *Country, Peers & Princes;*
While *Great*-ones, blinded, or as loth to spy,
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Pye* ;
For private *Profit*, or peculiar *Pleasure*,
Neglecting *Poor, Publick*'s and *Princes Treasure.*
O Times ! O Manners ! most to be deplor'd :
O ! sudden mend them, or soon end them, Lord.
For, if poor *France* fall in an *All-Consumption*,
Her Death's sad *Crisis* will be *This Presumption*,
Of *Private Lucre*, without *Publike Care* ;
While Each, Selfe-serving, winks at Others share.
God, for his Mercy, grant my fear be vain ;
Or rid me soon out of the *Careful Pain*
I suffer daily, while so few I see
From this Corruption's foule Contagion free :
Or, would I had been bred in humblest Thatch,
Borne of the loines of one that Sprats did catch;
So poor in Wit, as not of power to know
The impious Traines that Empires overthrow :
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,
Lesse should I feele un-feeling *France*'s smart ;
Who slaies her Selfe by Selfe-*Disloyalties*,
Having no Foe but her owne *Avarice*,
With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity*,
Their strong Abettor : Which *Triumviri*

Are

Are able, sole and soon, to ruinate
And taze the Glory of the greatest State;
Or bury 't quick i' th' Toomb of carelesse Princes
That wink, or shrink, under their *Insolences*,
Robbing themselves of th' Honour and Renown
Which Heav'ns entail unto a happy *Crown*.
But, if I can be willing not to dy,
'Tis out of hope, to see the Company
Of *Sacrilegious* roundly go-to-pot,
Expos'd in publike to some shamefull Lot;
When our great *Hercules* (all Monsters dread)
Shall have cut-off the *Golden Hydra*'s head;
For an eternall *Trophey* of his Glory,
An Argument of an Immortall Story.
But, now return we to our Theam, from whence
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal*'s too- Vehemence)
Seems to have straid. Yet 'twas meer *Alms* did move
My grieved Verse These *Guilty* to reprove;
To turn their hearts to GOD, and to their King;
Their private heaps for publike helps to bring,
Against th' Ambition of some Foxy Foe,
That by our Selves, our Selves would overthrow;
Not by his Arms, but by his *Alms*, to some;
For, *Golden Launces* oft have overcome.
Dear *Patriots*, that *Spiteful Alms* disdain, (gain:
Which brings your *Crowns*; but 'tis our *Crowne* to
Wth groves of honours seems your brows t' imboss;
But 'tis to grace her Profit and your Loss:
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Mass* adorn;
But, by the *Mass*, 'tis but to serve her Turn:
Adores (in shew) both PETER's *Chair* and *Keyes*
But, if they *Ope* and *Shut* not as shee please,
Her *Charity* and her *Devotion* dy:
For, her *Religion* is but *Policy*;
Her *Soule*, but *State*; her *Life*, but *Rules-Desire*;
Whose Heat hath set all *Europe* on a Fire.
Nilus (that serves for Rain to th' *Abyssine*,
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canoptue*)
Cools with his ALMS the Choler's fervency
In Earth and Air, which there the Sun doth fry:
Waters the Plains, which *Orion* parcheth ay
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:
Tempers the torrid *Æthiopian Zone*:
Seems to have Life, though it indeed have none,
Save that of ALMS; sole Cause efficient
Of his fat Liquour, *Affrick*'s Nourishment.
The Heav'ns, as jealous of so *Bounteous Gifts*,
Would shut-up *Nile* within *Godonian* Clifts:
And Nature, envious of this *Affrick Prince*
His lavish Largess and Magnificence,
Front's him with Hils that seem to threat the Stars,
(As if renewing the old *Titans* Wars)
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,
Nilus were bay'd-up, if not buried quick:
But, by the power which makes him charitable,
He findes that ALMS to force the Heav'ns are able.
Hee therefore, rushing, and out-roaring Thunder,
Surrounds the rocks that ween to keep him under;
And with his swift Course breaks the *Cataracts*,
Deaf'ning withall the *Parthians* and the *Bacts*.
Pactolus, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,
Not onely steept their Strands, enamell'd gay
With various Tinge of thousand Flowers and more
Sow'n on the surface of their winding Shore:
But for a richer ALMS, they *Gold* bestow,
As needfull now, as *Reason* (well wee know)
In *This Gold-Iron Age*, where, who so wants
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandall* hants.
When *Androcle* fled his cruell *Masters Fist*,
And cause-less *Fury* (but for had-I-wist)
Amid the horror of the Woods hee meets
More ALMS & *Mercy*, than in *Rome*'s proud streets:
There found he Man, to Man of brute Immanity;
Here findes he *Brutes* of mildeness and humanity:
His Lord there paid his Service but with blowes;
A *Lion* here bim double gratefull showes:
Hee to the Beast had shown him serviceable;
The Beast to him seems much more charitable.
For, having long wth his best Preyes maintain'd him
And in his Den, as dear Guest, entertain'd him,
Hee (two years after) also saves his Life,
Expos'd (in sport) to Fight and Fury rife
Of Man, and Beast, whom (forced) hunger, there,
Could never force, *The Slave* to touch or tear:
But th' awfull Lion (which such Men may shame)
Him safely rescues from *Romes* bloudy Game.
O noble *Lion*! thou hast brought to passe,
I almost yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,
In his Opinion of *Metempsychosis*,
Trans-animation (so the Word composes)
Of Soules decease, to Bodies, good or bad,
As here, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.
And durst I freely in his Doctrine wander,
I should suppose thee second *Alexander*;
And that, a Beast, his babits still are one.
As when a Man and King of *Macedon*. (Air,
But, leaving Forrests, Floods, Fields, Earth, and
Whose *Almes* already have appeared fair;
Shall wee yet mount among the *Wandring Seaven*,
And see how constant they to *Alms* are given?
There shall we find Man's monstrous Self-resisting,
Being made of *Alms*, all by meer ALMS subsisting.
Beasts, birds, & plats, roots, reptiles, daies & nights,
Have second *Being* from these Heav'nly Lights;
From whom our Selves, flat *Beggers*, borrowed have
The best that makes our worser part so brave:
The Sea's their subject, and th' All-bearing Earth
Without their ALMS can bring us nothing forth.
Saturn is kind to Merchants, Mariners,
Storm-wonted Fishers, stooping Labourers,
Carefull House-holders, curious *Architects*;
And every one that Gain with pain respects.
Milde *Jupiter* (more bounteous) *Beauty* gives,
Sweet gracefull Port, fresh health (that happy lives):
ALM'NER of *Vertues*, storing Man with *Graces*
Most Angel-like, and meet for highest Places:
Kings, *Counsellors*, *Lords*, *Princes*, *Magistrates*,
Hold after GOD, of him their high estates.
Mars, surest Patron of *Sarmatian* stout,
Of part of *Affrick*, and the *Southern* rout;
Nights dayly give, them millions of delights,
And makes them naked make a thousand Fights.
All *Arts* wherein are Fire or Iron requir'd,
Of his sole *Alms* are to our Life acquir'd.
Sol's Soule of *Alms*; who richly *liberall*,
Gives him to All, yet cannot give him All:
Great *Season*-Bounder, artificiall Dresser
Of Years, and Daies, the even and onely Sessor

Of

Of Times rich *Alms*, which by his heat hee varies,
After the Innes wherein hee Monthly tarries:
His *Bounty* most is bent unto *Musicians*,
Bards, Poets, Leaches, Herbarists, Physicians.
Venus, each Morning, with a gentle Ray
Ushers the Sun, and summons us away
From lazy Beds (our Bodies living Graves)
When Day begins to issue from the Waves.
Her *Alms* goes chiefly to the preservation
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:
Smooth smiles she gives; sweet, cheerfull charming
Love is Her *Gift*; a Gift indeed divine. (Ein:
Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,
Wit's Treasurer, Well of *Invention*,
Hee gives us *Arts*, *Knowledge*, and *Eloquence*,
Which steals us oft from *Reason* and from *Sense*,
A bounteous Almner of *Astronomy*,
Rare (for the most) unto Man's feeble Eye;
Who, yet, unseen feels (almost every houre)
Hundred Effects of its admired power;
A Power which cannot be sufficient shown
By Verse or Voice (unlesse by *Hermes* own)
For All that at this Day makes hunger fly
(*Gold, Silver, Brasse*) is drawn from *Mercury*.
Cynthia, ador'd with hundred flames and flames;
Honour'd (abroad) by more then hundred Names;
Shee gives us *Humours*, more or lesse abounding,
As in her Course her *Fall* or *Full* is rounding:
Shee fashions Time; which Shee again defaces
With constant Turns of her inconstant Faces:
Shee swaies the Floods, and shews (by Evidence)
Her Selfe sole Law of liquid Elements:
Shee forms, by Night, the fresh and fruitfull Deaw,
Which every morning *Flora*'s Buds doth streaw;
Whose purled Pearls are ever bigger found
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.
In brief, All, given to Alms and *Liberality*,
They all teach Man the same supernall Quality
Towards the Needy that doth nought possesse,
And from his Cradle brought but wretchednesse,
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heav'ns Almes beene
In *Bloudy Bath*, to *White* This Monsters *Red*; (shed
A monster, made of Earth, for Earth still burning,
Although to Earth hee see him hourly turning.
Yea, proudest Kings have had no other Birth
Then poorest Beggers: Both begin of Earth:
Both like in Cries, in Perils, and in Pain:
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires Stain*:
Both, as in Birth, so in their Death, alike:
Both Kings and Beggers one same Dart doth strike:
Both passe together, in one selfe same Boat,
From th' arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.
So that, in Life what-ever Ods there be;
In Birth is none: none in their Death, wee see.
Onely, the *Good* (of what Degree soever)
Are free from *Death*; and, though they dy dy never;
Save to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their friends)
Whom, to survive the *Good*, it here offends:
I mean, in Body, which a Death they hold,
Or Toomb, or Prison, that doth Them with-hold
From th' *Happy Hav'n*; and makes them less inclin'd
To seek their God, and his strait Wayes to find.
The *Good* are they, who not alone not wring;
Who not alone not wrong, in any thing;
Who not alone *not hurt*; but (from their heart)
Doe Good to Others; and their *Own* impart
In liberall *Almes* unto the *Poor*'s Reliefe,
After their power; as grieved with their Griefe.
Such shall not dye, but to live ever *Blessed*:
Such shall not live, but to dye here *possessed*
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th' Eternall God,
Author of *Almes*; and ever-scourging *Rod*
Of *Such* Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;
Nor lend, *Nor lodge, nor cloathe, nor free, nor feed*
Distressed Christ, in *His* dear *Saints*, that need.
Such shall not live, but to dye double martyr'd:
Such shall not dye, but to live ever torm'd
In Hell and Horrour, without End, or Ease.
Now Worldlings, chuse You which you will of these.

Sine fine fines.

MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

VVritten in Tablets, or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Translated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, *Earle of* SOUTH-HAMPTON, *&c.*

SHall it be said (I shame it should be thought)
When After-Ages shall record Thy Worth;
My sacred Muse *hath left* SOUTH-HAMPTON *forth,*
Of Her Record; to Whom so Much shee ought?
Sith from Thy Town *(where my* Saravia *taught)*
Her slender Pinions had her tender Birth:
And all, the little all shee hath of worth,
Under Heav'ns Blessing, onely thence shee brought.
For lack, therefore, of fitter Argument;
And lother Now, it longer to delay;
(Here while the Part of PHILIP's *Page I play)*
I consecrate This little Monument
Of gratefull Homage, to Thy noble-Bounty;
And Thankefull love to (My dear Nurse) Thy County.

Humbly devoted

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

1

LEt who so list, think *Death* a dreadfull thing,
And hold *The Grave* in horror and in hate:
I think them, I, most worth the *wel-comming*;
Where, end our Woes; our Joyes initiate.

2

Man, *Death* abhors, repines, and murmurs at-her,
Blinde in that Law which made her, *good* for Him:
Both *Birth* and *Death* the daughters are of *Nature*;
In whom is nought imperfect, strange, or grim.

3

Death's ouglinesse is but imagined;
Under foule Vizard a fair Face shee wears:
Her Vizard off, there is no more to dread;
Wee laugh at Children whom a Vizard fears.

4

Death, in strange Postures daily is disguised,
With Darts and Scythes in hand, Beers on her back:
As *Angels* are with wings and locks devised;
So, Her a Body of bare bones they make.

5

Who fears this *Death* is more then deadly sick;
In midst of life hee seems even dead for dread;
Death in his breast hee bears, as buried Quick:
For, feare of *Death* is worse then *Death* indeed.

6

Each fears this *Death*: and with an equall dread,
The *Young*, as from a hideous Monster, hie-them.
Th' *Old*, at her sight, shrink down into their Bed;
All shun her ay, the more shee draweth nigh-them.

7

What *Good*, or *Bad*, boads *Life* or *Death* to give;
To be so fond of that, and this so flying?
Thou would'st not *die*, yet know'st not how to *live*;
Not knowing, *Life* to be a *living-dying*.

8

One loves *This Life*, Another loathes it wholly:
Some look for Ease, Promotion some, some Profit:
To love it for the Pleasures here, is Folly;
Weakenesse to hate it, for the troubles of it.

9

The Storm at Sea under a Calm is bred:
Within Good-hap, Ill-hap hath life included;
Begun in Tears, in Toils continued;
And without Dolour cannot be concluded.

10

Life, like a Taper, with the weakest Blasts
Is waved, wasted, melted, puffed out:
In some, sometimes, even to the Snuffe it lasts;
In others hardly to the halfe holds-out.

11

Fruit on the trees first blooms, then buds, then grows,
Then ripes, then rots: such our cōdition just;
Begot, born, bred, live, dye; so roundly goes
Time's wheel, to whirle our Bodies back to Dust.

12

This Life's a tree, whose goodly *Fruits* are men;
One falls, himselfe; Another's beaten down:
It's stript at last of *Leaves* and *Apples* then,
By *Time*'s same hand wch had them first bestow'n.

13

This Life's a *Table*, where in earnest-jest
Foure *Gamsters* play: *Time*, eldest, vantage takes,
And biddeth Passe: *Love* fondly sets his Rest:
Man needs will see it; but, *Death* sweeps the stakes.

14

This Life (indeed) is but a *Comœdie*,
Where this, the *Kaisar* playes; and that, the *Clown*:
But, *Death* still ends it in a *Tragœdie*,
Without distinction of the Lord from Lown.

15

This Life's a *Warre*, civill, and forrain too;
Within, without, Man hath his *Enemies*:
To keep the *Fort*, *Death* doth the *Towne* undoe;
To save the Soule, the Body Shee destroyes.

16

The World's a Sea, the *Galley* is the Life,
The *Master*, Time; the *Pole*, Hope promiseth;
Fortune the *Winds*; the stormy *Tempest*, Strife;
And man the *Row-Slave*, to the *Port* of Death.

17 The

17

The World(mee thinks) is like our Parliaments,
Where Right too oft is over-born by Wrong;
Where Quirks and Quiddits are of Consequence;
Where lastly nought *Death*'s Sentence can prolong.

18

The World is much of a faire *Mistresse* mood,
Which, wylie, makes more Fooles then Favourits;
Hugs These, hates Those; yet will of all be woo'd:
But never keeps the Promise that shee plights.

19

Life's smoothest glosse is like the *Sphear of Glasse*
Archimedes framed, and fill'd with Stars;
As fraile as faire: for, the least storm(alas!)
That raps it, snaps it; and the Pleasure mars.

20

Th' Honour thou thirstest(as one dropsie-sick)
Weening to quaffe it, often stops thy winde:(prick
'T'sa swelling Bladder; which when *Death* shall
(Thou wilt confesse)thou but a puffe didst finde.

21

And that *Ambition*, which affords thee Wings
To seek new Seas beyond Our Ocean 's Arms
For mounts of Gold and Pearle,& precious things;
Shall not preserve thy Carcass from the Worms.

22

That *Pleasure* too, which stops thy *Reasons* ears,
Besots thy Soule, intoxicates thy Sense;
And sad *Repentance* still behinde it bears;
For moment Joyes, leaves Sorrow's Monuments;

23

Pleasure which tires thee, but contents thee ne-
Thy Body wearing more then wearying: (ver,
Like *Danaides* Sieve-like Tub, a-filling ever,
But never full for all their bucketing.

24

Beauty wch makes the proudest Kings to crouch,
Which serves the Soule as Letters in her favour;
To see, delightfull; dangerous to touch;
From *Death*'s drad Fury, may not, cannot save her.

25

But, *Beauty*, *Grace-lesse*, is a Saile-lesse Bark,
A green-lesse Spring, a goodly light-lesse Room,
A Sun-lesse Day, a Star-lesse Night and Dark;
And yet this *Grace* cannot escape the Tomb.

26

When bodie 's *Beauty* with soule's *Beauty* dwels,
There 's a Perfection passing all the rest:
Without This; *Beauty* seems a Blemish else:
Without That, *Vertue* seems not seemly drest.

27

That *Beauty*, which the Aire, Age, Ague quailes;
Which busies so our eyes, tongues, hands, and hearts;
At fifteen, buds; at twenty, flowers; and failes,
Or falls at thirty, and to dust reverts.

28

Gold, the World's *God*, the Sun of *Pluto*'s Sons;
Whom Fire and Sword incessant serve so fell;
Gold *Vertue*'s Friend, and Vices Fort at-once,
Serves oft for Bridge to passe in post to Hell.

29

Man's *Knowledge* here, is but meer Ignorance:
Wee see the wisest foulely stumble oft;
Learning is puft with doubtfull Arrogance,
And *Truth* is lost while it is too-much sought.

30

With *Mysteries* the *Idiot* meddles most;
Peeps into Heaven, into Kings Counsels pryes;
In Pulpit *Phormio* doth dare an Host:
Thersites prates of Arms and Policies.

31

Th' *Assrian*'s Empire is now seene no more;
The *Medes* and *Persians* did the *Greeks* intombe;
Great *Alexander's Kingdome* kinged foure;
Whose Crowns, in fine, stoopt to the State of *Rome*.

32

Where are those *Monarchs*, mighty Conquerors,
Whose brows ere-while the whole worldes laurell
When sea & land could shew no land but theirs?(dreft,
Now, of it All, onely *Seaven Hills* do rest.

33

Where are those Cities(great and goodly States)
Of *Ninivè*, with thrice five hundred Towers?
Great *Babylon*? *Thebes*, with a hundred Gates?
Carthage(*Rome*'s Rivall) *Dido*'s dearest Bowers?

34

All these huge buildings, these proud piles(alas!)
Which seem'd to threaten, Heav'n it selfe to scale;
Have now given place to Forrests, Groves, & Grass;
And time hath chang'd their names & place withal.

35

Nay, wilt thou see, how-far great Kings are foil'd?
See how sometime in Gold they swallow Poyson:
See *Ptolomeus* Cross't, *Boleslaus* boild,
Bajazeth in a Cage, *Richard* in Prison.

36

See, see a Prince, neer *Cairo* flayed quick:
See *Sapores* by his proud Victor trod:
See Monk-like shav'n our cloistred *Childerick*:
See *Denis* beare, for Scepter, Pedant 's Rod.

37

See *Gordian* there in his owne Girdle hung:
See *Phocas* bones broken with furious bats:
See *Diomede* to his own Horses flung:
To Wolves *Lycaon*, *Popiel* to Rats.

38

See, see proud *Salmon* sudden Thunder-slaine:
See *Theoderick* with horrid Terrour thrill'd:
See *Longuemare* hang'd in a golden Chain:
See a fierce Courser dragging *Brunechild*.

39

See *Attalus*, having for Court a Forge:
See *Phalaris* burnt in *Perillus* Bull:
See *Menpruce* left the greedy Wolves to gorge:
Cambyses Sword sheath'd in Himselfe to th' full.

40

Who but will feare amid the Frights of *France*;
Seeing how *Death* Two *Henries* rest of Life?
The Sire, in *Paris*, with a splinter'd Lance;
The Son, before *it* with a pois'ned Knife.

41

That *Queen*, whose Court was in a Castle coopt,
(A *Pris'ner* here; above a Princesse hop't.)
Whose royall Throne t' a *Tragick-Scaffold* stoopt,
Her head shee felt with whiffing steel off-chopt.

42

That *King*, who could within his Kingdoms drad,
See *Sol* still shine, when hence hee vanisheth;
Who past our Seas, another Empire had,
For All hee had, had but a *louzie* death.

43 VVho

43

Who more his Garden of *Salona* priz'd
Then *Rome*'s great *Empire*, & the Worlds Cõmand,
Knew well the *Cares* from *Crowns* insepariz'd;
And *Scepters* sad weight in the strongest hand.

44

Towards out End insensible wee slip:
For, speaking, sporting, laughing, snoring deep,
Death still draws on-wards: as at Sea the Ship
Sails to her Hav'n ward, though the Master sleep.

45

Death each-where kils: in hunting, *Carloman*;
In's Cave, *Caligula*; *Aristobulus*,
In Bath; by th' Altar, *Philip*; *Julian*,
In Camp; in Councell, conquering *Julius*.

46

Death seeks the *Æmathian*; and from *Nero* flies:
One in a Shallow drownes, who Seas did scape:
An *Emperour* in eating *Mushroms*, dies:
A *Holy-Father* in a *Harlots* lap.

47

No hand but serves *Death's* turn, *Edric* by's Mother;
Albion by's Wife, *Aristo* by his Friends;
By's own Son *Bajazeth*, *Conrad* by's Brother;
Mustapha, by his Sire, Self, *Cato* ends.

48

Death diversly makes him familiar here,
Henry the Black, a bit of bread could fine;
A King of *Goth's* died in a Tub of Beer,
Thalus, of thirst, of hunger *Antonine*.

49

Death, every-where, in every thing distils
Her fell Despite; Fire, Air, Earth, Ocean:
Drusus, a Peare; a Fig, *Terpander* kills,
A Fly (in drinking) choaketh *Adrian*.

50

As soon a *Soveraign*, as a *Shepheard*'s gone:
Men dying here have but one equall Quality:
By *Birth* and *Death* is Their Condition one:
Their Stay, and State, between, make th' Inequality.

51

There's no *Death Sudden* to the godly-*Wise*:
His heart goes out to meet all haps before:
When hee embarks, hee casts Wracks Jeopardies;
And when Wind serves not, he will rowe no more.

52

Not knowing then, when, where thy *death* will (snatch;
At Sea, or Land; Young, Old; Morn, Noon, or Night:
Look for it ever, every-where keep wateh:
For, what wee look-for little can affright.

53

If Infants oft no sooner breathe then dye;
If good men little last, and wicked long:
Be not too curious in that Secret's *Why*? (wrong.
Th' are stroaks of that hand which strook never

54

Why good men goe, and why th' ungodly stay,
Dispute it not, God hath permitted so.
Those *dye*, to *live*: These *live* to *dye* for aye:
These *live* at ease, Those in a world of woe.

55

If from thy Dayes thou but thy Nights subtract;
Thy sleep's, thy care's, thy maw's, thy *Muse's* waste,
What thy Wife weareth, what thy Friends exact,
Thy Griefs, thy Suits: how short a Life thou hast!

56

The Head-ach, Tooth-ach, Gout, or Fever rife,
Or Ulcer in the Leg, Stone in the Reins,
By ling'ring Drops strains out the tedious Life;
Yet art thou loth that *Death* should rid thy Paines.

57

Thy Term expir'd, thou put'st off payment yet,
And weenst to win much by som Months delay.
Sith pay thou must, wer't not as good be quit?
For, *Death* will be no gentler any day.

58

Th' affaires of *Parting* poast not to to-Morn.
For, on *Delay*, *Repentance* waits with Woe:
The Winde and Tide will in a moment turn;
All houres are good for those *resolv'd* to goe.

59

Grudging to dye in flower of thine age,
Thou griev'st to be too-soon discharg'd from prison:
Repin'st too-soon t'have done thy Pilgrimage,
Loth to have-in thy Harvest in due Season.

60

Make of thy Deeds, not of thy Dayes account:
Think not how far, but think how fair thou passest:
See to what Summe thy *Vertues* will amount;
For, Life & Gold are chose by weight, the massi'st.

61

Life's valued by th' effect, not by the age;
The labour, not the lasting praise it most:
Long hath he liv'd that liveth to be sage;
Good life (too-often) in long life is lost.

62

Long *Acts* commend not most a *Comedy*,
'Tis still esteemed as the *Parts* are plaid:
So, in our Lives, not *Years* considered be;
But, worthy *Actions* by the Wise are weigh'd.

63

Who grieves because hee liv'd not here, yer born,
A hundred years, is double worthy laughter:
But, trebble hee who at his Death doth mourn;
Sure not to live a hundred years here-after.

64

Man's not more *Happy* for *long living* here.
Number of Dayes doe not more Blisses bring:
More Compass makes not a more complete Sphere.
As round's a little, as a larger Ring.

65

And if that *Death* wait on thee, and protract;
With *Usurie*, shee 'll make thee pay it double;
Thy Joyes in Dream, thy Dolors still in act,
To make long Life a long Repenting Trouble.

66

If Hee that here, thee in his Vine-yard hir'd,
Pay thee at *Noon* thy Wages full as much
As Those that there all the whole Day have tir'd;
Why murmur'st thou? why dost thou grieve and (grutch?

67

He casts his Work well, well his Workmen kens;
Thy Slackness, Slowness, Weakness to hold out:
Therefore, yer weary, hee thy Way-fare ends;
Left staying longer, thou marre all 'tis doubt.

68

Hee gives our Task, and hee again will take it;
Who Him, unwilling; Him, unworthy serves;
Before hee call, 'tis folly to forsake it;
And who-so leaves it, to be left deserves.

69

Or first or last, on All this stamp is set;
Early or late, into This Port must Wee
Who gave the Charge, ordained the Retrait;
One self-same Law did life and death decree.

70

The more the Body dures, Soule more indures;
Never too-soon can shee from thence exile:
Pure, in shee came; there living, shee impures;
And suffers there a thousand Woes the while.

71

The Soule is forc't within the Flesh to dwell;
In danger there shee lives, and sleeps in fear:
To hatch her Bird, shee needs must break her Shell,
And think it never can too-soon appear.

72

Soule blames the Body, Body blames the Soule;
But *Death* surprising, ends their Quarrell preest:
Down goes the Body, in the Dust to roule;
The faithfull Soule, up to th' eternall Rest.

73

Death frees the Soul from Bodies wilfull Errors;
From the Soules Vices, Shee the Body saves:
The Soule's Annoyes, are to the Body Terrors;
The Bodies Torments, to the Soule are Graves

74

This Body is not Man: His Stuff's more fine;
His Beauty, with Heav'ns beauty hath Affinitie:
The Body dead, That ever-lives, divine;
Even as a Beam from the supreme *Divinity*.

75

If then the Soule, so long here languishing
Within the Body, doe not gladly part;
Shee hath forgotten her owne Source or Spring;
And that She must, from whence shee came, revert.

76

But, more then death, death's pain appalleth thee;
That's but a Stream which swiftly vanisheth:
There's, as no Pain, in that extremity:
For, th' Body, down, doth nothing feele in death.

77

Then quit those Fears that in thy phant'sie stick:
For, violent Evils have no permanence:
If that deaths Pain be keen, 'tis also quick;
And by the quickneſſe takes away the Sense.

78

To leave thy Babes behinde, thy heart it gripes;
In Whom, Thou shalt revive, from lap to lap:
Happy who hath them; for they are our Types:
And oft Who hath None, 's happy by mis-hap.

79

To leave thy Wife thou wail'st, well worth excu-
'T's a necessary Ill, Good stranger-like; (sing;
Which, cleerest Eyes (Selfe-wise) too-oft mischu-
In little Flesh find many Bones to pick. sing,

80

Th' art loth to leave the *Court's* delights, devices,
Where None lives long unbrav'd, or unabhorred:
Where treason's prudence; where the *vertues vices:*
Where som no eyes, & where som have no forehead.

81

The Mariner, that runs from Rock to Rock,
From Wrack to Wrack, dwelling in dangers rife,
Wave's ball, wind's thrall, & tempest's shuttle-cock,
Would not exchange His for the Courtiers life.

82

The Court beguiles thee as black-Angel-Bands,
In giving Leaves for Fruits to *Circe* 's Sisters:
Their brightest Torches are but funerall Brands:
And, in the *Court*, *All is not Gold that glisters.*

83

Thou would'st in Death *revenge* thy wronged (Worth,
Make known thy love, have shown thy brave ambi-
Why fram'st thou not thy *death* unto thy *birth*, (tiõ:
Wch brought thee naked forth, and void of passion?

84

Fain would'st thou see thy *Learning's fruit* (haps)
Ripe, yet thou rot; that's but a vain Desire:
Art, now a-dayes, may starve, while *Ignorance*
Hath Shades for Summer; and for Winter, Fire.

85

All day thou trudgest thorow thick and thin,
For that dull Bulk which doth thee daily brave:
Phinice wreaths Ropes, which ay his Ass-winds-in:
The soule that serves the Body is a Slave.

86

As many steps in Death as Life wee tread:
Esteem for Deaths, all daies since thou hadst breath;
To come's not Thine; *Present*, is instant fled:
And *Time*, in time, is over-comn by *Death*.

87

When Man's imbarkt on th' *Universall* Deck,
Hee neither swiften can his Course, nor slack it:
Tide, Wind and Weather are not at his beck;
And, To put back, hath many often wracked.

88

Som, sometimes grieve for one that gladly dyes:
Socrates joyes sith wrong hee *suffereth*:
Xantippa melts in Tears; Hee laughs, Shee cryes:
Diversly judging of these Darts of *Death*.

89

To run unto this *Death*, is *Desp'rate* rage:
Wise-*Patience* onely waits it every-where:
Who scorns it, showes a *Resolution* sage:
For, Cowards fly it, and the Idiots feare.

90

When the last Sand of our last Glasse goes out,
Without recoyling, wee must step our last:
As, without grudge or noise, dislodge the Stout;
And when they must goe, stay not to be chac't.

91

The *Pilgrim* longs to have his Journey done;
The Mariner would fain be off the Seas:
The Work-man joyes to end his Work begun;
And yet man mournes to finish his Disease.

92

For a short time Thy Sun is over-cast:
But, thou shalt once re-see't more bright then ever:
And that same Day, wchere thou think'st thy last,
Is a New-birth Day, to be ended never.

93

What wrong doth *Death*, I pre-thee Worldling (say,
When, loosing (under hope of happier matches),
Curting thy Life, hee takes thy Card away;
And when, to save thy Life, thy Light he snatches?

94

Fear'st thou, Faint heart, that narrow Plank to pass
Which God himself hath gon; which all men must?
That like a Child, held by the sleeve (alas!)
With Eye still glancing on the brim thou go'st?

95 Beyond

95

Beyond it, thou shalt see those pleasant Plains,
Whose boundles Beauty all discourse transcendeth:
Where Kings & Subjects souls have fellow Raigns,
On blessed Thrones, whose Glory never endeth.

96

What shalt thou see more, for more living Here?
This Heav'n, this Sun, thou oft before hast seen:
And should'st thou live another *Plato's* Year,
This World would be the same that it hath been.

97

Death's end of Ills, and onely Sanctuary
Of him that cannot scape the Grudge, the Gall
Of a severe Judge and proud adversary:
It is a point which Heav'n appoints to All.

98

At that Divorce sigh Bodies, Soules do solace:
Th' Exile exulteth at his home-Retrait:
This Bodie 's but the Inne, 'tis not the Palace:
Th' immortall Soule hath an immortall Seat.

99

Death's as the Dawning of that happy day,
Where without Setting shines th' Eternall Sun,
Where-in who walk, can never, never stray:
Nor fear they Night who to the Day-ward run.

100

There's Rest eternall for thy *Labours* rife:
There's for thy *Bondage* boundlesse *Liberty*:
There, when *Death* endeth, she begins thy life.
And where's no more Time, there's *Eternity*.

FINIS.

MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

VVritten in Tablets, or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Translated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, ROBERT DE'UREUX, *Earle of Essex and Ew, &c.*

Our double *Title to* My single *heart*
Both by your Purchase, *and your Parents* Right;
Claims *both a better and a greater Part*
Of gratefull Service, *then this slender* Mite.
Yet, sith (to profit *more then* please*) I write,*
More sighs then songs (lesse us'd to smiles then smart)
Disdain not These Restrainers of delight;
Though bitter, fitter, then the Smoothing *Art,*
To keep *the* Minde *and* Bodie *both in* Health;
To coole *the Fits of* Lust, Ambition, Pride
(Surfaits of Ease, Youth, Liberty, and Wealth)
And cure *all sicknesse of the Soule, beside.*
Whence, Ever free; and full of every Good
From GOD and Men, be ESSEX Noble Bud.

Ex Animo exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

1

THat height of Kings Crowns Honour, *Worthies* (wonder,
Is now but winde, dust, shade. Hee, whose Approach
Appall'd the Proudest. whom all trembled under,
A cursed base hand butcherd in his *Coach*.

2

All Triumph, yesterday; to-day, all Terror:
Nay; the fair Morning over-cast yet Even;
Nay; one short Hour saw, live & dead, Wars mirror,
Having *Death's* speed-stroak undiscerned given.

3

In all this World, all's fickle; nought is firm:
It is a Sea *sans* Safety, Calm, or Port:
Lawes, Cities, Empires, have but here their Term:
What ever's born must under death resort.

4

Time flits as Winde, and as a Torrent swifteth:
It passeth quick, and nought can stop it flying:
Who knowes what ills it every moment drifteth,
Deems, that to leave to live, is to leave dying.

5

Man in the Womb knowes nothing of his State:
(A wile of *Nature*) for, there, had he Reason, (Fate;
Hee should fore-know this Worlds too-wretched
And rather would intomb him in that Prison.

6

Our birth begins our beer; our death, our breath:
On that Condition here aboord wee come:
To be's as not to be: Birth is but Death:
There's but a Sigh from Table to the Tomb.

7

Life's but a Flash, a Fume, a Froth, a Fable,
A Puste, a Picture, in the Water seeming;
A waking dream, dreams shadow, shadowes Table,
Troubling the Brain with idle Vapours steeming.

8

Life, to the life, The *Chess-board* lineats;
Where *pawns* & *kings* have equal portion: (mates:
This leaps, that limps, this checks, that necks, that
Their Names are diverse; but their Wood is one.

9

Death, Exile, Sorrow, Fear, Distraction, Strife,
And all those evils, seen before suspected;
Are not the Pains but Tributes of this Life;
Whence, Kings no more than Carters are protected.

10

No: *Sacraments* have been no *Sanctuary*
From *Death*; Not *Altars*, for Kings *offring-up*:
Th' Hell-*hallow'd Host* poysons *Imperiall Harry*:
Pope Victor dies drinking th' *immortall Cup*.

11

Thou ow'st thy Soul to Heav'n: to pay that *Debt*
Be not compell'd; *Christians* are willing Payers:
But, yet, thy Soul as a good Guest intreat;
Whom no good Host will tumble down the stairs.

12

'Tis better fall, than still to fear a fall:
'Tis better die, than to be still a-dying:
The end of Pain, ends the Complaint withall:
And nothing grieves that comes but once, & flying.

13

This Life's a Web, wov'n fine for som, som gross;
Som Hemp, som Flax, som longer, shorter som:
Good and Ill haps are but the Threds a-crosse:
And first or last, *Death* cuts it from the Loom.

14

'These Names, which make some blubber, som so (brave,
(Names sprung frō injury, or frō ambition)
In *Death* are equall: *Earle*, and *Sir*, and *Slave*,
Under *His* Empire, are in one condition.

15

For Friends deceast, cease not repast nor sleep;
Such sorrow Suits not th' *Intellectuall* part:
Who wails man *death*, that he was man doth weep:
And, that he promis'd, comming, to depart.

16

The young and old goe not as equall pac't:
Th' one ambles swift, the other gallopeth:
'Tis good to die, yet wee our life distaste,
A valiant Man should dare to feel his Death.

17

Happy who leave the world when first they com;
Th' Air, at the best, is here contagious thick:
Happy that Child, who issuing from the Wombe
Of 's *Spanish* Mother, there returned quick.

18

The Bodie's Torments are but twigs to beat
And hrush the Dust from *Vertues* pleights about;
And make the passions of the soule more neat:
As th' air is purest when the winds roare out.

19

Grieving that *death* shuts not thine eyes at home,
And where the heav'ns vouchsaf't them first to ope;
Thou fear'st the earth too little for thy Tombe,
And heav'n too narrow for thy Corpses cope.

20

Heav'ns no lesse Order have, than at their Birth,
Nor influence: Sun, Moon, and Stars, as bright;
All hold their owne; Fire, Water, Air, and Earth;
Man, man alone 's fall'n from his *pristine* plight.

21

Worldling, thou saist, 'Tis yet not time to mend;
But, God hates sinners that in sin delight:
To grossest sinners doth he mercy send;
But not to sinners sinning in despight.

22

Who, Morn and Even doth of himselfe demand
Account of all that he hath *done, said, thought*;
Shall finde him much eas'd, when he comes to stand
To that Account where all shall once be brought.

23

For bitter Checks that make thy Cheeks to flame,
And to thy teeth tell Truths, thou hast no action:
To do the Evill, sith thou hadst no shame,
Be not asham'd to suffer thy correction.

24

Perhaps this Child shall rich or poor become:
Perhaps a wretch, perhaps a liberall:
Perhaps a Wise-man, and perhaps a Mome:
But, past perhaps, assured, die he shall.

25

When wine runs low, it is not worth the sparing;
The worst and least doth to the bottome dive:
Wrong not thy leasure (years vouchsafe) in daring:
But some-times look into thy Grave, alive.

26

Sinner, thy God is not inexorable;
No *Radamanth*, *Returning* hearts to hate:
There is no sin, in heav'n *unpardonable*;
Nor no *Repentance* in this life too late.

27

The eye that fixtly the Sun-beams beholds,
Is sudden daz'd: So, in Gods judgements high,
Mens eleerest judgements are as blind as Moules,
None, none but Eagles can the Lightning eye.

28

O wretched *Vertue!* wretched is thy stare;
For, Fortune hath the fruit, Thou scarce the flower:
Thou art a Stranger at thy proper Gate,
Thy friends thence banisht and thy foes in bower.

29

Man, *Knowledge* still, to the last gaspe affecteth;
In learning *Socrates* lives, grayes, and dyes,
Free from *death*'s process *knowledge* none protect-
But, to learn well *to die*, is to be *Wise*. (eth:

30

To live, is to begin One-work, and end it;
Life hath, with All, not same Repute, Report;
'T's an exile, to the Sot; Sage, Journey ween'd it:
Wherein he walks, not as the common-sort.

31

For, having a good Prince, Peers just and wise,
Obedient people, Peace concluded fast,
A State's not sure: Storms after Calms arise;
And fairest dayes have foulest over-cast.

32

Man, though thou be from heav'n Originary,
Presume not yet to peer thee with thy God:
Hee's Soveraign King; thou but his Tributary:
Hee's every where, thou but in one poor clod.

33

Of Elephants the biggest leads the Band;
The strongest Bull over the Heard doth raign:
But, him behooves who will mankind command,
Not ablest body, but the aptest brain.

34

Kings Majesty seems as eclipsed much,
Unlesse great Servants in great Troops attend:
'Tis sure an honour to be serv'd by such;
But on their Faith 'tis fearfull to depend.

35

To build a Palace, rarest stones are sought:
To build a Ship, best timber is selected:
But to instruct young Princes (as they ought)
Ought all the *Vertues* to be there collected.

36

Art's now-adayes a *Desart* desolate:
Kings gracious Raies are there no more discern'd:
Philosophers wait at the Wealthies Gate,
And rarely rich men do regard the learn'd.

37

Th' hand bindeth not except the heart with-go:
What comes not thence, nor thank, nor thought de-
Hee giveth All that doth Himself bestow; (serves.
He nothing gives who but his heart reserves.

38

That curious thirst of Travaile to and fro,
Yeelds not the fruit it promis'd men in mind:
Changing their Air, their humours change not tho;
But, many Lodgings, and few Friends they find.

39

In vain the Soule hath Reason's attribute,
Which unto *Reason* cannot Sense submit:
For, Man (alas!) is bruter than a Brute,
Unlesse that *Reason* bridle *Appetite*.

40

Self-swelling *Knowledge*, wits own Overbearer,
Proves *Ignorance*, and finds it nothing knowes:
It flyes the Truth to follow Lyes and Error,
And when most right it weens, most wry it goes.

41

The Vicious trembles, alwayes in Alarms:
Th' eye of the Vertuous keeps him as at bay: (arms,
When all the World fear'd *Rome's* All-reaching
One vertuous *Cato* did all *Rome* dismay.

42

Vice blinds the soule, and understanding clogs,
Makes good of ill, takes foule for fairest look,
Yea, Dirt for Dainties: so live loathsome Frogs,
Rather in puddles, than in purest Brook.

43 In

43

In greatest Houses Vice hath battered,
Whose honours though no less have shined bright:
What are the Graceless to the Good? Not dead,
But living branches, in the tree have right.

44

If Men might freely take Essay of Court;
None, having tasted, would return so neer:
The happiest there meets many a Spight in Sport,
And knowes too-well he buyes his Weal too-dear.

45

To love None, All to doubt; to fain, to flatter;
To form new faces, and transform true hearts;
To offer Service, and flie-off in Matter;
Are *Courtiers* Lessons, and their ground of *Arts*.

46

Set not thy Rest on *Court*, Sea's barren sand;
There grows no goodness; good, there, evill grows:
Rest's Temple yerst did forth the *Citie* stand:
No Sent's so sweet as is the *Country* Rose.

47

Who weens in *Court* to thrive, will finde him (weak,
Without two Aiders; *Impudence*, *Immunity*:
For first behooves him his own brows to break,
Yer Others heads hee break with *Importunity*.

48

Who is not sorry for Time's loss, in stay
For Kings slow Favours, seems to have no sense:
The losse of Goods, a Prince may well repay,
But losse of Time Kings cannot recompence.

49

Is't not the Top of Follies Top, to note
An old *Sir Tame-ass* gallanting in Court,
To play the Yonker, and Swan-white to dote
On *Venus* Dovelings, in despight of Sport?

50

A mean man hardly scapes the mightie's claws;
Hee's as a Mouse play'ng by a sleeping Cat;
Who lets it run, then locks it in her paws:
And all her sports boad but the death of That.

51

Worlds *Vanitie* is rife in every place,
(Alas!) that good Wits should be 'witched so!)
Maskt in the Church, in Court with open Face.
For there's the place her perfectly to know.

52

By evill Manners is good Nature marr'd;
None falls at once, all *Vertue* to defie.
Vice, in the Soule is a strange plant transferr'd:
And wert not dressed, it would quickly die.

53

With By-respects Impietie wee cover:
Earth more than Heav'n is priz'd among us now:
At God's great *Name* we scarce our heads uncover;
When Kings are named, every knee doth bow.

54

Disorder Order breeds: good lawes have sprung
From evill lives: Would All keep *Justice* line,
In *Westminster* there wond be soon lesse Throng,
Less work, less wrack, less words for *Mine* & *Thine*.

55

Law-tricks now stript the People to their shirt:
Shift is their Shield, Gold is their onely god:
Wasps break the Web, Flies are held fast and hurt:
The Guilty quit, the Guiltlesse under-trod.

56

There's now no trust: Brother bet raies his Bro- (ther:
Faith's but a phant'sie, but by fooles esteem'd:
Friend's false to Friend; and all deceive each-other;
Th' Ivie puls down the Wall by which it clim'd.

57

Treasons be Trifles: Man's a Wolfe to Man:
Crimes be but Crums; Vice is for Vertue vanted;
Sodom's and *Cypris* sinnes wee suffer can:
And Impious tricks in all their tracks are hanted.

58

In perfect'st men some imperfection's found,
Some-what amiss among their *good* is seen:
Gold, and pure Gold we dig not from the ground;
There's Dust and Drosse, and grosser stuffe between.

59

Merit, of old did *Friendship* feed and fix;
Where now-adayes 'tis founded all on profit,
With deep-dissembling and deceitfull-tricks,
And evermore the Poor is frustrate of it.

60

Th'Earth cannot fill thy hearts unequall Angles,
Thy heart's a Triangle, the earth's a Round:
A Triangle is fill'd but with Triangles:
And th' infinite the finite cannot bound.

61

'T's a *Death* to die far from ones Native Citie:
Yet *Death*'s not milder there, than else about:
Death, without ROME, did not *Rutilius* pitie;
Neither, within ROME, Him that nere went out.

62

When Man is com'n to th' old last cast of Age,
When Nature can no longer lend nor borrow;
Hee thinks not yet to pack and leave the Stage;
But still, still hopes to live untill to-morrow.

63

Fain, would'st thou flie *Love's* wanton *Luxury*?
Cut off occasions: speak far-off: flie Fitnesse:
Shun Solitude: live still in Company:
They fall alone that would not fall with witnesse.

64

Muse not to see the wicked prosper faire:
The Sun his Shine even unto Theeves doth give:
When of their Patients Leaches do despaire,
They give them over as they list to live.

65

Slander is worset than Hels burning Torture,
The force more fierce, the heat more vehement:
Hell after Death, doth but the guilty martyr;
Slander, alive, torments the Innocent.

66

Affliction razes, and then raises hearts:
As, under weight, victorious Palms are wont:
As, under seales the Wax doth swell (in part):
Under the Cross the Soule to Heav'n doth mount.

67

Envie, in vain pure *Vertues* Anvill bites,
Breaking her Teeth: as on a stone the Cur,
That barks of Custom, rather than Despight,
At every poor and harmelesse passenger.

68

Envie's a Torture which doth men molest;
Even from their birth; yer they ought else can do:
Behold two Infants nurled at one Brest;
They cannot brook their Teat for meat to Two.

69 This

69

This is the Ods twixt Honest men and Knaves;
Th' one tels his Neighbour, All mine owne is mine,
And all thine too: The other (voyd of Braves)
Saith, Thine's not Mine; but what I have is Thine.

70

What *Envie* likes not, that shee makes a Fault:
Joseph with *Ismael*, for his Dream was barter'd:
Abels pure Offring to his End him brought:
And for the *Truth* the Innocent are martyr'd.

71

Flat-Cap, for whom hoord'st thou thy heaped (Treasures?
Thy bodies Sweat, thy Souls dear Price (poor Sot!)?
Sir Prodigo-all (thine Heir) in *Proteus* pleasures,
Will waste in one day, All thine Age hath got.

72

True *Liberalitie* would bee in tire:
Yet not at-once, at all times, and to all.
One may mis-give, to give yet once require:
Yet Gifts un-asked sweetest Gifts I call.

3

Content with Fruits from thine owne Labour
A fore-hand still, a set Revenue save: (grow'n,
For, hee's a Foole in more respects than one,
That spends his Store, or more, before hee have.

74

Their is no Goodnesse in a groveling heart,
Bent on the World, bound to this Rock below:
Were not the Moone so neer his Neather part,
Shee would not, could not, be *Eclipsed* so.

75

Goods are great Ils to those that cannot use them:
Misers mis-keep, and Prodigals mis-spend them:
Hel-hounds, to hasten toward hell, abuse thē (thē.
As wings to heav'n-ward, heav'n-bent-souls extend

76

Presumptuous spirits spring not frō right *nobility*:
Courage, that comes from *Pride*, proves never true:
Pride ruines hearts, whose Raiser is Humility,
The humble Shepheard the proud Gyant slew.

77

Pride glitters oft under an humble Weed:
Oft lovely Names are given to loath'd Effects;
Men sooth them in the Cause, to 'scuse th' ill deed:
And blame Light, rather than their Sights defects.

78

A *Prudent* man is, for himselfe, sought-forth:
He's more admir'd than what the world most vants:
Praises are due unto ones proper Worth:
Not purest Gold adds price to *Diamants*.

79

Th' *Humble*, doth Others prize; Himself depress:
Save against *Pride* hee never bends his Browes:
The more his *Vertue* mounts him, counts him less:
God th' *humble Sinner*, not *Proud Just*, allowes.

80

O! *Hypocrite*, which hast but *Vertue's* Vaile,
Seem what thou art, and what thou seemest bee:
To hide thy filth, all thy Fig-leaves will faile:
Thou canst not hide thee from thy God, nor Thee.

81

Mock-*Saints*, whose Soul-weal on your Works (you lay,
With eyes and hands to Heav'n, while heart's else-
For shame ye durst not to the least man say, (where:
What you (profane) dare whisper in Gods eare.

82

Gold's fin'd in fire: Soules in *Affliction* better:
Moths gnaw the Garment locked in the chest:
Still water stinks, unwholsome, black and bitter:
Swords rust in Sheathes, and so do Soules in Rest:

83

Op'ning thy Soule to God, close Mouth frō men;
Nor let thy Thoughts roame from thy due Intent.
God sees the hearts, his judgement soundeth them,
And Them confounds whose Words and Deeds (dissent.

84

Gamesters may well All to-morrow post;
To see or to be seen, th' have never leasure:
With adverse Windes their minds are ever tost;
Loss bringing griefe, more than the Gain brings (pleasure.

85

To Shun Affaires, behooves exceeding heed:
Troubles unsent-for, and unlookt-for, haste;
Un-set, un-sow'n, too-early growes the Weed:
Wee meet too-soon the Care we hoped past.

86

All *Idlenesse* dis-natures Wit, dis-nerves-it;
A mod'rate Travell makes it quick, addrest:
Sloath quels and kils it; Exercise preserves it:
But hee's not free that hath no time to rest.

87

Who seeketh Rest in troublous Managings,
Thinks to find Calm amid Tempestuous Seas:
The World and Rest are two, two adverse things:
Thick streams re-cleer when storms and stirrings (cease.

88

Fortune in *Court* is fickle, apt to vary:
Favours sort seldome to the Suiters minde:
They many times even in the port mis-carry:
The hotter Sun, the blacker shade they finde.

89

Gifts, honours, office, greatness, grace of Kings,
Are but the Ushers of Adversitie:
For their last mischief have the *Ennuets* Wings:
And height of Health betokens sicknesse nie.

90

Youth hath more lures, more traps, more trains
Than Fowler Gins, or Baits the Fisher-man: (to ill,
Age would, but cannot what it would, fulfill:
Senex, thou leav'st not sin: sin leaves thee than.

91

Th' Eye tends to beauty as the Center of-it:
After the Eyes, Heart and Affections draw:
'Tis hard to keep safe what so-many covet:
For, mens Desires Kings cannot keep in Awe.

92

All Good or Ill-hap, that here happens thee,
Comes from *Opinion* (which all ruling seems).
Opinion makes us other than wee be:
Hee's not *unhappy*, who him *happy* deems.

93

From contrary Effects is formed sadnesse:
Both Smoak & Smiles have made the eys to water.
Who sow in Tears, shall one day reap in Gladnesse:
Who sow in Joyes, shall reap Annoyes hereafter.

94

Let's leave out I, and No, in Conversation:
Words now transposed, and *wax-noses*, Both,
By ROMUS *new* Doctrine of *Equivocation*,
Which gives a Lye the credit of an Oath.

95 *Friends*

95

Friends, now-adayes, wake at the noise of Gain.
As Bees to flow'rs, as Crowes to Carion haste,
As Flies to Flesh, as Birds and Ants to Grain:
So Friends to profit thickly flock and fast.

96

Who reaves thine honour, scoffs, if hee presume
T'have done thee favour, that thy life hee left:
Why should the Bird live, having lost her Plume?
The rest is nothing when the Honour's reft.

97

Little sufficeth Life in th'un-delicious;
The Sun for need may somtimes dress our victuall:
Same, alike, the *Cynick* and *Apicius*;
This, for his too-too-much; That's, too-too-little.

98

Too-oft is made too-ill Interpretation
Of words and deeds best meant & built on reason:
All's evill to the Evill, by Selfe-flation: (son.
Whence Bees their Honey, Spiders suck their Poy-

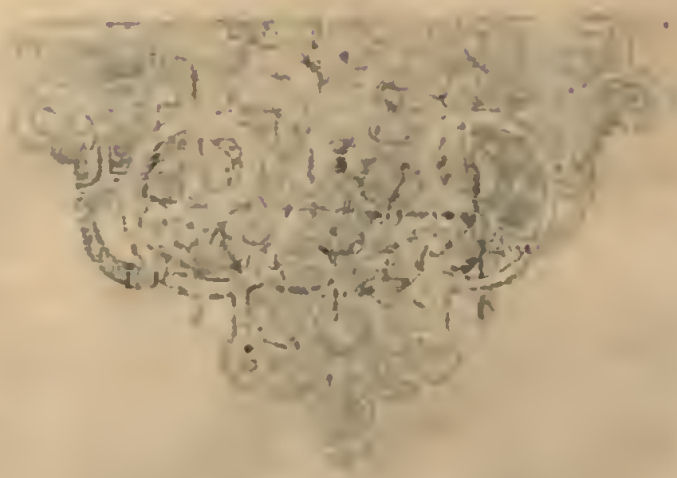
99

Happy the People where *Just-Gentle Prince*-is:
Whose Sword is *Justice*, and whose Shield is *Love*.
For These, *Augustus Deified* long-since-is:
And without These, Kings Scepters maimed prove.

100

Good-hap, Good-heart, Favour, and Labour met,
Bring Men to Riches and to Honors heer;
But that's the Way about: To be born *Great*,
Is great Advantage; Not to buy so deer.

FINIS.



St. *LEWIS*, THE KING;

OR

A LAMP OF GRACE, LIHGTNING THE GREAT (*in the right way*) TO GLORY.

Translated; and *Dedicated*
To My gracious Lord, Prince CHARLES.

Ot that your Highneſſe *needs My mean* Direction
(*Having, within, a* Princely ſpirit *for Guide*;
Without, your Parent; *round about, beſide,*
Precepts *and* Patterns *of Divine* Perfection)
Preſume I thus to bring (in dim reflection)
This forrain LAMP (*admired farre and wide*):
But as an humble Gift *this* New-years-Tide,
To intimate my Faith, *and my* Affection.
Your gracious *hand thus bindes my* gratefull *heart*
To Offer *Heav'n my* Vowes; *and You my* Verſe,
For that Deliverance *You have daign'd, in part,*
To my poor Hopes *wrackt in your* Brothers *Herſe.*
You have begun: *Vouchſafe mee*, Sacred Pow'rs,
You may go-on, *and make mee* wholly yours
In Effect
as
In Affection

To Your Highneſs *Service*
humbly devoted,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AD
EUNDEM PRINCIPEM
OPT. MAX.
EPIGRAMMA;

Ex Lat. I.O. *converſ.*

WIll, Reaſon, Senſe, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;
Each, in his Office, in Thee acts his Part:
Thy Will, thy Wit; Thy Senſe, thy Reaſon ſwayes;
Thy Heart, thy Head, in every point obayes.
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-ſtiled Princes *Three*:
HENRY was *Fourth*: CHARLES the *Fifth* GREAT ſhall be.

Ejuſdem

Auguſtiſsimi
ANAGRAMMA

Quadruplex.

CAROLUS STUARTUS, Princeps.
1. Tu, *Cyrus*: pulcra Spes noſtra
CHARLES STUART.
2. *Arthur's Caſtle.*
3. *Hear'ts Laſt Cure.*
4. *Art's Chaſt Lure.*

In ARTHUR'S CASTLE, lies my HEART'S LAST CURE:
To which I haſten, draw'n by ART'S CHAST LURE.

A HYMN OF St. LEWIS (The Ninth of that Name) *KING OF FRANCE.*

OF all the KINGS, admired over All,
Whose *Prudence* swai'd this Crown Imperiall,
Whose *Prowesse* most our *Lilies* Bounds inlarg'd,
Whose *Justice* best their charge in *Peace* discharg'd,
Whom most the raies of glorious greatness crown'd,
Who brightest shin'd, who was the most renown'd,
Most magnifi'd for Manly Conquering
Within the World the World: was th' *Holy King*,
From whose chaste loins, frō out whose loyall bloud
Th' *Heroick* Stems of Royall BOURBON's bud;
Famous St. LEWIS; Good KINGS *President*,
Who, for his CHRIST, & for his *Cross*, him spent:
Who by his Valour so renown'd his Name,
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:
And Who, to free, from captive Fury fell,
The Fields where yerst our *Captain* conquer'd Hell
(Courageous *Zeal* setting his Soule on fire)
Led armed FRANCE against the *Asians* ire.
When I his *Vertues* read, and *Acts* so great,
Which him so high among the *Saints* have set;
And here below so lasting glory won,
I judge them scarce Works of a meerly Man;
But, of an Angell in Mans shape bedight,
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right;
Amaz'd to see, among so many Sins
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds and begins,
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet Baits
Intrap the wariest with their wily Sleights;
A KING to curb him so in Power supreme,
To *watch* himselfe so with such care extreme,
As not to taste *Delight* (of any kinde)
Which *Reason* bars a brave and noble Minde:
But, so *upright* in VERTUE's track to tread,
That even in Earth a Heav'nly Life hee led.
For, never was there more accomplisht KING,
Whose royall heart had more replenishing
Of *Princely Vertues*, fit for Powerfull hand,
Or to be wisht in Minds of High command.
Nay; would the Heav'ns, their Treasures all produ-
All Gifts of Body and of Minde conducing, (cing,
Mould for Mankinde a *Prince* or *Potentate*
Worthy to govern th' UNIVERSALL State;
They could not give the *World* (and Wee, much less,
With) *One* more worthy; with more due Addresse
To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,
In stormfull Times so apt to over-whelm.
So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,
When hee was destin'd to *These* Managings,
Milde and propitious, in his heart connext,
First *fear* of GOD, and *love of* JUSTICE next:
VERTUES, whose *habit Happinesse* doth nourish:
Makes *Common-wealth* flow, and *the Church* to flou-
Serves best for *Base* to each illustrious *State*: (rish:
Gives mightiest KINGS calme *Crowns*, & fortunate:
Causeth their Subjects *fear* them *lovingly*:
Keeps them, *in Dangers*, ever danger-free.
For, the *Almighty* printing in their Face
Milde-*Majesty*, sweet *Terrour*, dreadfull-*Grace*,
And heaping *Hap* upon them every-where;
The *Good* fear for them; Them, the *Evill* fear.
How many brave Magks left his noble Minde
Of th' Happinesse these *Vertues* bring Mankinde;
When, full of Constancy, hee durst maintain,
That, raigning for Him, Who made him to raign,
These sacred *Twins*, nigh from the world dispell'd,
As in their *Temple*, in his Bosom dwell'd,
Guided *his* Person, govern'd his Affairs,
Counsell'd his Counsells, qualifi'd his Cares,
Steer'd all his Course through all his *Voyage* here,
As men their Ships by Card and Compasse steer!
These making him with rarest spirits compeer,
In holy pride, Hee even despised here
The Kings, that, puft with glory of a Throne,
Commanded all, except themselves alone.
By th' one, hee happied his own Soule with Rest:
By th' other also, hee his People blest.

By th' one, becomming to himselfe severe,
Hee rul'd himselfe, kept his own Power in feare:
By th' other giving free Course to the Law,
Hee kept his Subjects in; and happy, saw
Through all his kingdome *Peace* and *Plenty* flowr
In basest Grange, as well as golden Bowr. (gone,
But twelve times *Sol* through the 12, Signes had
When Heav'ns assign'd him to his Fathers Throne;
And to the hands of his Man-Childehood left
The glorious Burthen of This Scepters heft:
But, as in th' Orchards at *Monceaux* or *Blois*,
The Gardners Care over some Graftlings choice,
The second year of their adoption there,
Makes them as good and goodly fruits to bear,
As Trees whose Trunk and branched Top bewraies
Their Months as many as the Other's daies;
Through the Heav'ns favour, & Earth's fruitfulnes,
Shewing that God their yong first-fruits doth bless:
His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*
Brought forth th' effects of a mans perfect age;
Disproving quite his feeble signes of youth,
And proving him invincible (in truth)
Against vain *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:
Against all *Perills*, *Death* it Selfe contemning:
Against all *Passions*, ever them resisting:
Against all *Crosses*, constant aye persisting.
For, look how low, his heart in humble Awe
Hee bow'd to God, and bended to the Law;
As high hee mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,
Above the World, Fortune, and All (beside)
Whose Vanity, with false glosse gilded o'r,
Fond Mortals most desire, admire, adore:
Desiring onely, with that holy *Mary*
(For his degree) That *One thing necessary*;
Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein
Th' Almighty Worker's wondrous hand is seen:
Adoring none but th' Everlasting *One*;
Him loving best; fearing but HIM alone.
Then, bearing aye *This Oracle* impreft
Within the Center of his royall breft,
That, *A sincere and true-Religious* KING,
Feared of all, needs fear at all no-Thing;
Where Hee whose Soule hath not This Fear in-laid,
Of none is feared, but of All affraid.
Arm'd with *this Breft-plate*, as with stronger arms
Then those (of old) blest with inchanting charms,
Hee brav'd all Perils that his Prowesse met:
And his calm Spirit, amid a Storm so great
As would have cast Youth in a swoun insensible,
Shew'd *Resolution* of a heart invincible;
Appearing such, indeed, as Painters fain
Great *Hercules*, when, *Juno*'s fell disdain
Pursuing him, hee Monsters quaif'd and kill'd;
A man in Courage, though in Age a Childe.
Which well hee prov'd to those *Rebellious Peers*,
Who, making light of his then-tender yeers,
And measuring his in-side by his age,
Troubled his State with storms of *Civill Rage*;
Armed against him many a Tower and Town,
Aimed by Ambush to surprise his *Crown*.
When hee, to heal, by necessary Ill,
This Ill, before th' Imposthume over fill,
With Sword in hand their first Assault prevents;
And, as his Subjects, bravely them convents,
To come and cast them arm-lesse at his feet:
Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet;
From him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they be)
Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,
Revenge, or *Pardon*, of their past Mis-deeds,
And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.
The one, his Power should presse them to, perforce;
Th' other their Duties, urged with Remorse:
If their blinde Fury did the one contemn,
Th' other should pour death and disgrace on them.
O! how the words of a brave *Prince* prevail!
This daring speech did so their Courage quail,
That though the cold yee of a prudent fear
Did not forth-with put-out there frenzy there;
Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,
And all their flame turn'd hut to fume, in fine.
Yea, those, whose Fury dream 't a *Diadem*,
Their Side abandon; and, dis-banding them,
Reject their vain Hopes; and, in season, fly
To the Kings Mercy for their Remedy.
Others, more dreading Rigor of the Law,
Under protection of the *English* draw:
Gilding their Guilt with frivolous pretences,
Arming their weak Cause with as weak defences;
Till, but increasing their dishonour hy 't
Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,
They're also fain to beg his Bounty royall,
Ill worthy them, so obstinate-Disloyall. (ger,
What proofs of *Prowesse*, what contempt of dan-
Expreft this Prince upon the envious Stranger,
On crystall *Charant*, in *Xantognian* Coast,
When false *la-March*, backt with a forrain Host,
Mustred against him, from so many parts.
So many Groves of Lances, Pikes and Darts?
There *France* and *England*, fully bent to fight,
Had both their Armies in their Order pight;
From Either side mount winged clouds amain;
On Either side they poure their Showers again:
While silver *Charant*, to have barr'd their Teen,
Her swelling shoulders did oppose between.
This River makes the Reed-crown'd banks to kiss,
By th' arched favour of a Bridge there is:
Whose gain or loss (besides the honour) boads,
Or bars, the Prize of *Victory*, by ods:
The *English*, friended by a Fort at hand,
Which proudly did the neighbour Plains command,
Had won this Passage, and were passing on
Cheerly to end their *Victory* begun:
When *Lewis*, rushing to the Bridge, the first,
Repels the Foe, and puts him to the worst;
With dead and wounded all the place hee paves,
And, then *Horatius*, braver him behaves:
Re-heartens His: re-haleth from the Foe
Fair *Victory*, ready with them to goe:
Standing alone, as a firm rock, a-front,
Almost alone, to bear the Battels brunt;
As th' onely mark of many thousand Darts
At him alone still aimed from all parts:
Till at the last, by his example prest,
Hee winning all, his Army won the rest;
VVhen, if his *Courage* shin'd in Conquering,
More did his *Mildnesse* in the Managing.
VVho can recount, and yet who would conceal,
Th' illustrious *Vertues*, whose industrious zeal

O'r

O'r all the World his honours blazed yerst,
After these mists, these first clouds, were dispersst,
And scatter'd all by the bright-shining Rayes
Of this new Sun, in Summer of his dayes,
When (*Europe*'s Umpire) making *Peace* with men,
Hee *War* proclaim'd against their *Vices* then?
The glorious VVorks his Royall *Vertues* did,
Cannot, without impietie, be hid;
Although, without diminishing their Worth,
My *Muse* (alas!) can never set them forth:
For, of all *Vertues* sacred Tracts (least rife)
His *Life*'s a Picture, limned to the life,
And such a Pattern, as to match again,
The wish is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:
Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, and worthy Table
To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.
So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,
I over-reach, in stead of reaching Him:
And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)
Sounding his Praise, rather my Selfe I shame.
In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* enroll'd:
His Royall *Gests* are yet in *Asia* told;
In *Afrike*, yet his *Valour* is renown'd:
Through *Europe* ever shall his *Vertues* sound;
And every-where *Ninth* LEWIS (*Great* in Fame)
Seems, not a Man's but very VERTUE's Name.
Never did *Faith*, *Honour*, *Uprightnesse*, raign,
With *Constancy*, in Soule of SOVERAIN
More pious-given, more fearing-God, more Foe
To Idol-Rites (Religion's overthrow);
Nor more desirous *Vertue* to prefer,
To propagate CHRIST's *Kingdome* every-where,
To root-out *Vice*, to raze *Idolatry*,
And raise the *Trophees* of TRUTH's *Victory*.
Burning with this Desire (his best Delight)
In *Africk*, twice, Hee *Crossed* Standards pight,
Expos'd his Life unto the chance of Wat;
By Sea and Land adventur'd oft, and far:
Where, seeking Death, at last, hee Durance fand
Within a faith-lesse, love-lesse, law-lesse, Land;
Where Hee, as Gain, and as to raign, did take,
To serve and suffer for his *Saviours* sake.
But, all the Battels, won and lost, to sing,
Abroad atchieved by this Valiant King:
The Sack of *Damiere*, and the bloudy Spoil
Of *Saracens*, both on the Shores of *Nile*,
And of the Sea, thrice strewed (as it were)
With Carcases of *Pagans* slaughtered there:
The Siege of *Cairo*, when brave Victory
Mourn'd all in black for His Captivity:
The sacred Terror and Majestike Grace,
Which (from above) shin'd in his Eyes and Face,
When two *Turk*-traitors (wth their swords, in grain
Dy'd with the bloud of their late *Souldan* slain)
Comming to kill him, felt, with strange remorse,
Their fury feebled by a secret force;
From murd'rous fists letting their weapons fall
When they beheld his face majesticall.
His *Lybian* journey, when to *Carthage* tho
This Champion seem'd another *Scipio*:
Th' honour hee won at *Tunis*, where hee crown'd
His Life and Fortunes, evermore renown'd.
In briefe, to undertake to tell at large
All his Exploits, were a more waighty Charge
Then can the powers of my weake Soule support:
And such a Web to weave in worthy sort,
Behoves the hand of a more happy Wit,
Both warp and woof with golden Threeds to fit.
I therefore, quitting th' hopefull Arrogance
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance
Shall think my Labour crown'd sufficient,
If this my speaking *Pencil*, *Phœbus* lent
To colour Verses, can but duely litn
Least-glittering raies that shin'd with Praise in him.
Leaving therefore his Wars discourse to those
Whose buskind Muse *Bellona*'s march out-goes,
Whose numbers thunder, and whose stile distils
Fresh drops of Death from their Heroick Quils,
In lofty strains, as gravely, bravely-bold:
I'll lowly sound his *Laurels* lesse extoll'd,
Which hee (at Peace) won in his War with *Vices*,
And happy Toil in holy Exercises.
For, as I cannot his high *Prowesse* expresse;
Much-lesse can I with silent Slothfulnesse,
Under *Oblivion*'s rusty keyes conceal
The wondrous Care, the right religious Zeal,
Which from his Youth aye in his heart had burn'd,
To see *The seen House of the Lord* adorn'd:
For, in this Vertue, none hath neer him com
Of all the Kings have raign'd in *Christendom*.
Not, for, wee owe to him the Monuments
Which with his bloud *Our Saviour*'s Patience
Bath'd in his *Passion*, and whose Sight, as yet,
Shakes godly Soules in glad-sad sacred Fit:
But, for (abhorring Shepheards bad and blinde)
A studious Care boil'd in his zealous Minde,
Yea, burn'd his Soules soule with a hot desire,
That, in the *Church-Ship*, none to Charge aspire,
But, skilfull, faithfull, carefull Mariners,
Able and apt for all Affaires of Hers;
Whose holy Labours, in courageous sort,
Maugre all Storms, may steer into the Port.
Devoured of this Zeal, and dreading aye
Lest hee be charged at the later Day
By th' *onely Judge*, with *Vice* and *Ignorance*
Of those hee chose, through all the folds of *France*,
To feed the Flocks under his Power alli'd:
When's royall office bound him to provide,
With wondrous Care did hee their lives explore,
Who ever had commended them before:
And never gave hee the supreme Degrees,
Th' *Ecclesiastick* sacred *Dignities*,
But unto those whose *Life* and *Learning* too
Were eminent, both to *direct* and *doe*;
To feed, as Shepheards; as a VVatch to ward;
To heal the Sick, Sound from the Wolf to guard;
And carefull Stewards, in due time to break
The *Bread of Life* both to the strong and weak:
Not those whose Eyes deep vail'd with *Ignorance*;
Or *Knowledge* stain'd with Sinnes *Exorbitance*,
Made like th' old woodden *Mercuries*, erect
In publike *Ways*, the Passage to direct,
Who with their *finger* the Right Path did point,
But, with their *foot* could never move a joynt.
How, how should Those for Guide & Lanthorn
To th' Ignorance of People prone to swerve; (serve
Whose Ignorance, devoid of *Learnings Light*,
Cannot discern from crooked *Ways* the right?

Or, How can Those, foule, Sin-sicke Soules recure
(Whom Patterns more then Precepts would allure)
Whose Eloquence, whose Excellence of Wit,
Marres their *Well-saying* by *Ill-doing* it:
While, what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they deny,
And by their *Deeds* give their owne *Words* the Ly.
Neither the *Learned*, of true *Vertue* void;
Neither the *Vertuous*, without *Learning*'s aid;
Can, in the Flock of CHRIST's *Redeemed dear*,
Bear th'holy *Sheep-hooks* sacred burthen here,
With that Success which should be wisht by them
That seek the glory of *Jerusalem*.
Learning and *Vertue* must together match,
Those sacred Flocks duely to *Weeld* and *Watch*:
In vain's their Pain, who doe not *lead*, but *drive*,
Preaching like *shepheards*, while like *wolves* they *live*;
Said this good Prince: and that same very thought
Wch from his heart this holy speech had brought,
Brought forth th'effect: hee did so thirst to see,
Religion flourish; and, through th' industry
Of *Labourers*, divinely *Will'd* and *Skill'd*,
GOD's holy *Vineyard*, truely, duely till'd.
Nor was his Care lesse, nor, much lesse, his Zeal
Of *Lawes* support (Props of the Publike-Weal)
So strict hee was, and so precise in Choice
Of those (not waigh'd but by their Merits poiz)
Whom, arming with his sword, as Delegates,
Hee sent amid the Rank of *Magistrates*,
Garnisht with *Vertues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit
On bright *Astrea's* sacred Thrones to sit.
His *Predecessors*, winking at the Crimes,
Or else constrain'd with mischiefe of their Times
(All given to gain, greedy of Gold) had made
Of *Offices* a miserable Trade:
Never regarding, that they set (withall)
Both Innocence, Honour, and Right to-sale:
Sold, to th' insatiate, *Licence* (as they please)
To pill the People under shewes of Ease;
And let the Knave, with his full *Purse*, prevent
The knowne long *Merit* of the Excellent.
Hee, seeing this Abuse to ope the Gate
To all *Injustice*, to confound a State:
The Guilty quit, the Innocent condemn'd;
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or contemn'd;
And onely *Favour* (under fained Gown)
O'r-ruling Judgements, *Equity* put-down:
Justice, in Courts using her *Balance* bright,
To weigh the Parties Money not their Right:
Bold *Ignorance*, in Dignities supreme,
Soiling their sacred Chairs with Wrongs extreme;
Selling too-shame-lesse, too-unconscionable,
What Shee, unworthy, bought unreasonable:
Seeing, in brief, his Realms neer Jeopardy:
The strength of Lawes turn'd to meer Robbery:
Apparent Thefts, with Warrant under-handed,
Not onely not condemned, but commanded:
Soon as his Valour, quelling all his Foes,
Had set him quiet on his Fathers Throne,
Hee banisht quite This sad *Confusions* Cause,
This fatall Death of *Letters*, and of *Lawes*;
According to our *Saviour's* blest Example,
Who, angry, chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.
Then, where hee met a well-disposed Wit,
Whose *Knowledge* & whose *Carriage*, matching fit,
Gave him good hope, that, being (free) preserv'd,
He would be th' Orphans and the Widows Guard;
The Poore's Protector, in their Right to stand:
No eye for *Favour*; and for *Bribes*, no hand:
No awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Ear:
Laying aside, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Hope* and *Fear*,
When hee shall sit as Oracle, to doom;
Where Man is unto Man, as in God's Room:
Him would this Noble Prince freely *create*
A *Chancelour*, a *Judge*, a *Magistrate*,
A *Dean*, a *Bishop*, without base Suit
Of bribed Minions basely to put-fie't.
O ever-wished, never-hoped, Dayes,
Which Gold's-contempt so guilt with golden Raies,
How calm you past! how was the People blest,
Under the Lawes of such a Princes Hest!
And O! how worthy hee, in spite of Time,
To be renowned over every Clime!
Through whom *Integrity* reviv'd again,
And *Sentences*, ceasing to passe for Gain
(As now, God wot, too-many witnesse can)
Where God's owne *Sentence* in the Mouth of Man.
For neither spar'd hee Rigor nor Reward,
Where hee had hope, by gentle hand or hard
To conquer *Vice*, and that same *servile Vein*,
Which loves not *Goodnesse*, but for Goods & Gain;
And with a heart whose Gold-Thirst never *sat* is,
Will never Till the Field of VERTUE *gratis*.
Knowing therefore, that in a Season vitious,
Wee sooner find a *Pyrrhus*, then *Fabricius*;
And wisely fearing, lest the fear of Want,
Or love of Wealth, should worldly minds supplant,
And make them pass their duties bounds perchance,
Whom hee to place of Honour should advance:
To keep their Port, with People venerable;
To bear their Charge of needfull Train and Table:
Hee arm'd their *Vertue* against Poverty
(The secret Foe to sound *Integrity*)
With ample Stipends, able to repell
The law-lesse Lawes of those two Tyrants fell,
Whose Iron Sceptre too-too-often forces
Right honest Natures to dis-honest Courses.
And then, if Favour, Fend, or Avarice,
To grosse *Injustice* did their hands incice;
Hee punisht aye their Trespass with such Rigor,
That Lawes, recovering then their ancient Vigor,
Seem'd that severe Example to revive,
Which in the *Skin* of Father flaid alive.
(For wrong *Decrees*) his Son succeeding thrust:
A bloudy *Doom*; yet, for *Injustice*, just:
That after-*Judges*, by their *Judge-skin* Chair,
From *Bribes*, and *Brokeage* might be warned fair.
Above all Crimes, his hearts just Jealousy
Abhorred most *Murder* and *Blasphemy*:
Nor ever did the first escape with life;
Unlesse by Proofs it were apparent rife,
That, *Self-defending*, 'twas unwilling done:
Forc't, deadly Stroke, by deadly Stroke, to shun:
Th' other was punisht where hee sinned, just:
A red-hot Iron thorow his tongue was thrust:
To teach blasphemous Mouthes no more to blame
That holy, high, un-utterable Name;
Ador'd in Heav'n and Earth, and every-where:
Which, even the Angels speak not, but with fear.

O!

O! how hee hated Those light, lothsome places,
Where *Venus* sells her to all lewd Embraces!
The Shepheard, finding, under Stacks or Stones,
A Nest of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,
Or Knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce
Their Cels to spoil, Themselves dispatch, disperse,
Than Hee was eager, and against Them bent
Severest Lawes with sharpest punishment;
Clensing with Fire those foule *Augean* Stalls,
And, to the ground, razing their filthy Walls;
Lacing with lashes their un-pitied Skin,
Whom *Lust* or *Lucre* had bestow'd therein.
Himself so chaste of Body, and of Minde
(If *Fame* say true: who seldome soothes behinde)
That never Hee (Rare in a Princes Life!)
Knew other *Venus*, than his *Queen* and *Wife*.
What Prince was ever, to the silly Poor,
More tender-hearted, either helpfull more?
A many Kings have, by high Feats in War,
Renown'd their Names and spred their Glories far:
By wholsome Lawes Licentious Rage represt:
By many proofs their *Prudence* well expreft:
By all the parts of *Policie* and *Prowesse*,
Won all the Honours earthly State allowes:
But, few vouchsafe to stoop their stately eyes
To th' humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes:
And little think, that, in those Little ones,
Christ, *Christ* Himself unto their Greatnesse groans;
Begs at their Feet, in rags, and hunger-driven;
And promiseth, for *Bread* to give Them *Heav'n*.
O hearts of Adamant! This pitcous King
From Your sell Natures was far differing.
For oftentimes from his high Throne descending,
To sow and reap the Fruits on *Alms* attending,
All, all that could from ordinary rate
In Royall Charge of Kingdome, House, and State,
Be safely spar'd with honourable Thrift,
From such a heart and hand so apt to Gift;
Would Hee bestow in building *sacred Cells*,
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sightlesse* (*Helplesse els*)
In aiding *Widowes*, whom the bliss of *Bearing*
Made wretched, wanting for their childrens *rearing*:
Redeeming Captives, raising Doweries
For honest Maydens apt for Marriages,
(Whose *Banes* (unaskt) still *Poverties* forbad)
Passing their Flower in Feares and Langouts sad;
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Those
Whose bashfull Silence, biting-in their woes,
Smother'd the Sighes within their swelling brest,
Which frō their Mouthes meer hunger often prest.
In briefe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no lesse
Streams of Reliefe, than Fortune of Distresse;
Approving plain, that, in most *Pompe* of *State*,
Himselfe a Man hee ay did meditate.
His People Hee so lov'd, and their Prosperitie,
That, easing them of former Kings severitie
In Imposts, Tributes, Taxes, and the rest,
Where-with his Kingdome had been sore oppreft:
Hee wont with tears to bathe his Cheeks (they say)
When urging Cause compelled him to lay
On his poor Subjects any new Excise,
Never so needfull, just, or light to prize;
Which yet his Pitie rarely did permit;
And onely when *Bellum* (pressing it)
Against our *Lilies* some such Storm had blowne,
As hath too-often *Empires* overthrown.
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignity,
And royall State beseeming Majesty,
He never sought from other Source to drain,
Than th' ever-springs of his own just *Demain*;
Detesting th' use of other Potentates,
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,
Pill'd all their Subjects with extreame Excesse;
And then consuming it in Showes and Feasts,
And scorning those whom they had eaten-up
(Without Compassion) in a golden Cup
Caroused deep their wretched Peoples bloud,
Whom God had given Them to protect, in good.
What Lawes-Oblivion, what Contempt of God
(Thus this good Prince, Thē, shrill & sharply chod)
Deaffens your Eares against so many a Plaint!
Inhumane foules, who, toucht with bloudy Taint,
Ill Shepheards, sheare not but even flay your fold,
To turn the Skins to Cassakins of Gold;
Thinke you, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,
Will wink at yours, and let you scape so free?
No, no: they 'll ruine your unrighteous Power:
And, causing soon your Subjects rise in Stower,
The just Revenger, who all Realms transfers,
Of mightiest Kings shall make you School-masters:
Shall break your proud *Tax*-puffed Scepters so,
That, for th' abuse, you shall the use forgoe:
Or shall so curse the cruell Policies
Your *Mammons* finde to feed your Vanities,
That in your hands your Gold shall melt away,
And still the more you pill, the more you may:
(Like *Dropsie-sick*, the more they drink the dryer)
The more you shall devour, the more desire:
New *Erisichthons*, through insatiate heat,
Forced in fine your selves to teare and eate:
Branding with shame of Marks so mercilesse,
So impious Pride of hearts so Pity-less,
Who burd'ning Subjects more than bear they can,
Hold neither God for God; nor Man from Man.
But, whither run I, on so harsh a string,
Out of my tune? to tell how this good King
Reprov'd bad Princes of his Time, for pressing
Their People cause-less with un-cessant Sessing!
Let's re-assume our Song, our proper Theam:
Let's passe by *Vice*: and rather covering them,
Than them recounting in eternall Story,
Let us return to sing of *Vertues* Glory.
How happy is the Prince, who squaring right
By sacred Lawes the limits of his Might.
Joyes in *Well*-doing, and as *Just* as *Wise*,
Thinks not himselfe to raign; save Noblewise:
When hee his People heeds, and hearing aye
Their just Complaints, doth in due time repay
What every Monarch (with devotion) vowes
To God and Men, when first his royall Browes
(Under so many solemne Mysteries,
With hopefull subjects wishfull, joyfull Cryes)
Put-on the glad-sad sacred *Diadem*,
Which instantly from thence-forth pins on Him
That *Robe of Power*, which those doth much mis-suit
Who have not on rare *Vertues* richest Suit.
Among such Kings, who say, as right-directs,
Measure their Greatness by their Good-effects;

Not by their Fortunes, or their force of hand;
Or many Nations under their command;
Was that illustrious Prince to whom wee pay
Heroick Duties in this *Hymnick* Lay.
For, while, at home, hee happy Peace injoy'd,
Hee never suffer'd day to vanish voyd
Of giving Audience, and extending free
Fruits of his *Justice* unto each Degree;
Grieving in minde, grudging at those, as lost,
Less worthy spent, although unwilling most;
Persuaded sure, that with what eye or eare
His Peoples Case a Prince doth heed and heare,
With like, the Lord, in his extreme Affaires,
Will look on him, and listen to his Pray'rs:
That that same pompous, glitt'ring, glorious Slav'ry
Improperly call'd *Royall* (for the Brav'ry)
In proper speech (by due experience scann'd)
'T's an *Onerous-Honour*, a *Confin'd Command*:
That Kings were made for subjects; and not they,
Not they for Kings: that though both Land & Sea
Adore their Greatnesse (Lawes support alone)
Yet Princes Eares are not indeed their own;
But their own Peoples that do humbly live
Under th' obedience of the Lawes they give:
That, to be briefe, of mightiest Kings that are,
Labour's the Glory, and their Greatnesse Care.
Such sound Instructions, from his Cradle us'd,
His vertuous Mother wisely had infus'd;
Which in his Princely brest digesting milde,
A Man, hee practis'd what hee learn'd, a Childe:
Ready to heare the meanest that complaine;
Preferring wisely such a sacred paine
Before the pleasure of the choicest Sport
Could be devis'd in Countrey or in Court:
Whence in his People such Affection spreads,
They blesse his Birth-day, and the ground he treads;
Call him their Father and with Vowes amain
Frequent the Altars for his long-long Raign:
As if that Wish (the Sum of their Desire)
Contained All all Prayers could require,
Or us'd to beg of Heav'ns eternall Bountie,
In asking *Peace*, *Riches*, *Religion*, *Plentie*,
And all the blessings which ASTRÆA's hand
Can plant or poure upon a happy land.
What Tracts of Art, what Tropes of *Eloquence*
Can lively represent to modern Princes
(So as even *Envie*'s Selfe shall nought controule)
That Self-severe *Integritie* of Soule,
Whose humble, patient, constant Temperance,
Hath no Successor as yet had in *France*,
Nor yet elsewhere: How-ever every State
Can yet admire it, none can imitate.
EUROPA (where ever *Vice* and *Vertue* most
Have striven for Empire, best and worst to boast)
Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path
Of noted'st Tyrants, who with Threatfull Wrath,
And all the Terrors, which Mans cruell Rage,
To fright Mankind had found in former age (ring:
Restrain'd their subjects from their Deaths conspi-
Who, so, lesse-daring, had the more desiring.
But, this right generous Prince, still walking fit,
Within the path which Tyrants never hit,
Onely restrain'd all Publique Insolence,
By th' even-born Reanes of his own Innocence:
Giving so little hold to *Mal-contents*,
Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small offence,
That by effect his Royall Soule did show,
That in the same no livelier Flame did glow,
Than a desire, so Temperate to frame him, (him.
That all might boldly, none might justly, blame-
Smooth Soothers, pois'ning by the care the heart,
Pernicious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subvert,
Distort, destroy the Trees you Climbe upon;
Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,
That seldome, Soules who with Applause approve
Your *praising* them, do ought *Praise-worthy* love:
Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,
Right ill-come were you to this Vertuous Prince;
Who, shunning aye your banefull Whispering,
As common pois'ners of the publique Springs,
Abhorr'd your presence, and could better brook
A miss-Fault-finder, than a *Fawner*'s looke.
So much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,
Loving true Honour, loatheth *Flatterus*.
What pleasure took hee, how extreme Delight,
In Histories, where many times he might
Review himselfe; amaz'd, to read the things
There said *of Kings*; which none dare say *to Kings*!
How was he rapt! how sweetly extas'ed,
When that Divine *Eternall Will* he read,
Where, with so liberall, just, and loving hand,
God shares to his the *Heav'nly-Holy-Land*!
That which is said of *Alexander*'s love
To *Homer*'s Works (whose graces all approve)
May well of him, for honouring the Miracles
Of th' *Heav'nly Author*, speaking in his Oracles:
Which as a pretious Treasure, richly cas't
In Gold and Cedar, had hee neer him plac't:
Calling it aye his joy of Exercises,
The Spur of *Vertues*, and the Curb of *Vices*.
If happily his *Publike Cares* lent leasure,
He spends it not in more contenting pleasure;
Than what so sacred Studie's Fruit imparts
To th' healthy Taste of true *God-fearing* hearts.
And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects
Of *Vertues* shining over all his Acts.
That that divine *Seed* (happy sow'n the while)
Fell in no *Thorny*, *Stony*, *Sandy*, Soile.
For, if that ever Soule did Vice avoid,
If ever hee meer humane Spirit injoy'd
Prowess, *Pietie*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*, mixt,
Without the foil of follies dross betwixt (ding:
(From proudest wrong, the poorest right defen-
Disdaining pleasures towards Vice but tending:
Milde to the Meeke; to Malapert austere;
To good men bounteous; to the bad, severe) (ble,
'Twas this brave Prince, whom they, do best resem-
In whom *These Vertues* most of all assemble.
Kings of his time, raigning in *East* and *West*,
Revering him for such, his Greatness blest:
The Afflicted Princes chose him for Refuge;
The Strong, for Friend; & Those at Strife, for Judg,
When they grew weary to dispute their Cause
By th' old sharp Argument Kings Furie drawes,
When, *Mars* usurping milde *Astræa*'s room,
In sted of words; their swords must give the doom;
When Injury with Injury repelling,
And strength of Lawes by stronger Lawes refelling
(To

(To back their Own, or Others, *Claim* to bar)
They seek their right, in might, their Peace in War.
Such was Saint Lewis: *and such was, wel-neer,*
Our own Saint Edward (*and* Eliza *dear*;
Save for her Sex, the Salique *Law perchance,*
Bars her Succession to the Saints *of* France)
For all prime Vertues *of a compleat Prince*
To make a Saint-King. *And, if ever, since,*
Europe *hath seen, or any kingdome knew'n*
A living Shrine *of both these* Saints *in One*
(*Though, som,* suspect *of the smooth* Soothing-*Crime*;
Some grosse Neglect *of this* Ingratefull *Time,*
*Too-*Envie-*prone, permit not* (so to say)
It will be said *and* sworne *another-day*
(*When swelling* Clouds, *that dare* Eclipse *our Sun,*
Shall, by his Rayes dispersed, be undone;
And Hse Himselfe *in his* Own *splendor shine*)
'*T was* our Just-Master, *learned and divine.*
And if that ever (*for the Time to come*)
There have been Hope *of* like *in* Christendom;
There was *a Prince, and is a Prince with* God,
Whose Name is dear, and dear the Dust he trod
(*Whose* Memory *my* Tears *must ever mix*)
On Whom all Eyes, in Whom all Hearts did fix:
Whose Vertues Harvest *ripened in his* Spring,
Henry *was made a* Saint, *before a* King,
Leaving his Brother (*where His best re-flowers*)
Sole Heire *apparent to His* Hopes *and Ours.*
And, if yet, under Heav'ns gilt-azure Cope,
There now remaine Another *living* Hope
Of new Saint Lewis, *or His* like *again,*
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,
With Bliss to Britain, *and the* Sacred Flock,
Not built on Peter's Rome, *but* Peter's Rock;
This: this is Hee: My Patrone *and my Prince,*
Panaretus; *Whose Pupill*-Excellence
Boads, in his Age, to make This Poëm *seem*
No Poëm, *but a* Prophecie *of* Him.
For, never was there Sonne more like to Sire,
In face, or grace, or ought that wee admire;
Then is our Charles *in his young* Vertues Spring,
Like th' happy Non-Age of that Holy King
(*Like his Owne Father*; *like his Onely Brother,*
So as hee seems rather the same, then Other)
For Gracious Gifts, and Native Goodnesse till'd
By like grave Tutors, in their Function *skill'd.*
O Thou All-Giver! Fountain of all Good!
Poure daily down upon this Hopefull Bud
Thy Dewes of Grace: *shine on it from above*
In mildest Rayes of Mercie *and of* Love:
In stead of Suckers, *send it* Succours *still*
To feed the Root, that That the rest may fill
With lively Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,
To load with Plenty *every* Vertuous *Lap,*
Breathe on it Blessings: *leave no* Weed *with-out,*
Nor Worme *with-in it*: *hedge it round-about*
From Bores, *and* Beasts, *domestic all and stranger*;
Both wild and Wily (*Where least dread, most danger.*)
That it may kindely spring, and timely spred,
In bulk and Branch, *with leaves that never shed*:
Under whose Shade *mine aged* Muse *may warble*)
Some Monument (*out-lasting Brasse, and Marble*)
In Swan-like notes, to my Mecœnas *Honour,*
When hee bestowes some Nest *of rest upon her.*
Nor may my Vowes *ingratefully forget*
Our Other Branch (*in other Soile new-set*)
Whose tender leaves shaken with Sighs of ours,
In stead of Tears, have dropped Silver showers
To cool my Thirst, my Cares to cure, or calm,
With timely Use of Bounties *princely Balm.*
O Sea of Bounties *never-dryed Source*!
So water it with thy rich Favours *Course,*
That happy thriving by her Palatine,
The Royall Issue of their Rosie-Vine,
From Rhine *and* Ister, *may to Tibur spred*;
And, over-topping Rome's *usurping* Head.
From Bramble-*Kings recover* Cesars *Seat,*
With greater Sway *then* Constantine the great.
Great Arbitrer, *whose Counsells none can sound*;
Who canst all Thrones confirm, and all confound:
Conferring Kingdoms, and transferring them,
How, when, and where thou wilt, from Stem to Stem:
Establish, Lord, in Royall James *his* Race,
These Kingdoms *greatnesse, and thy Kingdoms grace*:
Prosper our David, *bless his* Salomon,
That after them, upon Great Britain's Throne
(*Maugre* Hells *malice, and the Rage of* Rome,
Their roaring Buls, *their charms, their arms to-come,*
Their Powder-*Plots, their Pistols, Poysons, Knives*:
And all their Jesuits *murd'rous* Art *contrives*)
Their Seed *may sit, and never Other hand*
Then Stuarts *sway the* Scepter *of This Land*:
Wise, Great, Good, Stuarts, *that may shine as cleer*
As This Saint Lewis, *both in* Heav'n *and* Here.

AMEN.

HENRIE THE GREAT (The Fourth of that Name) LATE KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE; His *Tropheus* and *Tragedie*.

VVritten in French by PIERRE MATHIEU.

To the right honourable VVILLIAM CECILL, Earle of Salisbury.

BEsides the Bonds which did most vowes engage
To your dear Elders; and besides the Due
Which to your selfe might justly thence accrew;
Th' apparent Vertues of your April-Age
Challeng'd of right This Poëms *Patronage:*
The rather, sith wee first receiv'd from you,
The speedy Notice (no lesse quick then true)
Of HENRY'S *Death through Hell's dis-chained Rage.*
You saw this Sunne, at his High-Noone-shine Set
In sudden Clowd of his owne Royall Bloud.
O Horrid Hap! Who ever can forget
Such Fate, such Hate; of one so Great, so Good:
O! just revenge, rout out th' Ignatian *Pack,*
The Moules that mov'd in Faux *and* Ravillac.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE TROPHEIS OF THE VERTUES AND FORTUNE OF *HENRIE the Great.*

SInce first *Apollo* lent the World his light,
And Earth impregned with his heatfull might,
Europe hath seen no Potentate, no Prince,
To Parallel Great HENRY's excellence.
No Terme, no Time, his fresh Renown shall shed:
Never was King more deare, never more dread.
Phœnix of Kings, wonder of Christendome,
Passing all past, and without Peere to come;
His Courage onely matcht his Clemencie,
And, should his Tombe to these two equall be,
Both Spain and France, could not contain the same,
Which have so often seen his Feates of Fame.
His Life's a lamp to Princes, and a line;
A Trophey rear'd by miracle divine;
A Theater to all the Vertues built;
A goodly Garden, with such plenty fill'd
Of choiest fruits and flowers, that chusing, there
Aboundance troubles more then want else-where.
The year that EDWARD in *Great Britain* dy'd:
That *France* (beyond the Mountains) *Spain* defi'd:
That *Therwin* walls were thundred to the ground:
That a fair flower our Royall *Hymen* Crown'd:
I'th' winter *Solstice* (when the yeare is worne)
Within *Pau* Castle This young MARS was born:
Born for the Worlds Good: as his Enterance
Presag'd him then the HERCULES of *France*;
To re-advance her *Lillies* long decayd:
For as (by chance) bare-head abroad he playd,
At foure years old, a Snake hee finds and kills;
At fourty, foiles the *Hydra* of our Ills.
Nor was hee bred in soft delicious wise
(Which forms young spirits into the form of vice:)
His Grandsire us'd him to all Weathers Ire,
His Sance was Labour, Exercise his Fire;
His noble heart did never ought inflame,
Save Heav'ns desire, and th' Honour of the same.
Scarce fourteen times had hee beheld the birth
Of th' happy Planet (which presag'd his Worth)
Predominant in his Natitiall;
When hee became an Armies Generall,
Whose hottest flame, without him was but fume;
Nor, but by Him, durst any good presume.
Hee purchast Peace, the wch eftsoons was staind
With his friends bloud, & his young soul constraind
To faine som Change of his Religion:
At *Vinsaine* Castle Hee was seiz'd upon,
And to the Court confin'd; where, discontent,
His Spirit droopes, out of his Element.
Escaped thence: with restlesse toile, hee tends
To save the side of his Afflicted Friends;
By peace again hee bringeth all in ure:
And *Monsieur's* death doth well his Hopes assure
Of th' after Crowne, who but between him stood;
So, now was hee the first Prince of the Bloud.
Then from afarre hee doth new Stormes descry:
To threat his fortune, and his force to try:
Hee meets the danger with undaunted front,
And in foure years bears ten brave Armies brunt,
All with the might of a great Monarch grac't;
Whereof, at *Coutras* hee defeats the last.
At last, the King to extreme Streights reduc't,
In doubt of all, and daring none to trust,
Implores this Prince, who rescues him from *Tours*,
With just revenge; and had, yet many houres,
Re-humbled *Paris* to her Princes yoake,
But for *Saint Clements* Paricidiall stroake. (hate)
After which stroake (which all true French-men
France sadly falls in a most wretched state:
Who hath least Reason, hath most Insolence;
Who hath most Power, hath least Obedience.
Nor Awe, nor Law; Disorder every-where;
Good without hope, and Wicked without feare.

Rebel-

Rebellion spawnes as fast as (in the Spring)
Fruit-fretting vermine; it doth Discord bring
In Families, Dearth in Townes, Death in Field:
O! happy you who never daign'd to yeeld
Unto that Hagge; but, loyall to the Crowne,
Have left your Heires, Heires of a true renowne.
Who counts the Cares that on a Crown do wait,
As well may number *Autumne*'s fruitfull fraight,
And *Flora*'s too. Yet this great Spirit of man,
Mid th' ebbs and floods of this vast Ocean,
Seems a still Ship, which, maugre Winds & Waves,
In wished Hav'n her and her burthen saves.
Hee's never idle, nor his Exercise
Other than stands with Princely Offices:
MARS and DIANA, and CUPID wait on him:
Maugre his Losse, hee alwayes gaines by Time,
Unto Affaires his ears are open aye,
Nor waits hee lazying on his bed for day.
Shafts, Tigers, Torrents: no, nor lightning flies
More swift about, than this bold Eagle plies
(Amid all perils) to preserve his State,
With heed and speed, from Rebels pride and hate.
In Battels first, last in Retreats: in Chiefe,
In Action, Souldier; in Direction Chiefe.
Diepe saw his Fortunes on a desperate Dye;
The league presum'd hee needs must yeeld, or fly:
But, as a Brook, the more wee stop his Course,
Breaks down his Bay, and runs with swifter force,
He foiles his foes at *Argues*, and shews them plain,
That Heav'ns just hand doth his dear right sustain.
'Tis buzz'd in *Paris*, and beleev'd in part,
That he is taken; or constrain'd to start
From *Diepe* to *Dover*, to seeke *Englands* Aide:
And, while Him coming Prisoner-wise, they said,
To the *Bastile*; Hee came and over-came,
Their Suburbs soon, to their Suborners shame.
Conquest attends him, whether he encamps,
Or marches on: again he takes *Estampes*:
Lizeux, *Evreux*, *Mans*, *Meulan*, *Vandosme*, *Perch*,
And *Honfleur*, foremost, in his *Trophie* march;
As earnest-pence of his recover'd State,
And Crowne of *France*, which well admits no Mate.
Tiber and *Iber* then together flow
(Too-strong in wrong) his Right to over-throw.
There proudeth Pow'r, here Prowesse brighter
And dayly shewes us by a thousand signes, (shines;
How great advantage a true Birth-right brings
(Against Usurpers) unto lawfull Kings.
In JURY Fields, hee seems a blazing Star;
Seen in the Front of all his Hoast, a-far:
Majestick Fury in his Martiall Face,
The bravest Troops doth in an instant Chase:
And boldest Rebels, which the rest had led,
Came Charging one way, and by fourty fled.
Melun surrenders to his War-like Lot,
Chartres is chastiz'd with his thundring Shot,
Louviers lies humbled at his Conquering Foot,
Noyon lamenteth her three Succours rout,
Esperna yeelds her wholly to his hest,
Dreux twice besieged, opens as the rest.
The *League*, that late so violently burn'd,
To a cold Fever now her Frenzie turn'd:
And trusting still in strange Physicians aid,
Neglects her Cure till all her strength decaid:
In dread of all, in doubt her owne will quaile;
As a weak Ship affraid of every Saile.
That (late) *Achilles* of the *Spanish-Dutch*,
Farnezean Parma that archiev'd so much
In *Anwerp's* Siege, by matchlesse Stratagem;
And weend the World had had no Peer to Him:
Had here the heart, twice, to refuse to fight;
And twice departed, and bad none *Good-Night*.
Fortune, for him, no longer us'd her Wheel;
But kinde, and constant, follows at his heel:
Hee's happy every where, and over all
Spring Palms and Lawrels: onely neer *Aumale*
A mur'drous Bullet put him to some paine,
Yet hindred not his Rescue of his Train.
Who weens to vanquish him, makes him invict;
Milde to the Meek, to Proudlings stern and strict:
He loves the Lawrels without blood he-sprent.
A Cruell Conquest hee doth even lament.
His thunder Batters but rebellious Walls:
And who least fear him, on them first hee falls.
France Self to slay, and her own Throat to cut,
Arms her own hands; and (in strange rage) doth put
The Knife to whet, in *Spaines* ambitious pawes;
Spain that would Spoile her Crownes primordiall
And would a Sceptre with a Distaffe blin: (lawes,
But all in vain: the *Lillies* cannot Spin.
Re-Romaniz'd, so (say they) Heav'n conjures;
His errours at Saint *Denis* hee abjures: (ther;
This Change, in Court yet chang'd not one nor o-
For, though his Subjects have not all one Mother,
Hee holds them all his Sons, They him their Sire;
And Christians all, all to one Heav'n aspire.
Within the Temple of the *Mother-Maid*,
That bore her Son, her Sire, her God, her Ayd,
With Heav'n sent Oyle hee is annointed King,
Dons th' *Order Collar*; and by every thing,
To prove in him Saint *Lewis* Faith and Zeale,
The sick he touches, and his touch doth heale.
By law of Arms, a Citie tane by force,
Should feel the Victors rage, with small remorse.
Paris so taken, is not treated so:
Though well his Justice might have razed lowe
Those Rebell Wals, which bred & fed These Wars;
To save the guilt-lesse, bee the guilty spares.
There, there's the Hope and Safety of his Side;
If there bee faile, then farewell all beside:
The *Spaniard* therefore thither speedy sends,
A great strong Convoy to confirm his Friends.
Which soon defeated, There began the end
Of Civill Wars, and all to Union tend.
Th' Honour of saving and restoring *France*,
Is not alone due to his *Valiance*:
His *Clemence* hath part; which lets him in
To stronger Holes, than all his Arms could win:
That, satisfied with Tears, makes from all parts,
Repentant Rebels yeeld him up their Hearts.
Lyons, the Porter of one part of *France*,
Rou'n, that sees none like strong in Ordinance,
Orleans, which *England* did undaunted prove,
Marseillie, jealous of old *Neptune's* love,
Aix, *Bourges*, *Sens*, *Meaux*, *Poitiers*, *Troy*, *Tholouse*,
And *Reims*; of these, each to his *Bounty* bowes.
This gracious Prince excus'd the simpler sort,
Whom (Malice-lesse) blind passions did transport
Against

Against the Lawes, with fury of the Time;
Who self-affraid to fail in fouler Crime,
Seduc't by others slie seditious Lore,
Follow'd (like Sheep) their Fellowes straid before.
This heav'nly humane *Clemency* of his,
Yet cannot shield him from some Treacheries.
One wounds him in the Mouth, and breaks withall
One of his Teeth, (O Act unnaturall!)
And had not God in part put-by the blow,
Even then in *Paris* had hee perisht so.
But having quencht the Civill Fires in *France*,
'Gainst his ill Neighbours now his Arms advance;
In *Piedmont* Fields, his Lilly-flowers hee plants,
Pills *Bourgoignie*, and all *Artois* hee dants,
And makes the Great *Castalian* MARS to fly,
With Fear, within; without, with Infamy.
Then, those great Warriours that had disobey'd
(Whom not their courage but their cause betrai'd)
Which came with shame and sorrow (as was meet)
To cast their Swords at his victorious feet,
Fearing his Rigour: hee receives them (rather)
With King-like grace, and kindnesse like a Father.
Heav'n daily works for him, som speciall Miracle:
His Faith's an Altar, and his Word an Oracle:
His greatest foes have never found him faile.
And should Sincerity in all men quaile,
Exiled from the World (as *Moors from Spain*)
In This Kings soule shee had been found again.
Spain by a train of many Wiles well laid,
Surpriseth *Amiens*, *France* is all affraid:
The Spaniard, hence prouder then ever, swells:
Undanted *Henry* Thence him soon repells,
Regains his City, and constrains his foes,
To beg their Peace, or to abide his blowes. (val'd,
The Stormes that long disturb'd the State are
Th' ill Vapours now are from all hearts exhal'd,
And *France* is now all *French*, even all about:
Onely the *Breton* stifly yet, stood out.
But, those white *Ermines* at the last must need,
Of th' onely Sent of the fair *Lillies* feed.
Old PHILIP longs to see the Waters calme,
Finds all designes vain to supplant this Palme;
Sith the more shaken, it more fast doth grow:
Hee seeketh Peace, the *Pope* solicits so,
Vervins doth treat it, *Bruxells* swears it done,
And PHILIP pleas'd departs the World anon.
France yet retains one sensible Offence,
For which shee vowes Revenge or Recompence:
Among the Alps her thundring Canons roare,
Proud-brow'd *Mont-meslan* flaunts and vaunts the
To stop her fury, but in fine is fain (more
To rue her rashnesse and repent in vain.
God hastens his own work: this Monarch marries
In *Lyons* Church, the choice, the Chief of *Maries*;
The Heav'ns delight, our *Lillies* ornament:
Love, in one heart two lovely Souls hath blent:
Whence Peace is more confirm'd, & Discord dasht.
For, by this knot many great Plots are quasht.
At *Fountain-bleau* (a Paradise for site)
Shee brought him forth his *Dolphin*, his delight,
Whose tender youth gives happy hopes of Worth:
One Daughter also did shee there bring forth.
And two Sons more (Supporters of the Crown:
Two Daughters more, *Paris* for birth doth owne.

His Clemency hath conquered Rebels rage,
Made of dis-loyall, loyall Vassalage;
Yea forced Wils by Pardons and by Grace,
The proof whereof is writ in every place; (small;
Through all the Towns of *France* both great and
Where, for Revenge, Reward was daign'd to all.
Once, onely once, his Mercy admirable,
Was deafe to *Biron*, and inexorable;
Sith when hee might, his hault despite would none.
I wonder not to see that *Myridon*,
In the *Bastile*, a shamefull death to beare:
But this I wonder, that hee would come there.
O factious sp'rits, of close deep hearts & double
(Whose Life is strife, whose Rest is best in trouble)
He knowes the drifts, & known dissolves the same,
As fast as fire melts Lead within the flame.
His voice alone, as Dust cast up aloft,
Breakes Hornets buzzing, and their swarming, oft.
Discord, disturbing holy Churches rest,
'Twixt *Rome* and *Venice* did debates suggest:
Ambition set-in foot, fore-sweld with hope,
To bridle both the Senat and the *Pope*;
Both prest to fight: his Prudence reconcil'd
Their Difference, and did their minds, re-mild.
Hee relisht now the harmlesse Sweets of Peace,
Willing his People should partake no lesse:
But yet some-where hee feels a Thorne to prick:
To pluck it out, hee armes and marches quick,
Even to the Frontier: There attains his will,
Wisdome (so) fitly takes her Season still.
You nations, that for fourty years have seen
Bellona's Tempests, and felt *Mars* his Teen:
That for your Liberties have pawn'd your Lives:
If freely now you joy your Wealth, your Wives:
If now your Trades into the East you bring,
(Under Heav'ns Kingdom) onely thank this King.
Thus heapt with honors, this brave King is loth
That his brave Knights effeminiz'd by Sloth,
'Mid Games and Dames, during so long a Peace,
Should still lie still in Cities pomp and ease:
Therefore hee rears an Army, strongly dight,
In *Gulich's* Claim, his wronged friends to right.
A noble Prince, whose Prow's and Prudence, late
Buda admir'd, and *Rome* hath wondred-at
(The Honour of his Time) was Generall;
So stor'd with gold, with Guns, with Arms, with all,
That neighbour Princes all were in alarm: (harm.
Yet Them this Thunder brought more feare then
Fearlesse it marches; and respectlesse, threats
VVhat-ever Log it's ready Passage lets;
Gesture and voice already skirmishing,
And under conduct of so brave a King,
Great-Britains, *Germans*, *Switzers*, *Belgians*,
Serve all the Greatnesse of the Crown of *France*.
Els-where, the while, the Duke that rules the *Alps*,
Seem'd t' have his heart no more beyond the *Calps*:
Brave noble heart, *Saxonically-French*.
Fuentez affraid, with shoulder-shrinking wrench,
Doubts lest that *Milan* stoop to *France* again:
And *Charles* provoked prove the Scourge of *Spain*.
Heav'ns now, to crown his *Trophees*, had set down,
That at Saint *Denis* hee his Queen should Crown
VVith royall Diadem: and in one Day
The State, the Majesty of *France* display.

Nothing

Nothing but Great ; but great Magnificence ;
But, *Maries* Grace excell'd all Excellence.

HEnce, hence false Pleasures, momentary Joyes;
Mock us no more with your illuding Toyes :
A strange Mis-hap, hatched in Hell below,
Hath plun'gd us all in deepest Gulfe of Woe.
Taught us that all Worlds-hopes as dreams do flye,
And made us all, Cry *All is Vanity*. (rode
Four houres from Noone, forth from the *Louvre*
This mighty Prince (without his Gard) abroad,
To see his Arcenall : To his Catoche,
In a strait Lane, a Hell-hound durst approach ;
And with a knife, twice stabbing kill'd him quite,
Turning that fairest Day to foulest Night.
Twice did the Monster stab : for else, the first
Had not been mortall, but the knife, accurst,
Thrilling his Lungs, cut at the second stroake
Th' *arterial vein*, whose blond-floud soon did choak
The peerlesse Prince ; His dying Eyes and Heart
Imploring Heav'n, soon did his Soule depart.
Fell Tyger, tell us, tell us why, or whence,
Thou durst (accurst) assault so great a Prince?
Wherein had hee to thee or thine done wrong,
Whē once (yer this) thou didst too neer him throng,
His Gard rebuk't thee ; but, hee them, for that.
Caus'd that *Thy Malice*, and his Murd'rous fate?
Fates ruthlesse Law allots his royall breast
To dye the death that CESAR thought the best ;
Death without sense of death, a death so quick,
It seldome leaves Kings leasure to be sick ;
Not gives him leave for his sixt *Decads* date
To fill the Roule ; but seven six months did bate.
Hee, hee that was the hope, the prop of his,
Hee that restored *France* to what it is,
Hee that confin'd the pow'r of Princes still,
Hee that commanded *Victory* at will,
That was the Worlds delight, Kings glory sheen,
Hee, hee receives Deaths treacherous stroak unseen.
Th' unhappy street where this fell Hap fell-out,
Where wofull *Paris* saw her light put-out,
Where cursed Iron pierc't her Princes heart,
It shall no more be clept *The Iron-mart* :
It shall be call'd *The cursed Corner* still ;
The Hag-street, or *the Hell-street* : which you will.
Lord! where wert thou, whē that disloyall wretch
With cruell hand did thine Annointed reach ;
Quenching the Rayes of royall Majesty ?
No heart is hid from thine All-piercing Eye;
It sees the center, knows the thoughts, yer thought;
Could it see this, and suffer it be wrought ?
Hell oft before, out of his black *Abyss*,
Had spew'd up Monsters to have acted this :
But, still thy hand from former wounds did ward.
And had hee not still trusted to thy Gard,
His owne had waited round about his Coach,
And this fell Tyger never should approach.
These words, these rather words escapt my tong;
When I beheld that Monarch laid along
Dead on his Bed ; so dead, so butchered :
I blamed Heav'ns, and Whispering soft, I said,
Because they stopt not this strange Hap before,
Their slumbring eies now watch the world no more.

But, are mine eyes mine own? Is this that Princ e,
Which might have made all *Europe* his, long since,
Had hee not thought th' Empire of *France* enough?
That Lion-heart, that courage Cannon-proofe,
Which did so oft impossibles atchieve ?
I see 'tis hee ; yet scarce my sight beleeve.
Is this that mighty King, Gods lively Image,
To whom the greatest in the World did Homage ?
In Peace a Dove, in War an Eagle quick,
NESTOR in Court, in Camp ACHILLES-like ;
That with an hundred horse, a thousand foil'd :
That from most dangers never yet recoil'd.
Great *Rome* was strangely maz'd and all a-mort,
When Shee beheld her CESAR's bloody shirt :
And say, Great City, how wert thou dismaid,
When first thou saw'st thine HENRY sadly laid
Along his Coach, and covered with a Cloak ?
" *I thought the prop of all my Fortunes broke.* (yer)
Those that have seen in Towns surpriz'd (while-
When to the Chutches All have fled for feare,
May well imagine *Paris* deep affright.
Nothing but shivering, Nobles armed bright,
Clergie at Prayers, People weep and howle :
And HENRY's wound hath wounded every Soule.
Paris in honour of her Peerlesse Queen,
Had plotted Showes (more Pompous never seen)
As, rich to th' outward, rare to th' inward sense ;
But, all those Arks (Marks of magnificence),
Those *Trophees*, *Terms*, *Statues*, *Colosses* all,
Make but more Mourners at the Funerall.
I yeeld My Pensill : help *Apelles*, here,
To Limn (to life) Her dying-living Cheere;
Beliefe is hardly in Mans heart impreft,
Her Griefe more hard to be by Art expreft.
Therfore O Queen! great Stay, great Star of *France*,
This Vaile I draw before thy Countenance.
Heav'n steel'd thy heart with fortitude that Day,
Thy Courage kept the Kingdome from Decay ;
And to the Throne thy Son our Soveraign heft :
Though angry Fates of Father him bereft,
Yet mercifull, they left him such a Mother,
That *France* could hardly have been rul'd by other.
The sudden Clap of this drad Thunder sounds,
From *Alexander's* to *Alcides* bounds :
The Kings and Princes stand amazed all,
With horror of an Act so Tragicall.
Some, Rest forsake : Others, Repast forbeare :
And Each, like Fortune to himselfe doth feare.
So suddenly to see Day turn'd to Night,
Triumphant Palmes into *Funereall* Plight,
The Royall Crown to a deep mourning Vale,
A living King, to a dead Corps and pale,
Out Flow'rs to Thornes ; seem Tricks of Sorcery,
Wherein, Conceit consents not with our Eye.
Yes, hee is dead : and his eye-lids no more
To view this Light shall open (as before);
Those lovely eyes, the Load-stars of the Court,
Whose gracious glances, on the Worthy sort,
Gave Vertue vigour ; and whose awfull frowne
Dis-dared Vice ; are now Eclipst and downe.
Where are those ready Battell-ranging Hands?
Those lightning eyes whose wrath no wall withstands?
That voice so dreadful to the stoutest harts?
That heart wch wrought so many wondrous parts ?
That

That piercing Wit, dispersing Clouds of Doubt?
Where is that mighty King, so Fam'd about?
Inexorable *Death!* inhumane, cruell,
Thou shalt no more reave us so rare a Jewell;
Nature hath broke the Mould shee made him in.
In all thy *Triumph* (crayling every Kin)
Shall never march his Match, nor worthier Prince
T'have been exempted from thine Insolence.
Ah! poor, weak *Vertue*; zealous Love of Thee,
Prolongs not Life, protracts not Death (I see).(ple,
This Prince that gave Thee even his heart for Tem-
This Prince, whose reign shal serve for rare exemple
To future Kings, in future things dis-maid,
Should have come sooner, or have later stay'd.
His piety, was neither fond, nor fain'd;
His Prowesse, neither feare nor rashnesse stain'd;
His Prudence cleer'd his Counsels, steer'd his State;
His Temperance his Wrath did temperate;
His Justice with his Clemency did yoake:
Yet could not all free him from fatall stroake.
Invincible in all: onely, the Darts,
Which have not spar'd the Gods immortall hearts,
Have often bartered His: but (by your leaves,
O fairest beauties! *Beauty it selfe deceives*).
You never were the Soveraigns of his breast;
Hee You (perhaps) You never him possest.
In *Arms-Art*, what he knew not, none can know't,
Neither attempt what hee attempted not.
Reason was aye the Aime of his designes;
His brave exploits (worthy immortall lines)
Shall furnish Theam to Thousand learned Clarks,
Whose Works shall honour him, hee more their (works.
His *Royall Gests* are every-where extold,
Graven, Carv'd, Cast, in Marble, Wood, and Gold;
His Life alone's an History admir'd,
Wherein all Pens, all Pencills shall be tir'd,
In pourtraying all his valiant Feats to-forn,
Whose Tables ever shall all Courts adorn.
His *Bounties* Temple had a hard Accesse,
Not known to any, but to *Worthinesse*:
That Gate (indeed) did seldome open quick.
His *Liberality* (coy beauty-like)
Lov'd to be woo'd, prest and importun'd still;
Yea, forc't to give, what glad and fain shee will.
Yet, by th'effects to weigh his Clemency,
Mee thinks his heart must more than humane he,
Mee thinks therein some higher Power did shine,
It surely seem'd celestiall and divine:
And, but I saw him dying, pale and wan,
I could have scarce beleev'd this Prince a Man.
Hee ever lov'd rather to save than spill,
Not cementing his Throne with Bloud, with Ill;
Nor ween'd, by Feare, his Diadem assur'd;
With mildnesse rather grieved minds hee cur'd:
His memory did never wrongs retein;
Beloved Kings, Hee thought, securest reign.
Praise you his bounty, you that past the Poles,
Beare Heav'ns Embassage to Belief-less Soules:
Henry restor'd your Countrey and your Credit,
Hee gave you leave over all *France* to spread it;
Restor'd you *Byzance*, and each pleasant part,
Left you his Court, bequeath'd to you his heart.
If *France* now flourish, proyning, round about,
Olives within, and Lawrels all without,
If now, Shee give the Law to other States,
If Peace and Plenty raigne within her Gates,
If now Shee feare no Civill storms again,
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Schooles with learned men abound,
If her rare wits be through the World renownd,
If doubts of Faith be cleered and explor'd,
If Learning be to her due Place restor'd,
If now Desert the Charge in Church attain,
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Buildings passe for beauty far
The worlds old Wonders (which so famous are)
If *Paris* Thou be peerlesse to behold,
For State, for Store, for People, Goods and Gold,
If in thy Citie, Cities sprout again.
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If the *French* Scepter be now Self-entire,
Fearlesse of Forein or Domestick fire:
If *France* have fellowes of *Achilles* Fame;
If now in *France* be nothing out of frame,
If now the *Indies* her *Bastile* containe;
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now wee joy to see our Countrey free
From Theeves and Rebels (which exiled be)
If Justice now do keep the lewd in awe,
If Desperate Duels be now curb'd by Law,
If now the weak waigh not the Strongs disdain,
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If Merchants rich, if Magistrates be found,
If Officers like Emperours abound,
If Purse Lawyers live Prince-like at home,
If now inventions to their height be come,
If now good Wits finde where them to sustain,
These are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
Who lov'd not Him, never beheld his browes;
Who knew his fortunes, must admire his Prowes;
Who fear'd him not, His Greatnesse did offend;
Who weend him to beguile, his Wisedome kend;
Who durst displease him, knew his mercies store;
Who durst not speake, his mildnesse did ignore.
Who waileth not his Death, knew not his Life,
Glory of his, and others envie rife,
Incomparable, Admirable Prince,
Excelling all th' old *Heroes* excellence.
For his true Story shall their fables shame:
Inimitable Life, Illimitable Fame.
O *French-men*, stop not yet your weeping flood:
This Prince for you hath lavisht oft his blood.
O! be not niggards of your Tears expence.
(Vaile here, my Verse, do Anna a reverence.
Rare Anna that shames the rarest wits of Ours,
Her divine Stances furnish mee these Flowers).
The Heav'ns may give us all Prosperities,
Sustain our State, remove our miseries;
But cannot dry up our Tears bitter streame:
In extreme evils remedies extreme.
Restore our King, quick shall our joyes recover:
Else, never look our Sorrowes shall give-over.
Each where our grief finds matter to augment it,
His Names remembrance doth each-where present
His famous Gests doe buse every sort; (it,
Some tell his Warres, others his Works report.
Others his Favours past, glad-sad deplore;
Then, not to mourn, is not to minde him more.

Ah! must wee live, and see so sudden dead
The Life that late our lives inspirited?
Strike saile my soule, let's put into thy Port,
While HENRY liv'd 'twas good to live (in sort):
But let us after: sith hee's reft of breath,
Desire of Life is now far worse than Death.
Sorrow, with us doth both lye down and rise,
Wrinkles our Brows, withers our Cheeks and Eyes:
Wee shun what ever might our Griefs allay,
Wee wish the Night, w' are weary of the Day,
Night brings sad silence with her horrid shade,
And even her colour seems for mourning made.
Extremest Woes yet are with Time ore-past,
Rivers of Tears are dryed-up at last:
But never ours: Ours ever fresh shall flow:
Wee defie Comforts, Wee 'll admit no moe,
Nor seek them, but as *Alchimy* profound
Seeks that which is not, or which is not found.
Who, from the Ocean, Motion can recall,
Heat from Fire, Void from Air, Order from All,
From Lines their Points, from IRIS all her Dyes,
Perils from Seas, from Numbers Unities,
Shadowes from Bodies, Angles from the Square,
May free our hearts from grief, our minds frõ care.
Hee must be heart-less that is smart-less found:
The Soule that is not wounded with this wound,
Most brutish, hath no humane Reason in't:
There is no breast of Steel, no heart of Flint,
But must be-moan so great a King, so slain.
Who would not waile a Gally-slave so ta'n?
Let us no more name HENRIES, Kings of *France*.
Death wth two knives, and with one shiver'd Lance,
Hath kill'd three HENRY's: one at Jousts (in jest):
Th' other in's Closet: in's Caroche, the best:
So, Three King RICHARDS, and five Other, cry,
Some fatall Secret in some Names doth lye.
What worse Disastre can you have behind,
To threaten *France*? O Destinies unkinde!
What greater Mischief can your Malice bring?
So good a Father reft, so great a King?
What will you more? sith wee no more can hope
For any Good that with this Ill may cope.
This noble Spirit doth to his Spring re-mount,
This bounties Flood retireth to his Fount,
This Atomie to's Unity unites,
This star returns to the first Light of Lights,
This Ray reverts where first it light did take:
And mortall wounds, this Prince immortall make.
Fare-well sole Honour of all earthly Kings,
Fare-well rare Prince for all kind Managings,
Fare-well Great HENRY, Heav'ns & Natures Gem,
Fare-well bright Star of Kings, glories great Beam,
Fare-well sole Mortall that I keep in mind:
Fare-well false Hope, Fortune and Court unkinde.

Here, lest Oblivion should usurpe her roome,
FAME writes in Gold, these Lines upon thy Toomb.

This Prince, un-peerd for Clemency and Courage,
Justly Sur-nam'd the Great, the Good, the Wise,
Mirour of Future, Miracle of Fore-Age;
One short Mis-hap for ever Happifies.

FINIS.

THE BATTAIL
OF YURY:
OR
THE BREAK-NECK
OF
The Hellish-Holy League;
IN
That famous Victory
Wonne
By HENRY the Great;
Written
By Du *BARTAS*:
Translated; & Dedicated
TO
The Right Honourable
RICHARD,
EARLE OF DORSET,

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF DORSET.

AS th' awefull Child, *that long hath* truanted,
Dares not returne unto the Schoole, *alone*;
For Shame *and* Feare *to be there discipled*
With many stripes for many Faults in One:
So fares (my Lord) My long Omission
Of th' humble Thanks *Iought have* tendered
For kinde Endeavours *You bestow'd upon*
My Right, *my* Wrong *to have* recovered.
And, (as in fine) Hee brings his Mother *forth*
To beg Forgivnesse, *or his Fault to 'scuse*:
So bring I here my dear DU BARTAS *Worth,*
To mediate for my too-faulty Muse;
Whom daign to pardon: *and in gentle Part*
Accept *This last of* His, *not least in* Art.

Your Lordships

most Obliged,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Ad eundem

Comitem Illustrissimum

(Nuper ex Galliis reducem)

EPIGRAMMA

Ex Lat. I. O.

AYr's Change hath changed (which but rare doth chance)
Your *good* to *best*. in *Science* and in *Sense*.
Wiser and *better*, both; and *Both*, from FRANCE:
Welcom, Great Earle: few are so *Well com* Thence.

Ejusdem
Clarissimi
ANAGRAMMATA:
Clarus, Divis Charus;
Richardus Sacvilus:
Is Clarus, diu Charus.

Exoptat J. S.

THE BATTAIL OF YURY.

O! What a Sun-shine gilds us round-about!
O! What a *Hymn* of *Triumph* troule they out,
In all our *Temples*! O! what cheerfull noyse!
What *Bels*! What *Bonfires*! O! What *Publike Joyes*!
The day is Ours: and on the *Leaguers* head,
The angry Heav'ns have their just *Vengeance* shed.
Be smooth, my *Brows*; and You my throbbing
(Long, deeply sunk in *sorrows* sable vaults) (*thoughts*
Soar-up to Heav'n: You *Sisters Three-fold-Three*,
Who of late Years have scarce vouchsafed Mee
To wet my lips: Now sweetly steep my Tongue
In your best Syrups: poure upon *This Song*,
A deaw of Gold, a May of learned Flowers.
Let not mine eies, blubber'd with private Showers,
Cross publike Glee: nor (silent) mee conceale,
While others sing *These Trophees* of our Weale.
Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boyle
With brave Invention: Now's the fittest while
For my Career. Others may hold their tongue;
But hardly can great Joyes be hidden long.
But now; How, Where, of What shall I begin
This gold-grownd Web to weave, to warp, to spin?
For, here I list not, in these leaves, my Lord,
The famous Facts of thy first Arms record:
So many, and so numb'ry Armies scatter'd
So many Towns defenc't, so many batter'd
By thy young Valour. Neither shall my Pen
Re-purple *Lasse*; nor with dead Grease agen
Re-soile the Soile at *Courtras*: neither (dread)
Here reave againe thy ragefull Foes of Head.
Nor shall my Muse relate, how that yer-while
(Abusing *King's* and *Churche's* sacred stile)
All *Europe* nigh (all sorts of *Rights* reneg'd)
Against the *Truth* and *Thee*, *un-holy League'd*;
While thou (a Prince, not having Men, nor Treasure
But poor, in All; save rich in Hope past measure)
Resemblest right one of thy Hils in *Foix*,
Which stands all Storms, firm'd by it selfs sad poiz,
Boldly beholds the frowning Upper-Stage,
Disdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:
And with hit brows cleaving the proudest thunder,
With knobbed knees still keeps it bravely under.
Nor may I now our thoughts cleet Hea'vn ore-cast
With Cloudy Theam of miseries fore-past:
Nor cruelly begin again to launce
New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.
Sing others those: Me shall suffice to sing, (*King*,
That in few Months, since Thou wert here *Our*
Thy valiant hand hath more strong places won
Then Both the Sides in thirty yeers have done.
Though Swarms besieg'd, in number did surmount
Besieging Troups, in so unequall count,
That oft there seem'd of foes more troups (almost)
Then single Souldiers in thy Royall Host.
Thou seem'st a lightning, and thy nimble Bands;
Follow thy Will rather with wings, then hands;
And impt with plumes of Honour-thirsting minds,
Are bravely born with thy *good-fortunes* winds:
Thou *cam'st*, *saw'st*, *overcam'st*, as swift well-neer
As these swift Words I have digested here.
Onely, neer *Arques*, for few dayes the Foe
Thine Expeditions som-what doth fore-slowe:
But as a Torrent, whose proud stream for stop,
Hath the thick height of som new Causwaies top;
The Bottom undermines, beats on the shore,
And still (in vain) adds Forces more and more,
Till, at the last, aided with Showers and Snowes,
Fell, foaming, lowd, his Prison over-throwes,
Tears bridges down, bears away Mounds and Mills,
And having won the Valleys, threats the Hils;
Swels as a Sea, and in his furious Pother
Takes Land from som, and giveth more to other:
So thou re-camp'st, runn'st, rusheft, ruineft
Holds, Houses, Towns, and never dost thou rest,
Till rebell *Paris*, pale for guilty feare,
Behold thy Face with too-just Fury there,
In her vast Suburbs; Suburbs flanked strong;
Suburbs, whose streets wth souldiers thickly throng:
Thou tak'st *Estamps*: and losing scarce a man,
Thy martiall Troups ingratefull *Vandosme* wan.
Mans is assail'd, and ta'n; *Falaise*, *Evreux*:
Maine followes those; and after that *Lisieux*,
And *Honfleur* too, stoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.
And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-stowers

To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,
Puft with som new Supplies, and fresh Relief,
From fatall *Philip* (who right Foxy-wise,
Wide yawning still after so rich a prize;
Ambitious waits, nor wishes nothing more,
Then that our *Great* each other enter-gore,
In Civill Rage; that at the easier rate,
Himselfe may snatch the Price of their debate)
Drawes neer thine Host. Then thou, whose fear was
Left Hee too-fear'd thee, sound'st a Retreat, (great
Seem'st loth to fight, seem'st thy hault heat to slack
And to leap further, stept a little back.
Thou stopst, He flies: Thou follow'st, then he stands:
And now, both Sides for Battell range their Bands:
They seem two Forrests: every Chief, apart,
Darrains his Troups with order, speed and art.
The Lightning-flash from swords, casks, courtilaces,
Wth quiv'ring beams begilds the neighbour grasses;
As th' Host of Stars, which shine above so bright,
Bespangles rich the Mantle of the Night.
The Souldiet now looks sterner then of long;
Rage in his eyes, fell out-rage on his tongue,
Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell
Erynnis makes in *Yury* Fields her Hell. (pets noise,
There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trum-
But sharp shrill neighs, but dreadful Tempests voice.
Terror and Horror over all are spread;
Horror's there lovely, and their sweet is Dread:
Already fight they with their voice and gest:
Already Horsemen touch their staves in rest;
Much like a Lyon, meeting hand to hand,
Some Savage Bull upon the Desart sand;
Th' one with wide nostrils, foming wrathfull best,
With lowd proud bellows, with a thundrous threat
Defies his Foe: tosses his head on high, (sky:
Wounds with his hooves the Earth, with horns the
Th' other, as furious from as fiery Throat
Roaring, replies him with more hideous note;
Under his horrid Front, in ghastly wise
Hee roules the Brands of his fierce flashing Eyes;
Rearing his Crest, hee rears his courage stout,
And whets his rage, whisking his train about.
The Canon's prim'd, discharg'd, hand strokes begin!
Friends, fellows, neighbours, brothers, cosins, kin,
Lose all respects; save onely where they may,
Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their rage, repay.
But, North-west winde, under the weeping *Kid*,
Never so thick his volleys racqueted,
Of bounding Balls of Ice-pearl slippery shining,
On those high hills my *Gascony* confining,
As here rain Bodies, here haile lumps of Lead,
Making a Floud of Bloud; a mount of dead.
Torn Limbs, cost truncheons, Shiver, Fire, & smoak,
As with thick clouds, both Armies round becloak:
Th'Earth quakes for fear, the Air recoyleth quick,
And *Pluto's* selfe seems to look pale and sick.
This side advances now, and now retreats:
That lost but now; and now the better gets.
For, yet (Joves issue) *Victory* (begirt
With Sword by side, and Trump behind, athwart;
Her head wth crowns, her hands wth sceptres fraught
Her costly Robe with many Conquests wrought,
Flourisht with Palms, figur'd with Towns about,
Embost with Ensignes, with Assaults set-out)
Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp she plies,
And in her hand shee leads triumphant-wise
Sweet-rapting *Glory*, full of Cheerefull grace,
To either side shewing her lovely Face.
O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,
As worthy Spouse, shall beare, for Bride, away
This Beauteous Love? Who by her side shall lye?
Who, of her kisse the balmie Bliss shall try?
Thrice happy hee: him shall the Kings adore:
Him shall the Nobles humbly bow before:
Him shall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)
Follow, and flock about: and every-where
His famous Face shall set a-work the chiefe
Of Pensils, Gravers, Chisels, Moulds: in briefe,
Hee shall be *Summe* of an admired Story;
And every Age shall celebrate his glory:
His high renowne shall onely bounded be
With the World's bounds, and with Eternity.
Thus having said, into their breasts shee blew
No common Heat, but Fits of Fury new:
Here number wins, their Courage, and there Art:
And yet *Good-fortune* falls to Either part:
As when the spitefull sullen Earth hath meant
War with the Floods, war with the Firmament,
Sh' incites, inflames, sets-on in new-found-Duel,
Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-arm'd *Auster* cruell;
Floods float uncertain, and the Clouds doe vary
Whither it pleases either Blast to carry:
Till th' one at last, the other conquering,
Become Air's Tyrant, and the Water's King.
But, lo My Liege: O Courage! there he comes:
What Ray of Honour round about him looms?
O! what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O Princely Port! Presagefull Countenance
Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank
In clinquant Pomp (as som of meanest Rank)
But arm'd in Steel; that bright abiliment
Is his rich *Valours* sole rich Ornament.
Steel was his Cradle, under steel hee dight
His Chin with Down, in steel begins it white:
And yet by steel he conquers, bravely-bold, (gold.
Towns, Cities, States, Crowns, Scepters, goods and
Yet void of Mark, Hee doth not hide him quite
Amid the Throng: a plume dread-dancing light
Beclowds his Cask, and like a Willow showes;
Which, prun'd below, close by a River growes;
And hath no sooner Heav'ns calm favour lost,
But instantly his Tops green Tuft is tost,
Now up now down, and waves (as please the Wind)
Now to, now fro; now forward, now behind.
Thus (to be known) invincible by Force,
Hee, with six hundred, charg'd six thousand Horse.
The first that felt his Arm and Fauchin keen,
Was blindly bold, a Warriour that did ween
Himselfe as stout, as strong; as strong, as great;
And, daring so, undaunted *Henry* met;
Who offers prest his Pistol in his Face,
Which would not off, although it fit'd a space. (He,
Whence somwhat mov'd, with angry voice, quoth
Hence, guilefull Arms; the glitting Sword for Me:
And draws withall; then nimbly tossing light
The flashing Horror of his Fauchin bright
(Like an *Autumnall* ruddy streaming Star
Presaging Famine, Pestilence and War)

Copes

Copes with his Foe, th' Assailant hee assaults,
And resolute observes his Arms defaults:
At last, betwixt his Brest-plate and his Bases,
Seeks for his soule, there findes, & thence it chases.
Goe, happy Soule, goe tell the news beneath,
How thou wert honour'd to have had thy death
By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of *France*,
Th' invincible (for, such a death, perchance,
Shall more extoll thy famous Memory,
Then to have won some other *Victory*):
Say, here revives a *Martel*, Foes to maul;
And that *Orlando* rules again in *Gaul*.
But, Thou go'st not alone: this deadly Fray
Thou but beginn'st, as Prologue of his play.
Hee deales abour as many Deaths as Blowes:
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee overthrowes,
Swifter then winde, or Cannon-shot, or Thunder,
Trees, towns, & towers, turns up, beats down, brings
One place, one push, one deed, one death, one (under.
Cannot suffice, nor his brave Fury bound: (wound,
Hee layes on all; and fiery-fierce and stout,
A hundred wayes cross-carves the Field about;
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike: (strike.
Some did hee thrill, some thwart, some down-right
But, as a Lion in *Numidian* Field,
Feeding a while on trembling Heards that yeeld;
If so hee heare a Bears noyse neer about,
Rearing his Eares and Crest, hee roareth-out;
Leaves lambs, kids, kine; glad hee incountred hath
An Object worthier of his noble Wrath:
My match-less Prince, discrying *Duke de Mayne*;
Spares vulgar bloud, and speeds to him amain;
Through thickest troops of stoutest men at-arms,
Through horse & foot, through shot, pikes, ensignes,
Incounters him: on him his load hee layes; (arms,
And round about on every side assayes,
Under his arms, to seek in every part
The heart which onely gave the *Leaguers* heart.
But, dreading his disdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew:
And all his Hopes, so sudden dasht, did rue:
Blusht at his past Bliss, full of carefull toile,
Loathing the Field, new witnesse of his Foile.
Now *Yury* out of sight, hee *Mante* approaches:
His weary horse, his weary rowell broches:
Untill, broak-winded, crest-faln, sweaty-swelted,
And all his grease in and without him melted,
Lolling his eares, hanging his head and neck,
For spur he stirs no more, then stock or stick.
O, noble *Duke*! O wherefore flyest thou?
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?
Thy constant Face what paints with pale affright?
Alas! thou lack'st not Courage here, but Right.
The cause confounds thee: *Charles*, yet stay & stand
To *Henry*'s mercy; humbly kiss his hand.
If red Revenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?
What, to this King? whose heart & hands are known
From both their bloods as cleer as are thine own.
If't were Ambition, mought'st thou not expect
From him, that knowes how Vertue to respect,
And can, as King, magnifikly advance
His faithfull Servants: and the Friends of *France*,
More honour and reward, then from the rude
Poore, giddy, grosse, ingratefull Multitude;
Of many Heads, of more then many Mindes,
Leaking in every Storm, led with all Winds;
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the best)
Their *Dions*, *Phocions*, *Camils*, and the rest;
Whose rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time
Decay the Tower whereby themselves did clime?
If it were Feare to finde his favours gate
Now barr'd too-fast for thee to enter at;
O! was there ever known more gracious King,
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!
Hee rather would, by Benefits, then Blowes,
Reduce his Rebels. When his fury glowes,
'Tis but as Straw-fire; while hee strikes, he sighs;
And (for the most part) from his Enemies
Drawes not more bloud, then tender tears withall
From his owne Eyes: His Spirit's voyd of Gall
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,
The heav'ns have given unto the *Bourbons* Race):
And never did the all-discerning Sun,
Which daily once about the World doth run,
Behold a Prince religiously more loth
To shake, for ought, his honour-binding Oath.
Offer my Liege the *German* Emperie,
Spain's Diadem, the *Turks Grand-Signiorie*,
Yea, make him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;
Hee 'll spurn all Scepters yer his faith hee file.
But, 'tis (saist thou) for the *Faith Catholike*.
Why? who commands in matters Politike?
Who in his Camp? but such as more then thou
With Tooth and Naile, *Romes Vatican* avow?
Serves not his Name for Refuge, every-where
Securing Priesthood from all Force and Fear?
No *Atheisme*, Hee, nor *Superstition* sents,
Hee 's a right *Christian* and religious Prince.
Hee firm beleeves, that God's *reformed* Awe,
Hee from his Cradle, with his milk did draw:
Yet, is not partiall, nor prejudicate.
And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,
By our profane hands, our strife-stirring Quils,
May ever look for a Redresse of Ills;
If it may ever hope to reprocure
A holy and a happy *Peace*, to dure;
It shall be, doubtlesse, under such a Prince,
So free from Passions blinded Vehemence.
Back to the Battell, *Muse*, now cast about:
Ah! there they flee there all are in a Rout:
All's full of Horrour, full of Ruth and Fear,
Full of disorder, and Confusion, there:
There, none obey; there, none at all command;
There, every Souldier makes apart his Band.
The ample Plain is cover'd all about
With casks, swords, muskets, pikes; & the most stout
To darkest Groves carry their Deaths conceiv'd,
In deepest Holes bury their Deaths receiv'd.
The Victor follows, over-takes anon:
Fears not the way the Flyers fear'd t' have gone.
The most hee fears, is, lest Som 's shiftful fear,
Other 's despair, finde out for saf'ty there,
Som flat, som foord, som bank, som bridge, som way
To passe the *Eure*: but, pressed with dismay,
All, breath-lesse panting in a desperate haste,
Them here and there into the River cast.
The immortall *Nymph* NAVONDA, azure-ey'd,
Queen of that crystall, and that Currents Guide;
Scar'd

Scar'd with their noise, above the water pushes
Her dropping head, in Caul of weeping Rushes.
O! whence, quoth she, whēce coms this iron spawn?
These metal-men? from what mount *Gibel* drawn?
What *Vulcan* gave, what *Myron* lent (I pray)
Steel life, to stir; to Iron breath, to neigh? (ship):
Hence, Monsters, hence (wars dreadfull workman-
With bloudy deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip;
And let us gently, without stop or stain,
To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Main.
Her voice doth vanish in so various noise:
This with his own; Than, with his armours poiz
Sinks instantly: Som have in stead of graves, (waves:
Nought but their Steeds; their Steeds, no tombs but
Some, more dismai'd, for Skiff their Targets take;
For oars, their arms; their sail, their planes they make:
But, greedy whirle-pools, ever-wheeling round,
Suck-in at-once, Oars, Sails, and Ships to ground.
Those that, by chance, scape to the other Shore,
Changing their place, change not their case the
Dikes, Bridges broken, Cities, Rampires cast (more.
Cannot secure their more then headlong haste.
Did any Squadrons dare thy Conquest crosse,
They but increast thine Honour, and their Losse.
Witnesse the Band of *Spanish Belgian* Foes,
Under three Ensignes marching strongly close:
Whom thou the fifteenth, chargest; beatest down
That mighty Body, sudden overthrown;
Even as a Galley, in smooth Sea subdues
The tallest Ship that in *The Streights* doth use:
Or as a Jennet in his nimble Speed
Oft over-turns the strongest German Steed. (ay,
Thou heaw'st, beat'st, breakest down: thou cōquer'st
Till dusky Night have robb'd thee quite of Day;
And death, of Foes. Th' *Helverian* Bands alone,
Loth to disgrace their ancient Valour known,
Against the Victor their steel Staves addresse,
As most courageous in the most distresse:
But, soon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes
Their Diamantine hearts dissolves to yce;
That yce to water, That to Vapour vain: (strain,
And those whom death rather then fear could
Those, those that never turn'd their backs at all,
But to wars-*Phœnix*, conquerour of *Gaul*,
Those King-correcting, Tyrant-scourging Braves,
Cast at thy feet their Bodyes and their Staves.
Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand
People so loyall to the *Lillies* Land,
Calming the rage of thy just hearts disdain,
Their Colours to their Comets giv'st again.
O! proudest *Trophey*, which all *Trophys* passes!
O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall tresse imbraces!
Invincible! O more then royall breast,
Who, of thy selfe, and *Triumph*, triumphest!
Who pleaseft all: with Victory thine Host,
Thy Foes with Grace: both with thy Glory most.
Earth's Ornament, thou honour of our Times,
Ay on the wings of mine Heroik Rimes,
So brave Exploit be bravely born about:
May all our Commons (commonly too-stout)
Who bred in braules, in Broils, and Insolence,
Stood, as at gaze, distracted in suspence,
Expecting th' Issue of this dreadfull Fight,
Make their due profit, and apply it right.
May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,
That the World's Empire to thy worth is due:
That, now they have Wise happy Prince for head:
That by this Battail thou hast rendered
To them their Rank, reveng'd the King deceast,
Restor'd the State, and captive *France* releast.
May now the *Clergie* ingeniously confesse,
God on thy side, giving thy Right Successe,
Crowning thy Vertues, and with sacred Oyle
Of his own spirit annoynting thee the while.
May now (in briefe) all *Frenchmen* say and sing,
Thou art, Thou ought'st, Thou onely canst be King.
But, O! some Gangreene, Plague, or Leprosie,
O'r-spreads us all: a Brand of Mutinie
Burns *France* to ashes. And but thou (unidle)
Bear'st-up so hard this stumbling Kingdoms Bridle;
Our State (yerst honour'd where the Sun doth rise)
Would fly in Sparks, or die in Atomies.
Priests strike the fire, the *Nobles* blow the coale
Of this consumption: *People* (peevish whole)
Pleas'd wth the blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,
For fuell (fooles) cast-in their willing Selves.
O *Clergie* (mindlesse of your Cure and Coat)
Becoms it you to cut your Princes throat?
To kill your King? who, in the Wombe (of kin
To thousand Kings) that Office did begin:
Who, for your law, your altars, and your honours,
Hath ventur'd oft his bloud in many maners:
Who as devout to *Rome*, as any man,
Fear'd most your roaring Buls of *Vatican*:
And canonize amid the sacred Roule
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,
Whose bloudy hand had stabb'd with baneful knife
The Lords Annoynted, and Him rest of life?
Ignoble *Nobles* see you not (alas!)
Your King supplanting, you your selves abass?
And, while you raze this royall *Monarchie*,
You madly raise a monstrous *Anarchie*,
A *Chaos* rude; still whetting, day and night,
Against your Selves, the peoples proud Despite;
Who hate the Vertuous, and have onely hope
T' ensue the *Switzers* too-rebellious Scope?
And thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,
A wise, just King; a valiant *Monarch*) rather
Tak'st hundred Tyrants; who, with tushes fell,
Will suck thy marrow out, and crack thy shell:
To whom the Gold, from *India*'s bowels brought,
Or 'mid the Sands of shining *Tagus* fought,
Seems not so good, as doth the gold they set
From out thy Womb, or what thy tears shall wet.
No, no: the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargick,
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly sick:
Or if they live and feele; they, frantik, arm
Against their Leach that fain would cure their harm
Applying many sound-sweet Med'cines fit:
But they the more increase their furious Fit.
Yet, courage *Henry*, fix thy thoughts hereon,
Pursue (brave Prince) thy Cure so well begun:
And sith so little, gentle Plaisters thrive,
Let it be lanc't, lay-on the Corrosive:
Choke me this *Hydra* whence such Monsters sprout,
And with thy Fame fill mee the World about.
Follow thy Fortune: Hills most lofty-browd,
Stoop to thy Steps: swift Rivers, swelling proud,

Dry-up

Dry-up before thee: Armies, full of Boast,
Like Vapours vanish at thy sight, almost.
Yea, at thy Name alone, the strongest Wall,
And massiest Towers shake (as affraid) and fall.
But yet, my Liege, beware how thou expose
Thy blood so oft among thy bloody Foes:
Be not too-lavish of thy Life; but waigh,
That Our *Good-hap* on thine dependeth aye.
But, if thou light regard this low Request
Of *Thy Fames Trumpet*; lift how *France* (at least)
Presents her to the: not as once shee was
(When *Baltik* Seas within her bounds did pass:
When *Nile* and *Euphrate*, as her under-Realms,
Through fruitfull Plains roul'd tributary streams:
When to proud *Spanyards* Shee did Kings allow;
And to her lawes imperiall *Rome* did bow)
But lean, and lank, bleak, weak, and all too-torn,
And in a Gulfe of miseries forlorne.
Dear Son (saith shee) nay, My Defender rather,
My Staff, my Stay, my Second-founding Father;
For, Grief, and Fury, I should desperate die,
I should Selfe stab-mee, I should shamefully
Stop mine own breath, to stint these Cares of mine
Wert thou not mine (my Liege) were I not thine.
Therefore, deare Spouse, be of thy Life less lavish;
Let not, my Lord, Fames greedy thirst so ravish
Thy daunt-less Courage into Dangers need-lesse,
Nor, too-too-hardy hazzard thee so heed-lesse.
A brave great *Monarch* in Youths heat behoves,
Once, twice, or thrice, to shew Courageous proves:
For Prowess is bright *Honours* bravest Gate;
Yea, the first Step, whereby the Fortunate
Climbe *Glory's* Mount: and nothing more (in brief)
Fires Souldiers Valour, than a Valiant Chief:
But, afterward, hee must more warie war;
And with his Wit, after then Weapon, far:
His spirits contenting with the pleasing-paine,
Not of a Souldier but a Soverain.
My Son, too-often hath thine owne hand dealt
Too-many blowes, which thousands yerst have felt:
My Liege, too-often hast thou toiled thee
For Honours Prize: brave Prince, My Victory
Not in thine arms strength, but thy years length lies;
Thy life, my life; thy death, my death implies.
If thou thy selfe neglect, respect mee though,
At least some pitie to thy Countrey show.
Weigh, weigh my sad plight, if untimely Death
Should (O, untimely!) reave My *Henry's* breath:
Even like a widow-Ship, her Pilot lost,
Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempest tost
Against the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,
Hoaring the Shore with her dispersed Planks.
But, if too-much-Heart, of thy life too care-less,
Too-soon expose thee not, to *Sisters*-spareless,
I hope to flourish more than e'r in *Arts*,
Wealth, Honours, Manners, Vertues, Valiant hearts,
Religion, Lawes; and the just *Raign* (at rest)
In *Happinesse* shall match *Augustus* best.

FINIS.

SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR,

All's not Gold that glisters.

A CHARACTER of This Corrupted Time, Which makes RELIGION but a Cover-Crime.

TO THE VVORTHILY-HONOred Sir HENRIE BAKER, *Knight-Baronet.*

IS better late, *than* never *to repay*:
Better a little, *than* no Part *at all*:
Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (*though small*)
Of your great Debt: *and pardon my Delay,*
Till (*more mine owne*) *with more* Respect, *I may*
In better Measure (*as I hope, I shall*)
Answer your Merit; *though not answer all*
Your Bounties *Bonds, renewed Day by Day.*
You minde your MAKER in your Dayes of Youth:
You shew us, by your Works, your Faith's *sincerity*:
You are so friendly *to the* Friends *of* Truth,
Your vertuous *Life so proves your Love* to Verity,
That None *I thought, could, with more patient Eye,*
Abide to look on this ANATOMIE.

——————— Your Vertues Humble Honourer,

——————— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR,

All's not Gold that glisters.

1

HOw Times are *chang'd!* and wee *with* Times,
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!
Exceeding all that have preceded,
In *Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,*
Rape, Treason, Poison, past Remorse:
Such, as (in Time) will scarce be creeded.

2

O Mindes! O Manners! most absurd!
When (to the Scandall of *The Word*)
The more our Light, the worse our Works:
When *seeming* SAINTS *be* nothing lesse;
And more Profane, who most Professe,
Than *Infidels*, or *Jewes*, or *Turks*.

3

And when, between our *roaring* GIANTS,
That openly, bid Heav'n Defiance,
Heaping-up Hills of wickednesse;
And th' undermining close despights
Of double-hearted *Hypocrites*,
Masking in Hollow-*Holiness*.

4

From Earth are FAITH and TRUTH exil'd;
False *Error* hath all hearts begull'd.
All-over All ABUSES raign.
Vertue is Vice, Vice Vertue growne,
Justice is justled from her owne:
Honour and *Right* are in disdain.

5

'Tis, to be *Foolish*, To be *Wise*:
With Reason, is against the Guise:
Read they that can my Riddle right.
Christ, Son of Man; and God of *Hosts*,
How-many of Thy *Baptisme*, boasts,
Whose life doth to the death desi't!

6

For, thy Disciples Thee beleeve;
And in thee onely double live;
According to thy GOSPEL's *veritie*;
But, dare wee say, that wee are such,
When now-adayes in Poor or Rich,
Is found not *Faith*, nor *Hope*, nor *Charitie*.

7

God hath ingrav'n in every Soule
A native Law, on *Natures* Roule;
Whereby (alas) Wee stand convict;
And *Precedents* of pious *Zeale*,
Who by their bloods, their hopes did seal,
To double Death condemn us, strict.

8

Wee ought infringe That *Statute* never,
From everlasting firm'd for-ever:
Doe, as Thou would'st be done unto:
Doe not, what Thou would'st not accept:
O Pure, plain, gentle, just *Precept*!
Yet This (alas!) Who looks to do?

9

When all Degrees so tender hin
Towards themselves, without, with-in,
They neither Wrong, nor Right can suffer?
But towards Others (made as they,
By the same hand, of the same clay)
Against all Rights all Wrongs doe offer.

10

LORD, Thou hast said, and shew'n it cleer
When (in thy Flesh) Thou sojourn'dst here

Thy

Thy Kingdome is not of This World:
So shall I ever more suspect,
While here I see, with such neglect,
Thy holy Statutes after-hurld.

11

All those (*O Lord*) that cry, *Lord, Lord*;
With Shadow of thy *Sacred Word*,
To cloak their Wickednesse, with-in;
Are none of *Thine*: but of Thy *Name*
Profanely make a mocking-Game,
To countenance their cursed Sin.

12

Like that IGNATIAN-*Latian Colledge*,
Where, under shew of *Sacred Knowledge*,
They study *State* and *Stratagems*;
Making a Staple-Trafick of it
After their Pleasure, or their Profit)
To murther *Kings*, and mangle Realms:

13

Thee JESUS (Mercifull and Meek)
They make a Tyrant (*Nero*-like)
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell:
Thee, SAVIOUR, Source of *innocence*;
Thee, *Prince of Peace and Patience*;
They make a *Fury* fierce and fell.

14

Thee, *Justice*-Fountaine, *Order's* Author,
They make *Wrong's* Fort, *Confusions* Fautor:
Immortall Spring immaculate
Of *Love*, of *Concord*, and of UNION,
They make Thee Trumpet of *Dis-Union*,
And Tinder of immortall *Hate*.

15

Such *Canons* roare from *Trent* and *Tiber*,
From *Powder-Traitors* bloody *Briber*,
Whose HOLYNESS is *Hollownesse*;
Whose *Synagogue* is Sinners Wrack;
Whose *Faith* is FAUX and RAVILLAC;
Whose *Deeds* and *Doctrine*, Wickednesse.

16

O, where is then *The Holy Flock!*
Call'd in one *Hope*, built on one *Rock*,
Into one *Faith* incorporing;
Thorough one *Baptisme*, by one *Word*,
Under one *Father* (*God* and *Lord*)
One onely *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.

17

There, there (as *Children* of one *Mother*)
They succour and support each other,
In *Union*, and in mutuall *Charitie*;
All making but one Body, being
All of *One Minde*, in One agreeing:
Bound by *One Bond of Peace, and Verity*.

18

O, can Wee (wretched, wicked Elves)
Can Wee, Wee Many, boast our Selves
One Bread, one Body (mystick-wise);
And say that wee are daily fed
In common with one *Drink* and *Bread*,
Amid our many Enmities?

19

Alas! Where are those *Saints* become,
Worthy the stile of *Christendome*;
From Sin's *Dominion* inly freed;
Vessels of Honour, full of *Grace*,
Abounding in *good-works* apace?
None now good Thought hath; less good *Deed*.

20

Nothing but false *Equivocation*:
Nothing but wilfull *Obduration*:
Nothing but *Errour* and *Disorder*;
Nothing but *Pride* and *Insolence*:
Nothing but impious *Impudence*:
Nothing but *Treason*, *Theft*, and *Murder*.

21

Contempt of God and of all *Good*,
Rape, *Riot*, *Incest*, *Bribery*, *Blood*,
Perjury, *Plotting*, *all Impiety*,
With more than brutest *Brutishness*,
This more-than-*Iron-Age* possesse:
No *Love*, no *Friendship*, no *Society*.

22

Court, *Citie*, *Countrey*, Every sort
Of either Sex, make Sin a Sport
(*Pride*, *Painting*, *Poys'ning*, *Cous'ning*, *Whoring*);
In *Sloth*, or *Surfeit*, ever-drownd;
To *Bacchus*, or *Tobacco* bound;
With *swearing*, *staring*, *stabbing*, *roaring*.

23

Wrath, *Envie*, *Slander*, *and Suspition*,
Fraud, *Rancour*, *Rapine*, *and Ambition*,
With *Blasphemies*, all over-spread:
Th' old (*Christians* Badge, bright *Charitie*,
(Most frequent then; now raritie)
Is now-adayes, not down but dead.

24

Wee are so Punctuall and Precise
In *Doctrine* (*Pharasaik-wise*)
To seem (at least) the most RELIGIOUS,
That true RELIGION wee deforme
While to our Phant'sies wee reforme
Shadowes, and not *our Selves*, litigious.

25

RELIGION! O, Thou Life of Life!
How Worldlings, that profane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their Appetites!
How Princes, who thy Power defie,
Pretend thee, for their *Tyranny*;
And People, for their false *Delights!*

26

Under Thy sacred Name, all-over,
All Vicious all their Vices Cover:
The *Violent*, their *Violence*:
The *Proud*, their *Pride*: the *False*, their *Fraud*:
The *Theefe*, his *Theft*: her *Fulth*, the *Baud*:
The *Impudent*, their *Impudence*.

27

Ambition, under Thee, aspires:
Avarice, under Thee, desires:
Sloth, under Thee, her Ease assumes:
Lust, under Thee, all over-flowes:
Wrath, under Thee, outrageous growes:
All Evill, under Thee, presumes.

28

RELIGION, yerst so venerable,
Th' art now-adayes but made a Fable;
A holy Mask on *Follies* Brow,
Where-under lyes *Dissimulation*,

Lined

Lined withall *Abhomination*:
Sacred RELIGION, where art thou?

29

Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie*:
Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie*:
Nor in the *Court*, with *Machiavell*:
Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits*:
Nor in the *Country*, with *Debates*:
For, What hath *Heav'n* to do with *Hell*?

30

Sith whatsoever Show wee make
(For Profit or Promotions sake)
What-ever Colour wee put-on;
Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,
But evill-*Works* (though civill words)
Indeed is no RELIGION.

31

Reverend RELIGION, where's the heart
That entertains thee as thou art,
Sincerely, for thine owne respect?
Where is the Minde, where is the Man,
May right be call'd a *Christian*;
Not formall, but in true effect?

32

Who, fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*
On God alone, from sacred Scope
Of his pure Statutes will not stray:
Who comes in *Zeal* and *Humblenesse*,
With true and hearty *Singlenesse*,
Willing to walk the perfect Way:

33

Who loves, with all his Soule and Minde,
Almighty God, All-wise, All-kinde,
All-whole, All-holy, All-sufficing:
Who but One onely God adores
(Though *Tyrants* rage, and *Satan* rores)
Without digressing, or disguising:

34

Who God's due *Honour* hath not given
To Other things, in Earth or Heav'n;
But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone;
Him onely serv'd with filiall Awe,
Pleas'd and delighted in his Law,
Discoursing Day and Night thereon;

35

Not, not for Form, or Fashion sake;
Or for a Time, a Show to make,
Others the better to beguile:
Nor it, in Jest, to wrest or cite;
But in his heart it deep to write,
And work it with his hands the while;

36

Loving his neighbour as himselfe,
Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,
His Counsels, Comforts, Coats, and Cates:
Doing in all things to his Brother,
But as Himself would wish from Other,
Not Offring Other what he hates:

37

Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behoove-it,
Unlawfully doth nothing covet
(To Any an offence to offer):
But just and gentle towards all,
Would rather (unto great, or small)
Than do one wrong, an hundred suffer:

38

Not thirsting Others Land or Life;
Nor neighing after Maid or Wife;
Not aiming any Injury;
Neither of polling, nor of pilling,
Neither of cursing, nor of killing,
Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

39

But will confesse, if hee offend,
Relent, *Repent*, and soon amend,
And timely render Satisfaction.
Sure, his RELIGION is not fained,
Who doth and hath him thus demeaned;
Ay deadly hating *Evill-action*.

40

Therefore, O! Vassals of the Divell,
That cannot, will not cease from Evill,
Vessels of *Wrath* and *Reprobation*;
Presume no longer Now to shrowd
Under RELIGION's sacred Clowd
Your Manifold *Abhomination*.

41

If but to *seem good*, goodly seem:
To *bee good*, better farre esteem:
Why *seem* you what *to be* you care not?
If to *seem evill*, be amiss;
Sure *to be evill*, worse it is:
Why *be you* what *To seem* you dare not?
Be, as you *seem*; or *seem* the Same
You *be*: to free RELIGION's Blame.

FINIS

NEVV HIERUSALEM.

MY Heart (as *Hart* for Water) thirsts
For Life's eternall Fount:
My Soule, my Bodie 's Pris'ner, longs,
From Prison free, to mount;
Sighes, sues, pursues, poor exile here,
Her Countrey to recover;
Too-abject, subject to disgrace,
And too-too-triumpht-over.
¶ Shee seems to see the glory now,
Which, when shee sinn'd, shee lost:
An instant Ill, of Good for-gone
Augments the mem'ry most.
¶ But of celestiall *Soveraign Bliss*,
Who can set-forth the Solace!
Where stands of everliving Stones,
An ever-lasting Palace;
The lofty Roofes and stately Roomes,
Reflecting golden beams:
The gates and goodly walls about,
Of rich and orient Gemms:
The Streets, all pav'd with purest Gold,
As smooth as any Glass-is:
No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there;
No Sicknesse thither passes:
No Winter's Frost, no Summer 's Toast,
Doth there distemper bring:
But Flow'rs, perpetuall flowring there,
Make there perpetuall Spring.
There, *Balsam*, *Saffron*, *Lilly*, *Rose*,
Doe sweat, sent, shine, and blush:
There, Mead and Field, spring, spire, and yeeld;
Rills, Milke and Hony gush:
There *Aromaticks* breathe-about
Their odoriferous Aire:
There, ever dangle dainty Fruits
On trees still blooming faire:
There, never Moon doth wax or wane,
Nor Sun, nor Stars decline;
But there, the LAMB (the Light of Lights)
Eternally doth shine.
There Time hath no alternate Term;
No Night, but ever Day;
For, There, the *Saints* are (as the Sun)
Most bright, in white Aray;
Triumphant; after Conquest *crown'd*,
In mutuall Joy they greet:
Recounting safe the Battells fought,
Their Foes now under-feet;
Pure, purifi'd from dregs and dross;
From fleshly Combats freed:
Their flesh, made spirituall, with the Spirit,
In one selfe-same agreed:
In perfect and perpetuall *Peace*;
Subject no more to sinning:
Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance;
Return'd to their *Beginning*;
And Face to Face for ever see
All *Beauties Glory* bright,
Possessing sempiternall Joyes,
In that supernall Sight
(The Sight of *GOD*, the *Soveraign Good*,
The Sun of *Happinesse*,
Such as no heart can here comprise,
Nor any *Art* expresse),
Installed in a *Bliss-full* State
Of Glory, still *The same*;
As sure, as pure, from Faile or Fall,
From Sorrow, Sinne, and Shame,
All joyous, lively, lovely, bright,
To no Mis-hap exposed:
No Danger, Death, Disease, nor Age;
In Health and Youth reposed.
Henceforth, for all *Eternity*,
They flourish fresh and green:
For, *Death* is dead, *Time* termined,
Corruption conquer'd clean.
Now know they him, that knoweth all,
And in beholding him
They all behold (as in a Glass)
Before them bright and brim.
In Unity of minde combin'd,
One very thing they Will;
And ever constant, never cross,
One and the same they Nill.
As here in *Grace*, in *Glory* there,
Though diversly, they shine:
Love equall 's All; Each loving All
With mutuall Love divine,
So that the Good of every-one
Becoms of all the Good.
Where is the Body, thither right
Right Eagle-shoales doe scud;

Where-with, with Angels, *Sainted-Soules*
Are aye refresht and fed
(For, Either Countrie's Burgesses
Are nourisht with One Bread)
And ever fain, though ever full;
Wishing but What they have:
Not sated with Satietie;
Nor needing more to crave:
Desiring still, their fill they eate;
And eating, still desire.
Still new melodious Songs they sound
With Heav'ns harmonious Quire;
And Organs Worthy (for His Worth
Through Whom they overcame)
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, Praise*
To His most HOLY *Name.*
¶ O happy, happy, happy, Soules,
That see Heav'ns *King*, above;
And underneath-them Sun and Moon,
And all the World to move!
¶ *O Christ, victorious Lord of Hosts,*
So lead my soule and Heart,
That having fought, as here I ought,
I may have there a Part,
Among that Blessed Hierarchie,
In Happinesse supreme,
A free and fellow-Citizen
Of NEVV JERUSALEM.
Vouchsafe mee Grace, to run my race,
And strenuously to strive
Unto the End, that in the End
I may the Crowne atchieve:
Not for My Worke, but for Thy Worth:
Thy Mercy, not My Merit:
So Laud and Praise be sung alwaves
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

TRIN-UNI DEO,
Creatori, Redemptori, Directori Meo,
GLORIA In Secula-Seculorum. AMEN.

AUTO-MACHIA:

OR THE SELFE-CONFLICT OF A CHRISTIAN.

From the Latin of Master
George Goodwin.

Translated; and Dedicated to the truely-honorable *Mistris Cecilie Nevil.*

Anagramma Italiano.
Cecilia Nevila.
E Vicina al Ciel.
Heav'ns Neighbour *is your Anagram.*
Your Noble Graces prove the same.

Air *Heir* of all Your MOTHERS *good*
(Wit, Vertue, Beauty, Bounty, Blood)
Among the *Honours* that accrue,
By her decease divolv'd to You,
Mine humble *Service* and *This Song*
(How little) doth not least belong
(In *Little* lies a *Mickle* Right;
As in a *Million*, in a *Mite*)
To her *Memoriall*, and Your *Merit*,
True *Mirrour* of MINERVA'S *Spirit*.
Accept it therefore *double* Yours;
By Her Donation, and by Ours.

Humbly devoted,
(as most bound)
To both your noble Families,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, VERTUOUS AND LEARNED LADY, The Lady MARIE *Nevil.*

Maria Nevila.
Alia Minerva.

Madame, Your love to Learning, and the Learned
(In such a time so full of Arts neglect)
Right worthily to Your rare Self hath earned
The love of Learning, and the learned Sect:
Whereby, Your Name already is eterned
In MEMORY'S *fair* Temple, *high erect:*
And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,
I humbly offer this poor MITE *of* Mine.

Too small a Present *to so great a* GRACE;
And too un-worthy of your Worthinesse:
Save that the Matter *so exceeds the Masse,*
That oft (perhaps) a greater may be lesse,
For, you may see, within This little glasse,
The Little-World's *great-little-Mindednesse:*
Man's *strife with* Man; *Our Flesh and Spirit in* Duell:
Courageous Cowards, too-self-kindly cruell.

Vouchsafe t' accept then this small New-years-Gift,
With humble vowes of a disastred Muse,
Which lavishly hath sown her Seeds *of Thrift*
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit *ensues.*
Else need Shee not have made so hard a Shift;
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.
But sith, as yet, Shee cannot what Shee would;
Madame, *accept her Zeal, and what Shee could.*

——————— To Your Honourable Vertues,

——————————— *most devoted,*

——————— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AUTO-MACHIA:
OR
SELFE-CIVIL-WAR.

I *Sing not* Priam, *nor the Siege of* Troy:
Nor Agamemnon's *Jarre with* Thetis *Joy:*
I sing not here Æneas *stormfull Fate;*
Queen Dido's *love, nor Goddesse* Juno's *hate:*
I sing nor Cæsar, *nor his Son-in-law;*
Whose Civill Rage, Rome *and* Pharsalia *saw.*
I sing my Self; *my* Civill-Wars *within;*
The Victories *I hourely lose and win;*
The daily Duel, *the continuall Strife,*
The War *that ends not, till I end my Life.*
And yet, not Mine alone, not onely Mine;
But every One's that under th' honour'd Signe
Of Christ *his Standard shall his Name enroule,*
With holy vowes of Body and of Soule.
Vouchsafe, O Father, *succour from above;*
Courage of Soule, comfort of heav'nly Love:
Triumphant Captaine, Glorious Generall,
Furnish mee Armes from thine owne Arcenall:
O Sacred Sp'rit, my sp'rit's assistant be;
And in This Conflict, *make Mee conquer* Mee.

VERTUE I love, I leane to *Vice:* I blame
This wicked World. yet I embrace the same.
I climb to Heav'n, I cleave to Earth: I both
Too-love my Self, and yet my-selfe I loath.
Peace-less I peace pursue; in *Civill War,*
With and against my self, I joyne, I jar:
I burn, I freeze; I fall down, I stand fast:
Well-ill I fare; I glory though disgrac't:
I die alive: I triumph, put to flight;
I feed on Cares, in teats I take delight:
My Slave (base-brave) I serve, I roame at large,
In libertie, yet lye in Gaolers Charge:
I strike, and stroake my selfe: I, kindly-keen,
Work mine own woe, rub my gall, rouz my spleen.
Oft in my Sleep, to see rare Dreams I dreame;
Waking, mine Eye doth scarce discerne a Beame.
My mind's strange *Megrim,* whirling to and fro,
Now thrusts mee hither, thither then doth throw.
In diverse *Factions* I my Self divide;
And All I try, and fly to every Side.
What I but now desir'd, I now disdain:
What (late) I waigh'd not, now I wish again:
To-Day, to-Morrow; this, that, Now, Anon,
All, Nothing, crave I; Ever Never-one.
Dull Combatant, unready for the Field,
Too-tardy take I (after wounds) my Shield.
Still hurried headlong to unlawfull things,
Down-dragging *Vice* mee eas'ly downward dings;
But, sacred *Vertue* climbs so hard and high,
That hardly can I her steep steps descry.
Both *Right* and *Wrong* with mee indifferent are:
My *Lust* is *Law:* what I desire, I dare,
(Is there so foule a *Fault,* so fond a Fact,
Which, Folly asking, Fury dares not act?)
But, art-lesse, heart-lesse, in *Religion's* Cause
(To do her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)
The All-proof Armour of my God I lose,
Flee from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.
Guilty of Sin, Sins punishment I shun,
But not the Guilt, before th' Offence be done:
(For, how could shunning of a Sin ensew
To be occasion of another New?)
Oft and again at the same stone I trip,
As if I learn'd, by falling, not to slip.
Alive I perish, and my Self undo;
Mine eyes (Self-wise) witting and willing too.
Sick to my Self I run for my relieſe:
So, Sicker of my *Physicke* than my *Grief:*
For, while I seek my swelting Thirst to swage,
Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:
While burnt to death, to coole mee I desire;
With flames, my flames; with Sulphur quench I fire:
While that I strive my swelling waves to stop,
More stormily they toss above my top.
Thus am I cur'd, this is my common ease;
My *Med'cine* still worse than my worst Disease:
My Sores with Sores, my wounds with wounds I heal,
While to my Self, my Self I still conceale.
O what lewd Leagues! what Truces make I still
With sin, with Satan, and my wanton Will!
What sleight occasions do I take to sin!
What silly Trains am I intrapped in!
What idle Cloaks for Crimes! what Nets to hide
Notorious Sins, already long deseri'd!
I write in Ice (Winds witness, sign'd with Show'rs)
I will redeem my *foul Life's* former houres:
But, soon the swinge of custome (whirl-wind-like)
Rapting my Passion (ever Fashion-sick)
Transports mee to the Contrary; alone,
Faint Guard of *Goodnesse*; Arm-lesse Champion.
My *Green-sicke* Taste doth nothing sweeter finde
Than what is bitter to a *gracious* Minde:

Egypt's

Egypt's far Flesh-pots I am longing-for:
Th'eternall *Manna* I do even abhorre.
World's Monarch *Mammon* (dropsie mysticall)
Crown'd round-fac't Goddesse, coined *Beliall*:
Midas's Desire, the Misers onely Trust;
The sacred hunger of *Pactolian* Dust,
Gold, Gold bewitches mee, and frets accurst
My greedy Throat with more than *Dipsian* Thirst.
My mind's a Gulfe, whose gaping nought can stuff;
My heart a Hell, that never hath enough:
The more I have I crave, and lesse content;
In Store, most Poor; in Plenty Indigent.
For, of these Cates how-much so-ere I cram,
It doth not stop my mouth, but stretch the same.
Sweet *Usurie*'s incestuous *Interest*,
For Dallers, Dolours hoordeth in my Chest.
The world's slave, *profit*, & the mind's slut, *pleasure*
(Insatiate both, both bound-less, both past measure:
This *Cleopatra*, That *Sardanapale*)
For huge Annoies, brings Joyes but short & small.
O Miracle! begot by Heav'n in Earth
(My Minde divine, My Body brute by Birth)
O! what a Monster am I, to depaint!
Half-Friend, half-Fiend, half-Savage, half a Saint;
High'r than my Fire doth my gross Earth aspire:
My raging Flesh my retch-less Force doth tire,
And (drunk wth worlds-musty & deep sunk in sleep)
My spirit (the spy, that wary watch should keep)
Betraies, alas! (Wo that I trust it so)
My soule's deer Kingdom to her deadly Foe. (grief,
Through Cares *Charybdis*, and through Gulfs of
Star-far-boord run I, sailing all my Life
On merry-sorry Seas; my Wind, my Will;
My Ship, my Flesh; my Sense, my Pilot still.
As in a most seditious *Common-weal*,
Within my Breast I feel my Best rebell:
Against their Prince my furious People rise;
Their Aw-less Prince dares his owne Law despise.
Mine *Eve*'s an Out-law: And my struggling twins,
Jacob and *Esau*, never can be friends:
Such deadly feud, such discord, such despight
(Even between Brethren) such continuall fight.
Whats done in Mee, Another doth, not I;
Yet both (alas!) my Guest and Enemy:
My mind, unkind (suborned by my Foe)
Indeed within mee, but not with mee tho;
Neer, yet far off, in fleshly Lees bee soil'd,
And with the Worlds contagious Filth defil'd.
I am too-narrow for mine owne Desires;
My selfe denies mee, what my self requires:
Fearfull I hope: carefull-secure I languish:
Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; sugred Angish;
Weary of Life, merry in Death; I suck
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rock.
On Thorns my Grapes, on Garlick grows my Rose:
From crums my sums; frō flint my fountain flowes:
In showrs of Tears, mine hours of Fears I mourn:
My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams, I turn:
Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rife,
I sink Annoies, and drink the Joyes of Life. (cleer:
Dim light, brim night, Beams waving cloudy-
Unstable State, void Hope, vain help, far-neer:
False-true Perswasion, law-less Lawfullnesse:
Confused Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:
Disord'red Order, Mournfull Meriments:
Dark Day, Wrong Way, Dull-double Diligence:
Infamous Fame, known Error, skill-less Skill,
Mad Minde, rude Reason, an unwilling Will:
A healthy Plague, a wealthy Want, poor Treasure:
A pleasing Torment, a tormenting Pleasure:
An odious Love, an ugly Beauty; base
Reproachfull Honour, a disgracefull Grace:
A fruitless Fruit, a dry dis-flowered Flower:
A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:
A sickly Health, dead Life, and restlesse Rest:
These are the Comforts of my soule distrest.
O! how I like, dis-like, desire, disdain;
Repell, repeal, loath, and delight again!
O! what, whom, whether (neither Flesh nor Fish)
How, weary of, the same again I wish!
I will, I nill; I nill, I will; my Minde
Perswading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.
My loose Affection (*Proteus*-like) appears
In every Form; at once it frowns and fleers.
Mine ill-good will is vain and variable:
My (*Hydra*) Flesh buds heads innumerable:
My Mind's a Maze; a Labyrinth, my Reason:
Mine Eye (false Spy) the door to Phantasies Treason:
My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects
What it should flee; what it should ply, neglects:
My flitting Hope with Passions Storms is tost
But now to Heav'n, anon to Hell almost:
Concording Discord kils mee; and again,
Discording Concord doth my Life sustain.
My Self at once I both displease and please:
Without my Self, my Self I fain would seaze:
For my too much of mee, mee much annoyes;
And my Self's Plenty, my poor Self destroyes:
Who seeks mee in mee, in mee shall not finde
Mee as my Self: *Hermaphrodite* in minde,
I am (at once) Male, Female, Neuter: yet
What-e'r I am, I am not mine, I weet:
I am not with my Self as I conceive:
Wretch that I am, my Self my Self deceive:
Unto my Self, my Self my Self betray;
I from my Self, banish my Self away:
My Self agrees not with my Self a jot,
Knowes not my Self: I have my Self forgot:
Against my Self, my Self moves jarres unjust:
I trust my Self, and I my Self distrust:
My Self I follow, and my Self I fly:
Besides my Self, and in my Self, am I:
My Self am not my Self, another same;
Unlike my Self, and like my Self I am:
Self-fond, Self-furious; and thus, Wayward Elf,
I cannot live with, nor without my Self.

FINIS.

A

CUP OF CONSOLATION FOR THE CHRISTIAN

In his Conflict.

WHy, silly Man, sick of exceeding grief,
What boots it thee, uncertain of thy Life,
Of thy disease to make so much adoe?
Thou coward Souldier, and untoward too,
Away with Fear: defie both Death and Hell:
Meet Arms with Arms, & Darts with Darts repell:
So, the first On-set, in this furious Fray,
Shall towards Heav'n make thee an easie Way;
And open wide those Gates so hardly won,
Where Snowie-winged *Victory* doth wun:
Thou must be valiant, and with daunt-lesse breft
Rush through the thickest, run upon the best
Of braving Foes: and on their Flight and Foil,
Reare noble Tropheis of triumphant Spoil.
For, this worlds Prince, dark *Limbo*'s Potentate,
Drifts Man's destruction, and with deadly hate
(Still strife-full) labours, and by all means seeks
To trouble All, and Heav'n with Hell to mix.
Great war Within there is, great War without;
With Flesh and Bloud, and with the World about.
On this Side, smiling *Hope* (with smoothest brow)
False-promiseth long Peace and plenty too:
On that Side, sallow *Fear* (with fainting breath)
Checks those proud thoughts wth threats of War &
And (weary of it Selfe) it Self distrusts, (Death;
It selfe destroyes, and to Confusion thrusts;
And, ignorant of its Selfe's Good (yet Triall)
In jealous Rage it even betrayes the loyall. (hies
Here, Cloud-browd *Sorrow*, Whirle-winde like, it
Th' amated Minde to tosse and tyrannize:
There, dimpled joy nimbly enringeth round
Her gawdy Troups that stand upon no ground;
Whose brittle glosse and glory lasts and shines
As Stubble-Fire, and Dust before the Windes.
What should I speak of all the snarefull Wiles,
And cunning Colours of mysterious Guiles,
Wherewith Death's Founder, & thy Life's drad foe,
Improvident mankind doth over-throw?
Yet be Courageous, yeeld not unto Evill:
Resist Beginnings, and defie the Divell.
For sure defence amid these fell Alarms,
Quick buckle-on these ay-victorious Arms:
First gird thy Loins with *Truth*, thy Bosom dress
In the sure Brest-plate of pure *Righteousnesse*:
Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Salvation*:
Upon thy feet, Shooes of the Preparation
Of Heav'ns Glad-tidings: Bear upon thine Arm
The Shield of *Faith* (Shot-free from every harm).
Hel's fiery Darts repell thou with the same; (flame:
And, through its splendor, quench their flame with
Take in thy hand the bright two-edged Sword
Of God's Soule-parting, Marrow-pearcing, *Word*.
Thus compleat arm'd from God's own *Arsenal*,
And watching duely for his aid to call,
Thou without doubt shalt quickly overcom
The world, the flesh, sin, death, and hell (in summe).
And so (through Christ, thy Captain and thy King)
Of Sin, thy Self, and *Satan*, triumphing,
Thou shalt (in fine) the *Happy Crown* obtain,
And in th' Eternall promis'd *Kingdom* raign.

FINIS.

TOBACCO BATTERED,

AND

THE PIPES SHATTERED (about their Ears that idlely Idolize so base and barbarous *a WEED*;

OR

AT LEAST-WISE OVER-LOVE *so loathsome* Vanitie:)

BY

A Volley of Holy Shot

Thundered

From *Mount* HELICON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Sir *GEORGE VILIERS*, Knight, Baron *of Wbaddon*: L. Vicount VILIERS; Earle of Buckingham: Mr. of the Horse to his Majesty, *and Knight of the most Noble Order of* the Garter, &c.

YOur Noble *Order* and your hallowed *Name*,
Your *Soveraign's* Favour, and your owne *Profession*,
Promise your *Valour* towards the *Suppression*
Of *Heathen* foes, that *Christian* FAITH defame:
Hence, here *presume* wee (by the Trump of Fame)
To call your *Aid* against the proud *Oppression*
Of th' *Infidel*, usurping FAITH's Possession,
That *Indian* Tyrant, onely *England's* Shame.
Thousands of *Ours* here hath Hee Captive taken,
Of all Degrees, kept under slavish Yoak.
Their *God*, their Good, *King*, Countrey, Friends forsaken,
To follow *Folly*, and to feed on *Smoak*.
Bee GOD our *Guide*, S^t. GEORGE our *Generall*;
Wee shall *repell* Him, and *redeem* Them All.

At Your Lordships Command,
J. S.
The humble Eccho of the Muses.

A double Anagram.

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers.
Re-give glories: Glorie-givers rise.

SIr: Re-give glories: Glory-givers rise.
How fits your happy Fate, *your happy* Name!
Wherein a Precept *with a* Promise *lies*,
Presaging Good to gracefull BUCKINGHAM;
For, be you Gratefull for your Dignities,
GOD *and the* KING *will still* increase *the same*.
GOD, while you honour him, *will* honour *You*:
The KING *will* favour, *while you* serve *Him* true.

TO MY REVEREND AND VVORTHY Friend, Mr. VVilliam Loe, *Batchelor of Divinity.*

LO, what your Love and this *Chimera's* hate,
Care of my Friends, Compassion of my Kin;
Zeal of Gods Glory, Horror of this Sin;
My Soveraign's Service, Honour of our State:
Lo, What all these had pow'r to propagate
(Perhaps, more hardy then my Hope had bin,
When first this Theam you gave mee to begin)
Besides my Way, beyond my Waining Date.
Lo, therefore, whether Well, or Ill I fare;
Whether the doubtfull field I win or lose;
In Fame, or Shame, you needs must have a Share,
Who on my Weakness did this weight impose.
Like *Moses* therefore lift your hands on hie,
That *Josuah's* hand may have the Victory.

A VVarning-Piece.

R*ight noble* Nobles, *Generous* Gentlemen,
Lovers of Honour, *and your* Countreys *Weal*;
You'll need no Warning *to avoid our* Peal;
Nor are in Level *of our* Poudred *Pen*:
Nor those *that yet will* yeeld, *and turn agen*
From th' Idol-Service *of their* Smoakie Zeal,
To serve their GOD, *their* KING, *their* Common-weal:
Wee Shoot at Manners, *Wee would save the* Men.
But, Those rebellious *that will still* stand out
Under the Standard *of our Heathen Foe*;
With Pipe *and* Pudding *rampir'd round about*,
Puffing *and* Snuffing *at their threatned* Woe;
At such, our Canon *shall Here thunder thick*:
Gunner, *your Lin-Stock*; *Come*, give fier quick.

Tis best Praise-worthy, to have pleas'd the Best;
This Wee indeavour; *and defie the Rest.*

TO

TOBACCO BATTERED.

WHat-ever God *created*, first, was *good*, (stood:
And good for Man, while Man uprightly
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall,
His foule *Contagion* con-corrupted All
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sin accurst,
And for his sake transformed from their first;
Till God and Man, Mans Leprie to re-cure,
By Death kill'd *Death*, re-making *All things* pure:
But, *To the pure*; not to the still-Profane,
Who (Spider-like) turne Blessings into Bane;
Usurping (right-lesse, thank-lesse, need-lesse) here,
In wanton willfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,
Earths plenteous Crop, which God hath onely giv'n
Unto his owne (Heires both of Earth and Heav'n)
Who onely (rightly) may with *Praise* and *Prayer*,
Enjoy th' increase of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,
Fowle, Fish, & Flesh, Gems, Mettals, Cattel, Plants,
And namely (That which now no *Ingle* wants)
Indian TOBACCO, when due cause requires;
Not the dry *Dropsie*, of *Phantastick* Squires.
None therefore deem that I am now to learn
(How ever dim I many things discern)
Reason and Season to distinguish fit,
Th' *Use* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it;
Drinking from *drunking*, *Saccharum cum Succo*;
And *taking of*, from *taking all TOBACCO*.
Yet out of high disdain and indignation,
Of that stern Tyrant's strangest Usurpation,
Once demi-Captive to his *puffing Pride*
(As millions are, too-wilfull foolifi'd)
Needs must I band against the *need-lesse Use*
Of Don TOBACCO, and his *foule Abuse*:
Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)
In *Europe* is no better then a Weed:
Which, to their *Idols*, *Pagans* sacrifize,
And *Christians* (here) doe well-nigh *Idolize*:
Which taking, *Heathens* to the Divels bow
Their Bodies, *Christians* even their Soules do vow.
Yet th' *Heathen* have, with th' *ill*, som *good* withall;
Sith, Their *con-native*, 'tis *con-natural*.
But, see the nature of abounding Sin,
Which more abounding Punishment doth win
For *knowing* Servants wilfull Arrogance,
Than *silly* Strangers savage Ignorance.
For, what to them is Meat and Med'cinable,
Is turn'd to us a Plague intolerable.
Two smoakie Engines, in this latter Age
(*Satans* short Circuit; the more sharp his rage.)
Have been invented by too-wanted Wit,
Or, rather, vented from th' *Infernall Pit*;
Guns and *Tobacco-pipes*, with *Fire* and *Smoak*,
(At least) a third part of Mankind to *choak*:
(Which happely, * th' *Apocalyps* fore-told)
Yet of the *Two*, Wee may (think I) be bold,
In some respects, to think the Last, the Worst,
(How-ever Both in their Effects accurst.)
For, *Guns* shoot *from-ward*, onely at their Foen;
Tobacco-pipes, *home-ward*, into their Owne
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,
Into our Selves the Poysons force wee send):
Those, in the Field, in brave and hostile manner;
These, Cowardly, under a Covert Banner:
Those, with Defiance, in a threatfull Terror;
These, with Affiance, in a wilfull Error: (ridding;
Those, (though loud roaring, goaring-deep) quick-
These, stilly stealing, longer Languorts breeding:
Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight;
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight
(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife,
Pipe-playing, dallying, and deluding Life:
Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes
So bright illightned with the GOSPEL's Rayes)
Whence so much *Smoak*, and deadly Vapours come,
To dim and damne so much of *Christendome*?
But, wee must ponder too, These dayes are Those
Wherein the Divell was to be let lose;
And yawning broad Gate of that black *Abyss*
To be set ope, whose bottome bound-lesse is;
That *Satan*, destin'd evermore to dwell
In *Smoakie* Fornace of that darksom Cell,
In *Smoak* and *darkness*, might inure and train
His Own dear Minions, while they here remain;
As roguing *Gypsies*, tanne their little Elves,
To make them tann'd and ugly like themselves.
Then in despight who-ever dare say Nay;
TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your course: you may,
If you continue in your *Smoakie* Ure,
The better far Hell's sulphr'ly *Smoak* endure;

* Apoc. 9. 17.

And

And herein (as in All your other Evill)
Grow neerer still and liker to the Divell:
Save that the Divell (if hee could revoke)
Would flee from filthy and unhealthy *Smoak*;
Wherein (cast out of Heav'n for hellish pride)
Unwilling hee and forced, doth abide:
Which, herein worse then hee (the worst of Ill)
You long-for, lust-for, ly-for, dy-for still:
For, as the *Salamander* lives in Fire,
You live in *smoak*, and without *smoak* expire.

SHould it be question'd (as right well it may)
Whether Discovery of *AMERICA*,
That *New-found World*, have yeelded to our Old
More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Answer should
Decide the Doubt, and quite determine it,
Thus for the present might wee answer fit:
That, thereby Wee have (rightly understood)
Both giv'n and taken greater hurt then good:
And that on both sides, both for *Christians*
It had been better, and for *Indians*,
That onely good men to their Coast had com,
Or that the Evill had still staid at home.
For, what out People have brought thence to us.
Is like the head-piece of a *Polipus*,
Wherein is (quoted by sage *Plutarch's* Quill)
A pest'lence great Good, and great Pest'lence Ill.
We had from them, first, to augment our Stocks,
Two grand Diseases, *Scurvie* and the *Pocks*:
Then, *Two* great *Cordials* (for a Counterpeiz)
Gold & TOBACCO; both which, many waies,
Have done more Mischief then the former twain;
And all together brought more Losse then Gain.
But true it is, wee had this Trash of Theirs,
Onely in Barter of our broken Wares.
Ours, for the most part, carried out but Sin;
And, for the most part, brought but Vengeance in:
Their Fraight was *Sloth*, *Lust*, *Avarice*, *and Drunk*,
(A Burthen able, with the Waight, to sink
The hugest Carrak; yea, those hallowed *Twelve*,
Spain's great *Apostles*, even to over-whelve)
They carried *Sloth*, and brought home *Scurvie skin*:
They carried *Lust*, & brought home *Pocks* within:
They carried *Avarice*, and *Gold* they got:
They carried *Bacchus*, & *TOBACCO* brought.
Alas, poor *Indians!* that, but *English*, None
Could put them down in their owne Trade alone!
That None, but *English* (more alas! more strange!)
Could justifie their pitifull Exchange!
Of all the Plants that *Tellus* bosom yeelds,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, moutains, fields,
None so pernicious to Man's Life is knowne,
As is TOBACCO, saving HEMP alone.
Betwixt which Two there seems great Sympathy
To ruinate poor *Adam's* Progeny:
For, in them Both, a *strangling* vertue note,
And both of them doe worke upon the Thrice;
The one, within it; and without the other;
And th' one prepareth Work unto the tothit;
For, There doe meet (I mean at *Gaol* and *Gallowes*)
More of these beastly, base *Tobacco*-Fellowes,
Then else to any profane Haunt doe use
(Excepting still *The Play-house* and *The Stewes*)
Sith 'tis their common Lot (so double-choaked)
Just Bacon-like, to be *hang'd up* and *smoaked*:
A Destiny, as proper to befall
To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.
If there be any *Herb*, in any place,
Most opposite to GOD's good *Herb of grace*,
'Tis doubt-lesse This: & this doth plainly prove-it;
That, for the most, most *grace-less* men doe love-it,
Or rather, doat most on this *wither'd Weed*,
Themselves as *wither'd* in all *gracious Deed*.
'Tis strange to see (and unto mee a Wonder)
When the prodigious strange abuse wee ponder
Of this unruly, tusty *Vegetall*;
From modern *Symmists Jesu-Criticall*,
(Carping at us, and casting in our Dish,
Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating Flesh for Fish:)
W'heare, in this case, no Conscience-cases holier.
But, *like to like*; *The Divel with the Collier*.
For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare aver)
Is, first of all, a rank *Idolater*,
As any of th' *Ignatian Hierarchie*:
Next, as conformed to their Foppery,
Of burning Day-light, and Good-night, at Noon,
Setting up *Candles* to enlight the Sun:
And last, the Kingdom of NEW-BABYLON
Stands in a *Dark* and *Smoakie* Region,
So full of such variety of *Smoaks*,
That there-with-all all *Piety* it choaks.
For, There is, first the *smoak* of Ignorance,
The *smoak* of Error, *smoak* of Arrogance,
The *smoak* of Merit super-er'gatory,
The *smoak* of *Pardon*, *smoak* of PURGATORY,
The *smoak* of Censing, *smoak* of *Thurifying*
Of Images, of *Satan's Fury-flying*,
The *smoak* of Stewes (for *smoaking* thence they com,
As horrid hot as torrid *Sodom*, som):
Then, *smoak* of *Powder-Treason*, *Pistols*, *Knives*,
To blow-up Kingdoms, and blow-out Kings lives;
And lastly, too TOBACCO's *smoakie*-Mists,
Which (comming from *Iberian* BAALISTS)
No small addition of Adustion fit
Bring to the *smoak* of the *Unbottom'd* Pit,
Yerst opened first (*as openeth Saint* John)
By their ABADDON and APOLLYON.
But, sith they are contented to admire
What they dislike not, if they not desire
(For, with good reason may wee ghess, that they
Who swallow Camels, swallow Gnarlings may);
'Tis ground enough for us, in this Dispute,
Their *Vanities*, thus obvious to refute
(Their *Vanities*, *Mysterious Mists* of *Rome*,
Which have so long be-*smoaked Christendome*).
And for the rest, it shall suffice to say,
Tobacconing is but a *smoakie* Play.
Strong Arguments against so weak a thing
Were needlesse, or unsuitable, to bring.
In this behalfe there needs no more be done,
Sith of it Selfe the same will vanish soon:
T' evaporate *This smoak*, it is enough
But with a Breath the same aside to puff.

NOw, my first puff shall but repell th' ill savour
Of Place and Persons (of debaucht behaviour)
Where

Where 'tis most frequent: Second, shew you will,
How little *Good* it doth: Third, how great *Ill*.
'Tis vented most in Taverns, Tippling-cots,
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipsie-Tostie-pots,
Whose Custom is, between the *Pipe* and *Pot*;
(Th'one Cold and Moist, the other dry and Hot)
To skirmish so(like Sword and Dagger-fight)
That 'tis not easie to determine right,
Which of their Weapons hath the Conquest got
Over their Wits; the *Pipe*, or else the *Pot*.
Yet 'tis apparent, and by proof express,
Both stab and wound the Brain with *Drunkennesse*:
For even the *Derivation* of the *Name*
Seems to allude and to include the same:
TOBACCO, as Τω βαχχω, one would say;
To(Cup-god) *Bacchus dedicated ay*.
And, for Conclusion of this Point, observe
The places which to these *Abuses* serve,
How-ever, of them-selves noysome enough,
Are much more loathsom with the stench and Stuff
Extracted from their *Imbecke* Lips and Nose.
So that, the Houses, common Haunts of Those,
Are liker Hell then Heav'n: for, Hell hath *Smoak*,
Impenitent TOBACCONISTS to choak,
Though never dead: There shall they have their fill:
In Heav'n is none, but Light and Glory still.
Next: Multitudes them daily, hourly drown
In this black Sea of *Smoak*, tost up and down
In this vast *Ocean*, of such *Latitude*,
That *Europe* onely cannot all include,
But out it rushes, over-runs the Whole,
And reaches, wel-nigh round, from *Pole* to *Pole*;
Among the *Moors*, *Turks*, *Tartars*, *Persians*,
And other *Ethnicks* (full of Ignorance
Of GOD and *Good*:)and, if wee shall look home
To view(and rew)the State of CHRISTENDOM;
Upon this Point, wee may This *Riddle* bring;
The Subject hath more Subjects then the King:
For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Raign
Then Don PHILIPPO, the Great *King of Spain*
(In whose Dominions for the most; it growes).
Nay, shall I say(O Horror to suppose!)
Heathnish TOBACCO(almost every where)
In *Christendom*(CHRIST's *outward Kingdom* here)
Hath more *Disciples* then CHRIST hath (I fear)
More Suit, more Service (Bodies, Souls, and Good)
Then *Christ*, that bought us wth his precious bloud.
O Great TOBACCO! greater then Great *Can*,
Great *Turke*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan*!
With Vulturs wings Thou hast (and swifter yet
Then an *Hungarian Ague*, *English Sweat*)
Through all Degrees flown far, nigh, up and down;
From court to cart; from *Count* to country Clown,
Not scorning *Scullions*, *Coblers*, *Colliers*,
Jakes-farmers, *Fidlers*, *Ostlers*, *Oysterers*,
Roagues, *Gypsies*, *Players*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All
What *common Scums*, in *common-Sewers* fall.
For, all, as *Vassals*, at thy beck are bent,
And breathe by Thee, as their *new Element*.
Which well may prove thy *Monarchy* the Greater;
Yet prove not Thee to be a whit the better;
But rather Worse: for, *Hell*'s wide-open Road
Is easiest found, and by the most still trod.
Which, even the *Heathen* had the Light to know
By Arguments, as many times they show.
Here may wee also gather(for a need)
Whether TOBACCO be an *Herb* or *Weed*:
And whether the excessive Use be fit,
Or good or bad; by those that favour it:
Weeds, wilde and wicked, mostly entertain it;
Herbs, holesome *Herbs*, and holy mindes disdain it.
If then *Tobacconing* be good; How is 't,
That lewdest, loosest, basest, foolishest,
The most unthrifty, most intemperate,
Most vitious, most debaucht, most desperate,
Pursue it most? The Wisest and the Best
Abhor it, shun it, flee it, as the Pest,
Or piercing Poyson of a Dragons Whisk,
Or dead-y Ey-shot of a Basilisk.
If *Wisdome* baulk it, must it not be *Folly*?
If *Vertue* hate it, is it not unholy?
If Men of Worth, and Minds right *generous*,
Discard it, scorn it; is't not *scandalous*?
And(to conclude)is it not to the Divell
Most pleasing; pleasing so(most)the most Evill?

MY second *Puff*, is Proof *How Little Good*
This *Smoak* hath don(that ever hear I cou'd).
For, first, there's none that takes *Tobacco* most,
Most usually, most earnestly can boast
That the excessive and continuall use
Of this *dry Suck-at* ever did produce
Him any Good, Civill, or Naturall,
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall:
Unlesse perhaps they will alledge, It drawes
Away the Ill which still it Self doth cause.
Which course(mee thinks)I cannot liken better
Then to an *Usurer*'s kindness to his *Debter*;
Who under shew *of lending*, still subtracts
The *Debters* Owne, and then his own exacts;
Till at the last hee utterly confound-him,
Or leave him worse & weaker then he found-him.
Next, if the Custome of *Tobacconing*
Yeeld th' Users any *Good* in any thing;
Either they *have* it, or they *hope* it prest
(By proof and practise, taking still the best):
For, none but Fools will them to Ought beslave,
Whence Benefit they neither *hope* nor *have*.
Therefore, yet farther(as a *Questionist*)
I must enquire of my TOBACCONIST,
Why, if a *Christian*(as some somtimes seem)
Beleeving GOD, waiting all *Good* from Him,
And unto Him all *Good* again referring;
Why(to eschew th' Ungodly's *Grace-less* erring)
Why pray they not? Why praise they not his Name
For *hoped Good*, and *Good had* by this Same?
As all men doe, or ought to doe for All
The Gifts and *Goods* that from his *Goodnesse* fall.
Is't not, because they neither *hope*, nor *have*,
Good(hence)*to thank* God for, nor farther *crave*:
But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, first;
So, *Heathnishly* they use it still, accurst:
And(as som jest of *Oysters*)This is more
Ungodly Meat, both *After* and *Before*.
Lastly, if all Delights of all Mankind
Be *Vanity*, *Vexation* of the Minde;
All under Sun: must not TOBACCO be,
Of Vanities, the vainest *Vanity*?

If *Solomon*, the wiſeſt earthly Prince
That ever was before, or hath bin ſince;
Knowing all Plants, and them peruſing All,
From *Cedar* to the *Hyſſop* on the Wall;
In none of all profeſſeth, that hee found
A firm content, or Conſolation found:
Can wee ſuppoſe, that any Shallowling
Can find *much Good*, in oft *Tobacconing*?

MY Third and laſt *Puff* points at the *great Evill*
This noiſom *Vapour* works through wily di-
If wee may judge; if knowledge may be had (vell.
By their Effects, how things be *good* or *bad*;
Doubtleſſe, th' Effects of this pernicious *Weed*
Be many *bad*, ſcarce any *good*, indeed:
Nor doth a man ſcarce any *Good* contain,
But of this *Evill* juſtly may complain;
As thereby, made in every Part the worſe,
In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purſe.

FOr, firſt of all, it falls on his *Good-Name*;
And ſo be-ſmears, and ſo *be-ſmoaks* the ſame,
That never after ſcarce diſcerned is't.
Rare *good Report* of a TOBACCONIST:
Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,
'T would to the Taker's Commendation bring;
And ſom-what grace them (tho they elſe were bad)
Or hide a little, the Defects they had:
But from their Credit rather it abates,
And their Diſgraces rather aggravates:
And how-much better that they were before,
It ſtinks the worſe, and ſtains their name the more.
For, if a Swearer or a Swaggerer,
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,
Prove a TOBACCONIST, it is not much:
'T is ſuitable, 'tis well beſeeming Such
(No leſſe then flaring, gariſh, whoriſh Tire,
Which now-adayes moſt *Mad-dames* moſt deſire:
Owl-fac't *Chaprones*, Cheeks *painted*, *Iſland* Treſs,
Bum *Boſſe*-about, with *broad deep-naked* Breſts;
Borrow'd and brought from looſe *Venetians*,
Becoms *Picke-hatch*, and *Shoreditch Courtizans*).
Not that *Tobacconing* is not amiſſe;
But that the bright Noon of their better Vice,
Spred far and wide, doth darken and put down
TOBACCO-*taking*, and its Twilight drown.
But, let it be of any truly ſaid,
Hee's *great*, *religious*, *learned*, *wiſe*, or *ſtaid*;
But hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST:
O! what a Blur! what an Abatement is't!
'T is like a handſull from *Augeas* Stable,
Caſt in the Face of *Beauties* faireſt Table.
Whence it appears, This too-too to frequent,
It is not *good*; no not *indifferent*.
It beſt becomes a *Stage*, or elſe a *Stewes*,
Or *Dicing houſe*, where All Diſorders uſe.
It ill beſeems a *Church*, *Colledge*, or *Court*,
Or any place of any civill ſort:
It fits Blaſphemers, Ruffians, Atheiſts,
Damn'd *Libertines*, to be TOBACCONISTS:
Not *Magiſtrates*, not *Miniſters*, not *Scholers*,
(Who are, or ſhould be, Sins ſevere Comptrollers)
Nor any wiſe and ſober perſonage,
Of Gravity, of *Honeſty*, of Age.

It were the fitteſt Furniture (that may)
For Divell, in a Picture or a Play,
To repreſent him with a fiery Face,
His Mouth and Noſtrils puffing *Smoak* apace,
With ſtaring Eyes, and in his grizely Gripe
An over-growne, great, long TOBACCO-*Pipe*.
Which ſure (me thinks) the moſt TOBACCONIST
Muſt needs approve, and even applaud the Jeſt;
But much more *Chriſtians* hence obſerve how evill
It them becoms, that ſo becoms the Divell.
And therefore, think this *Weed*, a *Drug* for *Jews*
More fit by far [who did ſo foule abuſe
(Baſe rheumy Raſcals) with their Spawlings baſe,
Our loving SAVIOUR's lovely-reverend Face,
Whom (wilfull-blinde, ſtiff-necked ſtupefi'd)
They ſpet on, ſcorned, ſcourged, *Crucifi'd*]
Then for us *Chriſtians*, who his Name adore:
Whom by his *Death* hee doth to *Life* reſtore.
If, notwithſtanding all that hath been ſaid,
TOBACCONISTS will ſtill hold on their Trade,
And by their practice ſtill hold up their Name,
Though *Jews*, though *Devels* better ſuit the ſame;
I'll ſay no more but onely This, of This:
Henceforth let none whoſe meaner Lot it is
To live in *Smoak*; *Lime-burners*, *Alchimiſts*,
Brick-makers, *Brewers*, *Colliers*, *Kitchiniſts*;
Let *Salamanders*, *Swallows*, *Bacon-ſlitches*,
Red-Sprats, *red-Herings*, and like *Chimny*-wretches,
Think no Diſparagement, nor hold them baſe:
TOBACCONISTS their Company will grace,
And teach them make a Vertue of Neceſſity,
Turning their *Smoak* into a *grace*-fool-*Aſsity*.

NExt the *Good-name*, now let the *Body* ſhow
What wrongs to it from out TOBACCO flow:
For, as That is Man's baſer Part indeed,
It is moſt baſely handled by this *Weed*.
And firſt (as was ſignificantly ſaid
Before our *Soveraign*, by an *Oxford* Head)
TOBACCO *Smoak* into the *Parlour* puts,
And baſeſt Office in the beſt Room ſhuts,
While to the Head it doth exhale and hoiſt
The Bodies filthy and ſuperfluous Moiſt;
Cauſing a moiſt Brain, by unceaſt ſupply
Of Rheums ſtill drawn to th' bodies *Stillary*:
Which in experience, and in Reaſon, make
Men moſt unapt deep things to undertake.
For, for the moſt part, ſhallow are the Wits,
Conceits and Counſels of TOBACCONISTS.
Sith *Wiſdome dwels in Dry*: Her proper Seat
Is a dry Brain, embatteld well with Heat.
Alſo, it fries and dries away the Bloud
(As did that *Perſian* the *Euphrateen* Floud,
To conquer *Babylon*) by whoſe *increaſsion*,
The *Vitall Spirits*, in an unwonted faſhion,
Are bay'd, and barred of their Paſſage due
Through all the veins, their vigour to renue:
So that the Humours (as all out of frame)
Tending to putrefie and to inflame, (ever
Fire the whole houſe; from whence there follows
A dangerous, if not a deadly *Fever*.
Laſtly, this boyling, broyling of the Bloud,
Breeds much adulted *Melancholy*-Mood

(*Satan's*

(*Satan*'s fit Saddle, from their sullen Cell,
To ride in poste, his wretched Slaves to Hell,
With two keen spurres (too-quick in their Effect)
Th' one of Excesse, the other of Defect;
A violent *Passion*, pushing *Reason* back,
Or fell *Despaire* when *Conscience* is awake.)
For, as of all *Insensibles*, hath none
More *Melancholy* and *Adustion*,
Then *Chimnies* have; What kind of *Chimney* is't
Lesse *Sensible* then a TOBACCONIST?
And in receiving *Smoake*, sith th' are so equall;
Can their *Adustion* then be much unequall?
Thus then the Habit of TOBACCONING,
Makes one more *Chimney-like* then any thing.
Som also think it causeth exsiccation
(As of the Bloud) of Seed of generation;
By th' acrimony stirring more to cover,
Then fruitfully producing Issue of it:
Whence, wee may learn to marvell so much lesse,
That (for the most) our *Gentles*, that professe
TOBACCONISME, love *Lemman*-Sauce so well;
Or that such Legions of the Base *pel-mel*,
Under the Standard of TOBACCO, use
To *Turn-bull* first, then to *Our Bartholmews*.
And where there have been many great inquests
To finde the Cause Why Bodies still grow less,
And daily neerer to the *Pigmies* Size;
This, among many Probabilities,
May pass for one: that their Progenitours
Did gladly foment their Interiours
With wholesome food, unmixed, moderate,
And timely Liquors duely temperate:
But, now-adayes, Their Issue inly choak
And dry them up (like Herrings) with This *smoake*:
For, Herrings, in the Sea, are large and full,
But shrink in bloating and together pull:
Whence, in effect, Smoak unto Smoak referring,
TOBACCONISTS are not unlike Red Herring.
Undoubtedly beyond all Moderation
It dries the Body, robs of irrigation
The thirsty parts; so that the bowels ery
For Moist and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry:
Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,
In faction, fall together by the Eares.
For, in the Herb excesse of Dry and Hot
Drawes-in excesse of Cold-Moist from the Pot;
Forwhich they troup to th' Ale-house shortly after,
As rats-ban'd Rats doe hie them to the water.
And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,
No more then water doth the baned Rat:
For th' Heat and Drought of th' *Herb American*
Being intensive (fitter eall'd Man-bane)
The one dries-up the *Humour Radicall*,
The other drowns the *Caler Naturall*.
But the most certain and apparent Ill
Is an Ill Habit which doth haunt them still;
Transforming *Nature* from her native Mould:
For, *Custom* wee another *Nature* hold.
And this vile *Custom* is so violent,
And holds his *Customers* at such a Bent,
That tho thereby more hurt then good they doubt:
To dye for it, they cannot live without.
Which doubtlesse, is a miserable State:
For, Men are surely the more fortunate,
Of fewer Creatures that they stand in need:
More, but more Bondage, and lesse freedom breed.
A House, that must have many props and staies,
Is neerer Fall, and faster it decayes:
Variety and surfeit feed the *Sportle*,
And fill the Grave. *Nature's content with little.*
Why then should Man, *living* and *rationall*,
Beslave himselfe to a dead *Vegetall*?
Why demi-heav'nly, and most free by Birth,
Should hee be bound unto this Childe of Earth?
Why, Lord of Creatures, should Hee serve: at least
Why such a Creature, baser then a Beast?

OFt had I seen *Fools* of all sorts frequent it,
Fooles of all Size, *Fooles* of all Sexes haunt it,
Fooles of all Colours, *Fooles* of all Complexions,
Fooles of all Fashions, *Fooles* of all Affections,
Fooles naturall, *Fooles* artificiall,
Fooles rich and poor, young *Fools*, old *Fools*, and all;
Whom, *Foole*, I pitied, for their wilfull folly;
Supposing, none discreetly Wise (or Holy)
Could be entangled with so fond a thing,
As is the habit of *Tobacconing*.
For, what Discretion, or what Wisedome can,
Think *Physick* Food, or *Med'cine* Meat for Man?
I rather thought *Ulysses* rather would
Have stopt his ears, eyes, hands, & mouth with-hold
From such a *Circean* Drug, whose working strange,
Would soon his best into a Beast exchange.
But when I saw some wise ones snared-in
This *Spanish Cobweb* (Satan's speciall Gin)
And that so fast, they cannot when they would
Get out again; or will not if they could:
Wisdome, mee thought, must vary much; or else
This *Ware* is *spiced* with som forrain Spels,
So to bewitch the Wise (needlesse, and nillingly)
To take and love; and not to leave it, willing.
For, those that say and sweare they even abhor it,
Cannot abandon, but thus bandy for it:
'Tis good (say they) 'tis speciall good for Rheums;
Exhales grosse humours, their excesse consumes;
And voids withall, all Inconvenience
There-on depending, or descending Thence.
Which should I grant, it must yet with Clauses
Of needfull Caution, suitable to Causes:
When time requireth Preparation fit
To rarifie congealed Rags of it;
Which by the Heat and Drynesse, probably,
This Plant performes in mediocrity:
Or else where the abundant Quantity,
Dangerous Effect, Malignant Quality,
Of over-moistutes, aske *Evacuation*,
To free the parts from totall Inundation.
How-be-it, many safer Meanes there are,
Better and fitter in themselves by farre;
More certaine, more direct; with lesse adoe,
Lesse Cost, lesse Damage, and lesse Danger too
Then *Don* TOBACCO's damnable Infection,
Slutting the Body, slaving the Affection.
'T were therefore better som what else to seek,
Then rest in this so worthy of dis-like;
Sith, curing thus one small Infirmity,
It doth create a greater Malady,

When

When ther-by freed (perhaps) from *Rheumes*, we fal
In Bondage of this *Custom* capitall,
For they that *Physick* to a *Custom* bring,
Bring their *Disease* too, to accustoming.
Perpetuall *Physick* must of force imply
Perpetuall *Sicknesse*; or deepe Foolerie
Compos'd of *Antick* and of *Phrantick* too:
For, where's no *Sicknesse*, what should *Med'cine* do?

THus for the *Body*: Now, the *Soule* divine
With this wilde *Goose-grasse* of the *Peruvine*,
Hath foure great Quarrels, in foure-fold respect
Of her foure Faculties; the *Intellect*,
The *Memory*, the *Will*, the *Conscience*;
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.
First, in the *Intellect*, it d' outs the Light,
Darkens the House, th' understandings Sight;
Through never-ceast succession of *Humidity*
The Dam of dulnesse, Mother of *Stupidity*;
Making Mans generous Brain (best, dry and hot)
Lie drown'd and driveling like a Changeling Sot.
Why then should Man, to put out *Reason's* Eye,
Suffer his Soule in *Smoakse* Lodge to lye?
For, though some others, and my Selfe by proofe
(When scornefully I tooke it but in *Snuffe*);
Have thereby sometimes found some benefit;
Superfluous humors from the Brain to quit,
To cleer the Voyce and cheer the *Phantasie*,
Which for the present, it did seem supply:
Yet doth the *Custom* (as wee likewise finde)
Dis-nerve the Body, and dis-apt the Minde.
Next, It decayes and marres the *Memory*,
And brings it to strange Imbecillity,
By still attraction of continuall *Moist*,
Which from the lower parts it wonts to hoist:
For, though best *Memory* dwell in a Brain
Moist-moderate; Yet over-*moist*, againe
Makes it so laxe, so diffluent and thin,
That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;
But instantly it slides and slips away,
As weary heels on wet and slippery Clay.
For Proofe whereof: None more forgetfull is
Of GOD and *Good*, then are *Tobacconists*.
Touching th' *Affections*, they are tyr'd no lesse
By This self Tyrant's insolent Excesse:
For, the *Adustion* of th' inherent *Heat*,
Drought, *Acrimony* (Tartar-like) doth fret;
Makes men more sudden and more heed-less heady
More sullen sowr, more stubbornely-unsteady;
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;
To give and take a Great offence for Small;
Cause-less Rejoycing, and as cause-lesse Soty,
Exceeding-Mournefull, and excessive-Merry:
Whence growes, in fine, excessive Griefe and Fear;
For Dumpier none then the *Tobacconer*:
None sadder then the gladdest of their Host;
None hating more then hee that loved most;
None fearing more, none daunted more then such
As, in a *Passion*, rather dar'd too-much.
For, *Relatives inseparable dwell*:
And *Contraries their Contraries expell*.
And (with th' *old Poet*) *'Tis the Cox-comb Course*,
Flying a Fault, to fall into a Worse.

But, if they say, that sometimes, taking it,
The Minde is freed from some instant Fit
Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells
It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,
Which for the present seem to ease the Pain,
But after, double it with more Rage again;
Because a little, for the time, it drawes,
But leaves behinde the very Root and Cause.
Lastly, the *Conscience* (as it is the best)
This *Indian* Weed doth most of all molest;
Loading it dayly with such Weight of Sin,
Whereof the least shall at the last com-in
To strict Account: the Losse of precious hours,
Neglect of GOD, of *Good*, of Us, of Ours:
Our ill Example, prodigall Excess,
Vain Words, vain Oaths, Dice, Daring, Drunkenness,
Sloath, Jesting, Scoffing, turning Night to Day,
And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;
Places of Scorn and publick Scandall haunting;
Persons of base and beastly life frequenting; (bers,
Theeves, Unthrifts, Ruffians, Robbers Roarers, Drab-
Bibbers, Blasphemers, Shifters, Sharkers, Stabbers,
This is the *Rendez-vous*, These are the Lists,
Where doe incounter most TOBACCONISTS,
Wherein they walk, like a blinde Mill-horse round;
In the same Circle, on the selfe same ground;
Forgetting how daies, months, and yeers do passe;
No more regarding, then an Ox or Asse,
How Age growes on, how *Death* attendeth them,
GOD knowes how neer (*Whom* on each side behem
A late *Repentance*, or a flat *Despair*)
And after *That*, a noisom stinking Air
Of their infamous rotten *Memory*
With Men on Earth; in Heav'n with GOD on hye
A Fearfull *Doom*; and finally in Hell,
Infinity of Fiery *Torments* fell.
The Last and least of all TOBACCO-harms,
Is to the *Purse*: which yet it so becharms,
That, Juggler-like, it jetts-out all the Pelf,
And makes a Man a *Pick-purse* to himselfe.
For, as by This, th' *Iberian Argonauts*
May be-suppos'd (even among serious Thoughts)
I' have kill'd more Men then by their Martyrdom,
Or *Massacre* (which yet to Millions com)
So, by the Same they have undone more Men,
Then *Usury* (which takes from Hundred, Ten,)
And no-where more then in *This wicked Isle*:
Woe to their Frauds, Woe to us Fools, the-while.

HOw-many *Gentles*, not of meanest Sort
(Whose Fathers liv'd in honourable Port,
For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit;
Loving their Country, and belov'd of it,)
Leaving their Neighbours, flee frō their Approach;
And, for the most, keep House in a *Coroach*
(Hell's new-found Cradles! where are rockt asleep
Mischiefs that make our Common-weal to weep).
Or in som *Play-house*, or some *Ordinary*,
Or in som piece of som *Un-sanctuary*; (they wave,
Where, through his *Pipe-puft Nose* more *Smoake*
Then all the *Chimnies* their great Houses have;
Consuming more, in their *Obscure Obscenity*,
On *Smoak* and *Smock*, with their *appendent Vanity*,
Then

Then their brave Elders did, when they maintain'd
Honour at home, and forrain Glory gain'd.
How do they rack, and wrack, & grate, & grinde,
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turn, and winde,
Borrow and beg (under a Courtly Cloak)
And all too-little for this lignorish *Smoak!*
Alas the while! that men thus needs will be
Begger'd, undone (of no *Necessity*)
In Body, Minde, and Meanes; unapt, unable
For any *Good*, through this so needlesse Bable.
For, What a Folly, through the Nose to puff
Th' whole Bodie's Portion in this idle stuff?
Or, what need any with TOBACCO, more
Now meddle, then his Ancestors before?
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,
Liv'd long and lusty, in aboundant Wealth.
Or, what is any, when he all hath spent,
The better for This dear Experiment?
Which now-adayes a number daily finde
Like *Alchimie* (though in another Kinde)
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)
Insensibly (TOBACCO hath such strength)
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elm and Oak,
Gold, Silver, All; to *Ashes* and to *Smoak*,
While all, too busie blowing at the Coal,
Deject their Body, and neglect their Soule.
For, O! What place is left to *Christianity*
'Mongst such a Crew (nay, almost to *Humanity*)
Where Oaths, Puf-snuffing, Spauling-Excrement,
Are *reall Parts* of GENTLES Complement?
And, for our *Vulgar*, by whose bold Abuse
TOBACCONING hath got so generall Use;
How mightily have They since multiply'd
Taverns, Tap-houses! where, on every side,
Most sinfully hath Mault been sunken heer
In nappy *Ale*, and *double-double-Beer*;
Invincible in a Threefold Excesse; (*kennesse*:
Strong *Drunk*, strong *Drinking*, and strange *Drun-*
Which on the Land hath brought so visibly
So great a Mischief, so past Remedy,
That Thousands daily into Beggery sink
Through *Idlenesse*; in wilfull *Debt* for *Drunk*.
Nor can the Law's severest curb keep-in
This coltish, common, priviledged Sin.
Then (shallow Reptile, superficiall Gnat)
Why doe I humme? why doe I hisse there-at?

BUt, awefull *Justice* will with keener Edge
Clip short (I hope) this sawcy Priviledge;
And at one blow cut-off this *Over-Drunking*,
And ever *Dropsie* of TOBACCO-*stinking*,
When *Our* ALCIDES (though at *Peace* with men,
At war with Vices) as His *armed Pen*
[Among the LABOURS of his *Regall* hand,
Where *Piety* and *Prudence* (joyntly) stand
Eternall PILLERS to His glorious *Name*;
Unto all Times to testifie the same, (*and Wit*:
BRITAIN's right *Beau-Clerk*, both for *Word*
The Miracle, The ORACLE *of Wit*:
For Knowledge, Judgement, Method, Memory,
Divine and Morall ENCYCLOPÆDIE]
Hath, as with Arrowes, from His sacred Sides,
All-ready chact These *stinking Stymphalides*;
Shall, with the *Trident* of some sharp *Edict*,
Severe enacted, executed strict,
Clense all the Stables of This *Augean* Dung,
Which hath so long corrupted Old and Young:
Or, at the least, impose so deep a *Taxe*
On all these *Ball, Leafe, Cane*, and *Pudding-Packs*:
On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,
That from Henceforth the *Commons* shall be loath
(Unwilling-Wise) with that *grave Greek* to *buy*
Smoak and *Repentance at a Price so high*.
If, notwithstanding, yet some Wealthy will
Needs poyson, and undoe them with it, still;
It shall be only some of Those profane
Loose *Prodigals* (their Countries Blot and Bane)
Best to be spar'd, least to be mist; whose Lands
(If any left) will come to Wiser hands
Then such weake *Nimies*, needing *Wardship* yet;
Not for their want of *Age*, but want of *Wit*.
Avidius Cassius (as *Lampridius* showes)
Did first invent, and first of all impose
That uncouth Maner of tormenting Folk
On a high beame to smother them with *Smoak*:
Where, had TOBACCO hin then known, he need
But have enjoyn'd them to have ta'n the Weed.
But, with more Reason and more Equity,
Severus Cæsar when hee did discry
The double-dealing of *Vetronius*
[A Cousening Courtier (Such are none with Us)
A Jack-of-both-sides, with both hands to play
(As now-adayes some Lawyers doe, they say)
Faining great Favour with his Soveraign,
To take great Bribes of many, to obtaine
Great Suits; for whom his Prince he never mov'd]
Aloud complain'd of, and apparent prov'd;
Caus'd his false *Minion* with this *Doom* to choak,
Let the Smoak-seller suffocate with Smoak:
Which, our *Smoak*-Merchants would no lesse befit;
TOBACCO-*Mungers*, Bringers-in of it:
Which yeerly costs (they say, by *Auda* found)
Of better Wares an hundred Thousand pound.
And, if the *Sentence* of this *Heathen Prince*,
On that *Imposter*, for his *Impudence*,
Were just: How juster will the Heav'nly God,
Th' *Eternall*, punish with infernall Rod:
In Hel's dark Fornace (with black *Fumes*, to choak)
Those, that on Earth will still *offend in Smoak*?
Offend their Friends, with a most *un-Respect*:
Offend their Wives and Children, with Neglect:
Offend the Eyes, with foul and loathsom spawlings:
Offend the Nose, with filthy Fumes exhalings:
Offend the Eeares, with loud lewd *Execrations*:
Offend the Mouth, with ugly Excreations:
Offend the *Sense*, with stupefying *Sense*:
Offend the Weake, to follow their *Offence*:
Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:
Offend the *Conscience* in a fearefull kinde:
Offend their *Baptisme*, and their *Second Birth*:
Offend the *Majesty* of Heav'n and Earth.
Woe to the World because of such *Offences*;
So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretences
Of all *Excuse* (save *Fashion, Custome, Will*)
In so apparent, proved, granted, *Ill*.
Woe, woe to them by Whom *Offences* come;
So scandalous to All our CHRISTENDOM.

FINIS.

LACRYMÆ LACRYMARUM:

OR

The Spirit of Teares,

DISTILLED

FOR THE UNTIMELY DEATH

OF

The Incomparable Prince,

HENRIE

(LATE)

Prince of VVales.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

LACRYMAE LACRYMARUM.

A Funerall Elegie.

The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

HEre lies (Drie Eyes read not this EPITAPH.)
Here lies Great-Britain's *Stay, Great* Jacob's *Staffe:*
The stately Top-bough of Imperiall Stemme,
World's richest Jewell, Nature's *rarest Gemme,*
Mirrour of Princes, *Miracle of Youth,*
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's *Comforter, milde Conquerour of Hearts:*
The Churches *Tower, the Terrour of the Pope,*
Heroick HENRY, Atlas *of our Hope.*

HOw-ever, short of Others *Art* and *Wit*,
I know my powers for such a Part unfit;
And shall but light my Candle in the *Sun*,
To doe a work shall be so better *Done:*
Could *Tears* and *Fears* give my Distractions leave,
Of sobbing words a *sable Web* to weave;
Could *Sorrow*'s *Fulness* give my voice a vent;
How would, how should, my saddest *Verse* lament,
In deepest Sighes (in stead of sweetest Songs)
This lost (alas!) which unto All belongs!
To All, alas! though chiefly to the Chief;
His *royall Parents*, Principals in grief:
To All the *Peers*, to all *Confederate*,
To All the *Church*, to all the *Christian State:*
To all the Godly *now*, and *future*, far:
To all the *World*; except S. P. Q. R.
To all together, and to Each a-part,
That lives, and loves *Religion, Armes*, or *Art:*
To all abroad; but, to Us most of all
That neerest stood to my *High Cedar*'s fall:
But, more then most, to *Mee*, that had no *Prop*
But *Henry's Hand*, and but in *Him*, no *Hope:*
In Whom, with *Nature, Grace*, and *Fortune* met,
To consummate a *Prince*, as *Good* as *Great:*
In Whom, the Heav'ns were pleas'd to shew the
A richer *Jewell* then the World was worth, (Earth
Or worthy of: therefore, no more to make
So rare a *Piece*, His precious Mould they brake.
O sudden Change! O sad *Vicissitude!*
O! how the Heav'ns our Earthly Hopes deiude!
O! what is firm beneath the Firmament!
O! what is constant here that gives Content!
What Trust in Princes! O! what Help in Man,
Whose *dying* life is but in length a span!
Melting, as Snow, before the Mid-day Sun;
Past, as a Poste, that speedy by doth run;
Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream;
Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream.
O Dearest *Henry*, Heav'n and Earth's *Delight!*
O clearest Beam of *Vertues*, Rising bright!
O purest Spark of *Pious* Princely *Zeal*!
O surest Ark of *Justice* sacred Weal!
O gravest Presage of a *Prudent* Kinde!
O bravest Message of a *Valiant* Minde!
O All-admir'd, *Benign* and *Bounteous!*
O All-desired (right) *Panaretus!*
Panaretus (*All-vertuous*) was thy Name;
Thy Nature such: such ever be thy Fame.

O Dearest! Clearest! Purest! Surest *Prop*!
O Graveſt! Braveſt! Higheſt! Nigheſt *Hope*!
O! how untimely is this Sun gone down!
This *Spark* put out! This *Ark* (as) overthrown!
This Preſage croſt! This Meſſage loſt and left!
This Prop diſplac'd! This Hope of all, bereſt!
O! how, unkinde! how, graceleſs! how, ingrate!
Have *Wee* cut-off Thy likely longer Date!
For, were *this ſtroak* from Heav'ns immediat hand,
Or (by Heav'ns leave) from Hell's ſuborned Band
Of *Romulides* (what dare not they preſume,
If this, that Sea a ſulph'ry Sea conſume?)
How-e'r it were, *Wee* were the *Moving Cauſe*
That ſweet *Prince Henry* breath no longer draws.
Wee all (alas!) have had our hands herein:
And each of us hath, by ſome *cord* of *ſin*,
Hal'd down from Heav'n from *Juſtice* awfull Seat,
This *Heavy Judgement* (wch yet more doth threat.)
Wee Clergy firſt, who too-too-oft have ſtood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches
Wee Nobles next, whoſe Title, ever ſtrong, (good:
Can hardly offer Right, or ſuffer Wrong:
Wee Magiſtrates, who, moſtly, weak of ſight,
Are rather fain to feel then ſee the Right:
Wee Officers, whoſe *Price* of every *Place*
Keeps *Vertue* out, and hringeth *Vice* in grace:
Wee Gentry then, who rack, and ſack, and Yell,
To ſwim, like *Sea-crabs* in a *foure-wheel'd Shell*:
Wee Courtiers next, who *French-Italianate*,
Change (with the *Moon*) our *Faſhion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*:
Wee Lawyers then, who *Dedalizing* Law,
And deadly *Conſcience*, like the Horſe-leach draw:
Wee Citizens, who, ſeeming *Pure* and Plain,
Beguile our Brother, make our *god* our GAIN:
Wee Countrymen, who ſlander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of our *Artificiall Dearth*:
Wee Purveyours, laſt, who, taking ten for two,
Rob both, at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:
All, briefly all, all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In *Countries*, *Cities*, *Benches*, *Churches*, *Courts*,
(All *Epicures*, *Wit-wantons*, *Atheiſts*,
Mach'-Aretines, *Momes*, *Tap-To-Bacconiſts*,
Bats, *Harpies*, *Syrens*, *Centaurs*, *Bob-all-nights*,
Sice-ſink-up-Aſſes, *Hags*, *Hermaphrodites*)
And *Wee*, poor *Nothings* (fixed in no Spheare,
Right *wandring* Tapers, *Erring* every where)
Scorn of the *Vulgar*, Scandall of the *Gown*, (down.
Have pull'd this waight of *Wrath*, this *Vengeance*
All, All are *guilty* in a high Degree,
Of this *High-Treaſon* and *Conſpiracy*;
More brute then *Brutus*, ſtabbing more then *Caſar*,
With Two-hand-SINS of *Profit* and of *Pleaſure*;
And (th' odious *Jugine*, which doth all include)
Out many-pointed proud *Ingratitude*.
For, for the *Peoples* Sins for *Subjects* Crimes,
God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.
So, good *Joſiah* (*Henry's parallel*)
Was ſoon bereft from Sin-full *Iſrael*:
So, our good *Edward* (*Henry's Precedent*)
For *England's Sins* was hence untimely hent,
So, here, good *Henry* is new taken hence,
For now Great-*Britain's* great *Sins* Confluence.
Wee ſee th' Effect: wee have the Cauſe confeſt:
O! Turn wee then, with ſpeed to *ſave the Reſt*:
O! Turn us, *Lord*, turn to us, turn away (*pray*.
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humbleſt rears, wee
O ſave our *Soveraign*; ſave his *Regall ſeed*;
That ſtill his *Own* may on his *Throne* ſucceed.
Let Each of us make privie Search within;
And having found, bring forth the *Traitor* SIN
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing ſuch *In-Sin-nuation*.
Let Each of us (as Each hath thrown a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Sinne, at *Henry's* princely heart)
Send-up in Sighes our *Soules* devoureſt breath,
To Shield our *James*, *Anne*, *Charles*, *Elizabeth*,
And *Him* whoſe *Love* ſhall render *Her* her *Brother*,
And make Her ſoon a happy *Princes* Mother.
Let Each of us ceaſe to lament (in vain)
Prince Henry's Loſs: Death is to *Him* a Gain.
For *Savoy*'s Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
Hee wedds his *Saviour* of a Regall *Line*;
Glory, for *Gold*; for *Hope*, *Poſſeſſion* (*there*)
Of *Crownes* ſo Rich as never entred Eare,
Eye never ſaw, nor ever Heart conceiv'd;
So ſtrong *Aſſur'd* as cannot be bereav'd.
Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immortall Iſſue of *Eternity*.
His Soule in Bliſſe beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodly Body ſhall more glorious *Riſe*.
Weep not for *Him*: weep for our ſelves, alas!
(Not for our *Private*, or *Peculiar* caſe:
As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Maſter's* lack,
Or *Prince's* loſſe (our *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places*, *Graces*, *Profits*, *Penſions* loſt,
Our *preſent Fortunes* caſt, our *future* croſt)
Weep for our *Sins*, our *Wicked*-Provocations.
Our haynous, horrid, high *Abominations*;
Both *ſeen* and *ſecret*; both in High and Low:
Weep, weep for *Theſe*; and ſtript, from Top to Toe,
Of *giddie Gaudes*, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of *Face-pride*, *Caſe-pride*, *Shun-pride*, *Shoo-pride*, ours
(*Like Ninivites* ſo neer Their *threatned Fall*)
In blackeſt *Sack* and *Cinders* ſhrouded All:
Not like a *Bul-ruſh*, for a day or two,
To ſtoop and droop, and *ſeem* as others *doe*
(As *Achab* yerſt, and *Pharao*, in Diſtreſſe)
And then return unto our old exceſſe
(As Dogs unto their Mewt, Hogs to their Mire)
But day by day, untill our laſt expire,
With bended Knees, but more with broken hearts,
And th' *inward* reſt of right *Repentant* Parts,
Proſtrate our Soules in *Faſting* and in *Prayer*,
Before the Foot-ſtool of th' *Empreall Chaire*:
That So, What-ever bloody *Deluge* ſloat (*Throat*,
From th' old *Red Dragon's* wide-wide-yawning
Wee *Humbled Mourners* may be Heav'nly *Marks*,
In *Mercie's Veſſell* to be All imHARKT.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

When Great French-HENRY *Fates bereft,*
His Name and Fame to OURS *Hee left;*
As ablest ATLAS *then to* proppe
The Waight of VVORTH, *the World of* HOPE:
But, ENGLAND'S Sinnes (*a heavier Load*)
So over-laid *His Shoulders broad,*
That, crushed-*down,* Here lyes HEE dead.
So HOPE *is fall'n, and* VVORTH *is fled.*

ANOTHER.

VVHom All admir'd, whom All (almost) ador'd,
For all the Parts of all PANDORA'S *Treasure;*
The Hope of all, to have all Good *restor'd;*
HIM, *All our* Ills *have slain, by Heav'ns Displeasure.*

By HIS (late) HIGHNES'S
First Worst
&
Poet Pension
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE

CONSOLATORIE.

AGAINST
IMMODERATE SORROVV
FOR THE
IMMATURE DECEASE
OF
Sir VVILLIAM SIDNEY
Knight,
Sonne and Heire apparent
To the Right
HONOURABLE
ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY
Lord Vi-Count Lisle;
Lord Chamberlaine to the Queene
AND
Lord Governour of His
MAJESTIES
Cautionarie Towne of
ULUSHING.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VI-COUNT LISLE, and his most vertuous Lady.

To Sir ROBERT SIDNEY, Knight, their Hopefull SONNE.

To the most VVorthy Lady VVROTH, with the rest of their right vertuous Daughters:

and

To all the Noble SIDNEYS

and

SEMI-SIDNEYS.

Although I know none, but a Sidney's *Muse,*
Worthy to sing a Sidney's *Worthinesse:*
None but Your Own Al-*WORTH, Sidniëdes
In whom, her Uncle's *noble Veine renewes:*
And though I know (sad Nobles*) to infuse*
My fore-spent Drops into the bound-lesse Seas
Of your deepe griefes, for your dear Joy's Decease;
To your full Ocean *nought at-all accrues:*
Yet, as (the Flouds Queen) Amphitrite *daignes*
To take the Tribute of small Brooks and Bournes;
Which to her Bounty (that their Streams maintains)
The humble Homage of their Thanks returnes:
Accept these Sighs and these few Tears of ours,
Which have their Course but from the Sourse of yours.

Anagram. LA. WROTH.

Your Noble Name's and Vertue's

most Observant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

WHat object left then our *great Henry's Herse*,
Could so have seiz'd the voice of every *verse*?
What Subject else could have ingrossed so
The *publike* Store and *private* Stock of *Woe*?
What Sea, but th' *Ocean* of His *Vertues* Fame,
Could drink all *Teares*, or drown a *Sidney's Name*
(As buried quick) so quickly, though so young).
So un-bewailed, so un-sight, un-sung?
O, glorious *Henry*! though alone to *Thee*,
I owe my all, and more then all of *Mee*;
And though (alas!) the best and most of *mine*
Reach not the least, the lowest dues of *Thine*: fore)
Yet, wouldst thou, couldst thou hear (as heer-to-
And grant a *Boon*; I onely would implore
Thy *leave* a little, for a *Sidney's* Death
To sigh a little of my mournfull breath:
The rather, that, as *Yerst* Hee serv'd you here,
And, in his *End* attended Yours so neer;
Through-out all Ages, subsequent to *Ours*,
His *Name* and *Fame* may ever wait on YOURS:
Sith All the MUSES owe that *Name* alone,
A *Dia-pason* of each *sad-sweet* Groan:
But more peculiar and precisely mine;
Lineal'y bound unto that Noble Line.
Arcadians know no Other, for *Apollo*,
No other *Mars* (in *Arms* or *Arts* to follow
As *Demi-Gods*, as well of War as Wit)
Then *Sidneys yerst*, or *Semi-Sydneys*, yet.
Yet, fit I said: for, of *This* dear *Descent*,
Nature (of late) too-lavishly hath spent,
(Like *My Ill-huswifes* which at once do burn (turn)
Two or three lights, where one would serve the
Not her Owne only, but more orient Gemms,
More rich, more rare; more fitting *Diadems*.
As, first, th' old Father, famous-fortunate,
The prime firm Founder of our *Irish State*:
Next, His Son PHILIP (more then PHILIP'S Son)
Whose World of *Worth*, a World of *Honour* won:
Then, His sole *Heire* (sole *Venus-Juno-Pallas*)
All *Beauties Pattern*, and All *Vertues* Palace;
(Whose memory, on *Muses fairest Hill*
Is *Canonized*, by a *Phœnix* Quill). (grac't,
These *Three*, the which *Three Ages* might have
All *These* and moe in my short Age have past:
Besides *This* new *Sweet-William* now deceast
(Th' *Epitome* and *Summe* of All the rest)
The Flower of *Youth*, of *Honour*, *Beauty*, *Blood*,
Th' Apparent *Heir* of All the SIDNEYS *Good*;
For mind, for mould, for spirit, for strength, & stature
A Miracle, a Master piece of *Nature*.
Alas! How grossely doe our Painters erre
In drawing *Death's* grim Visage (every-where)
With hollow holes, as wholly dark and blinde!
Ah. See wee not, how still hee sees to finde
The fairest mark, the rarest and the best
Of *Vertues* buds, and lets alone the rest?
Ravens, Brambles, Bandogs, *Sirens*, here he leaves;
Swans, Roses, Lions, *Dians*, hence hee reaves;
Nay; th' *onely Phœnix* hath hee newly slain
(But, maugre *Death*, That *Bird* revives again).
No marvaile then, If SIDNEYS fall so fast,
So early ripe are seldome apt to last:
So *Eminent* are imminent to *die*;
Malicious *Death* doth *such* so eas'ly spy.
But, why of *Death* and *Nature* rave I thus;
Another *Stile* (My LISLE) befitteth us.
Another *Hand*, another *Eye*, directs
Both *Death* and *Nature* in these high Effects;
The *Eye* of *Providence*, the *Hand* of *Power*,
Disposing All in *Order* and in *Hower*;
So *Working* in, so *Waking* over All,
That but by *Those* doth nothing here befall.
Then, not (as Currs) the stone or staffe to bite,
Un-heeding *why*, or *who* doth *hurle* or *smite*;
Unto that *Eye* let usereet our owne;
And humble us under That *Hand* alone,
Which (as the Potter his owne Work controules)
Dissolveth Bodies, and *absolveth* Soules:
Un-partiall ever, Un-prepostterous;
How-ever Other it may seem to us.
For ever since *first Woman* teemed *Twin*,
And at a *Birth* brought forth both *Death* and *sin*,
(*Sin*, as her *Heir*: *Death* as an *Heritage*
Justly derived down from Age to Age)
It is *Decreed* (by a more Change-lesse *Law*
Then ever yet the *Medes* and *Persians* saw)
That *All men once* (as well as Low, the High,
Of either *sex*, of every *sort*, *must dye*

Yea,

HONOUR'S FARE-WELL TO HER HONOURABLE FRIENDS: OR THE LADY HAY'S *Last* Will:

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Executors and *Overseers*,

EDWARD, Lord Denny; *JAMES, Lord Hay*;

&

MARY, **Lady Denny.**

FRom Gratitude, **from Duty**, *From Affection*,
To You (my Lords) **Your** *Honour, and Your Name*
(Without Offence, **without Mis-sense**, *or Blame*)
Receive, **conceive**, *consider This* DIRECTION
AGAINST th' Excesse, **the Rage**, *The Insurrection*
Of Tears, **of Sighs**, *of Sorrowes* for This DAME
As Dead, Who Lives (in Soule, **in Seed**, *in Fame*)
Inspiring Breath, **Life**, *Strength* To This COLLECTION
Made, **aimed**, *meant*, For quick, **kind**, *Keen* CORRECTION
Of Men, **of Minds**, *of Manners*, (Out of FRAME)
In Citie, **Court**, *and Country* (All too-BLAME)
ThroughSin's, **through Satan's**, *Through our Selves* Infection.
Som Vow, **Som Verse**, *Som Monument* To HONOUR
I thought, **I ought**, *and Thus I* Dreamed on-Her.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

HONOUR'S FARE-WELL.

FRom Man-Gods birth (*the Scale of earth to heav'n*)
Th' Yeer *twice eight hundred & twice single sev'n:*
Amidst the Month *which Second* Cæsar *names;*
Upon the Day *which* Diane *weekely claimes:*
About the Hower *that golden* Morpheus *uses*
Fantastickly to feast perplexed Muses
(*While* Phœbus *Coach-man scarce awake, did form*
Hying to harnesse all his fiery Teem)
Being, me thought (*ith'* Ward-robe, *or at* Waltham)
Among the Chief, where Grief did so assault 'em
(*On either side*) *that neither Great nor Small*
Had one dry Eye to see My sight *withall:*
Me thought I saw a White bright-shining Creature
(*Just in the Forme of* HONOUR'S *Wonted Feature*)
Approaching softly to a Sable Bed
Where weeping Sorrow *layd his sleeplesse head;*
And with a Voice like one devoutly praying,
Shrill-softly, Thus (*me thought*) *I heard it saying:*

Sweet Love, my Lord, *Loadstar* of my Desire,
Whose purest flame had onely power to fire.
The Icie Fort of HONOUR'S chaste Affection,
Wonne by thy love; but more by thy Perfection:
Deare Soule, which draw'st (by unseen vertue) so,
My Soule to greet thee once yet yer I goe;
Cease, cease to weep, give-over Sighs and sobbing,
Thine eyes of Rest, thy brest of Comforts robbing:
For, though soft Water hardest Marble weares,
Flint-hearted *Death* is never pierc't with *Teares.*
Use therefore other Arms against his Rages:
And, of thy Love, give more authentick Gages.

Whom yertt I chose among the choiest Worth
Of *Brittish Gallants* (over *South* and *North*)
For *Parts* and *Port*; for mild and Martiall manner,
In brave *Designes* to doe their Countrey honour:
Who, in mine eye, seem'd to excell the rest,
And Whom my Mind esteem'd above the best;
Must not expresse His love to Mee *departed*,
With vulgar Showes of the most-vulgar-hearted.

No: light me Lamps that may thy love become;
Such as may shine, about, above my Tombe,
To all beholders, as a holy Mirrour,
Reducing Nobles, from Ignobles Errour:
Or as a *Pharus* to direct the Court,
From Rocks and Wracks, into the *Happy Port.*
For, though my love seek but my HAY & DANNY,
My *Charity* is here-in meaht to many.
As from the *Dead*, I come, the *Quick* to call
From *Sin's* deep *Sleep*: and *Thee* (*Dear*) first of all.

Dear, if thou yet hold-dear a Soule devested
Of worldly Pomp (wch hath the World impested)
Sweet heart, put-off; sweet *Hay*, now leave thou
What (O!) I left not, till nigh deadly Sick: quick,
Forsake the World yer it have thee forsaken;
And yer thy Youth with Ruth be over-taken,
Regard thy Soule, thy Body lesse respect:
Kill *Vanity*, curbe every fond Affect,
Whereby the World still striveth to imprison
The purest Rayes of Mans divinest Reason.
Creep here no longer with thy mortall Dust;
Climbe with thy fiery Soule up to the Just;
Exhale thee so, in heav'nly things admiring,
As to the place of thy first Birth aspiring.

Few are thy Dayes with many Dolours fill'd,
With *Hoping* tired, with *Desiring* kill'd,
Yer thou attain what thou wouldst fain and merry:
Or, if thou dost, anon it makes the weary.
For, what *Delight* that ever Earth thee lent,
Hast thou aye found *pleasing* and *permanent?*
Honour's faire Mask, for all the Pomp and Bravery,
In *golden Gyves* is chain'd to *Sulken Slavery.*
Wealth, which the World holds *super-Soveraign*,
With use, doth vanish; without use, is vaine:
And Both, too often (as *Coat-Cards* may cotten)
Unworthily, as well are lost, as gotten.

Few Objects here (my *Dear*) but subject be
To Labour more then unto Liberty: (ted:
Youth's health & strength are quickly quasht, or da-
Pleasure and Love as soon are crost, or sared:
Affront still drives the Weakest to the Wall:
The Mightiest ay are under Envie's Maule;
A lowly Fortune is of all despised:
A lofty one, oft, of it selfe, nullized.

In Brief, *Dear Soule*, thou seest how *Certain Fate*
Conduces all things to their *fonall Date.*
As on the Shore a rouling Billow spirtteth,
When foaming high, and roaming home, it hitteth
Against the keen Knees of a horned Cliff,
Ending his course in an Incounter stiff;
Then swels another, which yet higher wallowes,
In the same course; whō the same fortune follows:
So, Wee (*O Worlds-Waves!*) as soon dead as born,
With divers Shock, on the same Rock are torn.

This

This age hath show'n great *fortune's* greedy Mini-
(Byhook or crook) above the worlds opinions; (ons
Above their owne Hopes: nay, above (wel-nigh)
The clouded Aime of their insatiate eye: (glory?
But, now where are they? where's their grace? their
Rotten in Dust; forgotten all their Story
(Unlesse, perhaps, what here so goodly shin'd,
Went out in Snuffe, and left ill sent behinde)
And all their vaine Fume, turn'd to violent Fire,
For ever burn's (such is *Ambition's* Hire):
Where, too-too late, they finde unto their Cost,
Such Favours, so found, had bin better lost.
Soul's sad Repenting, & Hearts heavy Throeing,
Are surest Fruits that in the World are growing:
Here's nothing firmer, nothing frequent more,
Then *Death*: Which (living) not to mind before
Makes men run headlong to the Gulf infernall;
And, for howrs Joyes, to lose the Joyes eternall:
Drawn diversly by divers Appetites,
After the Humors of their vain Delights.
Some *Apish*, acting every *Fashions* Model:
Some *Swinish*, wallowing in their Surfeits Puddle:
Some *Goatish*, haunting Fillies with their Dams:
Some *Wolvish*, worrying innocentest Lambs:
Some *Currish*, snarling at all good mens Good:
Some *Monkish*, hollow under *Holy-Hood*:
Some *Brutish*, Monsters in all kind of Evill:
Some *Hellish*, Actors, Factors for the Divell.
Deare, tread not Thou in *Errors* common Track:
But in thy *Life sure thine Election* make.
Feare, love, beleeve, serve, sorrow, sue, contemple;
And rather walk by *Precept*, then *Exemple*.
'Tis utterly to be of judgement voyd,
'Tis wilfully to have ones Selfe destroyd;
To trust our Soule with such whose Stipulation
Cannot repaire, cannot reprive, *Damnation*.
Who, curious, cares but for the things below,
Shall finde in fine, that hee shall Both forgoe;
But Hope of things above (with due progression)
Is far more sure, then th' others full Possession.
Labour thou therefore for the *certain Gain*:
And if thou lov'st mee, higher, higher strain.
In *Holy Pride*, hence-forth disdain the Creature,
And mount thy thoughts up to the Lord of Nature:
Love, free thy love from this dark Dungeon here,
And hence-forth fix it in th' *Empyreall* cleer:
Whither no sooner shall thy mind be rais'd,
But all thy Mournings will be soon appeas'd,
With other comforts then the World affords
In bitter Deeds c'ndied in sugar Words.
The World it selfe is dying and decaying:
The earth more steril, heav'nly Stars more straying:
The Sphears distun'd. These are the last, last Times:
Where *Vertue* fails, where *Vice* prevailes & climes;
Where good men melt away; ungodly harden.
How many flow'rs (the choise of all our Garden)
Of either Sex, of every Age and Rank:
From every Quarter, Border, Bed, and Bank
(Besides that paire of *Royall Sister-buds*,
Whose life had promis'd *Europe* many Goods:
Beside That *Prime*-Rose, Miracle of Princes,
Whose Herse as yet a Sea of Tears berinses:
Besides that *knot of Noblest* HARRINGTONS,
Th' old Father's Honours doubling in the Sons:
Besides GODOLPHIN, BODLEY, *Muses* Father;
Rare SACVIL's-*Nevill* (new *Minerva* rather):
Besides Saint *Drury*, *Sydney's-Rutland*, *Cheiney*,
Mirrour of *Dames*, and other Worthies many]
Hath our *Great Husband* lately snatched hence,
Before his Wrath's approaching storm commence?
Why wail'st thou then my happy *Dissolution*,
By Natures Current, and Heav'ns Constitution?
Repell thy Sorrowes: and repeale to Thee
All active Vertues. Mourn no more for Mee.
I lived long enough; sith while I lived
Thou lovedst mee: but (so should I have grieved)
Hadst thou appear'd unkind unto thy Wife,
My longer Date had bin a shorter Life.
I leave thee Babes enow; A Son and Daughter:
Enow to crave thy care, and ease thee laughter:
Enow for Thee; enow for Mee to beare:
Which oft I wisht; and the Almighties Eare
(Who hears his Owne, and on them ay bestoweth
Their owne desires; or what Hee better knoweth)
Heard mee in this; and one Petition more;
That, when wee parted, I might passe before. (sure
So, fare thou well (Dear Heart) fare-wel: my lea-
Serves now no longer for this last best pleasure.
Fare-wel, dear Pheer: Fare-well, dear Father too.
This is my last Will, which I leave with *You*.
You, joynt *Executors* I have ordained:
And for an *Helpe*-My Mothers love unfained
As *Over-seer* I beseech you call:
And for your *Counsell* use our heav'nly *HALL*.
So, in the heav'ns, among my Joyes supernall;
So, in my Glass, the *Vision* of th' *Eternall*;
If I shall see *You*, in your Pilgrimage,
O! be it happy, as my Hopes prelage.
So, in our Children; as their yeers be growing;
May Natures Gifts and Heav'nly Grace bestowing.
One have I heer; two have you there below; (know
Wee here have peace, you there have Wars (wee
With-out, with-in: the more therefore behoves you
Defence from Hence. So wishes She that loves you.
So, grant mee God (if it be lawfull here)
I never lose remembrance of my Dear:!
So, calmed be the Tempest of your mourning
For My *Decease* (according to my warning).
So, casting off this Load of Heavinesse,
Our Love unceasing, may *Your* Sorrow cease.
So ceast the Voyce, *and so the* Shadow *Vanish*,
The Mourners *then, more ravisht then astonish*,
Bad still, still listen with a longing Eare
For more such Musick: *which then ensuing there*
(Mee thought) the Sable Curtains *back they haled*:
And, looking round, *were ready to have called*;
When instantly their Passions *so abound*,
That down they sink; *and as they sink they swound*:
Whereat, *I* (griev'd *to see such Friends bereft mee*)
Starting *to help*, *disturbed* Morpheus *left mee*:
But, *as hee* rouz'd, *by chance hee* caft a Quill,
For present Pen *to copie HONOURS* Will.

HONOUR'S

Honours Epitaph.

Here-under, lies
The wonder of her kinde:
The rarest Work
Of Nature and of Grace:
A beauteous TEMPLE
Of a bounteous Minde;
Where *Venus, Juno,*
Pallas, had their Place.
Nay; Heav'ns and Natures
Gift singled to Many,
Here All concurr'd
To HONOUR HAY & DENNY.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, Mr. Doctor HALL.

One should, but Thou, *This* Ladies death *be grieving;*
None knew so well, the Vertues *of her life:*
Death's *rob'd of her Death, by* Thy labours *rife:*
By Thee, *is* Shee *in Heav'n and Earth still living:*
In Heav'n, by hearing, *and (through thee)* beleeving
Th' eternall Word; *which taught her* holy Strife
'Gainst Hell *and* Sin; *and (as becoms a* Wife)
Peace *with her* Spouse, *him due* Obedience *giving:*
In Earth, for acting *(in so gracious measure)*
The twice-preacht Lectures *of thy Life and Tongue;*
Alms, Meeknesse, Mildnesse, *(towards Old and Young)*
Forgiving *Wrongs*, forgetting *all Displeasure.*
O happy Seed *that fell in such a ground!*
And happy Soil *that such a* Seed-*man found.*

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A FUNERALL ELEGIE.

TO

MY REVEREND FRIEND, M. D. HILL:

In pious memory of that worthy Matrone, his right *vertuous and religious Wife*, MARGARITE WYTS (late Widow of the reverend Dr. HADRIANUS SARAVIA) *Deceased.*

ALL, that in this wide *World* is inclos'd,
Is of *Two kinds* (and divers, too) compos'd:
Mortall, the one; *Immortall*, th' other sort,
Exempt from *Death* (wch spilleth worldlings sport)
And unto each a diverse place is giv'n,
Th' one droops on earth: the other dwels in heav'n.
For, all, above bright *Cynthia's* silver Car,
Live out of fear, from *Death* and danger far:
Far from corruption, and as free from *Change*,
Selfe-stable ever, never selfly-strange:
Never transformed, nor trans-substantiate:
Sith neither subject to the power of *Fate*,
Neither obnoxious to those cumbers rife,
Cares, snares, and surfeits, that doe combat Life:
And, all, beneath her many-formed *flame*,
That sojourns here amid this fickle *Frame*
(Whether, the winged *Myriades* of the Sky,
Whether, the *Millions* of the *Ocean's* fry,
Whether, the *Legions* in the woods and groves,
Of savage herds, or of domestick droves)
All, all, doe dy: All are to *Death* inthrall'd;
And, for their *dying*, are here *Mortall* call'd.
But, chiefly *Man*, though in his better part
Most like to *God*, in This, most like to smart:
So that his *Reason* (though *divine* inspir'd)
Seems over-rated, or too dear acquir'd.
Yet, if kind *Nature* nobly had decreed,
By certain and irrevocable Deed,
None but the vitious and the lewd to dy
(The *Vertuous* living here eternally)
There were some comfort in Man's wretched case:
And *Nature then* might hold a Mothers place:
But when wee see the *Wicked* (for the most)
Live long and lusty, ruling all the roast,
Though ever *turning*, and *returning* quick
(As Swine, or Dogs) their vomit to re-lick:
While (for the most) the godly soon are gon,
Or daily going, deadly laid upon
By humane malice, or som hand divine:
O! flesh and bloud, how can it not repine?
Alas! To see a goodly field of *Wheat*
All burnt with *lightning*, or with *hail*-stones beat
(When the full Ears, humbling their flowry top,
Were even as ready, with a gratefull crop,
To thank the Husband for his taken toill,
His cost and care, his sweat, his seed, and soil;
While safe the *Tares*, *Cockle* and *Darnell* rest,
With *Thorns* and *Thistles* that the *Corn* oppreist:
O! Who so constant, but would grieve and grudge
(*If not a Christian*) at th' All-ordering Judge;
And wag his head at Heav'n) weak earthly worm!)
Against the Author of that angry storm?
Such is thy case: Such was thy heavy Crosse,
To lose thy *gold*, when others kept their *drosse*:
To have thy vessell, *full of Vertues*, split;
Where *lighter* Keels, and *empty*, never hit:
To be bereft so sweet, so *saintt a Wife*;
While here be left Harpies, and *Hels of Life*.
But, I have *learn'd*; and *then* hast *taught* (my *Hill*)
Wee must content us with our Makers will:
The Rule of right, disposing all that is:
And ordering all things to the good of his.
So, for her *good* (thy *good*) was his good pleasure,
To snatch so soon, thy *Marg'rite*, hence, thy treasure,
Thy *Pearl* (indeed, the *Jewell* of her kinde,
For worth and wealth of body and of minde)
Th'd in her cradle, train'd from tendrest youth
Under the *Cross*, for CHRIST's eternall *Truth*:
Forsaking

Forsaking *Gaunt* for th' holy Gospels sake;
Lands, good & air, which Nature dear doth make:
Fleeing from *Antwerp* (in poor *Beggers* weed)
The *Spanish fury*, in a fearfull need;
With her dear Parents, tossed to and fro,
Right noble Parents, partners in her wo.
Her *April* past, her *Summer-Age* prepares,
If much lesse dangers, not much lesser cares;
In House-hold charge, under her *Virgin*-sway,
Her pusne *Orphan-sisters* to defray.
Por, her owne Father, *Nature* had unhous'd:
And *Merkerk* had her Mother re-espous'd
(Renown'd *Sir Adolph*, of whose noble stuff,
Little is nothing; and much, not enough,
To be recorded: But, his stile and state,
Learn of *S. Botolph*, neerest *Aldersgate*)
And, hee releast, and shee deceast soon after,
Most worthy Mother of so worthy Daughter.
Religious Lady, leaving by her Will,
Charge to her children, to persever still
In *Truth's* profession; and here rather rest,
Though poor and mean; then to be re-possest,
Return to *Flanders* (on the best condition)
To be replung'd in *Romish* superstition.
And well her *Will* her valiant Sons observ'd,
Both *Serjant Majors* (as both well deserv'd,
In *Faths Defence*, by wounds yet healed scarce)
To both those brave *Nassauvian Sons of Mars*:
So did the rest: but rest my *Margarite*,
Executrix (her years and vertues right)
All which shee past; and with so pure report
Fitting the mirrour of her sex and sort:
Such exercise of every *Housewifs part*,
Such honest *shift*, such *thrift*, such *use*, such *art*:
Such *modesty*, such *gravity*, such *grace*,
Such *speech*, such *silence* (suiting time and place):
Such due *devotion*, such *discretion* seen,
As seemed neerer *sixty* then *sixteen*.
How well, and worthy of her former fames,
Shee demeanor her with two *noble Dames*,
In *honest defence*, (many years with Each:)
With praise and love, without the least impeach:
Palavicine, and *Hastings* will avouch (*Zeuch*)
(Though now new-nam'd: that *Cromwel*, and this
So *vertuous* both, that (for so long together)
None but so *vertuous* could have *served* Either.
Such was her *Minor-age*: such *Maiden-life*:
Such-*Woman-state*: and such shee was a *Wife*
To (*My*) SARAVIA; to whose *reverend Name*
Mine owes the honour of *du*-BARTAS fame.
For (*as our London* (else for drought undon)
Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) *of Middleton*,
(*Whose memory mine never shall forget*,
But to Hugh's *name adde the surname of Great*,
For his great Work) abundant *streams to drench*,
Cool cleanse and clear: and fearfull flames to quench.)
From th' ample *Cisterns* of his Sea of *skill*,
Suckt I (*my Succour*) my short shallow *Rill*:
The little *All* I can (and all I could
In *three poor years*, at three times three years old.)
His love and labour apted so my wit,
That when *Urania* after rapted it, (produce
Through Heav'ns strong working weakness did
Leaves of delight, and *fruits of sacred use*:
Which, had my *Muse* t'our either *Athens* flowne,
Or follow'd him, had been much *more mine owne*,
Then was the fault that so it fell not out.
(*But prais'd be God, who pleas'd to bring about*
His better will, to better mine; lest I,
Too-puft with knowledge, should be hurt too-hie.)
How beit Him needs must I honour much:
And Her for him, and for Herself: sith *such*
(When *such* so *few*, in such an Age as this:
So foul, so false, so full of *vanities*)
So milde a Childe, so meek a Servant, rather:
So loving Nurse to one, less *Pheer* then *Father*
(So weak and wayward thorough Ache and Age,
As still in *Patience* steept her *Pilgrimage*:)
O, happy Hee! so, happy Shee, the while:
Till Hee, more happy, left Her *Widowes* stile.
Whenceforth, sequestred from all publike sight,
From all occasions that might move Delight:
As hearty sorry as in habite sad.
Tears in her eyes, Sighs in her breast shee had
(As grieved Turtle on the green-lesse Spray
Groanes, and bemoanes her, in a mournfull Lay)
Lamenting many Months in heavy Cheer
Her losse (alas.) Her loving *Father-Pheer*:
Resolved chastly, not to change her Life,
Her Widow-state, to be a stately Wife:
Still keeping home; still tasked sober-wise,
In Hus-wifes Use, or holy exercise.
Or, if at length shee looked out of Door,
'Twas but to visit some weake, aged Poor;
Som wofull Woman, or som wretched wight,
Through som disaster in som wofull plight:
Som long-Sick Neighbour, or som needy Soule,
With timely comforts of her Bag or Boule:
Or, on the *Sabbaths*, or the *Lecture-dayes*,
To *hear*, and *learn*, to *read*, and *pray*, and *praise*,
Such was thy *Marg'rite*, *morally divine*;
Maid, Widow, Wife (*Hill*) till thou hadst her thine.
This, I record: to *Thee* belongs the rest:
If here I ly, doe thou deny my *Test*,
Or testifie under thy hand with Mee,
That *Such* shee was, and *Such* shee was to Thee;
And, to that end, insert thy *Paragraph*
Before, or after her sad *Epitaph*.
Or, if thy *Grief* as yet permit thee not,
Make mee thy *Proxie*: for, right well I wot,
Will-nill thou *Hill*, Thou canst not but aver,
That *Such* shee was, as I have vouched Her:
And *Such* to Thee, well witnest by her *Will*,
Bequeathing all to her dear Dr. *Hill*:
And more then so, by a deer *Mother's* Smart,
Thy glad-sad Partner in a *dead-live Part*
(Her first and last) unhappy-happy Boy,
Which cost her life, and thee thy Lifes best Joy.
Such then Shee liv'd and dy'd: for such must *dy*:
Yet such shall live here, and *eternally*.
So Shee; so Shee (though sudden from thee took)
Shall *live*, with *Thee*, in *this* thy living *Book*.

TO GODS GLORY.
IN PIOUS MEMORY OF THE
Nobly Vertuous and Religious Matrone,
MARGARITE, Wife of ROBERT HILL, Dr. of Divinity, and Pastor of this Parish.

Ere lies a Margarite, *that the most excell'd,*
(Her Father Wyts, *her Mother* Litchterveld,
Rematcht *with* Metkerk*) of* remark *for birth,*
But much more gentle *for her* genuine *worth:*
Wyts *(rarest)* Jewell *(so her name bespeaks)*
Vertues brave Load-starre, *to enlight her* Sex
In pious, prudent, peacefull, praise-full life,
Fitting a SARA, *and a* Sacred's *Wife.*
Such as SARAVIA *and (her Second)* HIL,
Whose joy of life Death *in her Death did kill.*

Quàm piè Obiit, Puerpera, } *Salutis*, 1615.
Die 29. Junii, Anno } *Ætatis*, 39.

Pignus Amoris } *ac Mœroris* { *Posuit* Rob. Hill.
Signum Honoris } { *Composuit* Jos. Syl.

Uxor Felix.
Loquitur post funera virtus.

From my sad Cradle to my sable chest,
Poor Pilgrim I did find few months of rest.
In Flanders, Holland, Zeland, England, *all.*
To parents troubles; and to mee did fall.
These made mee pious, patient, modest, wise:
And though well born, to shun the Gallants guise.
But now I rest: my soule where rest is found;
My body here in a small piece of ground.
And from my Hill, *that Hill I have ascended,*
From whence for mee my Saviour *once descended.*
Live yee to learne, that dye you must,
And after come to judgement just.

AN EPITAPH.
Maritus mœstissimus.

Thy rest gives mee a restlesse life,
Because thou wert a matchlesse Wife:
But yet I rest in Hope to see
That day of Christ, and then see Thee.

Margarita a Jewell.

I, like a jewell tost by Sea and Land,
Am bought by him who wears mee on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

Margarita beat, sed Margareta beavit:
O utinam posset dicier, ista beat.

One night, two dreams made two propheticals:
Thine, of thy Coffin; mine, of thy Funerals.

If Women all were like to Thee,
Wee men for wives should happy bee.

R. H.

Margarita surrept' est, mons exaruit.

FINIS.

A BRIEFE CATECHISME.

THE PREFACE.

Q. KNow'ſt thou, my child, wherfore thou waſt (created?
A. Sir, to ſerve God, who mee and all created.
Q. How ought wee him to ſerve and to adore?
A. The Summe thereof conſiſteth in theſe foure.
Q. Which foure be they? *A.* Faith & obedient li-
After Gods law, wth prayer & thankſgiving. (ving
Q. O each of theſe apart, and (orderly)
First, of the first let mee examine thee.

1. *Of Faith.*

Q. In whom haſt thou thy faith's affiance founded?
A. In God alone my truſt is wholly grounded.
Q. Why? *A.* God the Father made me firſt of nought
And God the Son redeem'd me worſe thâ nought,
God th' Holy Ghoſt (my Guide and Conſolation)
Inſtructs, conducts mee to Sanctification.
Q. Are th' Holy Ghoſt, the Father and the Son
Three gods? *A.* No; Perſons three, God only one.

2. *Of Obedience.*

Q. Will God be ſerved after the Commiſſion
Of his owne word, or after Mans tradition?
A. Doubtleſſe according to his owne beheſt,
And not the motions of mans brain or breſt.
Q. But, of thy ſelf canſt thou accompliſh fully
The Law of God? canſt thou perform it wholly?
A. No, God doth know. *Q.* Who doth it then in
A. The Holy Ghoſt begetting faith in mee. (thee?
Q. Having (within) the Spirit for thy direction,
Canſt thou perfome obedience, in perfection?
A. No, neither yet. *Q.* Yet God rejecteth all
That perfectly keep not his Law in all.
A. 'Tis very true. *Q.* How then, or by what action
Canſt thou pleaſe God, give the law ſatisfaction,
Or ſcape that death which to damnation brings?
A. By Jeſus Chriſt, and by his ſufferings. (for ever,
Q. How ſo? *A.* Why thus: Chriſt our High-prieſt
Self-offring once to be re-offred never,
Hath pleas'd his Father, hath appeas'd our ſtrife,
And by his Death purchaſt us endleſſe life;
So that, by lively faith to us applying
Th' one Sacrifice of Chriſt our Saviour dying,
By imputation w' have his righteouſneſſe,
As Ours, with God; and thereby life and peace.

3. *Of Prayer.*

Q. Whom prai'ſt thou to? *A.* To the true God (of (pow'r
And will to help) who hears us every hour.
Q. But in whoſe name will hee be call'd upon?
A. Onely in Chriſts, our Saviour and his Son,
Our Price, our Peace, Our Reconciliation,
Our Advocate of much commiſeration,
Sole Mediatour of mankind; who needs
No Aid of Saints, or any that ſucceeds,

4. *Of Thanksgiving.*

Q. While Chriſt, our King, our Prophet, Prieſt, and (Preacher,
Converſt with his Diſciples as a Teacher;
Tell mee, I pray, how many Sacraments
Did hee ordain his Church for evidence? (per
A. Two. *Q.* Wch are they? *A.* Baptiſm, & the Sup-
Which hee aſſign'd the night yer hee did ſuffer.
Q. Of Sacraments what end, what uſe have wee?
A. Signes to our Senſe, ſeals to our Faith they be.

Of Baptiſm.

Q. What is it that is ſigniſi'd unto us
In ſacred Baptiſm? *A.* It betokens to us
Full pardon and remiſſion of our ſins.
And a new birth, where better life begins.
Q. But in whoſe name is Baptiſm to be giv'n?
A. In th'only name of th' one-three God of Heav'n;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt: to whom
Be praiſe alwayes beyond all time to come.

Of the Lords Supper.

Q. What's ſigniſi'd unto us and preſented
In th' holy Supper? *A.* There is repreſented
The true Communion of Chriſts body and blood
Giv'n for, and to us, for immortall food:
Whereby our ſoules are fed in expectation
Of Life eternall purchaſt by his paſſion.

Q. When

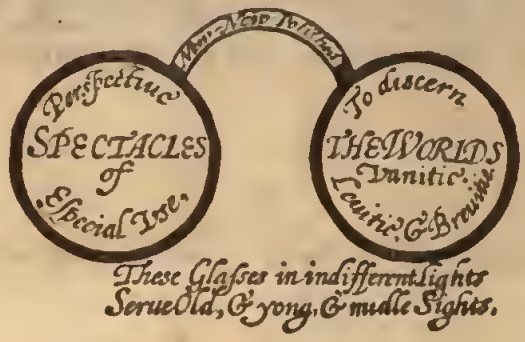
Q. When wee receive these Mysteries Divine,
What's showne unto us by the Bread and wine?
A. These Elements before us lively figure
Of Christ his Death the vertue and the vigor.
For, as our bodies by the staff of Bread,
And cheer-heart Wine, are strengthned here, & fed:
Even so his Body and his bloud doe nourish (rish.
Our Faith-mouth'd Soules, that they may never pe-
Q. But, is Christ present in the Sacrament?
A. Yea: and his Flesh hee doth us there present.
Q. How meanest thou, that the substantiall Essence
(After a reall and a carnall presence)
Of Christ his Body, in the Bread is closed;
And, of his Bloud within the Wine inclosed?
A. No; nothing less. *Q.* Then plainly let mee know
Where wee may find him. *A.* Not in Earth below;
But, in Heav'ns glory, with his glorious Sire:
Whence hee shall come, to judge the World, in fire.
Q. But to climb Heav'n, what Ladder can suffice us?
A. Faith. *Q.* Then we must beleeve, ere ye advise us
Unto this Feast for faithfull ones ordain'd.
A. So it behoves. *Q.* But, how is Faith attain'd?
A. Faith comes by hearing; when the Holy Spirit
Works with the word, and in us doth aver-it?
Confirming us in all the promises
Which in his Gospell Christ hath made to his.

The Prayer.

Q. O Gracious GOD, that grant'st the just desires
Of Soules whose zeal to thee by Faith aspires:
Sith onely those doe worthily receive
The Sacred Supper which thy Son did leave;
Who first by Faith, with strict examination,
Doe sound themselves by upright conversation:
Give us the grace, so to examine (then)
Our Faith and Life as appertains. *A.* AMEN.

FINIS.

SPECTACLES.



1 *Sol, Annus, Stellæ.*

When wee can stop th' accustomed Career
Of heav'ns bright champiô, mounted on the
When we can cease the circuit of the Yeer, (Dawn:
Whose winged car, by môths, daies, hours, is drawn:
When wee can stint the wandring Armies cleer,
Which march above (in Blew-Gold-tinseld Lawn)
Tilting at ours their many-pointed Eyes:
Then may wee stay the World's Inconstancies.

2 *Orbis Cœli & Terræ.*

Who will not wonder, looking up, to see
The moving Heav'ns set, certain, Constancy;
When, looking-down, in Earth unmov'd and stable,
Hee nothing findes but vainly variable?
What lives on Earth, what-so partakes of Clay
Is frail and mortall; hath no rest nor Stay:
Heav'ns rest-less roul; yet in the Heav'ns there dwels
An end-less Rest, and Life that life excels.

3 *Quatuor Elementa.*

Fire, Air, Earth, Water, warring Each with Other,
Turn and return them one into another;
As pleas'd th' All-Maker in This All-dispose
Th' accorded Discords of these friendly-Foes,
To shew, that wee should for our blisse repair
Ese-where then where is Earth, Fire, water, Air;
And that Our Rest rests in a Place far higher
Then Earth, or Water, or the Air, or th' Fier.

4 *Mare.*

Is ought more fierce, more furious to withstand,
Then stormy Billows of the raging Sea?
Is Ought more feeble then the flitting Sand?
Yet doth the Sand the swelling Ocean stay.
O! then, how fiercer! O! how furious more
Is th' aw-less Storm of Man's Concupiscence!
Which so transports him, that no Sand, no Shore,
No Bank, no Bound, can stop his Violence.

5 *Fontes & Flumina.*

You silver Brooks, cleer Rivers, crystall Fountains,
Whose smooth swift-sliding pase
Still, still roules down apace; (tains?
Say, why so long you drive through Vales & Moun-
To shew Thee, that thy Life (in This Theater)
Flees from thee as the Water:
And, that thy Soveraign Blisse
Abides not Here; where nought abiding is.

6 *Dies.*

When the Day (the Sun's bright Son)
New-awake, begins discover
Mountain-Tops new-gilded-over,
With his ruddy Raies thereon:
That (mee thinks) should make us think
On that true eternall Morning,
When no Night shall be returning,
When both Heav'n and Earth shall shrink.

7 *Nox.*

When the Night's black Curtain, spread,
Hides the Day, and Light bereaveth;
Then, my wakening Thought conceaveth
Other Night, more dark, more dread:
There where Worldlings, wilfull-blinde,
Loath Instruction, leave Light's Mirrour,
Double-nighted in dark Errour;
Selfely put-out Light of Minde.

8 *Ver.*

When youthful spring the earth in green hath dreft,
When Trees with Leaves & Blossoms them re-vest;
Their Flowers (white, red, blew, yellow)
Betoken Fruit to follow.
But Worldlings, though they flourish in their prime,
Nor bud, nor bear, nor bring forth Fruit, in time:
Their Health, Wealth, Wit, mis-wasted,
Are but as blossoms blasted.

9 *Æstas.*

When Summer's Heat hath done his Part,
The Husband hath a gladsom heart;
Sith golden Treasures of the Plains
Make large Amends for all his Pains.
But, th' idle Lubber, labour-loathing,
Walking, talking, wishing Store;
Sowing Nought, but Winde, before;
Shall, but Winde behinde, reap Nothing.

10 *Autumnus.*

When the Leaves in Autumn wither.
With a tawny tanned Face
Warpt and wrinkled-up together,
Th' Years late Beauty to disgrace:
There thy Life's Glass maist thou finde-thee.
Green now, gray now, gone anon;
Leaving (Worldling) of thine Own,
Neither Fruit, not Leaf behind-thee.

11 *Hyems.*

When chill Winter's cheer wee see
Shrinking, shaking, shivering, cold;
See Our Selves: for, such are wee
After Youth, if ever Old.
After Winter, Spring (in order)
Coms again: but, Earthly Thing,
Rotting here, not rooting further,
Can Thy Winter hope a Spring?

12 *Quinque Sensus.*

How swift is Beauty vanisht from thine Eye!
How sudden Musick drowned in thine Eare!
How soon doe Odours from thy Nostrils fly!
How short, touch-Pleasures (tipt with pain & fear)!
How sower, tast-sweetest, in final time's expense-is!
Then, Epicure, well may wee blame thee, since
All under Sense thus vain, Thou hast no sense
Of Vanity, which so betots thy Senses.

13 *Vita & Mors.*

Worldlings that live in State and dye in Strife,
Wretched their Death, and wretched is their Life.
For, their Life kills them, keeps them fetter'd in
The Chains of Death, the Cage and Wage of Sin.
Their death is double; termin'd and eternall:
So much more deadly as it dyeth not.
For Errors, Terrors here; there Torments hot:
Their Life, a Death; their Death, a Life infernall.

14 *Echo.*

What is the World, but a vain *Echo's* Sounding,
From Woods, & Caves, & hollow Rocks rebounding?
A new No-noise, a dead-live Voice, to summon
Deluded Ears to listen to a Dumb-one:
A speaking Fiction of a mocking Faëry:
A formall Answer, in Effect but aëry?
Hence, hence, vain *Echo*, with thine idle Mocks;
Keep in thy Woods, sleep in thy Caves & Rocks.

15 *Incarceratus & Mendicus.*

As a close Pris'ner, in dark Durance chained,
Dreams that hee walks, runs, ranges at his will:
As a poor Begger, with sharp hunger pained,
Dreams that hee eats, and yet is empty still:
So, the world's Captives, sleeping here securely,
Dream them the freest in their deepest Thrall,
Dream them abounding, seeming Lords of all:
Yet still are Beggers, and still Pris'ners surely.

16 *Fumus & Aura, convivium.*

The Worldling feeds his greedy Minde
With golden Hopes of high Conceits
(As vain and voyd as Smoak and Winde)
Which prove in fine but fine Deceits;
Yet keenly set his Teeth on Edge.
No Marvail though: for, he must needs
Be ever light, that ever feeds
On Winde and Smoak (and Chaff and Sedge).

17 *Cupido & Timor, constuentum.*

Desire and Fear the Worldling ever martyrs,
Still double-racked with two divers Tortures:
Desire's a Fire, running through all his bones,
Which dries him, fries him, & his Rest bereaves:
His Fear's a Frost, chilling his heart at-once,
Killing his Hopes, spilling the Webs he weaves:
So that, distract with Fear and with Desire,
In Frost hee fries, and freezes in the Fire.

18 *Ambitio, Luxus, Avaritia.*

Ambition, Luxe, and Avarice three witches
(Ladies, I should say) whom the world doth wooe
With suit and service (and that slavish too)
For their three Daughters, honour, pleasure, riches,
Serve

Serve All alike: the Ambitious, but with Winde:
With Woes, the Wanton (after Shews of Mirth):
The Avaricious, with som Crums of Earth;
Ever the lesse, the more hee sets his Minde.

19 *Avis & Navis.*

As in the Air, th' high-soaring Ægle scuds:
As on the water slides the winged Ship:
So flees, so flits the wealth of worldly goods;
So swift away doth wanton Pleasure slip.
And, as wee cannot, in the air or water,
See the Ships furrow, nor the Ægles footing:
When Wealth is past, and Pleasure posted after;
To track their trace, nor is, nor can be booting.

20 *Fratres in Malo.*

Th' Ambitious alwayes doth aloft aspire;
Honour on Honour striving still to heap:
The Avaricious stoopeth his Desire,
From under ground his Golden Crop to reap.
Th' one tendeth upward, th'other downward tends;
As if at Ods, and utterly Contrary:
Yet, though they seem, indeed they do not vary;
But mean to meet together in their Ends.

21 *Va Vobis.*

Who but hath heard Both bitterly deplore
Their dismall Fortune, and disastrous Fates?
O! cryes th' Ambitious, I have lost my State:
O! th' Avaricious, I have lost my Store.
Why cry you out on *Wracks*, and *Rocks*, and *Shelves*,
And *Wars* & *Wiles*, that have your States undon?
Rather comp'ain, rather cry-out, upon
Your *goods* & *greatness*, where you lost your selves.

22 *Punctus non dividendus.*

Is Heav'n a Circle, and is Earth the Centre
So small a Point (as Sages oft have Showne)?
Why then fond mortals dare you Battell venture,
Who the most part of so small Point shall owne?
Why silly worldings, do you toil you so, (tion?
Train'd with false hopes of your too-fond Ambi-
O! dangerous Error is it, not to know
'Tis vain to strain about a Points partition.

23 *Onus cuique suum.*

Sure, Avarice is an extreme Disease;
So is Ambition an extreme Vexation:
Yet shall wee finde, survaying Both of These,
That Eithers Self bears his Own severall Passion.
But, th' eagre Fit, the Force, the Frenzy (rather)
Mis-called Love (dead-Living, merry-Sadnesse)
Of one same Sicknesse makes Two sick together;
And Two at-once mad of One very Madnesse.

24 *Dulce Venenum, vel sibi ladens.*

Why wail'st Thou, Fondling? and why weep yon, (Fair?
Sighing your souls into the senseless Air?
Blame but your Selves: Desire is your Disease:
Your Pain proceeds from what your Selves doth
Your chief content is in our torment's top: (please
Your most delight is in you most Diseasing:
You drink you drunk in the sweet-bitter Cup,
Wch sowrs your *joyes*, & makes *annoyes* as pleasing.

25 *Aqua, Sagitta, Venti.*

Swiftly Water sweepeth by:
Swifter winged Arrowes fly:
Swiftest yet, the Winde that passes,
When the neather clouds it chases.
But, the Joyes of Earthly Mindes,
Worldly Pleasures, vain Delights,
Far out-swift far sudden flights,
Waters, Arrowes, and the Windes.

26 *Inconstantia.*

Inconstant Countrey, Thou maist witnesse be,
The world hath nought but vain *Inconstancy*.
Thy peace for war, thy war for peace thou takest:
Thou doubtfull floatest on uncertain Waves:
Thou ween'st, the slaughter thee frō sh: bles save,:
Thy most Despight thy most Delight thou makest.
Th' hast nothing fixed, nothing firm, in Thee;
Nor constant Ought, but thine *Inconstancy*.

27 *Mundus qualis.*

What is the *World*? tell, Worldling (if thou know it)
If it be good, why do all Ils ore-flow-it?
If it be bad, why dost thou like it so?
If it be sweet, how coms it bitter then?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men?
If it be Friend, why kils it (as a Foe)
Vain-minded Men that over-love and lust it?
If it be Foe, Fondling, how dat'st thou trust-it?

28 *Aura, Flos, Unda.*

Worl'ds best Beauty Self-defaces,
Sooner then the Puff that passes:
Sooner then the fragrant Flow'r,
Blowne and mowne within an how'r:
Sooner then a Wave (that follows)
His owne Predecessor swallows.
O! what is then the World wee have?
Alas! a Blast, a Bloom, a Wave.

29 *Quam male conveniunt!*

More eas'ly far may wee
Make black and white,
And Day and Night,
In one same Terme agree:
And rather) rarely-od)
Wed fire and water;
Death and Nature:
Then with the world match GOD.

30 *Emblema.*

Friend *Faber*, cast mee a round hollow Ball
Blown full of winde (for Emblem of this All):

Adorn

Adorn it fair, and flourish every part (and Fowl;
With Flow'rs & Fruits, wth Brooks, Beasts, Fish,
With rarest cunning of thy curious Art:
And grave in Gold, about my silver Bowl,
Thou roules the World (the Idol of Mankinde)
Whose Fruit is Fiction; whose Foundation, Winde.

31 *Glacies.*

Ice is fair and shines externall;
Fair and shining th' All-Theater:
From the ice they fall in water;
From the World to Death eternall.
Both at last shall vanish: ice
Into Water shall re-solve;
All the World (and all his Vice)
Into Nothing shall dissolve.

32 Rome (*Conquerer*) *conquered.*

The Stranger, wondring, stalks, and stares-upon
Rome's antique Glories, in her Ruines seen:
Hee sees high Arches, huge shining Heaps of Stone,
Maim'd, mutil'd, murder'd, by years wasteful teen:
Hee sees a rugged, ragged, rocky Quar
Hang in the Air, with Ivie lac't about.
O! what can last, alas! (then cries hee out)
Sith Time hath conquer'd the World's *Conquerer*?

33 *Arbor.*

The World's a Tree (in my Conceit)
The Arms wide-spread, the body great,
The Root deep-reaching, nie to Hell:
The Leaves fresh varnisht lively green,
The Blossoms various to be seen:
The Fruit doth suit the rest right well:
The Flow'r it bears, Som Beauty call;
Hony the Fruit; indeed, but Gall.

34 *Hortus.*

The World's a Garden; Pleasures are the Flowers,
Of fairest hues, in form and number many:
The Lily (first) pure-whitest Flow'r of any,
Rose sweetest rare, with Pinked-Gillie-Flow'rs:
The Violet, and double Mari-gold,
And Pansie too: but, after all Mischances,
Death's Winter comes; and kills with sudden cold,
Rose, Lily, Violet, Mari-Gold, Pink, Pansies.

35 *Avaritia, Invidia.*

Never have, and never crave,
Are the Worldlings thoughts intire:
Honour, Wealth; the more they have,
More they covet, more aspire,
They never doe enjoy their Own,
But Other's wish, like, love, admire:
And having all, yet have they None;
For, after all, they more desire,

36 *Scientia, & Ignorantia.*

In Heav'ns sweet Language have I learn'd yet This,
That to the wise the world's as night to morning:
As Deaw to Sun; as Cloud to Noon-sted is: (ning;
For, vertuous knowledge, in his brest bright bur-
Is Morning, Sun and Noon: but, Ignorance
Is th' ugly Night; Pleasures, the vading Deaw;
Cloud Vanity, which doth our Soules pursue,
Till Vertues Raies infuse their Radiance.

37 *Bona cur Mala.*

Antiquity, O! why didst thou devise
This name of Goods unto these worldly Riches!
Sith th' are (alas!) but Evils (Pains or Pitches)
To silly men that doe them over-prize,
Rather ô worldling, why dost thou mis-use them?
Why dost thou wrong Vertues good Instruments?
Goods (Ills to those that doe them ill dispense)
Sith goods are goods to those that rightly use them.

38 *Quatuor Monarchia.*

The *Babylonian*, with ambitious fist,
First the grand Scepter of the World possest:
The *Persian*, Him; the *Grecian*, Him dismist:
Him, th' awfull *Roman* after dispossest:
And Him, his Own Waight let not long subsist;
Him, his Own Greatness ruin'd with the rest.
Who then (alas!) this Fall of *Monarchs* seeing,
Can hope on Earth for an eternall Being?

39 *Glacies.*

Hee that makes the World his Nest,
Settling here his onely Rest;
Never craving other Scope,
Never having higher hope:
What thinks (think you) such a One?
Thus: to sit secure upon
A Ball of Ice, a slippery Bowl,
Which on the Seas doth ever roul,

40 *Diruit Edificans.*

When-as the worldling moils, and toyles, and tires,
Incessantly to heave-up Wealth on Wealth,
Pleasure on Pleasure, Stile on Stile; by stealth,
To reach the top of his too-vain Desires:
When, the more loaden, the less Waight he feeleth,
Plotting his Ease i'th Pain hee doth pursue-in:
Whē hoord on hoord, whē heap on heap he hilleth,
What doth hee else but build himself his Ruine?

41 *Bellum cum viciis.*

One-Day I saw the World in furious Fight
With lovely Vertue, his most loathed Foe;
It dared her, shee bravely did defie't:
It entred Lists (She first had entred though),
It traverses, it toils, it heaws, it hacks;
But all in vain, his blowes come never nigh-her:
For the World's Weapons were but lythie Wax;
And Vertue's Shield is of celestiall Fier.

42 *Naufra-*

42 *Naufragium.*

Thou, thou, whose heart dives in the world so deep,
Seest thou thy case? know'st thou thine own condi-
Like head-less bark tost 'twixt the oppositiõ(tion?
Of blustring Storms which every way doe sweep.
Reason, Thy Rudder, is already lacking:
The Gales of Pleasure, and the Gusts of Passion,
Hurry thee headlong in the Gulf of Fashion,
On rocks of death thy wretched life soon wracking

43 *Mors in Olla.*

Where's *death*? i'th' *world*. Where is the *world*? In (*death*:
Death to it Self: for, nothing in the *world*
Kils & confounds the *world*, more then the *world*;
Which breeds and feeds, and giveth life to *death*.
But, frõ the *world* could Gods love wean the *world*,
Killing the *world's* Love, and his Issue, *death*;
Then happy wee should triumph over *death*;
The *world* not worldly; *death* dead in the *world*.

44 *Somnium.*

I saw, I saw, the World was but a dream. (eyes:
When heav'ns shrill voice had rouz'd & rais'd my
For, in the World I found but Lies;
Eyes clos'd, Ears stopt, Mindes inly toil'd extreme;
All dark, all night: Man out of Man (in Cumber)
Himselfe with Fumes and Phant'sies feeding,
Not feeling Pains, nor Passions heeding;
Loth to be waked from so sweet a Slumber.

45 *Quasi non uens.*

O! happy hee can be so highly wise,
As not to know the vain and vicious pleasures
The vicious take (when they will take their leasures)
Which so besot their Soules, and blinde their eyes.
O! happy Hee that can disdain and deem
Those Pleasures, Poisons; and that Hony, Gall.
But, who can so? Hee that contemning All,
Lives in the World, and not the World in Him.

46 *Monstrum horrendum.*

What Monster's that which hath so many heads;
So many Ears, so many Eyes between;
So lively clad before in lusty Green;
So black behinde, in cloudy Cloak of Shreds;
His feet so sliding down a round steep Hill:
Rouled by Time, which turns it swift away;
Death running after, shooteth at it still?
Ah I now I see. What is't? The World, I say.

47 *Sordescit & Surdescit.*

Stay, Worldling stay: Whither-away so fast?
Hark, hark a while to Vertue's Counsels Current.
No, no: alas! after the World in haste,
Hee hies, flies, follows: as a rapid Torrent
Too-proudly swelling with some fresh Supply
Of liquid Silver from the Welkin gushing,
My warning (as a Rock) hee rouleth by
With roaring Murmur, sudden over-rushing.

48 *Sufficit Unum.*

'Twas a loud Lie (think I) a very Slander,
Th' Ancients ascrib t' ambitious *Alexander*,
Weeping for wo there were no mo worlds made.
Suffic'd not One, so busie and so bad;
If true it were, Great Monarch cease to mourn;
And give mee leave, O let mee weep my Turn;
Who strain and strive; yet cannot all my Care
All Vanities of this One World declare.

49 *Variable.*

Vary, re-vary; tune, and tune againe
(Anon to this String, and anon to That;
Base, Treble, Tenor; swift, slow, sharp and flat)
Thy One same Subject in a sundry Strain;
To represent, by thy so divers Ditties,
The dying World's so divers Alterations:
Yet will the World have still mo Variations;
And, past thy Verse, thy various Subject yet-is.

50

'Tis but Vanity and Folly,
On the World to settle wholy.
All the Joyes of all this Life
Are but Toyes, Annoyes and Strife.
O God! onely wise and stable,
To establish Mee in Thee,
Give mee, Thou that art All-able,
Wisedome with true Constancy.

FINIS.

MOTTOES.

Fulmina monte.

LE Rocher orgueilleux
Sent tomber sur sa teste
La plus rude Tempeste:
Le fouldre perilleux
Au groz Arbres sa'attche:
Ainsi Dieu de ses mains
Des lieux plus hauts arache s
Les superbes humains.
The highest Rocks and Hils,
Which seem the Clouds to threaten,
With roughest Storms are beaten:
The lofty Cedar feels
The Lightnings Flash and Thunder:
So Gods Almighty hand
Soon from aloft brings under
The proudest that withstand.

Omnia Christus.

Que sont les Conseils humains?
Que sont les OEures des mains?
Qu'est l'Excellence des hommes?
Qu'est tout l'Estat ou nous sommes
Si CHRIST en est separé?
Ce n'est qu'un Cachot pavé
de vents, d'ombres, de fumées,
D'un Feu de Mort allumées.
What's the wisdome of Mankinde?
What the works of hand or minde?
What the Vertues of the Rarest?
What is all our Best and Fairest,
Void of Christ? *Alas! a Grave,*
Dungeon, Den, or dreadfull Cave,
Lin'd with wind, with shades, with vapors,
Set on fire with deadly Tapers.

Puimus fumus.

Mon Ame, ou sont les grands Discours
De ces hautains filz de la Terre?
Ou sont les magnifiques Tours
Des Roys qui en Ciel ont fait Guerre?
Je cuide voir en y pensant,
Une Fumée s'amassant
Au Feu d'un Bois sec que l'haleine
Du Vent escarte par la Plaine
Where, where are now the great Reports
Of these huge haughty earth-born Giants?
Where are the lofty Towrs and Forts
Of those proud Kings bade Heav'n defiance?
When Them I to my Minde revoke,
Mee thinks I see a mighty Smoake
Thick mounting from quick-burning Matter
Which in an instant Windes doe scatter.

Omnia pomma.

Pauure Ver, travaille, tracasse,
Sans te lasser,
Pour amasser
Les Honneurs, ou d'Or quelque Masse:
Mais la Mort qui ta force ronge,
En t'abatant
Tout a l'instant,
Prouvera que tu n'es qu'un Songe.
Goe, silly Worm, drudge, trudge, and travell,
Despising Pain;
So thou maist gain
Some Honour, or some Golden Gravell:
But Death the whole (to fill his number)
With sudden Call
Takes thee from All,
To prove thy Daies but Dream & Slumber.

Quorum memoriam pudebit.

As tu miz en Oubliance
Homme ta brutale, Enfance?
Riant, ozes tu chanter
Les Erreurs de ta Jeunesse?
En courant vers ta vieillesse
Voudrois Tu bien plaisanter?
Pleure donc, puis que ta Vie
Est a touts maux asservie.
Art thou, Man, no more now mindefull
Of thy Child-hood, brute and blindefull?
Dost thou laugh, and dost thou sing
Th' Errors of thy Youth and folly?
Canst thou be so blithe and jolly,
Towards Age now galloping?
Rather wail thy Life's Condition,
Thrall to Sin, Death and Perdition.

Quasi Bulla.

I'apperceus un Enfant qui d'un tuyau de Paille
Trempé dans la Savon, avecques Eau meslé,
Des Ampoules souffloit encontre une Muraille,
Dont l'œil de maint passant estoit esmervillé:
Riches, Elles sembloit, fermes, de forme ronde:
Mais les voyant crever en leur lustre plus beau,
Voire soudainement; voy-la (di-je) un Tableau
De la frail splendeur & vanité du Monde.
I saw a child with slender pipe of stubble
(From hollow shell with Soap and Water mixt)
Against a Wall to blow-up many a Bubble;
Where many an Eye of many by was fixt:
For, rich they seem'd, and firm round Form did render.
But, when I saw them (and that suddenly)
Break at the best; behold a Type, said I,
Of World's vain glory, and soon-vading splendor.

Rosa non sine spina

Quand je li quand je contemple
L'estat de cest heureux Temple
Que *Christ* en Terre a planté,
Courant par le Monde, ente
Sur l'Ordure & la Malice ;
Je devien triste & joyeux,
J'embrasse & chasse le vice
Je quitte & cerche les Cieux.
When I read, when I contemple,
Th' estate of that happy Temple
Christ *hath planted here below*
Amid this World ; and grafted so
On Dirt, in danger of the Devell ;
Sad and glad at-once I am :
I imbrace and chase the Evill :
Heav'n I shun, yet seeke the same.

Deteriora sequor

Le monde est outrageux, & si est bien servi :
C'est un Tyran cruel, & si est bien suyvi :
C'est un infame Monstre, & tandiz se contente :
Il gist au lict de Mort, & de viure se vante :
Il n'est rien que malheur, & si est trop aimé :
C'est Dueil, Honte, & Dommage, & si est estimé:
Il cerche son Repos en se faisant la Guerre :
Il abhorre les Cieux & perit en la Terre.
The World is full of Wrong, and yet is serv'd too-well :
'Tis too-well follow'd too, and yet a Tyrant fell :
'T s an ugly Monster-most, and yet the most contenteth :
'Tis on the Death-bed laid, and yet of life it vanteth :
'Tis sorrow, shame, and losse, and yet is most approved :
'Tis nothing but a Crosse, and yet is best beloved :
'Tis seeking peace in war; choaks whom it seems to cherish:
'Tis hating heav'n for earth ; and it in hell shall perish.
Ce Monde est une Galere
Equipée de Misere ;
Cinglant en Mer de Douleurs :
Ses Forçats, ce sont les Pleurs :
Son Pilote, Coeur rebelle :
Ses Vents, funeux Desires :
Ses Routes, tristes Plaisirs :
Son Havre, Mort eternelle.
This World is a Galley fraighted
With mis-haps (or Haps mis-treated)
Sliding on a sea of Care.
Tears and Fears her Sailers are :
Will, her Pilot (still at Stern, all) :
Strong Desires, her Windes (for most) :
Bitter-sweet, her Course and Coast :
And her Hav'n is Death eternall.
Qu'est ce du Cours & de l'arrest du Monde ?
C'est un Chemin raboteux, ennuyeux :
Un Cocher fol, desloyal, dangereux,
Trainant son Coche en la boüe profonde.
Un Logis fumeux, sale puant :
Un hoste avare, infame, remuant :
Un lict pierreux : un fascheux & vain Songe :
Un Resueiller d'Orgueil & de Mensonge.
What th' World's Progress ? what our Gifts here living ?
But a foul way, all full of Banks and Sloughs :
(A foolish Coach-man, false and dangerous,
Through thick, and thin our old weak Chariot driving)
A smoakie Lodging, stinking, nastie-most :
A greedy, needy, churlish, filthy Hoste :
A stony Bed, a strange unquiet Slumber :
Awakt with Lies, Pride, Peril, and Incumber.

Des Monarques la grandeur,
De tant de Nobles la Race,
De tant de Preux la Splendeur,
Des bons Esprits le grand-heur,
Le Temps & la Mort Efface.
N'arrestons donques les Yeux
A ceste lueur qui passe,
Ains les esleuons aux Cieux.
Monarch's greatest Greatnesse here,
Nobles noblest Ranks and Races,
Worthies Trophies, passing peer,
Sages Worth for Wisdome cleer,
Time (alas!) and death defaces.
Why then fix wee here our Eyes
On this glimpse that sudden passes ?
Rather rear them to the Skyes.

Invenit omnia Spes, etc.

Mais que feroy-je plus au Monde
Que en Monde de Maux abonde ?
Adieu Monde, adieu tes debats,
Tes Cris, tes Assaults, tes Combats :
Verité Retraitte sonne.
L'Eternel tire a Soy mon Coeur
(Par foy de ta force Vainqueur)
Et de sa Gloire me couronne.
Why, why should I the World be mindang,
Therein a World of evils finding ?
Then farewel World : farewel thy Jars,
Thy joyes, thy toyes, thy wiles, thy wars.
Truth sounds Retrait : I am not for-yee.
Th' Eternall drawes to him my heart
By faith (which can thy force subvert)
To crown mee (after Grace) with Glory.

Mundus triumphatus.

Quelle est ceste Beauté que je voy tant extreme,
Qui avec ses Cheveux, & sa voix, & ses yeux,
D'un lieu, & d'un Charm, & d'un Traict amoureux,
Et s'enchaine, & s'enchante, & s'aveugle soy mesme?
C'est la monde changé en Courtisanne infame,
Qui se va desguisant de mille fards le Corps ;
Mais, ce'est une Beauté seulement par dehors,
Qui ne peut effacer les Laideurs de son Ame.
What Beautie's This, so brave bedecks in Riches ?
Whose wanton Looks, whose waving Locks & Song,
As with a Dart, a Charm, a Charm (too-strong)
Self-blinds, self-bindes, and self-it self bewitches ?
O ! 'tis the World 't's a Courtisan transformed,
Who pranks and paints her body round about :
But all this Beauty onely is without,
And cannot hide the Soule within deformed.
Le Peché, & la Mort, & le Monde, & la Chair,
Conspirerent un Jour contre l'Ame immortelle :
Le traistre Corps des ja les laissoit approcher,
Si la Foy n'eust esté pour lors en Sentinelle :
Qui du Peché, du monde, & de la Chair l'effort
Surmonta par sa croix, de quoy l'Ame enhardie,
Fit se bien qu'en plain chapelle vint mettre a Mort
La Mort qui s'attendoit de luy oster la Vie.
The World and Flesh, combin'd with death and sinne,
Against th' immortall Soule were preuie-bending ;
Selfe Traitor Nature had even let them in ;
Had not the Faith for Sentinell bin standing ;
Who by the Cross, did Sin, Flesh, World subdue :
Whereby, the Soule re-hearted and reviued,
Led by her Head, pursu'd the Fight and slew,
Slew Death, which sought Her Life to have deprived.

Morte

Morte est la Mort, & non le Monde,
Qui au Monde donner la loy;
N'ayant plus Crainte que la Foy
Quelque autre Querelle luy fonde.
Durant qu'au Ciel la Foy demeure,
Hors du Monde; ne pouvant voir
Que dans son siege on vienne assoir
Toute Inconstance & tout Pariure.
Death's dead indeed, the World yet is not;
But yet, yet rules the World about;
Of Faith's Affront no more in doubt:
Sub her here fighting more it sees not.
For, Faith hath now in Heav'n her Station,
Forth of the World; disdaining here
To see her Seat usurpt so mer
By Error and Equivocation.
Pourquoy mets tu ton Esperance,
Monde, en la Mondaine Inconstance?
Veu que du Monde les Delices
Ne sont qu'une grand Mer de Vices:
Ne sont qu'un miserable sort:
Qu'un vain Espoir, & qu'un pur Songe:
Et qu'un Orage qui de plonge
En fin au Goufre de la Mort.
Why? why build Worlds their Hopes Assurance
On thus vain Worlds enduring Durance?
Sub all the Sweet of worldly Pleasures,
Worldly Honours, worldly Treasures,
Is nothing but a Blast, a Breath,
An addle Hope, an idle Dreaming,
A sudden Storm with fury streaming,
And drowning all in Gulf of Death.
Tout ce Monde est un Tabourin qui sonne
L'al'arme au Monde, & cruel espoinçonne
Filz contre Pere: & sçavez vous comment?
Par un Moyen qui n'est fait que de vent.
Monde, dis moy, d'ou vient qu'un simple Son
Qui sort de peaux qu'on bat sur un escorce,
Peut esmouvoir d'une telle fason
Encontre Toy la force de ta force?
The World's a Drum, with loud Alarum stirring
The World to war; and too-too-cruell spurring
Son against Sire. The Means of ou would finde,
'Tis by a Mean that is but made of Winde.
But tell mee, World, how cons a simple Sound
Sent but from Skins, upon a Skin but beating,
T'incite thee so, so to bestir thee round
To face thy Force, thy Faces force so threating?
Monde, pourquoy fuis tu? Pour cercher assurance.
Et, si ce n'est en Toy, ou la trouveras Tu?
Ou le Monde n'est pas du Monde combattu.
Le Monde se faict il a soy mesmes offense?
Ouy trop; car en la Terre, au Feu, en l'Air, en l'Onde
Le Monde s'occit, s'ard, & se noye & se pend.
Monde, fuy donc au ciel: car fol est qui s'attend
D'Anchrer sa Nef flotante en l'*Europe* du Monde.
Why fleest thou, world? Alas! to seek Assurance.
Where to be found, if in the world it fail?
There where the world doth not the world assail.
Why? doth the world cause to is self Ill-durance?
Yes; too-too-much: for in Fire, Air, Earth Water,
The world self-drowns, self-burns, self-hangs, self-
Flee then to heav'n. Fond he that Anchor layes(slaies.
In th' Euripus of this vain Worlds Theater.

Peintre, si tu tires le Monde,
Ne le pein pas de Forme ronde:
Car, ce qui en Rond est pourtraict
Est estimé du tout parfaict:
Et le Monde ne le peut estre
Ou defaut le Soveraign Bien;
Et ou tant seulement le Rien
Et l'Inconstance prennent estre.
Friend Lurkin, if the world you figure,
You must not draw it round of Figure:
For, Sages hold the compleat Round
In every part is perfect found.
So never can this world be; seeing
There wants the Chief, The chiefest Good:
And Nothing there (right understood)
But Nothing hath (inconstant) Being.
Plustost les Yeux du Firmament
Seront sanz reglé Mouvement;
Et Vagabonde
Ne sera l'Onde:
Plustost qu'on voye desplacée
Des vains Appats
De ces lieux baz
Du Mondain la folle pensée.
Sooner shall all the Heav'ns bright Eyes
Cease their set courses in the Skies:
Sooner shall the Ocean
Have no more Motion:
Sooner then worldly mindes removed
From vain Deceits
Of Earthly Baits,
By Worldlings here too-dear beloved.
Et le Monde & la Mort entr'Eux se desguiserent
Un Jour pour pouvoir mieux l'Homme Mondain surprendre
L'adjournent pour ce faict, & puis l'interroguerent
Qu'il dist, au quel des deux pour serf se vouloit rẽdre.
L'hõme mõdain cuidant ne s'addõner qu'au monde,
Par le Monde trompeur s'asservit a la Mort.
Mais se voyant deceu, Il appella du Tort,
A Un qui par sa Mort chassa la Mort du Monde.
The world and Death one day them crost-disguised
To cosen Man (when sin had once beguil'd him)
Both call'd him forth; and questioning advised
To say, whose servant he would fainly yeeld him.
Man, weening then but to the world t' have giv'n him,
By the false world became the Slave of Death:
But, from their fraud hee did appeal by Faith (him.
To Him, whose death kild death, and hence hath driv'n-
Le Monde est un grand Parlement:
Son Avocat, est l'Arrogance:
Son Solicitour, est l'Offense:
Son Procureur, vain Pensement:
L'Huissier, qui les Causes appelle
Est le Remords: Juge, la Mort
Qui prononce en dernier Resort
L'Arrest de la Peine eternelle.
The World's a Sessions, or Assize;
The Counsellor is Arrogancy:
Sin the Sollicitor (fee'd by Fancy)
Th' Attourney is but vain Surmise:
Remorse is Marshall: Conscience, Crier:
Death sits as Judge in dreadfull room;
Pronouncing, for a finall Doom,
The sentence of eternall fire.

Vous Pleuples bazanez les quels le Gain attire
Otes a recercher une incognue Mer;
Ores de vers la Tane, & vers l'Inde ramer
Fondans tout vostre Appuy sur le vol d'on Navire.
Pour Patron, qu'avez vous que vaine passion?
Pour Timon, qu'Avarice?& pour Voles, que Rage?
Et poussez par le vent de toute Ambition,
Que pensez vous gaigner qu'un asseuré Naufrace?
You tanned Tiphyes, whom Gain's love bewitches,
From Inde to Inde, and from the North to Nile,
To sound new seas, to seek new shores, the While
Your Life's best hope but on a Plank and Patch-is.
What Pilot have you but your Passion, still?
Your Rudder, Avarice; and your Mast, Ambition;
Your Sails, but Pride; which Furies puffs doe fill:
What think you then to gain, but deep Perdition?
Ce Monde est un Pelerinage
Les Meschants forcenez de rage
Y sont les devots Pelerins,
Qui sont voyes des droits Chemins,
Tombent en la fosse profonde
De la Mort: Mais O Toy Mon DIEU,
Guidant mes paz in autre lieu,
Tire Moy du Chemin du Monde.
This World is but a Pilgrimaging,
When wicked men, most felly-raging,
Doe trudge and travell most devout:
But, from the right way wandring out,
They headlong fall in Pit of Terror,
The Gulf of Death. But, O my God,
Guiding my steps in better Road,
Draw mee to Thee, from worldlings Error.
FINIS.

AN APPENDIX.

ALthough thou canst not write so rare a Ditty,
Nor sing so sweetly, be thou vertuous though:
For, doing well is more then saying so:
And, to be Wise, is more then to be Witty.
The Vertuous, reading and recording sweet
The sacred Song, is cheered in his Courses:
The vicious, reading, singing, rather worse-is;
Rapt with the Sound, not with the Sense, awhit,
Surcease thy Musick, lay aside thy Muses:
Paschal and *Pibrac*, you have toil'd too-long:
Seing that vertue serves but for a Song
To this vain World, that on all Mischief muses:
Lo, here in Paper is poor Vertue painted:
Alas, dead Vertue! Thus these times do use-thee:
Yet, if all hands, yet if all hearts refuse-thee,
Remaine Thou ever in these Songs imprinted.
As fiercest Lion, fretting in his Cage,
Is somtimes calmed with harmonious sounding
Of Lyrike strings, and made to leave his rage,
Let go his Prey, and fall to Dance-like bounding:
So, the vain World, in Pangs and Passions flinging,
Charm'd (as it were) & bound with sev'ntY chains,
It's Fits and Phant'sies, for a while, refrains;
Here, to it Selfe, it Selfe's Inconstance singing.

FINIS.

THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

A Poeme:

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Semèl insanivimus Omnes.

TO THE VVORSHIPFUL, HIS MOST approved Friend, Mr. ROBERT NICOLSON.

SIr, the kind Welcom that you alwayes daign
To the faire Muses, and their Favorites;
And chiefly mee, the meanest of their train,
(Too mean to meddle with their sacred rites)

My willing heart with thankfull hand invites
To offer you my busie idle pain,
Ill-shapen shadows of my young delights,
Till better fruits my better Fates ordain.

Yet (pray-you) private let this Jigg bee kept,
Unworthy Object for judicious Eyes:
Which, but for you, eternally had slept;
And, but to you, from hence-forth ever dyes:
But, lack of better forc't mee, for a shift,
To bring you now this old-new New-yeers Gift.

Semper Arcto-philos.

TO HIS

DIVINE ARCTO

HER DEVOUT ARCTOPHILOS.

BEcauſe I count a promiſe debt (my Dear)
Eſpecially unto a ſpeciall friend,
This promis'd pledge to your ſweet Self I ſend;
A gloomy glaſſe of your perfections cleer:

A pourtraiture reſembling nothing neer
Your heav'nly Features that in worth extend
Beyond the reach of my poor rymes Commend,
As in this plot I make too plain appeare.

Yet ſince for you amid my dumps I drew-it,
And ſince your ſelfe have ſince deſir'd to ſee-it;
With milde aſpect vouchſafe (bright-Star) to view-it,
To doom whereof, in your diſcretion be-it:
But deem withall, that in this bitter ſtory
I grave my griefs, and not your beauties glory.

Vicenti gloria Victi.

THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

1

SEventy nine-score years and sev'n
Were expired from the birth
Of a Babe begot by Heav'n,
To bring Peace unto the Earth;
Peace that passeth all esteeming,
Sin-bound soules from Hell redeeming.

Ver. 2.

Phœbus in his yearly race
(Having past the *Ram* and *Steer*)
Now began to post apace
Through the *Twins* fair houses cleer,
Pranking in perfumed robes
All these goodly neather Globes.

Aurora. 3.

And *Aurora*, richly dight
In an azure mantle fair,
Freng'd about with silver bright,
Pearl-deaws dropping through the air,
Hung the gate with golden tissues,
Where *Hiperions* Chariot issues.

4

At which sight (that all rejoyces)
All the cunning Forrest Quier,
Tuning loud their little voyces,
Warbled who should warble higher:
Striving all to beare the Bell
(All in vain from *Philomel*.

5

When my joylesse senses, dulled
With the busie toil of Cities,
Mee from pensive fancies pulled,
To goe hear, their heav'nly Ditties:
To goe hear, and see, and sent,
Sounds, sighs, savours excellent.

6

Wending then through Lawns and Thickets,
Where the fearfull Deer doe brouz,
Where the wanton Fawns and Prickets
Crop the top of springing boughs:
Where the Stag and light-foot Hinde
Scud, and skip, and turn, and winde;

7

While I led my wandring feet
Through a silent shady Grove,
Paved thick with Primrose sweet:
As mine eyes about did rove,
Neer a spring I chanc't to spy,
Where a wretched man did ly.

8

Like a *Wood-man* was his weed:
Groveling on the ground hee lay,
Mourning so as doth exceed
All that ever I can say.
Beasts to bellow, birds to sing,
Ceast, to see so strange a thing.

9

Wringing hands, and weeping eyes,
Heavy sighs, and hollow groans,
Wailing words, and wofull cries,
Were the witnesse of his moans;
Moans that might with bitter passion
Move a flinty hearts compassion.

10

Fain would I the cause have kend,
That could cause him so complain:
But I fear'd him to offend
With repeating of his pain:
Therefore I expected rather,
From himselfe the same to gather.

11

Sitting then in shelter shady,
To observe and mark his mone,
Suddenly I saw a *Lady*
Hasting to him all alone,
Clad in Maiden-white and green:
Whom I judg'd the Forrest Queen.

12

Who the eager game pursuing,
Lost her Ladies in the chase,
Till shee heard the wretches ruing:
Unto whom shee hied apace;
Moving him, with milde intreat,
To unfold his griefe so great.

13

When the Queen of Continence,
With the musick of her words,
Had by sacred influence
Charm'd the edge of sorrows swords

(Swords

(Swords that deeper wounds have made
Then the keen *Toledo* blade.).

14

Fain hee would. and yet hee fainted
To unfold his fatall grief:
Passions in his face depainted,
Striving whether should be chiefe:
Thus at last, though loath and sorry,
Sigh't hee out his mournfull story.

15

Madam, quoth hee (yet hee knew not
What shee was) that you may see,
That I cursed causelesse rue not,
Lend awhile your eare to mee;
And you shall perceive the source
Whence my cares have had their course.

16

Whence my cares and sad incumbers
Have arisen and proceeded:
Whose account of countlesse numbers
Hath the *Ocean's* sand exceeded;
Whose extreme tormenting smart
Passeth all conceit of heart.

17

Thrice-sev'n Summers I had seen
Deckt in *Flora's* rich array:
And as many Winters keen
Wrapt in suits of silver gray:
Yet the *Cyprian* Queens blinde Boy
Grudged at my grief-less joy.

18

But when on my maiden chin
Mother *Nature* 'gan ingender
Smooth, soft, golden Down, and thin
Blades of Bever, silk-like slender;
Then hee, finding fuell fit,
Sought for coales to kindle it.

19

Coals hee found. but found no fire:
For, th' East *Frisian* Icy sky
Made the spatks of loves desire
Sudden born, as soon to dy.
Thus so long as there I bid,
All was vain that *Venus* did.

20

Seeing then that nought might boot,
Shee (consulting with her bastard)
Bid the busie wanton shoot:
But alas hee durst not, dastard:
In that quarter well hee wist
Armes to meet with mee, hee mist.

21

Therefore weary of his toile,
Hopelesse still of better hap,
In that so unhappy soile,
Where few *Brutes* hee could entrap;
Hee forsooke the frozen *Ems*
Soaring towards silver *Thames*.

22

On whose lilie-paved banks,
Where faire water-Nymphs resorted,
Plaid hee many wanton pranks,
While the silly Damsels sported;
Wounding with his cruell darts,
Their unwary tender hearts.

23

Chiefly in my Mother-Towne,
Where the Paragon of honour,
Vertues praise, and beauties crowne,
With sweet Ladies tending on her,
Kept her Court in Palace royall,
Guarded by Attendants loyall.

24

There the *Paphian* Prince (perceiving
Lords and Ladies, young and old,
Apt (through ease) for Loves deceiving)
Sends about his shafts of gold;
Striking all, save her hee dares not,
Dians selfe: the rest hee spares not.

25

Having triumpht there a season
Over all degrees and sexes,
Planting love, supplanting reason,
Where his darts dire venome vexes:
Suddenly hee crost the floud,
To the famous Seat of *Lud*.

26

Finding there sufficient fuell,
To maintaine his wanton fires,
By and by begins hee cruell
To inflame both Sonnes and Sires,
Maid and Mistris, Man and Master,
Dame and Daughter, light or chaster.

27

Thus hee tortures, voide of pitie,
Rich and poor, and fond and wise,
Through the streets of all the Citie;
Causing by his cruelties,
Sighing-singing, freezing-frying,
Laughing,-weeping, living-dying.

28

Fates by this time had contrived
Causes that mee thither drew.
Which, ere ever I arrived,
This detested Tyrant knew:
Wily waiting time and place,
To revenge his old disgrace.

29

Oftentimes hee did attempt
Even in streets of second *Troy*,
To have punisht my contempt,
By bereaving freedomes joy:
But unable there to match mee,
Else-where yet hee thought to catch mee.

30

I was wont (for my disport)
Often in the Summer season,
To a Village to resort,
Famous for the rathe ripe Peason;
Where, beneath a *Plumm*-tree shade,
Many pleasant walks I made.

31

Till a grasse-born-kricket, mounted
On that goodly Trees fair top,
Made his fore fruit (rare accounted)
Over-soon to fall and drop;
Loading every branch and bough
With her brood of krickets now.

32 Hi-

32

Hither while I us'd to haunt,
Cupid seeking change of harbour,
Leaving stately *Troy-navant*,
Lighted under this fresh Arbour,
Neere the houre when *Titan* wondrous,
Hides our shadowes wholly und'r-us.

33

When the Dwarfling did perceive mee,
Mee, *Loves* most rebellious scorner;
By some cautell to deceive mee,
Skipt hee soone into a corner
Where, lest I should spie the Elfe,
In a *Bear* hee hid himselfe.

34

Many Beasts, and Birds beside,
Adorned with the pride of nature;
Faire of feather, rich of hide,
Trim of forme, and tall of stature,
Us'd this Orchard to frequent,
Till the Summers heat was spent.

35

But the *Bear* was my Betrayer;
Nay, she was my lifes defender:
But shee was my freedomes slayer;
Nay, shee was my thraldomes ender:
But shee fill'd my soule with sadnesse;
Nay, shee turn'd my griefe to gladnesse.

36

Blessed *Bear*, that bears the bell
From the fairest of her kind:
Such a *Bear* as doth excell
Those to either *Pole* assign'd:
Such a *Bear*, as 'twould not grieve mee,
To be Bear-ward made: beleeve mee.

37

In a *Crofte* where *Musicks* King
(Making mends for *Daphnes* wrong)
Made out of the ground to spring
Trees transform'd to *Daphnes* young:
In the *Crofte* so faire and pleasant,
Harbour of the Prince-dish Pheasant.

38

Southward was this white *Bear* bred,
Yet not scorcht with *Affrick* heate;
For her Dam had dipt her head
In the Crystall waters neat
Of a Spring call'd *Hamberwell*,
Which can Sun-burnt spots expell:

39

And besides, while young shee was,
Shee was carried from that coast,
To be taught such practice, as
Makes such Beasts beloved most:
Beast am I to call her beast:
Yet indeed a *Bear*'s a beast.

40

Bear in name, but not in nature,
Was this much admired creature,
Peerlesse piece of perfect stature,
Full of all desired feature:
Feature such, as all too-faint,
My dull pen presumes to paint.

41

Lovely Lily-white shee was
Strait proportion'd stately-pased,
Coy, or kind (as came to passe)
Courteous-spoken, comely-graced:
Graces seem'd of graces lavish,
Eyes that gaz'd on her to ravish.

42

Locks like streams of liquid Amber,
Smooth down dangling, seem'd to spred
Hangings fit for Beauties chamber,
Curtains fit for Beauties bed:
Of which slender golden sleave,
Love his wanton nets did weave.

43

Fore-head fair as Summers face,
Built upon two *Ebene* Arch's:
Under which in equall space
Stood two bright resplendent sparks;
Sparks excelling in their shine,
Fairest beams of *Ericyne*.

44

From these Arch's between these eyes,
(Eyes that arme Loves Arches tillar)
Even descending did arise,
Like a pale *Pyramid* pillar,
That faire double-doored port,
Where sweet *Zephir* loves to sport.

45

On each side whereof extended
Fields, wherein did ever grow'
Roses, Lilies, Violets blended,
Steept in streams of sanguine snow:
Red-white hils, and white-red plaines,
Azure vales, and azure veines:

46

Veines, whose saphir Seas do slide
(Branch-wise winding in and out)
With a gentle flowing tide
All that *Little World* about,
Up and downe, aloft and under,
To fill all this world with wonder.

47

With her mouth I meddle not,
Nor with *Ecchoes* dainty mazes;
Lest these hearing any jot
Mis-reported of her prayses
In their form, might them incense
To reprove my proud offence.

48

But fond hee that over-skips
(Fearing fancies had I wist)
Those smooth smiling lovely lips,
Which each other alwayes kist:
Sweetly swelling round like Cherries,
Fragrant as our garden-berries.

49

Lips like leaves of Damaske-Rose
Joyned just in equall measure,
Which in their sweet folds inclose
Plenteous store of pleasant treasure:
Treasures more then may be told;
Balme, and Pearles, and purest gold.

50 Balme

50

Balme her breath, for so it smelt;
Pearles, those pales about the Parke,
Where that golden Image dwelt,
Her pure tongue that most I marke:
Such a tongue, as with my tongue
Never can enough be sung.

51

Now remaines of all this *Ile*
Onely that white *Ivory* Ball,
Dimpled with a cheerfull smile,
Which the *Cape* of *Love* I call.
Eden was this Iland, Madam:
While I gaz'd, mine eye was *Adam*.

52

Next her Swan-like neck I saw:
Then those spotlesse snowie mountaines,
Which, when Loves warme Sun shall thaw,
Shall resolve in *Nectar* fountaines:
'Twixt which mountaines lies a valley,
Like *Joves* heav'nly milken alley.

53

What my song should further say,
Art envying my delight
(As the night conceales the day)
Shrowdes in shadowes from my sight:
Art, that adds so much to others,
Here a world of beauties smothers.

54

Yet not so, but that I saw,
As the Sunne shines through the rack,
Smalling down by measures law,
Her straight comely shapen back:
Which, though well it liked mee,
Left of all I long'd to see.

55

But her slender virgin Waste
Made mee beare her girdle spight,
Which the same by day imbrac't,
Though it were cast off at night;
That I wisht, I dare not say
To be girdle night and day;

56

Left those hands that here I kisse,
As offended there-withall,
Rise to chastise mine amisse,
Though their rage be rare and small;
Yet God shield, her prayses singer
Should offend her little finger.

57

Yet I feare in much I shall:
For, to say her hands are white,
Slike and slender, fingers small,
Straight and long, her knuckles dight
With curled Roses, and her nailes
With pearle-muscles shining scales:

58

These are praises great I grant;
But full oft heard I before,
Many may like honours vant,
Such as these have many more:
Hers are such, as such are none,
Save that hers are such alone.

59

For, if shee had lived, when
Proud *Arachne* was alive,
Pallas had not needed then
To come downe with her to strive:
Her faire fingers, finely fast,
Had *Arachnes* cunning past.

60

But when to the musick, choice
Of those nimble joynts shee marries
Th' *Echo* of her Angel-voice,
Then the praise and prize shee carries
Both from *Orpheus* and *Amphion*,
Shaming *Linus* and *Arion*.

61

Here before her nimble feet
Fall wee flat (mine humble Muse)
To endevour (as is meete)
All our errours to excuse:
For, these are the beautious bases
That support this frame of graces.

62

Now, like as a Princely building,
Rare for Model, rich for matter,
Beautified without with guilding,
Fond beholders eyes to flatter,
Inwardly, containeth most
Both of cunning and of cost:

63

So this frame, in framing which
Nature her owne selfe excelled,
Though the outward walles were rich,
Yet within the same there dwelled
Rarest beauties, richest treasures,
Chief delights, and choicest pleasures.

64

For, within this curious Palace,
'Mongst the *Muses* and the *Graces*,
Phebe chaste, and charming *Pallas*
Kept their Courts in sundry places,
Lawes of Vertue to enactize,
There proclaim'd in daily practice.

65

Here the Foster waxing faint,
Looked on the lovely Dame,
Sighing-saying, Gracious Saint,
Here-hence all my sorrowes came.
Lady, pardon, if my song
Have detain'd you over-long.

66

Not your song: your sorrowes seem
Longer then I would (quoth shee)
Yet, as yet I cannot deeme
How your griefes with this agree:
For did this faire sight intrap yee,
This fair sight might make yee happy.

67

Happy (mee unhappy most)
(Then repli'd hee) had I been,
Had my life or light been lost
Ere my sight that sight had seen:
Then had I not liv'd to languish
In this ease-lesse end-lesse anguish.

68

But because you doubt (faire Dame)
How from such a heav'n as this,
Full of every beauties flame,
Full of hounty, full of blisse,
Full of each delight full joy,
Could descend the least annoy:

69

If you daigne attend, I'll tell
(As my feeble tongue will let mee)
All mis-fortune that befell,
Though the thought thereof doe fret mee:
Madam, so your kindnesse moves mee,
That to shew you all behoves mee.

70

Therefore think upon (I pray)
What, when first my tale begun,
Was fore-spoken to bewray
Shifts of *Cytherea's* sonne:
How, for feare I should have spi'd him,
In a *Bear* the Urchin hid him.

71

Thence-from crafty *Cupid* shot
All the Arrows of his quiver:
But my heart that yeelded not,
Made them all in sunder shiver;
Till hee, full of shame and sorrow,
Better bowes and shafts did borrow.

72

Borrow did hee of that *Bear*,
Arms more apt to work my woe.
Stringing with her golden haire
Her faire brows, hee made his bow:
Whence for shafts hee shot likewise
Beams of her keene piercing eyes.

73

Of which Diamond-headed darts
(Beating hard my bosoms Center,
Whence resisting pow'r departs,
Where, but these, none else could enter)
Some abiding, some rebounded,
Wherewith-all the *Beare* was wounded.

74

Wounded was the gentle *Bear*,
With the weapons that shee lent;
That shee lent (alas) for feare
Left your *Love-God* should her shent:
So wee see, who lend their Armes,
Oft procure their proper harmes.

75

So did harmlesse shee (alas)
That I ever must bemoan:
Moan I must for never was
Marble-hearted *Mermidon*
But would moan, and mourne, and melt
To have seene the paine shee felt.

76

To have seen her piteous plaining,
To have heard her loud lamenting,
To have thought on her complaining,
To imagine her tormenting;
Eyes would weepe, and ears would wonder,
Hardest heart would break in sunder.

77

So mine eyes, mine eares and heart,
Fild with waters, wonders, woes,
Drowned, deafned, dead in part,
Wel-nigh all their vertues lose:
Every sense, and all my reason
Fled, and fail'd mee for a season.

78

Here when this hee had rehearsed,
Ere the ruefull rest could follow;
So the fresh remembrance pierced,
That his voice waxt weake and hollow:
Bitter teares aboundant dropping,
Drowned words their passage stopping.

79

Words were turn'd to sighs and sobbing,
Inward griefes did inly groan:
Hopelesse heart with heavie throbbing,
Shew'd all signes of saddest moan.
Signes made moan, but voice was mum:
Small griefes speake, but great are dumb.

80

Wo-begon, and wondrous sorry
Was the *Goddesse* to beholdhim,
Through repeating of his story
In so sad a fit to hold him;
Fearing further to provoke him,
Left new Seas of sorrow choak him.

81

For, as Sea-coales flame the faster,
When wee cast cold water on them:
Or as Children under Master,
Mourne the more, the more wee moan them:
So the more shee spake, her speeches
More increast his cries and sweeches.

82

Yet shee would not so forsake him,
Left some savage hungry beast
In this tragick transe should take him,
Of his flesh to make a feast:
Danger of which dire event,
Thus her pity did prevent.

83

Lowd her bugle Horne shee blew,
Babbling *Echo* voice of vallies,
Airy Elf, exempt from view,
With the Forrest musick dallies:
Doubling so the curled Winde,
That the first was hard to finde:

84

Yet her nimble Nymphs, inured
Often to the Fairies guile,
Could not be so soon allured
To ensue her subtle wile:
For where first they heard the blast,
Thither-ward they trip it fast.

85

But Because these maids had follow'd
Eagerly their game together;
They, when first the Lady halloo'd,
Could not by and by be with her:
For, before shee found the Foster,
All her traine (I told you) lost her.

86 In

86

In came these bright beauties than,
Where as they their Lady found
Standing by this wretched man,
That lay there upon the ground:
With which wofull sight amazed,
Each on him with wonder gazed.

87

To whom their Goddesse did relate
All before that hee had told her,
All his miserable state:
Who did all the while behold her
With a heavy halfe-shut eye,
As a man at point to dye.

88

At which the Nymphs with pity moved,
Somewhat to asswage his woe
For the *Beares* sake whom hee loved,
And that him had loved so,
Bade him of their helpe assure him,
For they could the Art to cure him.

89

For in a Grove thereby, there grew
An herbe which could loves power expell:
Which (but they) none ever knew,
As how it prosper'd neer a Well,
Where *Diana* us'd to bathe her
When the scorching heat did scathe her.

90

Which the *Sylvans* of those Groves
Held in every high account:
For therewith they cur'd their loves.
It was call'd *Dianaes* Fount:
And that Herb, the pride of Summer,
Took that speciall vertue from her.

91

And the swiftest of the traine,
Away to fetch the same was sent.
Which her nimble joynts did straine,
And return'd incontinent;
And the Simple with her brought,
By which the cure was strangely wrought.

92

Which unto the sense apply'd,
As the juyce thereof hee tasted,
Hee might feele even in that tide
How his old remembrance wasted.
By the med'cine thus revealed,
Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMION.

O You that on the double mountaine dwell,
And daily drink of the *Castalian* Well,
If any Muse among your sacred number,
Have power to waken from a dying slumber,
A dull conceit, drown'd in a gulfe of griefe,
In haplesse ruine, hopelesse of reliefe:
Vouchsafe (sweet sisters) to assist mee so,
That for a time I may forget my woe,
Or (at the least) my sad thoughts so beguile,
That sighes may sing, & tears themselves may smile,
While I in honour of a happy choice,
To cheerefull Layes tune my lamenting voice;
Making the Mountains and the vallies ring,
And all the young-men and the maidens sing,
All earthly joyes, and all heav'ns blisse betide
Our joyfull Bridegroom, and his gentle Bride. (sorrow,
Then, peace complaint, and pack thee hence proud
I must goe bid my merry Greeks *good morrow:*
Good morrow, Gallants: thus begins our game:
What? fast asleep? fie sluggards, fie for shame,
For shame shake off this humour from your eyes.
You have ore-slept: 'tis more then time to rise.
Behold, already in the ruddy East
Bright *Erycina*, with the beaming crest
Cals up *Aurora*: and shee rose-like blushing,
From aged *Tythons* cold armes, quickly rushing,
Opens the wide gates of the welcome day,
And with a beck summons the Sun away:
Who quickly mounting on his glitt'ring chaire,
Coursetb his nimble Coursers through the aire,
With swifter pase then when bee did pursue
The Lauret-changed Nymph that from him flew;
Fearing perhaps (as well hee might) to misse
A rarer object, then those loves of his.
Such, as at sight (but for the kinde respect
Of loyall friendship, to a deare elect
Child of the Muses) had with hotter fire
Inflam'd the wanton *Delphian* gods desire,
Altars adorn'd with blisse-presaging lights
In saffron robes, and all his solemne rites
Thrice-sacred *Hymen* shall with smiling cheere,
Unite, in one, two Turtles loving deare.
And chaine with holy charmes their willing hands,
Whose hearts are linkt in loves eternall bands.

M *ilde vertues mirrour Beauties monument,*
A *dorned with Heav'ns praise, and Earths perfection:*
R *eceive (I pray you) with a brow ambient,*
T *his petty pledge of my poore pure affection:*
H *ad I the Indians golden heaps and hoards,*
A *richer present would I then present you.*
N *ow such poore fruits as my bare field affords*
I *n stead of those, here have I rudely sent you.*
C *ount not the gifts worth but the givers will:*
O *ft mighty Princes have accepted small things;*
L *ike as the aire all empty parts doe fill,*
S *o perfect friendship doth supply for all things.*
O *bent ever so: so never smart*
N *or teene shall trouble the* Soon calm in hart.

M *ind first your Maker in your dayes of youth:*
A *ske grace of him to govern well your wayes:*
R *everence your Husband with unspotted truth:*
T *ake heed of pride, the poison of our daies:*
H *aunt not with those that are of light report:*
A *void the vile charmes of unchaste temptation.*
N *ever lend look to the lascivious sort:*
I *mpeach not any's honest reputation:*
C *omfort the poore, but not beyond your power:*
O *ver your houshold have a needfull care:*
L *ay hold on Times lock, lose not any hower:*
S *pend, but in season; and in season spare:*
O *ff-spring, if any heav'n vouchsafe to send you,*
N *urture them godly; and good end attend you.*

So shall your life in blessings still abound,
So from all harme th' almighty hand shall shend you,
So with cleere honour shall your head be crown'd,
So for your vertue shall the wise commend you,
So shall you shun vile slanders blasting voice,
So shall you long enjoy your loving Pheare,
So shall you both be blessed in your choice,
So to each other be you ever deare.
O! be it ever so in every part,
That nought may trouble the Soon calm in hart.

FINIS.

A HOLY PREPARATION TO A JOYFULL RESURRECTION.

1

DEare, deare Soule, Awake, awake.
Ah! What Answer wilt thou make,
When *Christ* in glory shall appear?
When Hee comes to take Account
Of thy Sins that hourely mount,
By acting or neglecting here?

2

Of that irefull Day to come
(That red dreadfull Day of Doome)
Th' affrighting Terrour to prevent,
Bleeding tears let heart distill;
Right reform thy crooked will;
And speedily Repent, Repent.

3

That, That dreaded Day of Ire,
Shall dissolve the World in Fire;
As holy Prophets have foretold.
O! What horrour will be then,
When the Lord shall come agen,
Our deeds of Darknesse to unfold!

4

Shrillest Trumpets thundring sound
Through earth's entrails shall rebound,
To summon all before the Throne.
Nature, Death shall stand amaz'd,
When the Dead (alive) be rais'd,
To heare their Judgement, every one.

5

Open shall the Bookes be laid,
Wherein what wee have mis-said,
Mis-done, mis-deem'd, is registred:
So that when the Judge is set,
Closest-crimes (conceal'd as yet)
Reveal'd, shall all be punished.

6

(Then alas!) what shall I say?
To what Patron should I pray,
Sith the Justest are not cleer?
King of awfull Majestie,
Health of All that hope on thee,
My saving Health as then appear.

7

JESU, Lord, my Sute attend:
Oppose thee to th' accusing Fiend;
Remembring, once thou cam'st for mee,
Weary seeking wilfull Losse;
Mockt, torn, tortur'd on the Crosse,
In vain these Suffrings may not be.

8

O! Just Judge of each Condition,
Gracious, grant mee free Remission:
Let not my Works receive their Meed.
Sighing, I lament my Sin:
Teares without, and Feares within.
Break not, dear God, this bruised Reed.

9

MARIE's Sin thou didst remit:
Theefe on Crosse Thou didst acquit.
Like Hope in mee thou dost inspire;
For this glorious Grace of Thine,
(For no worth or work of mine)
Lord save mee from th' infernall fire.

10

Point my place among the Sheep:
Sundred from the Goats mee keep;
Disposing mee, on thy Right-side;
That (the *Cursed* being cast
Into Flames that ever last)
I with the *Blessed* may abide,

Full of Joy, Blisse, endlesse Glory,
(Free'd of Feare, Grief, sin-full Folly)
Loud-singing *Holy, Holy, Holy.* Amen.

FINIS.

POSTHUMI.

OR

SYLVESTERS REMAINS:

CONTAYNING

Divers Sonnets, Epistles,

Elegies, Epitaphs, Epigrams,

AND OTHER

Delightfull Devises,

REVIVED

OUT OF THE ASHES

OF

THAT SILVER-TONGUED

TRANSLATOUR

AND

DIVINE POET-LAUREAT,

MASTER

JOSUAH SYLVESTER,

NEVER,

Till Now, IMPRINTED.

SONNETS.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET TO MASTER HENRY PARVIS *deceased.*

Mr.alignant Death our ever dreadfull Foe,
H ow haſt thou robb'd us of our Countries praiſe?
E ngland lament that thou haſt loſt him ſo,
N ow in the ſun-ſhine of his Summer-Dayes:
R ich *Aſian* Merchants, and the men of *Nile*,
Y our wonted travell and your traffick ceaſe
P eople of *Greece* and you of *Candi-Ile*;
A h, henceforth, who ſhall have the brave increaſe?
R enowned PARVIS famous far and neere,
V ntimely dyes; ſo ſhort is Earthly glorie,
I n vaine wee weepe, in vaine wee waile him here,
S orrow prevailes not, death is peremptorie.

R are Paragon (therefore) reſtrain your plaints,
N ow lives your dear-love 'mong the bleſſed Saints.

2 SONNET.

2 AN ACROSTICK SONNET ON HIS *Owne NAME.*

J n paine, 'tis paine, past pleasures to record;
O how it grieves, in griefe to think of gladnesse!
S mart after Smiles ingenders treble sadnesse:
U se of delight makes dolour more abhorr'd.
A h, what availes mee (then) thy wonted favour?
H igh hopes dejected, double in despaire;
S o, ev'ry smile-beame of thy sun-shine faire,
Y f now thou frowne, makes ev'ry torment graver:
L ove, think not (then) ah think not it sufficeth,
V nto thy Merit, that thou didst affect mee;
E ven that remembrance, if you now neglect mee,
STings more then all-else sorrow that ariseth.
E asie's his paine, who never pleasure proved,
R ougher, disdaine, to him that hath beene loved.

3 AN ACROSTICK, TO THE RARE PATRON AND right PATTERN of vertuous *GENTRIE*, R. N.

R eviv'd afresh by your Muse-friending favour,
O ur griefe-starv'd-Muse begins again to stirre,
B reathing againe, the Breath your Bounty gave her,
E ven when despaire had hope to burie her.
R estored (thus) by your kinde love, to life,
T hese thankfull lines shall tell the Times that follow,
N o niggard praises of your vertues rife,
I t shall be said you were our *Pens-Apollo.*
C ount it no blemish to be so accounted;
O ur humble notes, though little-noted now,
L auriz'd (hereafter) 'mong the loftie-mounted;
S hall sing a part that Princes shall allow:
O ur numbers (then) with Time-contemning breath
N ow rais'd by You, shall raise your Name from death.

4 An

4 AN ACROSTICK ON HIS OVVNE NAME, TO *His afore-said Friend.*

J mping his broken wings with better plumes,
O ur ill mew'd-Muse shall (one-day) mount your merit
S o high, that cankred-Time which all consumes,
U ertue except, shall have no power to wear it.
A nd this, our little World divided Ile,
H opefull already of your rising Fame,
S hall grow too narrow for so great a Name
Y n baptisme noted * BORN TO CROS the NILE.
L et not the meaning of that Motto daunt-yee:
V nder that Fate-spell onely are fore-showne
E ternall praises which our pens shall chaunt-yee,
ST retching beyond the *Sultans Babylon*;
E lse, if our *Thames-tunes* cannot sound so loud;
R hone, Rhyne and Po, shall lend their Numbers proud.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolson.*

5 SONNET.

Puis qu'assiegé des ondeux Exercites
L'humble parler des Escrivains Anglois,
Confiné court dans ce coing Britanois,
N'ose franchir ses fatales limites.
Pour ne borner de bornes si petites,
De vos vertuz la loing volante voix
Du Loyre & Po: os'emprunterai par fois
Mots pelerins, pour chanter vos merites.
Si que l'amour qu'aux Muses vous portez,
Aislé du vent de mes errantes rimes,
S'oyra sonner outre les blanches cimes,
Des Apenins, de megé enfarinez.
Mers, Monts, & Vaux, rauiz de vostre nom,
Retentiront le loz de NICOLSON.

6 SONNET.

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

J f patience true could termine passions war R——
O ur thankefull Harpe had tendred long-a g O——
S ave that, our Griefs, whose deep-gulfs never eb B——
U nto you sacred, by the which you so E——
A h, muse not, then, if all our Muse-work savou R——
H eart sad, Art bad; yet pray you read the res T——
S o deare *Mecœnas*, if your patience daig N——
Y our praises due to publish farre and n I——
L ifting your Name, the glory of your Sto C——
V nthrall to Time, for, Time that tryeth s O——
E lse had th' old Hebrews and brave Worthies al L——
ST ones wear, steel wasts, too weak to bear their glorie S——
E ven so devout as wee are found to do O——
R ecording loftie though wee low begu N——

7 SONNET TO MASTER R. N.

SIth round beleaguer'd by rough *Neptunes* legions,
Within the straite-nookes of this narrow Ile;
The noblest volumes of our vulgar style
Cannot escape unto more scopefull Regions;
Resolv d to rescue from death-threatning dangers
Arctoa's Name, pride of her sex and soyle,
And yours kind Patrone, * BORN TO CROS the NILE,
Our friend-strong Muse shall use the helpe of Strangers.
Sweet *Petrarchs* Po, and swan-proud *Sein* shall lend
Their Syren-voyces, loud-resounding Layes
To sing her wonders and your worthie praise,
Till English victors having Heaven to friend,
Pouling the *Pyrés*, with their valiant swords,
Through Spayne make passage for our English words.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolson.*

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

——R are type of gentrie, and true Vertues Star R
——O ne entire payment of the Zeale wee O
——B reake still the best threades of our busie we B
——E vill the Muses with griev'd mindes agre E
——R uth, more then Youth, and rather cry then quave R
——T is said of somethings, that the last is bes T
——N o praise, but pardon to our new-found strai N
——I will enforce my leaden Thoughts to fl I
——C loude-high, to grave it, in a Diamond Ro C
——O n every thing, forbeares the Muses th O
——L ost with their lives, their Lives memorial L
——S weet learning, yet, keeps fresh their famous storie S
——O ur verse, your Vertues shall eternize to O
——N othing a whit more cleare then radiant Su N

8 SONNET.

WIlt thou not, yet, beleeve how deare I love thee?
O! Thou unjust, how thy distrust doth grieve me!
What shall I say to make thee to beleeve mee?
What shall I doe that may suffice to move thee?
Have I not made my voyce all hoarse with moaning?
Are not mine ~~eyes growne blinde~~ with ever weeping?
Are not my wits growne wild with never sleeping?
Is not my heart halfe dead and more, with groaning?
All eares but Thine, doe pity my complaining;
All eyes but Thine, my weeping makes to water;
All wits but thine, doe blame my wits abater;
All hearts and Thine conceive not my hearts paining:
And yet my love exceeds my Sorrow fell,
For, still the Cause doth its Effect excell.

9 SONNET.

TO MY SOVERAIGNE LORD THE KING.

JAMES STUART.

Anagram.

A JUST MASTER.

SIck of the evill which you onely heale,
Onely to you my proſtrate Sighes appeale,
From long delayes of Others doubtfull Art,
Aſſur'd of pitie in your princely heart.
Should, None-beſide, ſecond mine humble ſuit,
Du BARTAS, yet, I hope will not be mute;
Nor you diſdaine, what, for his ſake, I ſeek,
Of a JUST-MASTER, mercifull and meeke:
Mine, is no ſwelling, but a ſinking Sore,
Which, but you ſalve, will daily gangrene more:
More needfull patient to leſſe-carefull cure,
Did never, yet, your royall Hand procure;
Your word and ſword is all that it requires
To grace with Knighthood two ſufficient Squires.

10 SONNET.

O Eyes, more beauteous then thoſe blazing eyes,
Whoſe wanton ſparks did fire the town of Troy!
O Tongue, more tunefull then thoſe melodies,
Of him that *Daphné* lov'd, the Damſell coy!
O Wit, more wondrous then that wondrous-wiſe,
Joves braine-borne Daughters, or *Latona's* Boy!
O Eyes! O Tongue! O Wit, all words exceeding!
See, ſay, ſuppoſe, whence is my pain proceeding.

11 SONNET.

IF theſe mine eyes were ever ſent to ſeek,
In ſumptuous ſhewes, for better-Beauties choice;
¶ If theſe mine Eares were ever lent to like
Of any ſound above the Heav'nly-Voice;

If

If this my heart did ever meane mislike,
Of thee, or did in Other-Love rejoyce;
Blind be these Eyes, deafe be these Ears for ever,
Sad be this Heart conceiving comfort never.

12 SONNET. TO HIS BELOVED.

FArewell my Hope, adieu,
My chaste remembrance sweet;
Farewell my Trust to you,
Untill againe wee meet.

You have forsaken mee,
And yet I know not why;
If ought I have offended yee
For pardon here I cry.

The sweet delightfull Flowers
Are pleasant to the Eye,
So are those spotted bowers
Which in thy Cheeks doe lye.

The orient Colours fine
Will fall and fade away,
But let that sweetest love of thine
Still live and ne'r decay.

The margaritall-gem
For praise deserves thy name,
So like you are to them,
As nature shewes the same.

Sweet Love remember this
That though thy beauties shine
And hath resplendent beames amisse,
Yet, alwayes I'll be thine.

The Sunne shall cease to shine,
The Moone shall lose her light,
Before these constant eyes of mine
Choose any new delight.

In token of my Love,
I here protest and vow,
And by all sacred sense approve
I will love none but you.

The highest ardent powers,
The fiery Strall of *Jove*,
Shall lighten brightly upon yours
And still increase my love.

Sweet Earth, sweet Water, Ayre,
And Fire in your Degree,
Be meanes unto this Orb so faire
That Shee likewise love mee.

13 SONNET.

EVen as the timely sweet heat-temp'ring showers
Feed the faint Earth and fill it all with flowers green;
Green, grain, and grasse, and plants, and fruits, and flowers
Whereby the beauty of the world is seene:
Even so my tears temp'ring mine inward fire,
Doe feed my Love and foster my Desire.
And as a sudden and a stormy raine,
Makes *Flora*'s children hang their painted heads,
And beateth downe the pride of *Ceres* plaine,
Drowning the Pastures and the flow'ry Meades:
Even so my teares that overflow my fire,
Drowne my Delight but not my Loves desire.

And

And as a little Water, caſt upon
A Forge, doth force the flame to mount the more,
Which being by the panting bellows blowne,
It glowes, and growes much hotter then before:
Even ſo my teares caſt on mine inward fire,
Blown by my ſighs augment my high deſire.
And as a Brooke that Meadowes undermines,
Doth make them ſeem more green, more freſh more fair:
And as the deaw before bright *Phœbus* ſhines,
Gives the ſweet Roſe a more delightfull aire:
Even ſo my teares watring mine inward fire,
Adorn my love, and garniſh my deſire.
Thus, then, though weeping waſte my life away
And drench my Soule in ever-flouds of care,
Yet by my teares I doe my faith diſplay,
Whereby my merits (ſtill) recorded are:
So that my teares refreſh mine inward fire,
And yet my tears quench not my high deſire.

14 A MASKE SONNET, TO QUEEN *ANNE*.

Hye wee,
Hye wee, Siſters, Fairies,
Dead our comfort, deep our Care-is
While wee miſſe our Miſtreſſe grace:
In the mirrour of whoſe Face,
Majeſty and mildneſſe meet
Stately ſhining, ſmiling ſweet;
In whoſe boſome
Aye repoſe-em
All the Honours of Diana;
Say, who ſaw our Glorie-Anna?

This way,
This way Grace did guide-her,
Could ſo rich a Jewell hide her?
So unſeene that none can ſay,
Whither Shee is gone this way.
Or doth envie make you mum?
Or hath Wonder ſtrook you dumb?
Iõ Siſters,
Here's our miſtreſſe.
Iõ, Fairies, have wee found her?
Daunce wee rapt with joy and wonder.

After the Daunce.

Haile,
All haile; O Queen of Graces,
Whoſe aſpect, auſpicious, chaces
All our cares and feares away,
Cleering all with cheerfull ray:

Whom, who-ever never ſaw,
Knowes not Vertue's Love nor Law;
Bounties preſence,
Beauties pleaſance;
Modell and divine Idea,
Both of Pallas and Aſtrea.

Welcome,
Welcome Phœnix royall,
Wils and Wals her eccho loyall;
In all Fairie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Then your preſence maketh here,
Where, together with your Pheere,
All I wiſh-you
And your Iſſue,
With all joyes of grace internall,
Outward glory and eternall.

15 SONNET.

LOoke crueller, you lovely eyes, yee kill mee
With pleasing poyson of your sweet aspects:
Yet doe not so, for cruelty dejects
My mounting hopes, and with despaire doth fill-mee.

Doe but a little vaile your beames divine,
Whose over-brightnesse dimmes my tender sight;
Yet, vaile them not, for then eternall night
In ever darknesse drowns this soule of mine.

Alas, faire eyes, how will yee stint this strife?
Favour or frowne, love ever makes mee languish
In living deaths and in delightfull anguish,
How ere you looke, I looke to lose my life:
Ah looke no more(then)if you doe,ye spill mee,
Yes, looke(alas)unlesse yee looke yee kill mee.

16 SONNET.

THey say that shadowes of deceased ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes:

So, in the place where cruell love doth shoote
The fatall shaft that slue my loves delight,
I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.

But those light ghosts are happier far then I,
For, at their pleasure, they can come and goe
Unto the place that hides their treasure, so,
And see the same with their fantastick eye.

Where I (alas) dare not approach the cruell
Proud Monument, that doth inclose my Jewell.

17 SONNET.

LOve, doe thy worst, use all thy tyrannies,
And as thou list torment and torture mee:
I'll ne'r relent, nor shalt thou ever see
Mee cease to serve her ever-sacred eyes.

I know my fault, and knowing I confesse it;
Like th' Argive Lad, I tooke my flight too high:
But what of that? there's now no remedy,
Unlesse, perhaps, propitious death redresse it.

Back reason (then) thou dost in vaine advise mee;
If death prevent mee, then my paine expires,
And honour'd death doth waite on high desires;
I must proceed what ever end arise mee:
If it were pride, at first, to undertake it,
'T were cowardize, now, faintly to forsake it.

18 SONNET.

BReak heart and cease in sorrowes thus to swell,
Or shrink thy veines that vanities may end;
Or else record the cause why thoughts rebell,
Or else forget thou serv'st so faire a friend:
Or if thou meane to feed on fancy still,
Break heart; for bloud best fits to blaze thine ill.

For, blubber'd eyes doe but in water write,
And sighes are signes of dolour, not of death;
And pale is but a change from red to white,
And plaints are pangs but of a strained breath:
But bloud bewrayes the bitter ruefull state;
Then write in bloud, thy love, thy hope, thy hate.

Then, starting-up, forthwith I took a knife,
As one resolv'd, and yet in doubt, to kill:
'Twixt feare of death and loathing of my life,
Twixt hope of good and greedinesse of ill,
I so remain'd, doubting the stroak to give,
Because I dare not dye, yet cannot live.

19 SONNET.

MY prayers have turn'd my Mistresse to a stone,
A virgin have they chang'd into a Beare:
Ah yet some hope remains unto my mone,
For thousands write, Raine drops hard flints doe wear,
And savage Beares on no dead corps will prey.
No savage, but cœlestiall Beare art thou,
Spare mee that am a Corse cleane fall'n away;
Doe not, ah doe not ay my death avow:
Flint though thou beest, yet thou art full of fire;
Kindle my hopes, burn not my waxen wings:
Bear though thou be, yet will rough Beares retire
From humane bloud, if one them hony brings.
Oh let the hony of my words appease thee,
Still must I love, though I can never please thee.

Oh that her heart were but a heart of stone,
(As, often raine the rocky Marble weares)
Yet this, the oft fall of my fraudlesse teares,
Had pierced it, and made her feele my mone.
Were shee no fiercer then a forrest Beare,
(As from dead bodies that foule Beast abstaines,
And pleas'd with hony humane bloud refraines)
My hony words had wrought remorse in her:
But shee's a Beare of that cœlestiall breed,
That in the Poles imperious *Jove* did plant.
Her heart is stone, but it is Diamant,
Whose hardnesse doth the hardest things exceed;
Therefore it is, that teares-raine cannot pierce her,
And hony words doe make her seem the fiercer.

20 SONNET.

THrice tosse these oaken ashes in the aire,
And thrice three times tie-up this true Loves knot;
Thrice sit thee downe in this enchanted chaire,
And murmure soft, shee will or shee will not.
Goe burn these poys'ned weeds in that blew fire,
This Cipresse gath'red at a dead mans grave,
These Scriech-owles feathers, and this pricking bryer,
That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.

Then come you Fairies, dance with mee a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter:
In vain are all the charmes I can devise,
Shee hath an Art to breake them with her eyes.

21 SONNET.

FRom thy faire lookes I count my Kalender,
For, viewing them mine eyes make holy day;
Depriv'd of them, my soule through jealous feare,
In restlesse labour weares the time away.
Thy smile foretels a solemne feast is neer;
But most of all it doth my minde dismay
To finde no certain seasons in my yeare:
Spring, Winter, Summer, Harvest finde I not,
Nor day nor night, th' are all confounded there:
No grasse can grow, thy beauty shines so hot;
Thy beauties Sun which no Eclipse can beare.
Therefore by guesse I make my times agree,
Alas, that Kalenders so uncertaine be.

22 SONNET.

THou art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie temp'ratures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight;
Nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse thou pity mee:
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glistring brightnesse
Can night illumine in her darkest denne:
Thy hands are bloudy, yet compact of whitenesse,
Both black and bloudy, if they murther men;
Thy brow whereon my fortune doth depend,
Fairer then snow, or the most lilly thing;
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet words end,
That hard as marble, This a mortall sting.
I will not sooth thy follies: thou shalt prove,
That beauty is no beauty without love.

23 SONNET.

MIght bashfull shame put on a paper maske
And whisper passion in his mistresse eares;
Then should my Verse his numbers overtaske
To lead thee to the storehouse of my teares.
Oh, I have seen content in thy faire eyes,
My soules content, if thou be so content:
Faire eyes, bright skies, what praise may I devise,
To paint the pleasure of your blandishment?
Onely this will I speake with pleasing anguish,
Those Lamps are cause that make my life to languish.

24 SONNET.

THese lines you reade as his who never knew
What beauty meant, save that which shines in you.
For should'st thou please to dwell in desart Grove,
Thy eyes would teach the senseless trees to love,
Thy sight (one sight) made mee that scorn'd before,
Feare fraile effects, and trust mine eyes no more:
So from thy sight these my sad passions grew,
And therefore read them if thou wilt not rue;
Read them and see how my coy heart came thrall,
And then goe sweare thou wilt not love at all.
Oft had I seene men sigh and weepe and mourne,
And curse desire, and looke with eyes forlorne:
Oft had I heard them ban their bitter fate,
As they of all had beene unfortunate:
Then would I smile and count their outcryes vain,
And say when they did weepe, they did but faine:
Fond thoughts too simple to conceive the force,
Of Loves desire, that kils without remorse.
Weepe wayward eyes, then let my soule complain,
For it hath tasted loves immortall paine.
When first false fortune, to betray my heart,
Had slily brought and left mee where thou wert.
When I beheld thine amiable face,
Thy lovely hair which seem'd thy brow t'imbrace;
Then I envi'd thy curious locks arow,
And wisht to twine about thy forehead so:

But when I view'd thy lips, thy cheeks, thine eyes,
So red, so white, so full of delicacies;
Mee thought that I their beauty long had knowne,
And therefore would have kist you (as mine owne).
But feare and jealousie stept 'twixt us two,
And told mee I had nothing there to doe:
Henceforth I found my Liberty was fled;
My hearts ease, and Soules comfort banished,
Alone I went; alone was my delight,
Tedious the day, and wearisome the night:
No soft repose or delicate repast
Could ease my limbs or please my froward taste;
Onely I fed upon that pleasure store
Which mine eyes suckt from thy sweet face before.

25 SONNET.

AS in the deadnesse of the silent night,
A dreame doth forge strange shadows of delight:
So thy faire image in my fancy wrought,
Presenting wonders to my troubled thought.
For, still (mee thinks) that I doe either heare,
Thy voyce, as any challeng'd Eccho, cleere,
Thy voyce that makes the silver strings contend,
How they may best thy most fine fingers bend:
Or that I see thy feet in measures fall,
And then I start, as one distract withall:
I dye, revive mee, that it may be sed
Your beauty can put life into the dead.

26 SONNET.

YOur sweet behaviour makes mee bold to write,
More then my tongue durst utter in your sight,
Unlesse before I spake I could surprize
My pardon, written in your gracious eyes:
But, wherefore should'st thou judge amisse of mee?
If I offend it is in loving thee.
How hard and haplesse were our wretched state,
If for true love wee purchase unkinde hate?
I doe not seek as others Lovers doe,
Who doe attempt to win before they wooe:

Sufficeth

Sufficeth I may live a thrall to thee
(Grant that of favour which of force must be).
None but thee must I honour day and night;
Thee I must love, though in mine owne despight:
Fortune and Fates have chain'd my fancie so,
And thou maist free them, which none else can doe.
If thou be piteous, shew it now or never,
Save me but once, and I will serve thee ever.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES, EPISTLES AND *EPITAPHS*,

Written by

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN ELEGIE, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE VVORSHIPFULL AND VVORthy Merchant, Master *Henry Parvis*, Deceased August the twentie *fifth*, 1593.

HOw frail is flesh! how worldly bliss is brittle!
How in our birth begin wee all to die! (tle,
Youth, beauty, bloud, wealth, worship, last but lit-
All these like Shadowes of the night doe flye;
Vertue alone gives men eternity.
Vertue, which drawes mine over-tasked Verses,
Sadly to sing these tragick Tombs and Herses.
Alas how far fond Painters erre, in drawing
Deaths ghastly visage, void of eyes and dark!
Ah, see wee not That-Atcher all-men awing?
How sure hee shoots still at the fairest mark!
Foule Rav'ns hee leaves, and reaves the dainty Lark;
Nettles forsakes, and takes the fragrant Roses;
Contemnes the Cockle, and the Corn hee choses.
Else had not *London* lost her lamp of glory,
The pride of Merchants and the prime of men,
Milde-portly PARVIS, whose lives worthy story
Merits the praise of an immortall Pen: (teth,
Whose death not only our own Thames tormen-
But Arne, and Po, & Rhine and Maine lamenteth.
The man that Europe in his life admir'd:
Enricht with all that heav'n and nature could;
With inward gifts and outward grace attir'd;
Gallant and grave; nor bashfull nor too bold:
Mirrour to Youth, amazement to the Old:
A Personage of comely limbs and stature;
Of vertuous Nurture joyn'd with gentle nature.
What might be wisht for that this worthy wanted?
Wit, wealth and worship did adorn his life;
And more, to glad him, gracious *Hymen* granted
A choice, chaste, vertuous, faire and fruitfull wife:
A pleasant Vine, whose branches spreading rife
Inviron'd round his Table with her treasure,
Eight lively pledges of their love and pleasure.
Into his travaile I forbeare to enter,
To tell the profit and the praise hee got
In forrain Countries, where hee us'd to venter:
Where never blemish did his Credit blot;
Where PARVIS Name shall never be forgot.
'Mid the stern *Germans* and *Italians* stately,
That mourne his death (still) most affectionately.
But, where (alas) shall I sad phrases borrow?
To shew his Countries sighs for his decease,
Court, Citie, Countrie, all are fill'd with sorrow:
The rich lament, the poore complaints increase,
But, his deare Turtles teares that never cease,
Exceed the number of the pearl-drops-rainy;
Sad *Niobe* did never shed so many.
Alas it boots not, therefore leave lamenting;
For ruthlesse death doth no complaints regard:
In his stone-breast no pitie moves relenting,
Rough and remorselesse, more then marble-hard.
Rejoyce in this, your PARVIS is preferr'd
From worlds delights, which wise-men oft be-
To the possession of eternall riches. (witches,

Flumina de Parvis *oriuntur fontibus alta,*
Et sæpe ex Parvis *grandis acervus erit,*

MON-

MONODIA.

AN ELEGIE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VERTUOUS LIFE,

And godly death of the right worshipfull and most religious Lady, Dame Hellen BRANCH Widow (late Wife to the right worshipfull Sir *John Branch* knight, sometimes L. Maior of this honourable City, and daughter of *M. W. Nicolson* sometimes of London Draper) who deceased the 10. of *April* last, and lieth interred in Saint *Mary Abchurch* in London, the twentie ninth of the same, 1594.

1580

SIth unto mee, unworthy, you commit
This worthy taske (for better Muses fit)
To sing (nay rather sadly to deplore)
This common losse, that nothing can restore:
You sacred brood, borne of celestiall race,
You virgin-Ladies which poure downe the grace
Of Arts and Learning on your servants deare,
Vouchsafe assistance to my mournings here.
Teach mee sad accents and a weeping measure
To straine forth pitie, not to stir-up pleasure.
And you my private cares (although the cause
Of your dispaires doe never, never pawse)
Pawse you a little, and give leave a-while,
'Mid publike griefs my private to beguile;
Give leave I pray you; for a private-case
Unto a publike ever must give place.
Alas, how fitly is this life of ours
Compar'd to field-grasse and to fading flowers,
Fresh, greene and gallant, in the morning sun,
Wither'd and dead before the day be done!
Did ever yet the worlds bright eye behold
(Since first th' Eternall earthly slime en-soul'd)
A frame of flesh so glorious here beneath,
But hath been ruin'd by the rage of Death?
Of Death dread victor of all earthly things,
Who in a moment equals clownes with Kings.
For majestie can nothing him dismay,
No strength nor courage can his comming stay,
No wealth can wage him, nor no wit prevent him,
No lovely beauty can at all relent him;
Nay (which is more) no vertue can availe;
Ay mee, that death on vertue should prevaile.
But 'tis decree'd, death is the meed for sin,
This by ambition did our grand-sire win;
And wee the heires both of his work and wages
Must all dye once, throughout all after ages.
'And here for instance see this sable hearse
'Shrowding the subject of my mournefull verse,
'The breathlesse body of a worthy Dame,
'The Lady *Branch*, a *Nicolson* by name:
'A godly, vertuous and religious Matron,
'For maids, and wives, and widows, all, a pattern.
'Worship and wealth adorn'd her parentage,
'Favour and beauty grac't her personage,
'But vertuous manners, by good education,
'Brought to her youth the greatest commendation,
'Wherein so well shee spent her virgin-dayes
'That envies selfe saw nothing to dispraise.
Now when her age had made her apt to marry,
With friends advise, that of her choice were chary,
Shee was espous'd to one of speciall sort,
Wealthy in purse, and worshipfull in port,
Master *John Minors*, prais'd for zeale and pietie,
One of the Drapers worshipfull societie:
To him shee bare foure children, one a boy,
The rest all daughters, all, their parents joy.
But all these joyes (alas) but little lasted,
All these faire blossoms were untimely blasted.
All dyed young; for what drawes lively breath
But young or old must yeeld at last to death?

But

But they, long mourning for their mutuall losse,
Frame mutuall comforts to each others crosse,
Till time, that all things weares, had worn away
Their sorrowes edge, uneasie to allay.
Then happily many faire dayes they spent,
To others comfort and their owne content,
In all the practise of a Christian life,
And mutuall duties meet for man and wife:
Hee happy in his chance, shee in her choice,
Both joyntly blessed in themselves rejoyce.
But ah, these earth-joyes doe not ever last.
'After long cleernesse clouds will over-cast:
'After long calmes still followes stormy weather.
When they had liv'd full fortie yeares together,
Hee dyed, alas! for what drawes lively breath,
But, young or old, must yeeld at last to death?
Then desolate and comfortlesse alone,
Like to the Turtle when her mate is gone,
With sigh-swoln heart and sorrow-clouded eyes,
Shee wailes her lost Love in a woefull wise,
Till time, that all things weares, had worne away
Her sorrowes edge, uneasie to allay.
Then after modest and meet intermission,
Becomming well her years and her condition,
In second wedlock shee was linkt again
Unto another wealthy Citizen;
To master *Branch*, who afterwards became
Lord Mayor of London, worthy well the same:
In which high office hee him so acquighted,
That for his service hee was after knighted.
Hee was her husband twentie years, or more,
And much increast her stile, her state, and store.
But boughs and branches, shrubs and Cedars tall
Wither and dye, and into ashes fall:
So fell this *Branch*, for what drawes lively breath
But old or young must yeeld at last to death?
Then all forlorn, thus having lost her knight,
This dolefull Lady left all worlds delight,
All shewes of pleasure, and all pomp forsaking,
Her selfe to sadnesse and to solenesse taking,
With inward sighes and outward teares lamenting
His death, whose life was all her lives contenting.
Even like unto the sad and wofull Winter,
Who (soon as ever the bright season-Sunne
Hath left her widow of his wonted raies,
Whil'st to another world hee takes his wayes)
Casting aside her rich enamell'd crownes,
Flower-poudred mantles, and embroidered gowns
Of grass-green silk-shag, and the gawdie pride
Of all her Jewels and her Jems beside,
Her mirth-lesse selfe in mournefull manner shrouds
Down to the ground in robe of sable clouds;
And from her swoln-heart sighs a thousand stowers,
And from her drown'd eies weeps a thousand showers.
But now becom her self, her selfs commander,
To shield her life safe from all shot of slander,
(As't were) sequestred from much conversation,
Shee past her time in holy meditation,
In thanks and prayer unto Christ our Lord,
And often hearing of his sacred Word;
In godly alms and liberall pensions rise,
And all the duties of a christian life;
Laying up treasure with the joyfull just,
Safe from the force of theeves, and fret of rust.
So that her three-fold godly life alludeth
To virgin *Ruth*, wife *Sara*, widow *Judith*.
This life shee led; but this life will away,
Wee are but Pilgrims, here wee may not stay:
No more might shee; for when thrice thirty yeere
(A goodly age) shee had expired here,
'Shee also dyed; for what drawes lively breath,
'But, young or old, must yeeld at last to death?
'Such life, such death: well ends the well begun,
'And by the Even the faire Dayes praise is won.
'Well shee began, and wondrous well shee ended,
'Faire rose this sun, and fairely it descended
'To rise againe to glory at the last,
'At that great Angels all-awaking blast.
And therefore (deare friends) doe not waile nor weep,
For her that is so happy fall'n asleep;
But waile our losse, our common cause of griefe,
'The riches load-star, and the poores reliefe:
For to the rich in life shee gave example,
And to the poore in life and death was ample.
Weep rich, weep poore, let high and low lament;
But most you poore, let your salt tears be spent,
For you alas have lost your liberall Ladie,
Your nurse, your mother: but alas, why wade I
'With my poore stile in so profound a streame?
'You springs of Arts, eyes of this noble Realme,
'*Cambridge* and *Oxford*, lend your learned teares,
'To waile your owne losse, and to witnesse theirs:
'Tell, you that have the voice of eloquence,
'This bounteous Ladies large beneficence.
'First to your selves, for love unto your lore,
'Then severally to every kinde of poore
'Within this Citie: To the Drapers Hall,
'To every Prison, every Hospitall,
'To Lunatikes, and poore Maides marriages,
'And many other worthy Legacies:
'And when you have drawn all your teare-springs dry,
'For her decease, here let your comfort lie,
'That of this Phœnix ashes there revives
'Another, where her vertue still survives.

FINIS.

EPIST. I.

ARCTOPHILOS'S EPISTLE TO HIS DEAREST ARCTOA.

ARctophilos to his Arctoa sends
Such salutations as beseeme such friends.
Let not my sweet Love take the matter ill,
That at this season, fore against my will,
I parley thus in paper to my deate,
Being my selfe in person now so neere:
Sith by the malice of so many spies
That watch us still with more then *Argus* eyes,
Wee are debarr'd of every time and place
Wherein wee wont to commune face to face:
So that, alas, as seldome as wee meet,
Wee dare not speake and one another greet.
For, whil'st with other arme in arme you walk,
That tyr'd your eares with toyes and idle talke;
Courting you quaintly with continuall sute,
I march among you like a shadow mute:
In hollow silence, sighing to my selfe
To see my roome usurped by an Elfe.
So fares the Merchant that hath lost his goods,
Among false Pirats on the raging floods;
Where too too cheape hee chanceth to behold
Before his face his substance bought and sold:
And lavish waste made of the finest ware,
That hee had got with mickle cost and care:
Whil'st hee, poore soule, as partner of their sinne,
Must hold his peace and bite his sorrow in.
But you perhaps may Muse, and not amisse,
Unlesse mistaking what my purpose is,
How I can brooke and put up such disgrace,
To see his dwarfship court you to my face:
Sith neither love not Lordship can allow
Competitors, as wee have proofs enough.
Now, that I love you needs not now be scann'd,
You know too well my life lyes in your hand: (ness:
You know your frowne turns all my mirth to sad-
You know your smile turns all my grief to gladnes:
You know so well that I doe love so much,
That you admire my patience can be such.
For some say patience is the Cowards badge;
But ill, mee seems, that Cognizance doth sadge
To such a Coate; sith wiser men conclude,
That Patience is the Crest of Fortitude:
And they are fooles that doe forget this sentence,
That rash Revenges never want Repentance.
But leaving this, that I may let you know
Why I refraine from my corriving foe:
You doe not think (I think) that I doe feare him;
And that the cause wherefore I doe forbeare him,
Not that I dare not, but that I disdaine
On such a dwarf my stronger hands to staine.
Have I forborne? for valiant minds despise
A victory wherein no glory lyes;
But most of all (which most concerns the cause)
For that this strife your name in question drawes.
I strive the more to matter my desire,
Lest stirr'd, our ashes doe bewray their fire:
'For fondly loves, how ere hee fawne upon her,
'Who tenders not his Ladie's dearest honour.
Besides, considering calmely of the matter,
Unlesse wee list selfe-wounding wrath to flatter,
I see no cause why I should draw my weapon:
For who forbids gaine-thirsty Chapmen cheapen
Anothers ware, unlesse it beare some roken
Of him that hath the same before bespoken:
If at the leastwise, being at the best,
It lye in sight no lesse then all the rest.
For, like as when some Gentleman hath bought *Simile.*
Some rare rich Jewell, passing curious wrought;
And, giving earnest, leaves the same a season,
With the knowne Artist for some speciall reason:
Hee, glorying in his work and glad to shew it,
Still sets it forth, as if hee still did owe it:
While other Gallants gazing and admiring
Th' ingenious Gemme, the costly price inquiring,
Careless of cost doe inly presse and pray him,
Offring, perhaps, more then the first shall pay him.
But

But th'honest workman, to conclude, doth tell them
'Tis gone already, 'tis not his to sell them.
So when a Lover, by desert and duty,
Hath purchased a Paragon of Beauty,
Binding the bargaine with sufficient pledge
Till the conclusions feathers may be fledge.
Nature as proud of forming such a Creature,
Adorns her shop still with the matchlesse feature,
While other bloods, beholding such a baite,
Doe inly sigh, and sue, and presse, and waite;
Swearing to passe more perils for her sake,
Then *Juno* made *Alcides* undertake.
But then, what then? sweet, I referre the rest
To your deare selfe, that may apply it best.
But thus small quarrell can arise of this,
Sith commonly a Lovers custome is
To love his choice the more, and more to like it,
The more hee sees that other suitors seek it:
Although some drown'd in that detested humour,
Which bred of love, becommeth loves-consumer,
Like wretched *Procris*, work their owne destruction
Through fond surmises, and a false construction.
"But I am none of that mistrustfull crew
"That pout and pine in peevish jealousie,
If they but see another man come nigh,
To the deare Saint whereto themselves doe sue.
For thee I know so faithfull and so true,
That though I see fresh rivals daily plye
To purchase favour to thy peerlesse eye;
I never feare that thou wilt change for new.
If any wise and worthy Suitors seeke thee,
The more I love thee, and the more rejoyce
To see the prudent to approve my choice.
If any foole or franklin Lob doe like thee,
It grieves mee not, no, I am glad therefore,
For such a foile shall grace my grace the more.

EPIST. II.

TO ARCTOA.

NO doubt you deem that I have done you wrõg,
To make you waite for my reply so long;
But pardon that, that I may pardon you
The treble trouble you have put mee too,
In over-racking my unready wit,
To make my words to march in measure fit.
For though the Patrons of *Pernassus* Mount,
Be virgins all, as verses doe recount:
Yet every virgin cannot verse it well;
Nay, few or none, can tuned numbers tell.
Then marvaile not to see my Rimes so rough,
For even my prose is hard and harsh enough;
And both too base, even at their best, to be
Matcht with the meanest of your melodie.
But setting what might more be said aside,
You crave (forsooth) my Censure, to decide
A controversie 'twixt a loving Lad
And his sweet Love, that seem'd to use him bad:
And also aske my judgement of the Dame,
And which of both was worthy greatest blame.
But, for because you doe not there discover
The qualities of her, nor him, the Lover,
'Tis hard for mee to censure of the cause;
And that was chiefe occasion of my pause.
But now at last, and better late then never,
I have employ'd my uttermost endevour
To satisfie your doubtfull, darke demand,
As farre, at least, as I can understand:
For, to the depth I cannot duely enter,
But must reply to all by peradventure:
By peradventure I must needs discusse
Th' ambiguous Theam, that you propound me, thus:
Perhaps the man was worthy that did wooe her;
If so, some fault may be imputed to her:
Perhaps his judgement, and his gesture too
Were quick and comely, fitting for to wooe:
Perhaps his person, and his parentage
Did answer well his birth and personage:
Perhaps his Lands and wealthy Livings wai'd
Her Dowrie down; If so, perhaps the maid
Wronging her selfe, did with her selfe abuse him;
And yet perhaps had reason to refuse him:
Perhaps her eye had seene a man before,
A better man, that had deserved more:
Perhaps her heart had made a firme election,
Of such a man for manifold perfection:
Perhaps her hand had giv'n the trusty token
Of stedfast Faith, that never must be broken:
Perhaps her soule was joyn'd to *Juno*'s state,
And then perhaps this Lover came too late:
If so it were, as so perhaps it was:
I blame not her, but his hard hap, alas:
Perhaps this Suitor was some simple patch;
Why should she grant with such a Mome to match?
Perhaps his maners were mis-seeming men;
Why should I blame her for misliking then?
Perhaps his Parents were but basely bred;
Why should shee yeeld to make her foot her head?
Perhaps his person did not please her eye;
Why should shee not in such a case deny?
Perhaps his purse was lesser then his pride;
Is any bound to be a beggers Bride?
If so it were, as so perhaps it was,
I blame not her, but beg him for an Asse:
Blame him, or her, or both, or chuse you whether;
For I can judge but by perhaps of neither.
Perhaps (I say) for till I know the storie,
I can pronounce no sentence peremptorie:

But thus conlude; No woman's bound to marrie
With every Lout that loves her, by St. *Marie*:
For, granting that, succeeds by consequent,
That Queens belov'd of Carters must consent.

EPIST. III.

Phileremus to his kinde friend *Philopolites* in due commendation of this his first ESSAIES.

THy worke it selfe, it selfe, enough commends,
And well approves thy busie labour such,
As of thy Countrey seemes to merit much
And promise more, as well thy name portends:
For, good beginnings seldome have bad ends.
These short Essayes, but as it were, a touch
Of ampler Tomes that in thy store doe couch,
Shew thy wits worth, which worthiest things attends.
If any *Critick* at thy Tables carp,
Apelles, bid him meddle with his last;
Let th' Asse crop Thistles, keep him from the Harp,
Whose learned Sound sound judgments only taste:
And such can take and make right use of these,
With praisefull thanks to *Philopolites*.

EPIST. IIII.

To his very friend Master *Robert Nicolson*.

THere needs no praising of a perfect Creature,
There needs no signe to help good wine away,
There needs no Candle to commend the day,
There needs no foile to grace a faultlesse feature;
Nor needs our friend my fameless pens obscureness
To give a luster to his lightsome glasse:
Sith the bright substance of the same doth passe
The cleerest Crystall farre, for price and pureness.
Who list to looke in his faire glasse, shall finde
Faire *Albion*, full of life prolonging smiles,
Choice Queen of beauties, and the chiefe of Iles,
Worlds wonder, and the maze of every minde:
Then who can see such beauties, and refrain
To praise the hand that tooke such happy pain?

EPIST. V.

To his friend Master *John Norden*:

YEt lives *Apelles* in despight of time,
Though time long since hath worne his tables (out
For the rare Pourtrait of that Monarch stout,
That in young yeares the worlds high throne did climb.
But *Norden* here, that doth so lively limne
The blisfull beauties that the heav'ns doe wooe;
Makes th'elder ages, and *Apelles* too,
Resigne the praises and the prize to him:
The wealth, the worth, the beauty and the state,
That hee depaints, excels *Olympia's* Sonne;
His matchlesse Art, that never age shall date,
Hath from the *Greeke* the goale and glory won:
Then give it him, for hee that doth deny it,
Is envie's Sonne, and shames not to descrie it.

EPIST. VI.

To the worshipfull my most assured loving Friend *Master Robert Nicolson*.

THe rowling Stone that never gathers Mosse,
The restlesse Ball that Fortune still doth tosse,
The hopeless Barke that finde: no certaine Port,
The hapless man, whose heart is all amort,

To

To you deare paire of chiefe approved friends,
The joyes hee wants in zealous wishes sends;
To shunne suspect of grosse ingratefulnesse,
To both your vertues gentle gentlenesse.
I stole the leasure of these hasty lines
From out a *Chaos* of confus'd designes;
Wherein incumbred with a thousand cares,
Inviron'd round with infinite Affaires,
I pine my body and impair my wit;
Not for mine owne, but others benefit:
As Bees, and Birds, and Sheepe, and other Beasts,
To others uses, yeeld their rich increase.
Pardon therefore, although I ill deserve,
A time will come (though yet it doe not serve)
When thankful thoughts shall prove & publish bet-
Then these dull rimes, how deeply I am debter (ter
To both your favours; and for both your sakes,
To whomsoever in your love partakes:
Which, one day, *Tangley* (if I live) shall tell,
Where thrift and bounty in aboundance dwell.
I blush to be so briefe, because so tare;
But my occasions so importune are,
That I protest, by all your friendships past,
I am so pressed, by the bearers haste,
And instant causes that this while attend mee;
That in despight I here must recommend mee,
And end abruptly ere I had begun,
The strange Career my Muse had meant t'have run.
But take in worth, this fragment, and, I hope,
Another time will lend mee longer scope:
Till then farewell, and still immortall *Jove*
Maintaine you both, in plenty, peace, and love.

EPIST. VII.

TO MY VERY LOVING AND MOST Constant friend Master *Robert Nicolson* *at his house at* BRAMLEY.

I Am in doubt you have mee oft indighted,
Cast & condemn'd, unheard, though not uncited,
And stil'd mee still, forgetfull and ingrate:
But if confession faults can expiate,
You blame mee not, more then my selfe I blame,
For th' oft omission which mee ill became,
Of timely answer, to those new, true signes,
Of old good will, your ever welcome lines.
Spurre mee, therefore, and spare not, I confesse,
At sight, I seem'd to have deserv'd no lesse.
But, by your leave, 'tis errour to esteeme
Or censure all things, alwayes as they seeme;
When every thing now Tuskanizeth so,
That nothing is the same it is in show:
When neither vice dares like it selfe appeare,
Nor vertues selfe dare shew her selfe too cleer;
Lest th' one (too ougly) be of all condemn'd,
Th'other (too honest) be of all contemn'd.
For 'tis a question whether excellence,
Be now a dayes more loath'd, or impudence:
And therefore now our skilfull Neuters hold,
The best complection neither hot nor cold;
But such a temper as can temporize
With fate and state, whence health & wealth arise:
So that both reason and religion too,
In spight of both, may doe as others doe:
And even the Soules deare Soule divinest zeale,
May take, like wax, the print of every Seale.
Such are our dayes, such are our deeds in Court,
Such is our Citie, such is every sort
Of every Science and of every Sex;
O griefe of griefes, a righteous Soule to vex.
Then doome not rashly, lest you may misdeem;
Ah, few or none, are found the same they seeme.
So though I seeme, as yet, to be ungrate;
Because, alas, my yet too niggard fate
Cannot acquit, nor yet require, in kinde,
Old courtesies, that have beene long behinde:
And though I seeme to have forgot my part,
Both to your selfe, and your * *Soon calm in Hart*;
It was not so, it is not so, nor shall,
Till I in death forget my selfe and all.
No, no defect of true affections fire
Dims your desert, nor dampeth my desire:
No scant of leasure, nor no want of love,
No distant absence, no remote remove,
No change of fortune, either mine or yours,
No smiles of Sun-shine, neither frowning show'rs:
No, none of these, nor all of these, in one,
Shall ever taint mee with oblivion
Of your deserts; nor of the mutuall dues,
Whence Phœnix-like our ancient love renewes.
And therefore faine I would not have you think,
That I from *Lethe* fetch my frozen inke;
Or that from thence such a *Torpedo* comes,
As fetters letters, or my Pen benums.
No, I assure you, though for just excuse
Some serious causes I could well produce,
Besides attendance on my tender * *Lord*,
And taske impos'd mee by his princely word;
Perhaps so large, and of such consequence,
As may command my utmost diligence.
Yet neither these, nor those, nor both together,
Have held my hand, but hope of comming thither;
And not alone bare hope, which boads delay,
But present purpose, almost every day;
To come my selfe, and in my mouth to beare
And bring my letters, to your longing eare;

* Anagr. of Martha Nicolson.

* Henry Prince of Wales.

Which yet in hope yer many dayes is meant,
If gracious heav'ns be pleased to consent:
Till then I pray, let this, though short, suffice,
To wipe my seeming faults from your surmise:
So, for your fishes, shall my wishes be,
That on your store you may such blessings see,
As Christ our Saviour on those fishes shed,
When with so few, so many folk hee fed:
That like the Widowes little Tub and Cruse,
You may have more, daily the more you use.
Besides your Carps I must in fine avow
I have receiv'd a Pig of mine owne Sow:
A timelesse birth, *Minerva* like, begot
Without a mother, of I wot not what:
A Beare indeed, a Seed without a shape;
Th' upbraiding blurt of my young Muses rape.
For these I thank you; but my chiefe desire,
Was for the Damme to damne her to the fire;
Lest, if shee should out-live mee, shee defame
My lineall heires, and scandalize my name.
Fare ever well, so ever wisheshee,
Who is more yours then hee can seeme to be.

EPIST. VIII.

TO THE VVORSHIPFULL HIS APproved friend Master *Robert Nicolson* Merchant, *Josuah Sylvester* wisheth ever all true content.

TO you youths Load-star, Londons Ornament;
Friend to the Muses, and the well inclin'd;
Loving and lov'd of every vertuous minde;
To you these tunelesse accents I present,
Of humble stile, and uncouth ornament:
Not to requite, but to record your kinde
And gentle favours, by the which you binde
My best endevours to acknowledgement.
Accept I pray This Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection;
Weigh not the worth, but weigh my willing heart
Perfect Goodwill supplies all imperfection:
So may I one day write your worthy name,
By better pen, upon a bigger frame.

EPIST. IX.

TO MY RIGHT VVORTHY DEARE Affected, most respected Friend Master *Robert Nicolson* Gentleman.

T'Hough providence all prudent have decreed,
To hold mee still under the Tyrant need:
So hard and scant, that, scarce a breathing while,
My carefull life hath had just cause to smile.
Of all the wants I feele, of all the woes,
(Witnesse hearts-searcher which all secrets knows)
None woundeth deeper my distrestfull breast,
Then want of power to parallel the least
Of thousand favours, of a thousand kindes,
Vouchsafed mee from many noble mindes:
Among which number, neither least, nor last
In my memoriall, is your merit plac't.
The constant kindnesse of whose Cordiall love,
From my best thought shall never ought remove.
For though, alas, my fates no meanes afford,
To quit good turnes; my Faith shall them record,
And sue with sighs, unto th' Eternall Throne,
My friends may reap what they have kindly sow'n:
So, as for one, they may have seaven times seaven,
In Earth of Grace, of Glory more in Heav'n.
Hereby in part, you may perceive, report
Hath bruited false my fortunes in the Court:
The King indeed (whose bounty is renown'd)
Now five years since, gave me five hundred pound,
Of debts long due to our late royall Maid;
Which never were, nor never will be paid:
Because Sir * *Caesar* who devis'd my plot,
Dy'd suddenly ere any thing was got:
Nor could I since have light of any thing,
Wherein to seek the favour of the King.
My gracious Prince, O how his name doth pierce
My grieved Soule, and sables all my verse.
Henry my whole, and sole *Mecaenas* late,
With Princely pension did releeve my state,
With Princely purpose to have daign'd mee room,
Of grace and gaine, his privie Chamber-groome.
But hee is dead, alas, and with him dy'd
My present helpe, and future hope beside:
So that with *Job* I murmure not, but mourne,
Naked I came, and naked shall returne.

*Prince Henry.

His

His will be done, that can doe what hee will;
Hee to us all is All-sufficient still:
For at all times, in all extremest streights,
His sacred Arm, our secret armie, waits
To succour us; and in all various sort,
Our wants, our weakenesse, to supply, support:
Whereof mine own proofs pass mine own account,
And past examples past all numbers mount.
What shall I then repay his providence,
His goodnesse, bounty, and beneficence,
For all his mercies, and for every one?
Besides, beyond, yea, against hope bestowne
On me, whose sins mought more his wrath incense.
What can I give my friends for recompence
Of all their favours severally showne;
Unsought, unthought, unknowing, some unknown,
To mee the least in my most indigence?
But laud the Author, love his instruments:
Praise him for all, and pray for all their weale (zeal
Whose hearts hee moves by faith, with hope and
To succour Arts poore humble Innocents;
As you on mee and mine heap sweet contents:
So, manifold be multipli'd to you,
All earthly goods, heav'ns grace, and glorie too.
To you and yours, so ever I beseech
Th' Eternall grant his treasure truly rich.
And so I rest as ever by desert,
Much bound to you and your * *Soon calm in Hart*,
In hearty love, though lacking helpfull powers,
Unfained, faithfull, and as thankfull yours.
This messenger, your Brother and our friend,
Gave first occasion these few lines to send,
With these few teares that have been lately shed,
For two great *Heroies*, too untimely dead:
A sigh for *Sidney* and the map of man,
These if you please mildely a while to scan,
Yet many months (or weeks I hope) expire,
Except the heav'ns still envie my desire;
I'll send or shew you, ere the presse prevent,
My *Little Bartas*, and my *Parliament*
Of royall vertues, summoned long since,
And now assembled to create a Prince:
Such as was *Henry* while hee was with us,
And *Charles* will be (wee hope) *Pacarets us*:
Of whom no more, till face to face wee meet,
To view avie our papers sheet for sheet.

* Anagr. of Martha Nicolson.

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE LATINE VERSES *Of George Dicher.*

SEeking some luckie Starre, whereby to steer
Our wandring Pinnace to her wished Peer;
First *Venus* bright-star in the welkin blazes,
And quiet Seas, the Sea-borne *Venus* raises:
But yet I fear'd shee favour'd more our foe,
For commonly like will to like yee know.
In *Venus* pranks this Priest hath *Venus* past,
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I cast.
Then *Ledas Twins* perceiving in the skie,
These shall be guides unto our saile said I.
Yet these, I fear'd, might more our foe befriend,
For such, to such, doe rightly band and bend;
Like unto like, and still fowles of a feather,
Are wont, they say, to flock and fly together.
Those Bastard Cigners Godhead did assume,
This base-sprung Shaveling doth as much presume.
For, scarce a man, for God this Priest is plac't:
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I cast.
Then both the bright-Beares I began to mark,
These thought I then, will better guide our bark:
Yet fear'd I these our foe might rather minde,
For like to like are ever most inclin'd.
The cruell'st Beares this cruell Priest exceeds,
For on the flesh of his owne flock hee feeds.
Alas what loadstar shall I then implore,
To lead my poor ship to th'appointed shore? (signs!
Why fly'st thou fondling to the shadowie night-
No doubt ♄ day wil yeeld thee happier bright-signs.
The Sun will serve; when nightly Lamps shall faile,
Be sure the Sun will safely guide thy saile.
The Sun joyes all things, and without his light,
The world were *Chaos*, and the day were night.
The Sun first gave men knowledge of the Arts;
A noble name knowledge to men imparts.
Darts, *Musicke*, *Physicke* first of all he found;
And those sweet numbers, sacred verses sound.
O thou that art the Laureats liberall Fautor!
O wittie thou, that lov'st a wittie Author!
Sith nothing cleerer then the Sunne doth shine,
Guide thou, *Apollo*, this first course of mine.
Now fear no more my boat the boy'strous billows
Of swolne fae't *Auster*, nor his stormy fellows;
Neither *Charibdis* rage, nor *Scylla*'s rore:
The Sun, be sure, will bring thee safe to Shore.
Goe, and the Golden Sun propitious stand.
Now take wee (Muse) our new found taske in hand.

FINIS.

*A devise sent to his good friend Mistris Martha Nicolson

To her that is Soon calm in hart
A Winters Posie made by Art.

Artophilos.

NOt to requite, but to record
Thy worth and kindnesse in a word,
I kindly here present to thee,
This little brittle peece of mee.
A *Larke* they say is worth a *Kite*;
Till more my might accept this mite.
Some greater, greater things present,
Of lesser worth, or worser meant.
God measures not our work but will;
Doe thou the like and love mee still.

Phileremus.

BEtween two hearts by love made one,
Let this be shar'd, or else to none.

ON THE BACKSIDE
Of the Deux of hearts, *THUS:*

ALthough the flowers I here present,
Fresh to the view, but void of sent,
Like th' Apples on the sulph'ry floud,
Where *Sodome* and her Sisters stood,
Be like this Worlds deluding show,
Where vertue seemes, but is not though:
Yet mark them neer and you shall finde
Some pleasant Posie for the minde,
Of wholsome savour, holy use,
Delightfull taste, and sprightfull juice:
To cleer the soule, or cleer the sight,
Or breed a better appetite.
For in the nature even of flowers,
Are remedies and rules for ours.
The Lilly, Rose, and Marigold,
Within their leaves these Lessons fold:
First spotlesse, though on stinking stalke,
How pure among th' impure to walke:
The next, which from a bramble springs,
That Grace more grace then nature brings:
The third, which with the Sunne doth ope,
To th' onely Sonne directs our hope;
And richer clad then *Salomon*,
They altogether cheer us on,
With hearts-ease, thrift and patience,
To trust th' Eternall providence.
Now add but Time to these, my friend,
And learne thy last, respect thy end:
For even the fading life of flowers,
Is but a lively type of ours:
Fresh in the morning, fall'n at noone;
Wither'd yer night, and vanisht soone.

FINIS.

Canzone delle: 3. Grazie.

OMNES CHARITES.

To the most faire and vertuous President of all female perfection, the *Soon calm in Hart.*

THE GRACES ALL TOGETHER.

ALl her good children Nature hath inclin'd,
T' aspire to full perfection in their kinde:
Therefore shee makes each thing som good to love,
That being had, that good may better prove:
Yet in their choice of good they often erre;
And seeming good before true good preferre.
But let us see if wee can choose the thing
That to our Sex doth most perfection bring.

1 *Aglaia sola*, Beauty.

Our perfect'st Crown is made of beauties flowers,
Which of it selfe supplies all other dowers:

Women

Women exeell the perfect'ſt men in this,
And therefore herein their perfection is.
Wee for the beauty heav'n it ſelfe admire,
Faire fields, faire houſes, gold and pearles deſire;
Beauty doth alwaies health and youth imply;
Beauty delights the nobleſt ſenſe, the Eye.

2 *Sola Thalia*, Wit.

Beauty delights the ſenſe, but Wit the reaſon;
Wit laſts an age, and beauty but a ſeaſon;
The ſenſe is quickly cloy'd with beauties taſte;
But wits delight ſtill quick and freſh doth laſt.
Beauty, weake eyes with her illuſion blindes;
Wit conquers ſpirits and triumphs over minds:
Dead things have beauty, onely men have wit;
And mans perfection doth conſiſt in it.

3 *Euphroſyne ſola*, Wealth.

Wit will want matter, beauty ornament,
If wealth doe want which is omnipotent:
Wealth is a power which paſſeth nature farre;
Wealth makes a gooſe, a ſwan; a ſpark, a ſtarre:
Wealth, on a Cottage, can a Palace build,
New paint old walls, and rotten timber guild.
Not a faire face, but fortunes faire I crave;
Let mee want wit, ſo I fooles fortune have.

4 *Omnes Charites*, Vertue.

Yet theſe perfections moſt imperfect be,
If there be wanting vertues modeſtie:
Vertues aſpect would have the ſweeteſt grace,
If wee could ſee, as wee conceive her face:
Vertue guides wit, with well affected will,
Which if wit want, it proves a dangerous ill:
Vertue gets wealth, with her good government,
If not, ſhee's rich, becauſe ſhee is content.

FINIS.

Epitaphium *Helenæ Nicolſon, Dominæ Branch.*

Quam, ter fœlicem, Pietas, Opulentia, Forma,
Fecêre in terris, modò ſuffragante Popello:
Suffragante Deo, fidei conſtantia viva
Æternùm in cœlis te nunc jubet eſſe beatam.

J. H.

Anglicè.

Whom Piety, Plenty, and Beauty made
Thrice happy, here, on earth among the beſt:
Her lively faith, whoſe true fruits never fade,
Makes now with God, in heav'n for ever bleſt.

J. S.

An Epitaph on the death of the *right vertuous and univerſally beloved* BENJAMIN NICOLSON Gent. Who deceaſed at *Bramly* in *Surrey*, *January the* 4. 1599.

UNkindly kind, why mourn we, friends, in vain?
Whoſe bitter death is better Life's beginning;
Whoſe fleſh-freed Souls are henceforth free fró ſin-
Whoſe earthly loſs redoubles heav'nly gain. (ning;
For meed of ſinne, th' All-maker did ordaine
All (once) to dye, all fleſh returnes to duſt;
But, deare is the memoriall of the juſt
In his remembrance; and they bleſt remaine
That dye in him; for, from their careſull paine
They ever reſt: ſo ever bleſt and deare,
Ben. Nicolſon's old Body reſteth, here:
His Soule in Heav'n among the Saints doth raigne.
Borne gentle, gently bred, nobly ally'd;
Liv'd vertuouſly, and chriſtianly hee dy'd.

An Epitaph, on ever-bleſſed *Queene Elizabeth.*

IF ever royall vertues crown'd a Crowne,
If ever mildneſſe ſhin'd in Majeſtie,
If ever Honour honoured Renowne,
If ever Courage dwelt with Courteſie,
If ever Princeſſe put all Princes downe,
For Temp'rance, Proweſſe, Prudence, Equity;
This, this was Shee, that in deſpite of death,
Lives (ſtill) ador'd, admir'd *Elizabeth.*

Idem ad Eandem.

ZEalous of God, Jealous of ev'ry Ill;
Devout to God, and to the Godly deare;
Whoſe vertues (like a Candle on a Hill)
Shin'd to her Sex for conduct farre and neere.
For, all the Graces, elſe-where, ſingle-ſowne,
Met all, at once, in her chaſte Breaſt alone.

Idem.

SPaines Rod, Romes Ruine, Netherlands Reliefe,
Heav'ns gem, earths joy, worlds wonder, natures (chiefe.

An Epitaph on the Lady *Maney.*

MAny religious, many be diſcreet;
Many officious, many faithfull wives;
Many ſevere, many ſincerely ſweet;
Many be meeke, kinde, conſtant all their lives.
But, all theſe Gifts in many ſingle-ſet,
In *Jeff'ryes Maney*, All-together met.

Mirrour

Mirrour of Nature, miracle of Grace ;
Pattern of Women, Paragon of Wives :
In whom Affection had perfections place ;
With whom deceast more Good then ill survives.
For, all heav'ns Gifts in Many single set,
In *Jeffries-Maney*, All-together met.
Devout to God, officious to her Pheere ;
Zealous of Good, jealous of every Ill :
Wise, milde, and more then can be mention'd here;
Her Many-vertues would whole volumes fill.
For, All Heav'ns Gifts in many single-set,
In *Jeffryes Maney*, All-together met.

Epig. I. Of Nobility.

WHat are the badges of Heroike Bloud, (ly'd?
But blots to those that have their birth be-
What's outward Greatnesse without inward good,
But glorious painting of a graceless Pride ?
But where with Banners, vertuous Maners bud ;
Where honours are with honesty ally'd,
With Pity, Prowesse, Prudence, Right, Humility,
Faith, Justice, Bounty; there's the true Nobility.

Epig. II. To his most deare friend *Mistresse* E.

YOut humble servant most sincerely wishes
More happy joyes then in the Sea be Fishes ;
Fowles in the Aire, or on the Earth be Flowers ;
Or then be drops in twenty thousand Showers :
Heav'ns peace, earths plenty, soules and bodies bliss;
And all true Comforts incident to this.

Epig. III. The twelve Signs.

MAns head and face Heav'ns Ram obey :
Our neck the neck-strong Bull doth sway :
Th' arm-twining Twins guide hands and armes :
Breast, Sides and Stomach, Cancer charmes ;
The Lion rules our back and heart :
Bowels and belly's Virgo's part :
Reines, Hanches, Navill, Libra friends :
Bladder and secrets Scorpio tends :
The halfe horse Bow-man claimes our thighs :
Unto the Kid our knees suffice :
Our leggs are but the Butlers fees :
The Fish our foot-steps over-sees.

Epig. IV. Pallas & Astræa.

PRowesse and Prudence are my double part,
Either alone is as a headlesse Dart :
Or if not headlesse, heedlesse, throwne (as ill)
From feeble arme without or aime or skill.
But both united by their mutuall worth,
Begin estates, beget and bring them forth ;
And in the joynt, and the just use of them,
Consists, subsists, persists a Diadem.

Epig. V. Astræa.

BOth temperance and Justice Ieontaine,
As well as Pallas, my one part is twain ;
And, in this presence, many proofes there bee,
I may as justly vaunt my parts as shee.
For, but my Balance counterpoize her Lance,
And, but I steepe her wit in temperance,
Spee failes her course, and fals in her discourse ;
Yea too-too oft brings things from bad to worse :
And (by her leave) in all shee attogates,
My share is most in th' happy state of States.

Epig. VI. The true honour of the *truely Honourable*.

NEither the birth drawn though in long descent
From noble, royall, or imperiall Race :
Neither the match (with houses eminent) (grace :
When heirs with heirs, their arms with arms they
Neither possession of a princely Rent,
With sumptuous service in a stately place ;
Are honours reall (being right defin'd)
But reall vertues and a royall minde.

Epig. VII. To the Noble Captain *and Commander in the* Barke *Care*, the honourable Baronet Sr. *Henry Baker* and to his right vertuous Lady *Katherine Baker*.

ANAGRAMS.

HEre is thy *Bark*, Care, *Anker* be
(Sir, so your names bid, so beg wee)
Well grounded Hope ; your Cable, Love;
Your Compasse, Wisedome, from above ;
Your Helm, Discretion, steering faire ;
Your Maine-Mast, Faith ; your Fore-saile, Prayer;
Your tackling, sure ; your reck'ning, just ;
Your Pilot, Truth ; your Purser, Trust ;
Your Trafficke, Grace ; your Profit, Glory ;
Your Hav'n, in Heav'n (prepared for-yee);
That whiles you crosse the tossing Seas,
'Twixt Rocks of Ill, and Wracks of Ease ;
If Stormes arise, you safe may ride,
Though *Nereus* chafe, and *Boreas* chide.
So prayes the heart, whose love, whose zeale,
Would worke as well as wish your weale ;

Had

Had it the power as well as will,
To serve and to deserve you still.

A contented Minde.

I Waigh not Fortunes frowne or smile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I seeke not state, I reake not stile,
I am not fond of fancies Toyes:
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the Thunders crack,
I tremble not at noise of warre,
I swound not at the newes of wrack,
I shrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I feare not losse, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none disdaine.
I see Ambition never pleas'd,
I see some *Tantals* starv'd in store,
I see golds dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see even *Midas* gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a Feast, content is crown'd.
I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in show),
I prize, I praise a meane estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conscience cleere.

The Fruites of a cleere *Conscience.*

TO shine in silke, and glister all in gold,
To flow in wealth, and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houses stately to behold,
Thy Princes favour, and the peoples care:
The groaning Gout, the Collick or the Stone,
Will marre thy mirth, and turne it all to moane.
But, be it, that thy body subject be
To no such sicknesse, or the like annoy:
Yet, if thy Conscience be not firme and free,
Riches are Trash, and Honours but a Toy.
This peace of Conscience is the perfect joy,
Wherewith Gods Children in the world be blest;
Wanting the which, as good want all the rest.
The want thereof made *Adam* hide his head;
The want of this made *Cain* to waile and weep:
This want (alas) makes many goe to bed,
When they (God wot) have little list to sleep.
Strive, O then strive to entertaine and keepe
So rich a Jewell, and so rare a Guest,
Which being had a rush for all the rest.

Of Crosses or Afflictions.

UNhappy is the life feeles no mishap;
For, Crosses in this easie erring way,
Are guides that teach us how to shun decay,
In all the tempting Paths of pleasures Map.

When such as prosp'rous-Chance lulls in her lap,
Forget their maker God, their substance Clay:
And by their faults, their heav'n-born soules betray
Into Sins Iron Cave, old Sathans Trap:

Then suffer not thy need, shame, death, or others
Faisly accounted Ils, thy spirit to grieve;
For small affliction great offences smothers;
And, as it touches, teaches to beleeve.
Then, thanking God, cease to be vainely sorry;
For, Crosses come for Our good and His glory.

Wise advise, fond mistrust.

IN serious matters to make sober speed,
In doubts to looke before one leape in danger;
In waighty cases to take war heed,
In briefe, to try, before you trust a Stranger,
Argues great wisdome, and such circumspection
Doubles your vertue, trebles my affection.
But to be still casting beyond the Moone,
Still to be sounding in a channell knowne,
Still to be looking for the light at Noone,
Still to suspect a heart, so much your owne,
Implies a weakenesse which doth still bewray
Irresolution, Mother of delay.
And that delay, deluding (for the most)
But selfe and others with some maske of reason,
The fairest fortunes hath as foulely lost,
By overslipping their peculiar season:
Delay breeds danger, every day doth prove;
It quencheth hottest, killeth hearty love.
Let wisedome (therefore) first at large explore,
Thereby resolve, and then revolve no more.

A Caution for Courtly Damsels.

BEware faire maid of mighty Courtiers oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading glosse of silken cloaths
Dazle your vertues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of Grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?
Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
When none regard the stalke it growes upon;
Basenesse desires the fruit still to devoure,
And leave the tree to fall or stand alone:
But this advise, faire Creature, take of mee,
Let none take fruit unlesse hee'll have the tree.

Beleeve not oaths, nor much protesting men,
Credit no vowes, nor a bewailing song;
Let Courtiers sweare, forsweare, and sweare agen,
The heart doth live ten Regions from the tongue:
For when wth oaths & vows they make ye treble,
Beleeve them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware

Beware left *Crasus* doe corrupt thy minde,
Or fond Ambition sell thy modesty;
Say, though a King thou even courteous finde,
Hee cannot pardon thine impurity.
Begin with Kings, to subjects you will fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at last to all.

Natalis Christi.

WHo made al time, this time was made a man,
Bred after time, but being ay beforne,
Th' All-Fathers Sonne, of his own Daughter born;
Eternity now (as it were) began:
Clouts swaddle him, whom no Clouds circle can:
Hee cries for milke, who giveth all things meat:
Th' Almighty, feeble; little, th' onely-Great;
Christ in a Cratch, who all the world doth span:
The Lord of all lies in an humble Lapp; (gold,
Who cloths the Fields wth green, the Sphears with
Hath not a ragge, his naked Limbs to wrap:
Heav'ns Majesty, Earths Misery doth fold.
The King of glory comes with shame to dwell,
To open Heav'n (for his) and shut up Hell.

Passio Christi.

DEare Lord, who did'st (to open heav'n for us)
Endure thine owne side to be opened so;
And wert thy selfe shut in the grave below,
To shut the gates of gaping *Erebus*:
Who, to exalt us, did'st thy selfe abase;
Who, thine to loose, didst bind thy selfe for them;
Who, to acquit us, did'st thy Selfe condemne;
Who, us to heale, thy selfe wert hurt, alas;
Who bar'st thy selfe, our Curse, to bring us blisse;
Who, to inrich us, mad'st thy selfe so poore;
Who dyd'st thy selfe, that wee might dye no more.
Lord with thy merit cover mine amisse,
In bloud and water, thy deare bosomes bath,
O drench my sins, O quench thy righteous wrath!

The Soules Errand.

GOe Soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse Errand,
Feare not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe thou, since I must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the Court it glowes,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church it showes
What's good, but doth not good.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others Action,
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong, but by a faction.

Tell men of high condition,
That in Affaires of State,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice onely hate.

Goe tell the young Nobility
They doe degenerate,
Wasting their large ability
In things effeminate.

Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending;
And, in their greatest cost,
Seeke but a selfe-commending.

Tell Zeale it wants Devotion,
Tell Love it is but Lust,
Tell Priests they hunt Promotion,
Tell Flesh it is but Dust.

Say Souldiers are the Sink
Of Sinne to all the Realme;
Given all to whores and drink,
To quarrell and blaspheme.

Tell Townesmen, that because that
They pranck their Brides so proud,
Too many times it drawes-that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Goe tell the Palace-Dames
They paint their parboil'd faces,
Seeking by greater shames
To cover lesse disgraces.

Say to the City-wives,
Through their excessive brav'ry,
Their Husband hardly thrives,
But rather lives in Slav'ry.

Tell London Youths that Dice,
Faire Queanes, fine Clothes, full Bouls,
Consume the cursed price
Of their dead-Fathers Soules.

Say Maidens are too coy
To them that chastely seeke them,
And yet are apt to toy
With baser Jacks that like them.

Tell Poets of our dayes
They doe profane the Muses,
In soothing Sin with praises,
That all the world abuses.

Tell Tradesmen waight and measure
They craftily abuse,
Thereby to heap-up treasure,
Though Heav'n thereby they lose.

Goe tell the vitious rich,
By usury to gaine,

Their

Their fingers alwayes itch,
To Soules and Bodies paine.

Yea tell the wretched poore
That they the wealthy hate,
And grudge to see at doore
Another in their state.

Tell all the world throughout
That all's but vanity,
Her pleasures doe but flout
With sly security.

Tell Kings and Beggers base,
Yea tell both young and old,
They all are in one case,
And must all to the mould.

And now kinde Host adieu,
Rest thou in earthly Tombe,
Till Christ shall all renew,
And then I'll thee resume.

FINIS.

PANTHEA:

OR

DIVINE WISHES AND MEDITATIONS.

THE AUTHORS INVOCATION AND IMPRECATION Against his Infernall Enemies.

SUpreme Commander of the Cryſtall Sky,
That ALL of NOTHING powerfully didſt frame,
Be't not offence againſt thy Deity,
With humble Accents to adore thy Name:
Though in this teare-compoſed terrene Globe,
I weare Mortalities Sin-ſtained Robe.

Let mee behold with Contemplations Eye,
The Beauty of thine Angell-guarded Throne;
And let my ſoule with humble boldneſſe fly,
Above the Starry Conſtellation:
And there with that moſt holy Hierarchie,
Sing Hymns and Anthems to thy Deitie.

Let my ſad ſoule, long pierc't with ſwords of Griefe
By *Fiends*, *Alaſtors*, *Harpies*, *Furies* fell,
Receive (my God) from thee Divine Reliefe,
Which may their Pride and canker'd Malice quell:
Make thoſe *pure Hell-Dogs* in their Dens to couch,
And *Belzebub* himſelfe at laſt to crouch.

Joſ. Syl.

PANTHEA.

The Induction.

What should I wish for on the Earth?
Goodnesse *is grown to such a dearth;*
While want of Grace *doth make abuse*
Of that which might be for good Use:
That who observes what most men wish,
Shall finde how fond and vaine it is.
Some wish for Wealth, *to pamper Pride;*
The Medicine's good, but ill appli'd.
Some wish for Honour, *in high thought;*
Honour is good, Ambition nought.
Some wish for Health, *to live at ease;*
Health may be good, Ease breeds Disease.
Some wish for Power, *to wrong at will;*
Power oft is good, Oppression ill.
Some wish for Youth, *to nourish Folly;*
Youth may be good, the Wish unholy.
Some wish for Love, *to answer Lust;*
Love may be good, the Wish unjust.
Some wish for Strength, *to crush and kill;*
Strength may be good, but Murther ill.
Thus still th' Abuse which Will brings forth
Doth make the Wishes nothing worth.
Yet since that Wishes *may be good,*
When Worth is truely understood,
Let mee set downe my Hearts desire,
And what hath set my soule on fire.
It is not Earth, nor earthly Treasure,
Nor worldly Honour, fleshly Pleasure,
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Youth, nor Strength,
Nor drawing out this Life at length,
Nor idle pleasing Natures Eye,
With fond Affections Vanity.
Not one of these comes neer the White
Of my Hearts Wish and Soules Delight.
The Course of my true Cares contents
Extends above the Firmament.
The levell of my Soules chaste Love
Is onely in the Heav'ns above;
Where I shall see my Saviour sweet,
And how his Saints and Angels meet
With such an Harmony of Voyces,
As shewes how every Soule rejoyces
In the beholding his sweet Face,
That is the glory of all Grace.
This, this, my Wish *shall onely be,*
To live where I may ever see
My Saviour sweet, and in his sight
Have all my Hearts and Soules Delight.
Daigne then (my God) this Boone *to give*
Whiles here upon this Earth I live,
That neither Wealth, *nor* Poverty,
Nor Comfort, *nor* Calamity,
Nor Health, *nor* Sicknesse, Ease, *nor* Paine,
Nor Hope, *nor* Feare, *nor* Losse, *nor* Gaine,
May ever take such hold on mee,
But still my Joy in CHRIST *may be.*

I. *Wish* or *Meditation.*

OH! had I of his *Love* but part,
That chosen was by Gods owne heart,
That Princely Prophet, *David*, hee,
Whom in the Word of Truth I see
The King of Heav'n so dearely lov'd,
As mercy beyond measure prov'd:
Then should I neither *Gyant* feare,
Nor *Lion*, that my soule would teare;
Nor the *Philistines*, nor such Fiends
As never were true Christians friends:
No *Passions* should my spirit vex,
Nor *Sorrow* so my minde perplex,
But I should still all glory give
Unto my God by whom I live.
Then *Health* nor *Sicknesse*, *Griefe* nor *Ease*,
Should so my minde disease or please;
But *Want*, or *Woe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life should be my Love.
To him I should my minde impart,
And to him onely give my heart,
And to his mercy onely pray,
To put my secret sinnes away:
To heale my sinfull wounded Soule,
And put my Name in Mercies Roll:
In all my *Cares* and *Crosses* still
To comfort mee with his good Will:
And when I cry and roar in Griefe,
In deepe despaire of Hopes Reliefe,

My

My Faith ſhould yet in Mercy find
The Comfort of a conſtant Minde;
And I ſhould ever joy to ſee
How Mercies Eye did looke on mee;
Then ſhould my Heart tune every ſtring,
That to his glory I might ſing
A *Song* of ever-laſting Praiſe,
To end in never-ending daies.
Then ſhould I *play*, and *ſing*, and *dance*,
And to the Heav'ns mine Eyes advance,
With joy to ſee in Triumph ſo
The *Arke* of God in Glory goe:
And what ſoever I poſſeſſe
In *Power* or *Honour*, more or leſſe,
Nor Earth nor Heaven ſhould mee move,
But ſtill my Lord ſhould he my love.
If I were *ſicke*, Hee were my *Health*;
If I were *poore*, Hee were my *Wealth*;
If I were *weake*, Hee were my *Strength*;
If *dead*, Hee were my *Life* at length;
If *ſcorn'd*, Hee onely were my *Grace*;
If *baniſht*, Hee my *Reſting place*;
If *wrong'd*, Hee onely were my *Right*;
If *ſad*, Hee were my Soules *Delight*;
In ſumme, and all, All-onely Hee
Should be All, above All, to mee.
His *Hand* ſhall wipe away my *Teares*,
His *Favour* free mee from all *Feares*,
His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinne*,
His *Grace* my life *anew* begin,
His *Love* my *Light* to Heav'n ſhould be,
His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.
Thus was the Kingly Prophet bleſt,
To live in Loves eternall Reſt.
And ſince I ſee his Grace ſo great,
To all that Mercy doe intreat;
And how the faithfull Soule doth prove
An heav'nly bleſſing in his Love;
Let mee but onely *This* requeſt,
To be but *thus* with *David* bleſt,
That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life may be my Love.

II. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

Solamon OH! that I were as *Wiſe* as * Hee
That did by Obſervation ſee
What all things are, with all their Worth,
That under Heav'n the Earth brings forth;
How *vaine* they are, and how they vex
The Soule whom *Paſſion* doth perplex.
Then ſhould I neither *carke* nor *care*
For things that ſo uncertain are;
Nor toile nor labour for a Life
So full of falſhood, feare and ſtrife.
Nor ayme at Title, Power, or Place,
Nor Favour, Wealth, or Worldly Grace;
Nor trouble Patience with a hope
Of ought beyond my onely Scope;
Nor ſooth, nor flatter, lye, nor ſweare,
Nor ſtand in Danger, nor in Feare
Of him, of her; of this, of that,
Nor hunt I know not after what:
But love the meaſure and the meane,
That keepes the Soule and Body cleane.
Then ſhould I finde this Life but Breath
That Sinne hath ſubject made to Death:
For from the greateſt to the leaſt,
No Soule but lives at ſome unreſt:
The ſoundeſt and the deepeſt *Wit*
Sometimes in idle Thoughts doth ſit;
The faireſt and the ſweeteſt *Face*
Is ſometime ſubject to diſgrace.
The nobleſt and the valiant'ſt *Minde*,
Sometime may hap goe downe the Winde.
The richeſt *Hand*, and proudeſt *Heart*,
May chance to play the Beggers part.
The valiant'ſt Arme, and ſtrongeſt Hand,
Sometime at *Mercies* Gate may ſtand.
The pureſt *Soule* that would not ſinne,
May chance to fall in Satans Ginne.
Then ſince I ſee there is no ſtate,
But that ſometime, or ſoone, or late,
Is ſubject to ſo hard a courſe
As leaves the *Better* for the *Worſe*,
Though I be not ſo wiſe as *Hee*
That made mee *This* to know and ſee,
Yet will I joyne with him in this,
Upon *this Earth* to build no *Bliſſe*;
But with the Wings of *Faith* to flye
Unto my Glorious God on high:
And in his *Mercy* onely prove
The Bleſſings for my *Soules* behoofe;
From *Sorrow*, *Sinne*, and *Satan* free;
And love the *World* that lift (for mee).

III. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Patience*
That is the Spirits Excellence,
That *Job* in all his paines did prove,
Unto the Lord to ſhew his Love:
Then ſhould no *Loſſe* of *Lands* or *Goods*,
Bring in ſuch Floods of Sorrowes Floods;
Nor *Childrens* death, nor dogged *Wife*,
Nor wounded Heart, nor weary Life,
Nor Scoffs of Friends, nor words of griefe,
Nor Hearts *Deſpaire* of Hopes Reliefe,
Should make mee once (which God forbid)
Offend his Grace, what ere hee did:
But ſay with *Job*, *if hee will kill*
My heart, yet will I love him ſtill;
And in his ſight, my Waies reprove,
That is the God of gracious Love.
That then, when *All* were at the worſt,
And that my Heart were almoſt burſt,
My Soule might feele, that Comfort ſweet
Did tread all ſorrow under Feet.
But *Job* was juſt, ſo am not I,
His God did but his *Patience* try;
And made his *Faith* in Mercy finde
The comfort of a *conſtant* Minde:
But my Soule hath ſo wicked bin,
That I am ſcourged for my Sinne,
In *Juſtice*: but with *Mercy* ſuch,
As I can never praiſe too much.

For

For had not mercy heal'd my Sore,
I had beene slaine for evermore.
But my good God is ever *One*;
His Hand is not to *mee* alone,
But unto *All* that in distresse
Doe in his Mercy seeke redresse;
And whose true *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love*,
Doe in his *Justice*, *Mercy* prove.

IV. *Wish* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Gracious Call*
That from the Heav'ns had blessed *Paul*,
That chosen Saint of sacred Blisse,
Where oneiy Saints true blessing is:
Who from the way of wicked Thought,
Unto the gates of *Grace* was brought;
And when his *Eyes* were stricken blinde,
Had such an insight of the *Minde*,
As made him see through *Mercies* light,
(That is the Soules eternall sight)
How blinde is *Reasons* ruthfull Eye,
Where Errour leads the Heart awry;
Whil'st *Conscience* thinking to doe well,
Doth carry *Miscreant* to Hell;
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,
Brings home the Sheepe that went astray:
Then should no *Office*, *Power*, nor *Place*
Make mee to seek my Soules Disgrace,
To take a Tyrants powerfull Rod,
To persecute the Saints of God.
But I should more in soule rejoyce
In Mercies Gracious-Glorious Choice,
All *Persecutions* to abide,
Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love is try'd*
Of the sweet Lord of Heavens Blisse,
Then persecute one Saint of his:
But all my *Love*, and Loves *Delight*,
My *Meditation* day and night,
Should onely, all, and ever be
Of *Mercy* that so called mee.
No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,
That I should ever live to know,
But I should thinke too little all,
In Love to answer Mercies Call:
For all the World I would not care,
Nor K. nor *Kesar* would I feare;
No *threats*, nor *thraldom*, *scourge* nor *death*;
To speake his Praise, should stop my breath;
But I should plainely speake and write
My knowledge of the Lord of Light:
And to the Glory of his Name,
Throughout the World divulge the same.
My *Walke* should be but in his Waies;
My *Talke* but onely in his Praise;
My *Life* a Death, but in his Love;
My *Death* a Life, for him to prove:
My *Care* to keepe a Conscience cleane;
My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane;
My *Prayers* for the Good of all,
That Mercy unto Grace doth call:
My *Labour* for the Love of Truth
To leade the life of Age and Youth:
My *Comfort* truely to convert
The Soules which Sathan did pervert:
My *Health*, to labour for their Love,
That seeke their blessing from above:
My greatest *Ease*, to worke for those
Whom Mercy to Salvation chose:
My Paine, and pleasure, Travell, Ease,
My God *thou* in his Saints to please.
Then should I this base *World* despise,
With all Earths *idle Vanities*;
And governe mine *Affections* so,
That Sin should never overthrow
This wounded wofull Soule of mine,
But still in Mercies love divine,
My Soule should finde that *life* of Grace,
As should all *Earthly love* deface:
And I should onely wish to live,
All *Glory* to my God to give;
And all in all my *Joy* to be
His *servant* that so *called* mee.

V. *Wish* or *Meditation.*

OH! that my Soule might live to prove
Some part of that sweet blessed Love,
Which *John* th' Evangelist possest,
When hee lean'd on our Saviours brest:
When *Wisedome*, *Vertue*, *Grace* and *Truth*,
Embrac'd the blessed dayes of Yonth!
Then should I fly with *Eagles* wings
Unto the Glorious King of Kings;
And see that *Heav'nly Court* of his
The Beauty of the Angels Blisse;
Where *Goodnesse*, *Grace*, and *Glory* dwels,
And *Love*, and *Life*, and nothing else
But *Holinesse* and Heav'nly *Light*,
All, onely in my Saviours sight:
Then should I *loath* this World of Woe,
That doth *bewitch* the Worldling so;
And seeke (but at my Saviours *feet*)
To finde my Soules eternall *Sweet*;
Till Mercy will vouchsafe mee grace
To have a glimpse of his sweet *Face*,
In whose least sweetest *Looke* of Love,
A *Sea* of Joy the *Heart* doth prove;
And swimming in the Soules Delight,
Is *ravisht* with that Glorious *Sight*.
But though I cannot be so blest,
To leane upon my Saviours *Brest*;
As all unworthy of such Grace,
To looke on his Cœlestiall *Face*:
Yet let mee beg at *Mercies* Feet,
That I may but receive this Sweet,
That when his Saints and Angels sing
Their *Haleluiahs* to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-sounding then,
May have but leave to sing *AMEN.*

FINIS.

UPON THE SEVERALL PETITIONS OF THE LORDS PRAYER.

VII. Letanies.

Letanie I.

Hallowed be thy name.

1

O God the Father, who on high
In Heaven hast thy dwelling place;
Yet dost thy Soveraigne Majestie
So far beneath it selfe debase,
Out of thy great abundant grace,
Us wormes on earth, here earthly bred
Thence to behold, mans mortall race;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

2

O Son of God, of like degree,
God with the Father, who didst make
Thy selfe of no repute to be;
But didst mans nature undertake,
Made flesh and bloud for mankinds sake.
With servants rags apparelled;
Who heav'n and earth dost make to shake;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

3.

O God, the holy Ghost, who when
Our Saviour us departed from,
Returning back to heav'n agen,
Didst streight descend to take his roome,
And daily still on us dost come,
To visit us in his blest steed,
Till hee shall come all flesh to doome;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

4

O holy, glorious, ever blest,
Eternall individuall Trine,
Who every one, as do the rest,
With equall lustre forth do shine,
One God in endlesse sacred Twine
Of persons three distinguished;
O Father, Son, ô Spirit divine;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

5

For our Creation by thee made
After thine owne similitude,
With righteousnesse as garment clad,
With judgement, wit and grace endew'd,
And power over creatures rude,
Ordein'd to be their Soveraigne dread;
Next to the Angels none so good;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

6

For our Redemption, by thee freed
And ransom'd at a costly price,
Thy life-bloud, costly price indeed,
O Christ, no meaner sacrifice;
When our first parents by advice
Of cursed Serpent altered
Thy service for thine enemies;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

7

For that proportion of thy Spirit,
Whereby, when wee thine image faire
Defaced had beyond our merit
Thou of thy goodnesse debonaire
Didst freely it againe repaire;
Wee will abroad thy glory spread,
And make it be our daily prayer;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

8

For hope of glory to us giv'n
By' assurance of thy promise true

Of everlasting blisse in heaven,
Made us hereafter to ensue,
When thou our bodies shalt renew,
And them againe raise from the dead,
Wee give thee praise and honour due;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

9

Such glory whereto Virgin chast
Thou glorious Lord, above the rest
Of womankind advanced hast,
Whom thou, ô Father, thoughtest best
With so great honour to invest,
To make thy Son of her be bred;
For *Marie* virgin-mother blest,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

10

That blisse, whereof those heavenly ones,
Of Angels sacred Hierarchie
Partakers are Archangels, Thrones,
And all that blessed companie:
Who though thy visage heavenly
They still behold, are destined
Our tendants; for whose minist'ry
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

11

That joy, which soules enjoy departed,
That are in booke of life enroll'd,
Of pious men and humble-hearted,
Of Patriarkes and Prophets old,
Apostles and of Martyrs bold,
Who have the way before us led;
For whose examples manifold
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

12

And for that speciall benefit,
Their lives and thine owne lawes record,
Which some of them themselves have writ,
The pen-men of thy holy Word,
Whereby thou dost us light afford,
Where wee ought after them to tread
Step after step; for this ô Lord,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

13

And for that blessed, heavenly food,
Thy Sacraments given to sustaine
Our soules deare life and livelyhood,
Which thou as pledges didst ordaine
Of thy great love still to remaine;
For which in forme administred,
As thou, ô Christ, commandedst plaine,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

14

And for that holy Discipline,
Which makes vice starve and vertue spring,
For exercise of things divine
Through a religious, gratious King,
Under the shadow of whose wing
Wee may in godly quier lead
And spend our daies; wee to thee sing,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

15

For other blessings severall,
Concerning this lifes present state,
Of which wee, Lord, do more then all
The world beside participate,
(Which to thy praise wee now relate;)
For what wee have not merited,
Beyond last ages utmost date,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

16

For our prosperity and peace,
Our maintenances competence,
Our cattels and our lands encrease;
Thy watchfull care and providence
To help our want and indigence,
Comfort of friends in time of need,
Wee have but this for recompence,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

17

For many great deliverances
From enemies against us bent;
From sundry mischiefes and mischances
Open and private by them meant
With full ill purpose and intent,
Which not our strength or subtle head,
But thy sole goodnesse did prevent;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

18

For thousand things beside and more
Unto us thy poore servants done,
Of thine abundant mercies store,
Thy name, ô Father; thine, ô Son;
Thine, holy Ghost, who three in one;
Of like degree, like honoured,
Doe sit above in heavenly throne;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

The end of the first LETANIE.

LETANIE 2.

Thy kingdome come.

1

O God, chiefe Soveraigne Lord and King
Of all the world, who dost command
The heav'n and earth and every thing
By thy Almighty-pow'rfull hand;
O Father whom
No mortall creature can withstand;
Thy Kingdome come.

2

And thou, ô Son, his onely Birth,
Who with like pow'r dost all things sway,
To whom the things in heav'n and earth,
And under earth, doe all obey;
O Saviour, from
Thy lips it came, what wee now pray.
Thy Kingdome come.

3

O holy Ghost, whose power doth
With like authority entire
For managing their kingdome both
All faithfull hearts with grace inspire;
Thy Halydome

Infuse

Infuse into us this desire,
Thy kingdome come.

4

O God, the Father, God the Son,
O God the holy Spirit, three
In person, yet but monarch one,
Of the same power and degree,
Unto whose doome
Both men and Angels subject be;
Thy kingdome come.

5

Let all the heavenly hoast above
Of Saints and Angels glorifi'd,
Which stand assured of thy love,
In such possession, ne'er to slide
Or fall there-from,
Sing this to thee, who dost them guide;
Thy kingdome come.

6

Let *Michael, Gabriel, Raphael*
Angels, Archangels royall band,
And all the powers in heav'n that dwell,
In order how soe're they stand;
Let all resume
This song, that are at thy command,
Thy kingdome come.

7

Let *Abr'ham, Isaac, Jacob* sing,
Let Patriarchs, Priests, and Prophets sound
Unto the praise of thee their King;
Apostles, virgins, victors crown'd
With martyrdome;
Let every one this forth rebound,
Thy kingdome come.

8

Kings upon earth and magistrates,
Subjects, men, women, old and young,
Of all degrees, of all estates,
Sing forth aloud, with heart and tongue;
Let none be dumb;
But every one joyne to this song,
Thy kingdome come.

9

The divell now comes up and downe,
Like rampant lyon to devoure,
Searching through countrie, court and towne,
To make men thrall each day and hower;
But though hee come,
Yet keepe us, Lord, in thine owne power;
Thy kingdome come.

10

His whole intent, thy people is
To draw from their allegiance,
To make thy servants to be his,
To bring them to his governance
And masterdome;
But thou thy selfe, ô Lord, advance,
Thy kingdome come.

11

His time, he knowes, is short; his wrath
Is by so much the fiercer growne;
Finding how little space he hath,
Ere his proud state be overthrowne:
But save us whom
Thou hast made subjects of thine owne,
Thy kingdome come.

12

The Flesh against the Spirit rebels,
Our members are our enemies:
Our foe within our castle dwels
In readinesse us to surprise
In our owne home:
But to our help, ô Lord, arise;
Thy kingdome come.

13

What stirs doth foule Concupiscence
Raise in our hearts, within the bars
Of our owne troubled Conscience?
O what tumultuous fearefull jars
Thence issue from?
But hasten thou to end these wars;
Thy kingdome come.

14

Ambition, lust and avarice,
The eyes desire, the pride of life,
The flesh's sin and every vice,
O Lord, be in us too too rife;
Not few, nor some,
But every one; to part which strife,
Thy kingdome come.

15

The world and worldly men abroad
What squadrons, troupes, what armies they
Against us muster up, ô God,
By their examples wicked sway?
To conquer whom,
We have, ô Lord, but this to pray,
Thy kingdome come.

16

The nations doe themselves combine,
The Heathen rage, as once they did,
Like to wilde boares they spoile thy vine;
They fome their shame and vent amid
Their filthy scum:
But, Lord, for their conversion, bid
Thy kingdome come.

17

Great *Cham*, that seekes to dispossesse
Thy Son of all his majestie,
And daily doth thy Saints oppresse,
Curse him once more, sore enemy
To Christendome:
Let, maugre all his tyrannie,
Thy kingdome come.

18

Thou blessed, onely Potentate,
Thou King eternall, King of kings,
Whose principality and state
Blisse everlasting to us brings,
And doth us from
Drive far away all hurtfull things;
Thy kingdome come.

19

Thy scepter is a scepter right
Of vengeance fierce, an Iron rod,
To such as use thee with despite,
To breake and bruise them like a clod
Of earth or cloome:

So let thy power be seene, ô God;
Thy kingdome come.

20

To them that in thy favour stand,
Thy Scepter is a golden one,
Like Persian Kings when he his hand
To *Esther* stretcht, that fairely shone
In *Vashies* roome:
So give us leave t' approach thy throne,
Thy kingdome come.

21

Thy hand shall heavie light on those,
Who thy displeasure do provoke,
Upon all such as be thy foes;
Who breake thy lawes and think thy yoke
Too burdensome:
But rule thou us with gentle stroke,
Thy kingdome come.

22

Thine, Lord, whose kingdom doth exceed
All kingdomes else without compare,
Like Sun and Moon established;
Whose dayes more firme and lasting are,
Beyond the summe,
Beyond the dayes of heaven far;
Thy kingdome come.

23

By Salems King, *Melchisedech*,
The King of Peace prefigured,
Who King and Priest and Prophet eke,
To make us such hast promised:
Unto us, whom
Thou hast the same determined;
Thy kingdome come.

24

By Prophets anciently fore-told,
That thine should the dominion be,
And that all nations worship should,
Bow and do service unto thee;
May we hence-from
So happy be, ô Lord, to see
Thy kingdome come.

25

By Angels mouth King *Davids* son
And heire declar'd, for evermore
To sit upon his royall throne,
So to thy mother, ere she bore
Thee in her womb,
Did *Gabriel*, Lord, make knowne before:
Thy kingdome come.

26

Sought for by name King of the Jewes
By Kings themselves, who did not spare
To come at thy births blessed newes
Unto Jerusalem from far,
From Easterne home,
By guid and conduct of a star:
Thy kingdome come.

27

The same by *Pilate* at thy death
In Hebrew, Greeke and Latine writ
Of thee, JESUS *of Nazareth,*
King of the Jewes: God thought it fit
That other-some
Beside the Jewes should knowledge it;
Thy kingdome come.

28

Then having by thy death subdu'd
The pow'rs of hell, and them bereaven
Of all their strength, thy grant renew'd
Of Soveraigne pow'r in earth and heav'n,
Streight from the tomb,
By thee declar'd to be thee given:
Thy Kingdome come.

29

Then after thine Ascension high
Placed above at Gods right hand,
Invested in thy majestie
With pow'r Imperiall and command,
All men to doome,
When we before thy seat shall stand;
Thy Kingdome come.

30

O be thou mindfull of us then,
When thou shalt come at later day
To sentence us poore, sinfull men:
Meane while our faults wipe cleane away,
And purge us from
All drosse of sin, that we may pray,
Thy kingdome come.

The end of the second LETANIE.

LETANIE. 3.

Thy will be done in earth, &c.

1

O Father, God omnipotent,
Who sitt'st above in heav'nly seat;
By whose alone arbitrement
Things stand dispos'd in order sweet;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

2

And thou, ô Saviour, blessed Lord,
His deare beloved Son, whose will
Doth with thy Fathers will accord,
To will the same, the same to nill;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

3

And thou, ô holy Sp'rit of both,
Who of Gods will revealer art,
Whose sacred inspiration doth
The knowledge of the same impart;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

4

O glorious Soveraigne majestie,
Who three in one, and one in three,
In one divine Oeconomie
To governe all things do agree;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

5 The

5

The heavenly quire Angelicall
Thy servants and attendants are;
To do thy errands severall
Is their whole study; all their care:
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done by them in heaven!

6

They stop, they move, they come, they go,
They run, they flie, at thy command;
They streight, with all observance, do
What e're thou bid them take in hand;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done by them in heaven!

7

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars above
In all their great variety,
How in their severall orbs they move
Each one distinct and orderly:
O could we doe thy will, but even
As these do it above in heaven!

8

The fixed Stars, that to their spheares
Above the stars fast linked be,
There is not one but true him beares,
As fast and faithfull unto thee:
O could we doe thy will, but even
As do the Stars above in heaven!

9

The Planets, every wandring star,
Though in their various courses they
And in their motions differ far,
Yet all concurre thee to obey;
O could we doe thy will, but even
As do the Planets there in heaven!

10

The Sun doth know his rise and fall,
Yet yeelds himselfe at thy command;
Back to returne when thou dost call,
To stand when thou dost bid him stand:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the Sun above in heaven!

11

The Moon, that in her habit strange
Twice like her selfe was never seene,
Constant in her inconstant change
To thy command hath ever beene:
O could we doe thy will but even
As doth the Moon above in heaven!

12

The Meteors in the aier below,
Fire, haile, ice, lightning, frost and cold,
The fierce and stormy winds that blow,
Yeeld thee their service manifold:
O could we do thy will but even
As these do in the neather heaven!

13

Nought more uncertain then the weather,
Yet this keepes certainty with thee,
To be at thy appointment, whether
It calme or yet tempestuous be:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the weather under heaven!

14

The severall seasons of the yeare,
Spring, Summer, Harvest, Winter dead,
Do still continue as they were
By thee at first established:
O could we do thy will, but even
As these here do it under heaven!

15

Nought more unruly then the Sea,
A most unquiet element;
Yet he yeelds service unto thee;
Man onely is contrary bent:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the Sea here under heaven!

16

Beasts, foules and fishes, oxen, sheepe,
Thou hast subjected to our hand,
That we should them in order keepe;
And they be all at our command:
O could we do thy will, but even
As these do ours here under heaven!

17

The Oxe his owner knowes full well,
And yeelds himselfe unto the yoke;
The Asse his masters crib can tell,
And patiently receives his stroke:
O could we do thy will, but even
As these do ours here under heaven!

18

Unruly creatures, horse and mule
With bit and bridles gentle straine
We manage and their bodies rule;
Which way our selves them please to raine:
O could we do thy will, but even
As these do ours here under heaven!

19

O could we be contented too,
Since thus we cannot do thy will,
To suffer what thy selfe doth doe,
And patiently to beare it still,
To yeeld to thy correction,
And say at least, *Thy will be done.*

20

And that we cannot do nor suffer,
Thy blessed will in any case,
If thou unto us do not offer
Thy helping hand and speciall grace;
When thou shalt lay us ought upon,
To make us say, *Thy will be done.*

21

And may we still be of this mind,
To lay it alwayes unto heart,
If we thy hand do heavie find,
To think, all is but our desert;
What ever be th' affliction,
Let us still say, *Thy will be done.*

22

From suff'ring yet for foule offence,
Keepe us, that we deserve it not;
But for a guiltlesse conscience
To suffer if so be our lot;
Welcome such persecution,
When ere it comes, *Thy will be done.*

23

f *Shimei* curse and raile for spite,
nd call us sons of *Belial* too,
thou do think it for us fit,
nd hast him bidden so to do,
So let him ; let him still raile on,
And spare not, Lord, *Thy will be done.*

24

f either of thy judgements sore
hou please to send upon our land,
let us not repine therefore,
ut with all patience at thy hand
Accept thy visitation,
And alwaies say, *Thy will be done.*

25

rom plague, from famine, and the sword
Ve pray thee to deliver us ;
et if it be thy pleasure, Lord,
hy peoples sins to punish thus,
We have no way of help but one,
Thou, Lord, hast done't: *Thy will be done.*

26

midst our cares, amidst our crosses,
Vhat ever ill shall us befall,
n time of our most heavie losses,
f wealth, of health, of life and all ;
This let our mind be set upon,
To think and say, *Thy will be done.*

27

thou 'gainst us give Satan leave,
s 'gainst thy servant *Job* thou didst,
s of our substance to bereave,
ervants or children ; this amidst
Be still our Resolution,
Thy name be blest, *Thy will be done.*

28

he ns smite with botch or blaine,
nd some there be that bid us curse,
, God forbid ! shall w' entertaine
he better, Lord, and not the worse ?
Nay, but with all submission
Make us still say, *Thy will be done.*

29

f bitter cup of death we see
pproach us neere before our face,
nd that it is thy pleasure, we
hould drink it ('twas our Saviours case,)
Let him be our instruction,
Not ours, ô Lord, *Thy will be done.*

30

etide us then, what may betide,
A thousand troubles more then are:)
Make us thy pleasure to abide ;
o thou our soules hereafter spare,
Our bodies launce, bruise flesh and bone,
Do what thou please ; *Thy will be done.*

The end of the third
LETANIE.

LETANIE 4.

Give us this day our daily bread.

1

O blessed God, who Father art
To every creature severall,
And dost the meanes to them impart,
To keepe them in their being all,
Regard thou thy poore servants need,
And heare us now who to thee call ;
Give us this day our daily bread.

2

O Son of God, who dost denie
Thy servants nothing that is good,
For whose behoose thou wouldest die,
And shed forth thy most precious bloud ;
Who dost both soule and body feed,
True-living bread, our heav'nly food,
Give us this day our daily bread.

3

And thou, ô holy Sp'rit of both,
Life of our soules, whose sacred breath
Our hearts with grace enliven doth,
Whose bounteous mercy cherisheth
The poore for hunger almost dead,
And them againe recomforteth ;
Give us this day our daily bread.

4

O holy, blessed, glorious Trine,
Three persons, all in Godhead one
By sacred mysterie divine,
O God the Father, God the Son,
And Sp'rit who dost from both proceed,
Behold us from thy heavenly throne,
Give us this day our daily bread.

5

No sooner thou the world hadst made,
Man, beast, foule, fish, and creeping thing,
But they from thee prepared had
Each one his sev'rall victualling,
After his kind, herb, fruit and seed:
Grant still our fields with corne may spring,
Give us this day our daily bread.

6

Thou that didst *Jacob* once preserve
From jawes of cruell griping dearth,
When he and his were like to sterve
Through famine that did all the earth
At that time strangely over-spread ;
As thou hast hither from our birth,
Give us this day our daily bread.

7

Thou fed'st his seed in desert wild,
When out of Egypt they were driven,
With fruit of garden, nor of field,
But Manna, Angels food from heaven :
O let our wants be furnished,
Continue still what thou hast given ;
Give us this day our daily bread.

8

Thou which the ravens didst command
To bring *Elias* bread and meat
At Morne and Evening, from thy hand
Give us our food what we shall eat ;
That beeing by it strengthened
We in thy service be not let :
Give us this day our daily bread.

9

Thou giv'st the ravens selves their food,
The foules which in the ai'r do flie ;

The

The old ones and the younger brood
Are by thee succour'd when they cry:
O may we still by thee be sped;
O Lord, our hunger satisfie;
Give us this day our daily bread.

10

Nor oyle did waste within the cruise,
Nor meale in barrell that remain'd
In widow's house, for both their use,
Whil'st she the Prophet entertain'd:
O let not us be minished
Or of our needfull fare restrain'd;
Give us this day our daily bread.

11

Thou with five loaves and fishes twaine
Who did'st five thousand soules and more,
And by like miracle againe
With a few fishes, as before,
And seven loaves, foure thousand feed,
O grant us of thy bounties store;
Give us this day our daily bread.

12

Thy bountie's such, if bread we beg,
Thou wilt not give us, Lord, a stone;
If we thy children aske an egge,
Thou wilt not give a Scorpion:
Nay thou art better purposed,
To give us what to feed upon;
So give us still our daily bread.

13

It is the thing thy selfe did'st teach
Thy servants, Lord, upon that day,
When thou upon the Mount did'st preach,
And shew the people what to say,
In thine owne words delivered;
That in this manner we should pray,
Give us this day our daily bread.

14

Thy meaning was not, we should vex
Or eat our hearts with cark and care,
That we our selves should ought perplexe
Concerning this, our bodies fare,
With what we should be nourished,
That we to pray thus bidden are,
Give us this day our daily bread.

15

Thy purpose was and thine intent,
That we should wholly trust in thee,
And of thy goodnesse confident
Without all jealous doubting be:
And to assure us, we shall speed,
When we to thee alone do flee,
To give to us our daily bread.

16

It is but labour spent in vaine
To rise betimes and breake our sleepe,
To spend our selves in toile and paine,
To sit up late, long watch to keepe:
Without such trouble of the head
Thy blessing 'tis, makes all things cheape;
To give to us our daily bread.

17

No costly dainties deerely bought,
No artificiall cates devis'd,
From forraigne coasts or countries brought,
By curious palates highly priz'd:
We beg things lower valued,
By high-fed stomachs quite despis'd,
Give us this day our daily bread.

18

What *Jacob* did content afford,
When he was on his journie bent
To *Padan Aram*, shall, ô Lord,
Afford to us the same content:
With food and clothing us bestead,
And it shall be sufficient;
Give us this day our daily bread.

19

Our prayer is what *Agurs* was:
O give us neither poverty,
That we should steale for need, alas;
Nor wealth, that we grow proud thereby:
But us with food convenient feed,
That wee may not forget to cry,
Give us this day our daily bread.

20

Bread is the staffe that doth support
Mans life that else would faint and fall,
It is the cement in a sort,
That holds our bodies tottering wall,
Soone else to be demolished:
This then so needfull to us all,
Give us this day our daily bread.

21

In bread all things comprised are,
That our necessities require,
Not onely of the bodies fare,
Our meat, our drink, and our attire,
But all things longing to our need:
O grant us then, what wee desire,
Give us this day our daily bread.

22

In bread more yet contained is,
Thy selfe, ô Christ; thy body blest,
True bread of life, substantiall, this,
Wherewith our soules thou nourisheſt
In Sacrament exhibited:
O give us this above the rest,
Give us this day our daily bread.

23

This day and every day: so we
Our vowes and offerings shall pay,
And render praise and thankes to thee,
Not onely this, but every day;
Untill this life be finished.
That we no more shall need to pray,
Give us this day our daily bread.

The end of the Fourth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 5.

Forgive us our trespasses, &c.

1

O Gracious God, who downe didst send
Thy deare-beloved Son from heaven,

To

To pay our debts, and to this end,
That we might them be, Lord, forgiven;
O God the Father, *may't thee please,*
To pardon all our trespasses!

2.

O thou the Fathers onely Son,
Who undertook'st to be the price,
The sole propitiation
Oblation and sacrifice
For all our sins, *O may't thee please,*
To pardon all our trespasses!

3

And thou, ô holy Spirit blest,
Who dost all faithfull hearts inspire,
Whose power, right and interest
Is with them both the same entire
To pardon sin; *O may's thee please*
To pardon all our trespasses!

4

O blessed, glorious Trinitie,
The Father, Son, and holy Spirit,
Whose mercy is abundantly
To sinners showne beyond all merit,
Their sins to pardon; *may't thee please*
To pardon all our trespasses!

5

Our Senses five, sight, hearing, smell,
Our taste & touch, which should have bin
Each one a severall cittadell
To keepe out sin, have let it in:
Our sins, Lord, pardon, caus'd by these,
And all our other trespasses.

6

Our Wits, which should have bin the womb,
For to conceive more heavenly birth,
Of all good things hath been the tomb,
Fit to bring forth but thoughts of earth:
Our sins, Lord, pardon caus'd by these
And all our other trespasses.

7

Into our traitour Memories
The thiefe by night, ô Lord, hath crept,
And stollen thence such rarities,
They should more faithfully have kept:
Our sins, Lord pardon, caus'd by these,
And all our other trespasses.

8

Our Wils and our Affections both,
Which were to thee affianced,
Have prov'd unchaste and broke their troth,
And have defil'd thy marriage bed:
Our sins, Lord, pardon caus'd by these,
And all our other trespasses.

9

Our parts and members corporall,
Hands, heart, tongue, feet, each severall lim,
Have to thy foe them yeelded thrall,
And done their service unto him:
Our sins, Lord, pardon caus'd by these
And all our other trespasses.

10

The sins and trespasse of our youth,
Our childhood and our popillage,
Our manhood and our elder growth,
Our trespasses of every age;
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

11

All our misdeeds which we have done
Or witting or unwittingly;
Of boldnesse and presumption,
Of weakenesse and infirmitie;
Lord of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

12

Sins secret, open, present, past,
Remembred and remembred not,
So long conceal'd, that we at last
Have them our selves now quite forgot;
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

13

Our greater and our lesse offences,
Jealous mistakes, grosse ignorances,
Our many carelesse negligences,
With their attending circumstances:
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

14

The things by us omitted, which
We should have done, and yet we would not,
The things by us committed, such
As we have done, and yet we should not;
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

15

Each sev'rall sin, each sev'rall fault,
Whether in thought, in word or deed,
Through flesh, or world or divels assault,
Conceived, spoke or practised;
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses,

16

Our pride, vaine-glory, avarice,
Rash anger, envie and despite,
Our idlenesse, lusts filthy vice,
And our intemp'rate appetite:
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

17

That we have beene unto the poore
Hard-hearted, too too pitilesse,
When they stood hungry at our doore,
To succour them in their distresse;
Lord, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses,

18

Though of good workes we empty be,
As be their bellies we should fill;
Yet let not us be so by thee
Dealt with according to the ill:
But, of thy goodnesse, pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

19

The sick we have not visited,
Nor cloath'd the naked and the bare,
Nor to the hungrie dealt our bread,
Nor stranger entertain'd from far:

Lord,

Lord, of thy goodnesse pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

20

The simple wee have not advised,
The froward we have not corrected;
To comfort those that were despised,
We have too carelesly neglected;
Lord, of thy goodnesse pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

21

Our pettie wrongs and injuries
We have not taken in good part,
Nor pray'd thee for our enemies,
To pardon them and turne their heart;
Lord, of thy goodnesse pardon these,
And all our other trespasses.

22

And of thy goodnesse grant this too,
What for our selves of thee we crave,
The same that wee for them may doe:
That like as we desire to have
Our debts forgiven, so may wee
Forgive them that our debters be.

23

It is the Covenant, as it were,
We stand bound in each unto other;
That thou wilt us alike forbeare,
As we our selves forbeare our brother;
Forgive then, Lord, our debts, as we
Do them, or should our debters be.

24

The measure wee to others make,
Shall back to us be measur'd even;
Vengeance, if we do vengeance take;
If we forgive, to be forgiven:
Forgive then Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

25

O what is all that trifling score,
All the offences done to us,
If they a thousand times were more,
To hinder us from praying thus?
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

26

What be their debts to ours compar'd?
Not mites to talents, pence to pounds:
Why doe we then so light regard,
To pray on such uneven grounds?
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

27

O may it please thy heavenly grace,
The leaven of our hearts to purge,
All malice from them to displace,
That we may pray without all urge;
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

28

So henceforth by thy grace we will,
And here that promise we renew,
To pardon our blasphemours still,
And all that do our soules pursue:
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as wee
Forgive them that our debters be.

The end of the fifth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 6.

Lead us not into temptation.

1

O God, whose sacred providence
Doth even unto sin extend,
On whom the first beginnings, whence
It issueth, alone depend;
From all occasions ministred
Thy children, Father, still defend,
Ne them into temptation lead.

2

And thou by everlasting birth
The onely Son of God, begot
Before all worlds, who borne on earth
Of Virgin blest without all spot,
Wast by the Tempter visited;
Without thy help us suffer not
Into temptation to be lead.

3

O God the holy Ghost, who didst
Our Saviour lead into the vast
And desert wildernesse, amidst
The thornie brakes and wood-lands wast,
To Satans tempting offered;
Do not us on such dangers cast,
Ne us into temptation lead.

4

O thou who reign'st eternally
In one consent and sweet accord;
O blessed, glorious Trinitie,
By Divels slight suffer not, Lord,
Our soules to be endangered,
(Unlesse thou help withall afford,)
Ne us into temptation lead.

5

With armed troupes of cruell foes
We are encompast round about:
O do not thou us weake expose
To enemies so strong and stout,
As have us now environed:
But set thy hand to help us out,
When we be into temptation led.

6

Among those troupes the Divell first
His standard 'gainst us doth advance,
Accompanied with Fiends accurst
All under his ill governance:
But let not us be vanquished
By them, if so it be our chance
Into temptation to be led.

7

The world is up in armes abroade,
And is confederate combin'd
Unto the Div'll in league, ô God,
Of hellish partnership conjoyn'd:

But

But let not their intent be sped
Which they against us have design'd,
Into temptation to be led.

8

The Flesh as bad, false traitoresse,
As either of the other twaine,
More mischiefe, greater wickednesse,
Is like to worke us by her traine,
In our owne fort and castle bred:
But, Lord, help thou us out againe,
When wee be into temptation led.

9

The Serpent when by subtle wile
To tempt our parents hee began,
The woman first hee did beguile,
And shee did after tempt the man:
So deales he still; his subtle head
Contrives by all the meanes he can,
Into temptation us to lead.

10

The Divell is that serpent base,
The Flesh is as our mother *Eve*,
And *Adam* stands in Reasons place:
The Fiend our flesh doth first deceive,
The flesh doth then with reason plead,
Then reason yeelds to give her leave,
Into temptation us to lead.

11

Temptation is the sowing tares,
The Divell is the seeds-man skill'd;
He sowes them close and unawares,
Which if they fall in fruitfull field,
They grow apace, unhappy weed:
But let not us beare fruit so wild,
Nor be into temptation led.

12

The Divell parent is to get,
The Flesh the mother is to beare,
And these two when they both are met,
What goodly off-spring do they reare?
What but foule sin can thence proceed,
A bastard brat, because we were
By them into temptation led?

13

And this is Sins accursed brood,
Which if it were observed well,
And rightly by us understood,
Like Cockatrices in the shell,
Or rather in their spawne and seed,
We would them crush like Imps of hell,
Which us into temptation lead.

14

Against each sev'rall enemie
Thou of thy goodnesse dost provide
A sev'rall sundry remedie,
Their sharp encounters to abide;
Wherewith if we were furnished,
Lesse might we feare to be thus tri'd,
Into temptation to be led.

15

And specially against the Divell,
As specially thou hast prepar'd,
This precious good against his evill,
Of Angels and Archangels gard;
To be against him strengthened,
That he to hurt us be debar'd,
When we be into temptation led.

16

Against the worlds lewd practises,
The profits false and honours vaine,
We have the Saints examples, these,
And many precepts Soveraigne;
By them to be encouraged,
'Gainst it defiance to maintaine,
If we be into temptation led.

17

Against the flesh, when she grows proud
Through lust and foule concupiscence,
Fasting to tame and coole the bloud,
And keepe it in obedience:
Which if it be well practised,
A weapon proves for our defence,
When be into temptation led.

18

Against them all in generall
We have those weapons Christian,
That complete armour, which St. *Paul*
Adviseth every faithfull man, Ephes. 6. 13.
Therewith to get him furnished:
We shall it feare the lesse, if than
We be into temptation led.

19

Truth, for our girdle; righteousnesse,
For breast-plate; faith, to be our shield,
Shoes on our feet, the Gospels peace;
The word of God, our sword to wield;
Salvation, helmet for our head;
Thus sped wee shall not need to yeeld,
If we be into temptation led.

20

If unto these we Prayer adde
So much the stronger we shall be
To make resistance in the bad
And evill day, if we to thee
Devoutly pray, who canst us speed:
Thou, Saviour, bid'st us so, that we
Be not into temptation led.

21

Returne we to our prayers then,
And having prayed ten times o're,
Still we will pray, and pray agen,
Ten thousand times to that and more:
We have already trespassed
Too much: ô adde not to our score,
Into temptation us to lead.

22

Wee guiltie stand of grievous crimes,
Of many foule offences past,
O give us grace for future times,
That we amend our lives at last,
And be no more endangered,
To doe what thou forbidden hast,
If we be into temptation led.

33

Diseases prove most dangerous,
When men to them againe relapse:
Let not the case stand so with us,
Who mind to leave our former scapes:

As men to health recovered,
So keepe us, Lord, from like mishaps,
Ne us into temptation lead.

24

To our owne power doe not leave us,
Withdraw not, Lord, thy helping hand:
For of thy grace if thou bereave us,
By our owne strength wee cannot stand.
'Tis thou alone, that canst us steed:
So steed us then, and give command,
Wee be not to temptation led.

The end of the sixth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 7.

But deliver us from evill.

1

O God, the Father, heavenly King,
Fountaine of light invisible,
Of goodnesse everlasting spring;
Be to thy servants merciffull,
To keepe us from all hurtfull thing:
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

2

O God the Son, heav'ns Prince and heire,
Of Fathers light the glorious beame,
His countenances mirrour faire,
His goodnesse ever-flowing streame;
Be to thy servants debonaire,
And be our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

3

And thou, ô holy Ghost, above
Who raign'st with them in heav'nly seat,
In equall glory, spirit of love,
Lights influence and quickening heat,
Conduit through whom lifes waters move;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

4

O holy, individuall, blest,
Eternall, glorious Trinitie,
Who by thy wisedome ordereſt
Things good and evill severally;
The worst keep from us, send the best,
And be our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

5

Against the Fiend, the wicked one,
Mans enemie profest, the Divell,
Whose minde is wholly set upon
To work our woe and doe us evill,
To thee wee pray and make our mone;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from the Divell to deliver.

6

Against him and his complices,
Companions and his fellow-mates,
The world and flesh; 'gainst both of these,
That be his sworne confederates,
To worke us mischiefe, as they please;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from their evill to deliver.

7

Against their wicked, lewd intents,
Which toward us they harbour still,
To bring us to their sinfull bents,
That wee may do after their will,
And breake all thy commandements;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from their evill to deliver.

8

Against all actuall forfeiture
Of our obedience to thy lawes,
That wee should carelesse and secure
Sin against any point or clause,
Or others thereunto allure;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

9

'Gainst taking of offence at other
Through rash mis-apprehension,
Or giving it to our weake brother,
By what in us lies to be done,
'Gainst doing this, or one or t'other;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

10

'Gainst turning back to any thing,
Whereof wee have repentant beene,
Like sow unto her wallowing
Back to the mire when shee was cleene,
Or dog unto his vomiting;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

11

Against those sins the rest among
Especially, whereto wee find
Our selves by use and custome long,
Or else by nature more inclin'd,
That they are now growne in us strong;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

12

'Gainst Idlenesse and Luxurie,
Pride, Anger, Malice, Envie, Spite,
Oppressing any wrongfully;
Against foule, greedie Appetite,
Both Covetise and gluttonie;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

13

'Gainst sects and factions too too rife
Both in the State and in the Church,
Which cut more keene then sharpest knife,
From living traitor-like at lurch,
'Gainst our Kings honour, state or life;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

14

Against presumption, confidence,
All boldnesse to commit lewd sin,
Hardnesse of heart, impenitence,

With

With purpose to remaine therein
With cauterized conscience;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from these evils to deliver.

15

Against Despaire, no one more foule,
More ougly or more hainous crime,
To bring thy wrath upon us whole;
Downe unto hell before the time
Without all hope to plunge the soule;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from this evill to deliver.

16

'Gainst slandering and back-biting tongues,
Which seek our credits to deface;
'Gainst all the like enormous wrongs,
That wee should other then disgrace,
Or credit ought thereto belongs;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from these evils to deliver.

17

'Gainst thy great plagues and judgements, Lord,
Which our offences have deserved,
By pestilence to be devour'd,
Or pinch through famine hunger-starved,
Or fall by adversaries sword;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from these evils to deliver.

18

'Gainst utter want and beggers ease,
'Gainst bondage and our freedomes losse,
'Gainst lothsome, foule, unkleane disease,
Crazing our wits, and every crosse
Too heavie for us; may't thee please,
To be our helper now and ever,
Vs from these evils to deliver.

19

'Gainst all thy curses temporall,
The fierce effects of thy displeasure,
Those curses more especiall,
Which doe thy wrath in greater measure
Declare, when they upon us fall;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from such evils to deliver.

20

'Gainst sudden death, that we should dye
And meet our judgement unprepar'd;
'Gainst fire that burnes eternally
Of wicked men the just reward,
'Gainst everlasting miserie;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Vs from these evils to deliver.

FINIS.